

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Ause"

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Nazis 'Out of Form'

Apologies voiced occasionally from this corner for what has seemed to us too frequent reference to the sport world for purposes of analogy, possibly have really been superfluous. If the world-famous philosopher is free to draw one of his principal theses from such a parallel, surely an editor can do the same even if he did once keep box scores for a living.

At the moment we are thinking of Oswald Spengler, viewed in some quarters as the philosopher of nazism though he was ostracized eventually by the Hitler ring for having dared to speak respectfully, or at least temperately, of the Jews. Spengler chose a sport page phrase, "in form," as descriptive strictly in the sport page sense of a nation that was in fit condition to make history. As you must know, an athlete is "in form" when his muscles will obey his brain implicitly; and a football team is "in form" when it will execute perfectly the plays selected by its quarterback; and a horse is "in form" when he will expend utmost purposeful effort at the will of his jockey.

Now you're way ahead of us. According to Spengler, a nation is "in form" when it will pursue with totality of purpose the destiny charted by its leaders—its "nobility" in that philosopher's vocabulary. Since 1933 Adolf Hitler has been getting the German people "in form," training them to do his bidding, but enthusiastically. Enthusiasm without personal freedom of direction—that takes some training.

Any athlete knows what it is to be "in form" and just what it means, either as an individual or as a team, to get "out of form." The athlete's muscles may ache, he may sprain an ankle or break a collar bone—but if he's "in form" he keeps right on. His brain drives protesting muscles to do its bidding. But if his brain is fagged or his nerves frayed, his muscles are useless—there is nothing to give them dependable orders. It's the same with a team that is "out of form." The individuals may be in good physical condition but there is lack of coordination—for which the leader, either the coach or the quarterback, is to blame.

Germany just now is something of an enigma. Hitler's speech on Sunday was not for foreign consumption exclusively—it was made to the reichstag. One might otherwise suspect, and there is still a slight loophole for suspicion, that his damaging though indirect admissions that things are going badly in the war and internally, were put forth as a smoke screen to hide that long-expected great offensive.

But if they are to be taken at face value, as they are being taken by most commentators, nothing is quite so apparent as that the German people are "out of form." There is still the desire to win—in this case the dread of reprisals when defeat comes. But there is not actually the will to win—which will translatable into action. And if Germany is "out of form" we are assured by Spengler himself that not Germany but some other nation will head the world empire which he foresees for this stage of western civilization.

An inevitable question bothers us at this point. Is the United States of America "in form"? Some day we'll go into that more in detail. Just today we are inclined to believe Uncle Sam is "in form"—but not for war, or at any rate not yet. He is somewhat in the position of a star sprinter entered against his wishes, in the high hurdle race. Even so, he may be able to beat a brain-fogged nazi over the last timber.

Profits in Wartime

Not that it is likely to prove anything, but it may be interesting to take a look at the affairs of an established industry now engaged almost exclusively in war production. Take United States Steel—partly because it was already engaged largely in war work throughout 1941 and partly because we have its annual report at hand.

Naturally in 1941, production was high; the corporation's highest in history. Voluntary censorship deleted volume figures but sales amounted to \$1,623,400,000. That was almost double the gross income for 1939 which apparently was a sort of marginal year in which the company paid no dividends on its common stock but did set aside a small sum for future needs.

Sales in 1941 were up about \$766,000,000 from 1939. Now let's see what became of that "surplus." The corporation bought, naturally, almost twice as much in materials and outside services; there went 302 million dollars. Its taxes were tripled, from 67 million to 191 million; there went 124 million more. Because of more intensified production, depreciation increased one-third; 34 million. Wages took about 40 per cent more; 234 million. Add those up and subtract a three million dollar drop in interest paid on debt and you find that increased expenses took \$91 million of the 766 million increase, leaving a net increase of 65 million. That amounts to almost .004 of the gross.

So much for a non-technical analysis. In bookkeeping terms the company reports that its net income was \$116,171,075, which was 7.02 per cent of the value of net assets. Average income for the five-year period 1937-41 was 4.59 per cent and for the ten-year period 1931-41 including four deficit years, 1.85 per cent.

A comparison with 1929 showing percentage disposition of gross income is interesting. In that year 32.2 per cent went for materials and services, 5 per cent for taxes, 5.8 per cent for depreciation, 1.4 per cent for interest, 67.5 per cent for wages, salaries and pensions, 14.6 per cent to stockholders. 17.9 per cent "retained for future needs." In the 1941 breakdown 27.5 per cent went for materials and services, 11.8 per cent for taxes, 5.9 per cent for depreciation, 4 per cent for interest, 83.9 per cent for wages, 8.3 per cent to stockholders, 7.8 per cent "retained for future needs."

In other words the net income was less in 1941 than in that piping year of peace, 1929; and if you think the stockholders received too much, it is interesting to note that Uncle Sam and local governments took more than they did.

Those cherry trees in Washington, DC, are blooming—the ones that weren't hacked down by irate citizens early last December—and it is reported authoritatively that they are not Japanese, but Korean cherry trees. It seems that their ancestors grew in the Yang Jo valley of the Korean isthmus and were transplanted to Tokyo by Nippon invaders many years ago. Just how many, we can't say, for the Nips have invaded Korea intermittently for 450 years. And we can't say, either, that the newly-publicized facts make us feel any better about those trees. They are Koreans—Korean slaves, and a treacherous Japanese government sent them as a gift after it already was plotting our conquest. We attempt to be broad-minded; we have fought against racial discrimination and against unwarranted suspicion of persons of German, Italian and Japanese descent. But as for those particular cherry trees, we'd just as soon see them all chopped down.

There's a buyer's market on subject-matter for editors this year and the annual "weeks" don't get as much attention as they did in the past. One we have no intention of passing up even though mention is belated a day or so, is "Kindness to Animals Week." When people are being so unkind to each other, kindness to animals may seem anomalous but then, they are not our enemies. And it gives us a lift to read about the Lebanon city council. That's a busy, growing city. The aldermen must face a lot of big problems. But they were not too busy, at a recent meeting, to devote some time and attention to the disposition of several orphan kittens. If a city government can do that, civilians can do no less.

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, April 28 — A purge of the nazi leadership is probably forecast by the Hitler speech. A guess is that either Himmler, overlord of the secret police, or Goebbels, the propagandist, may go, to create a fresh political front at home to replace the present fading one.

Hitter spoke in a new calm, appealing tone when he asked the reichstag to give him the legal right to remove anyone from office, but the tone was hollow. He controls both the reichstag and the office holders. He already had the right he asks.

The only excuse for him to mention the matter in such a way was to seek popular support for another bootkicking ouster from high nazi chairs.

As pudgy Herr Goering seems to be in favor for the moment, it looks like Himmler or Goebbels has reason to feel uneasy.

Der boss has shaken the army until all its top teeth have fallen out, and asked no one's authority. He fired Von Lieb from the Leningrad front, Von Beck from the center, Von Rundstedt from the south (shifting him to France as a mere policeman), Von Brauchitsch, the generalissimo (he went back only in an advisory capacity and not as head of the armies) and even Keitel, his right hand man.

No one knows who replaced these generals. All that is known is that General Jodi is now doing Hitler's military brainwork.

But the biggest point of the speech, a point evident in nearly every paragraph except one, was that Hitler himself is on the defensive.

Between the lines you could plainly read evidence that he is enmeshing himself in a new type of defeat, just as he offered the world a new type of war in the blitz. It is not a defeat in the field, a crushing blow from a lost battle, but a defeat based on the diminution of vitality in the brilliantly efficient German military machine and in moral stamina and industrial production.

The speech cheered some officials here so much they now are convinced der führer will be through by November. They expect he will not be able to defeat the Russians and will not get through Syria to oil.

That may be overly optimistic, but the tone assumed was certainly further evidence that the German nation as a whole is capable now of only a limited remaining effort, has only a diminished store of resources, both human and material. The tremendous pace of the military machine is gone.

Everything in Germany has gone into the army, the best of the food, men and raw materials. Now, the machinery is wearing down, manpower is running out, unrest and its problems confront him everywhere in occupied countries. As one official describes it, Germany now is like a piece of wood which still looks good on the outside but is full of termites underneath.

British air spotters have noticed the German defensive trend on their front in many ways. Concrete air posts have been built in airfields where nazi bombers formerly took off to attack England. Thousands of concrete pill boxes have been constructed along the occupied stretch of coast. So many nazi troops have been removed from that area, all talk of invasion of England has been forgotten.

Field Marshal Goering's recent trip to Rome was for the purpose of drawing further to the limit of Italian manpower. Transportation difficulties now are so great Germany has abandoned shipments of coal, iron and other materials to Italy. Nazi freight cars and locomotives are serving troops at the Russian front.

How hard pressed is Rome, was evident in the recent decree subjecting all men between 18 and 35 to civilian labor service. Working time in many factories has been reduced due to insufficient electric power, so apparently the draft is to draw workers into Germany. Italy has fallen so low in the economic order she has added to her list of exports—men.

Germans are getting an average of only 2500 calories a day, Italians 1700, and as the soldiers at the front need more than this to live and are getting it, the rations of those at home are hardly enough to sustain health. Italy is closer to starvation than all the other countries in Europe except Greece and Belgium.



'Colossus of Roads'

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Our Yankee ingenuity 4-29-42 will easily out ersatz the Germans and the Japs and all the tribes of them:

Ersatz is a German word. It did not originally mean, in the German language, exactly what it now means in all languages and dialects. It meant, according to Adler's Dictionary of German and English, (the best authority,) "reparation, compensation, amends; restitution, indemnification;" an ersatzmann was a deputy, a substitute, man being German for man.

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The same goes for the various substitutes that will answer as well as or better than the silks made by the Nipponeese slaves, heretofore, in their silk worm fields and their lower than slave labor factories making the articles of commerce depending upon them for their supplies. Our part of the world will be better off for the more pitiful ploughs of the Japs into starker poverty and deeper degradation.

One hole in America's war effort—lack of tung oil—has

been plugged by the persistent endeavor of a man who wouldn't take "no" for an answer. M. E. Marvin, once a self-made millionaire who had settled in Brazil, believed that the oil-laden nut of the country's oiticica (oyee-seek-a) tree should be more than a botanical curiosity and shied away from no effort to prove it. His successful quest through years of research, re-buffs and debts is recounted in the April number of *The Reader's Digest*.

Oiticica oil today is used in paint, linoleum, printers' inks and other products replacing the tung oil which we used to import from China and Japan. Millions of oiticica trees grow wild in northern Brazil; many yield 500 to 2,000 pounds of nuts each, the kernels of which are 60 per cent oil. Brazilians had tried to process the oil, but failed. Marvin after 12 years finally devised a way, according to the Digest article.

When the last chemical problem had been solved it was found that the haphazard manner in which the natives harvested the nuts also had an adverse bearing on the final product. In characteristic fashion Marvin leveled this added hurdle and then went to work erecting storage warehouses, pressing plants and refineries, having in the end to persuade Getulio Vargas, Brazil's president, to authorize the Bank of Brazil to lend him funds when all other sources failed.

Oiticica is now Brazil's eleventh most important export. The rush for the oil is increasing since the war cut off Oriental supplies, but Marvin's 1942 output will go far toward filling our wartime paint demands, says the article.

When the time shall come for the representative of the nations of the world to sit around the peace table, which may arrive very soon, and must eventually have the participation of all the governments of our planet, the outlook for such of them as represent the nations like Japan will have gloomy outlooks.

There will be a cry for justice around that peace table—the justice that ought to be done—but that will be hard to grant in full; more so to the unfortunate people of Japan than to any of the others: due to the insane ambitions of the crazy cult.

It will need bigger men than some of the leaders of the United States Senate of that time. It will need the biggest, broadest, best living men to make the most important decisions of history up to date.

(Continued)

E. I. reports that her forsythia, which used to have good blooms on it, now has very inferior blooms and not so very many. She asks if pruning will help.

Answer: Yes, cut out all the old wood. She could cut it to the ground this season or cut part of it off this year and more again next year after blooming.

The old or weak branches should be removed, the plant should be pruned, the bushes should be balanced, fertilizer, worked into the soil. Well-decomposed cow barn fertilizer is beneficial also.

T. A. wants some easy method of gardening. He writes that it seems everyone has made gardening so complicated. He had gardened since he was a child and says he formerly enjoyed discussing gardening with friends but that they have become so technical in their expressions that he no longer really enjoys their conversation. And he wonders if all the new sprays and the new "names for things" are necessary.

Answer—Gardening is a science. All science, even gardening, has a technical side. The more one knows about hobby the more one can really enjoy it. Why doesn't T. A., who really seems to like gardening, study the subject from the technical angle also? That doesn't necessarily mean that he must learn all the families, the genus, or even the species. But the correct name for the plants he has might add to the interest. The spraying programs have become much more complicated because we have more insects and more diseases than we had some years ago. And unless we follow a rather rigid control program, diseases and insects will continue to increase.

"This trouble here at Castaway is our bad luck," he said. "No need to drag you into it. It's hard enough on all of us—but it's not your mystery."

"I wish you could." Lance Gregg set his jaw.

"Allen is doing his best, I know. But I think he depends too much on finger prints and foot prints, tire marks and finding the gun. That isn't what I'm looking for. That isn't what is going to find the murderer."

"What is?"

"Motive. Something that's

been going on here, perhaps for months, maybe for years. Allen's counting too much on tire tracks

—and in the rain that fell the night my uncle was killed there were no tire tracks."

"He thinks the gun is the most important clue," I suggested.

"I know he does. As if the man who shot that gun was going to put it away where it could be found. Here's a ranch of 6000 acres. There—" He waved toward the ocean, its gray now changing to purple in the setting sun. "There's the whole Pacific ocean. Who's going to put a gun away when it's that easy to dispose of it? It's motive that will show who did it. If I could prove what he broke off, looked at me squarely and asked:

"Did you hear Worth Durfee say he left five thousand dollars with my uncle the night he called?"

"He was a good man. Who knows

why I didn't? But his lean brown face looked so grim and unhappy—for all his height and broad shoulders he seemed like a small boy with a trouble that's just too much to be endured. Whatever it was, I felt so sorry for him, I had to offer my help

for whatever it was worth."

"I know it's not my mystery," I agreed. "But your uncle and your aunt—and you, too—have been so kind to me since I came to the ranch that I almost feel it is my affair. I wish I could help to solve it."

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