

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, President

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Rubber; Scrap and Synthetic

President Roosevelt announces a scrap rubber drive to be conducted in a two weeks period starting soon, with the oil companies taking supervision. Though it is uncertain whether the scrap rubber collected will be used for civilian or war purposes—and this should make little difference in the enthusiasm with which the drive is carried on—the president intimates that upon its results will depend to a large extent the decision for or against nationwide gasoline rationing.

Previously the president had refused to view as glumly as had most of the experts, the prospect for keeping the nation on rubber-tired wheels. He declared that American ingenuity would produce a solution. His faith has not by any means been fully confirmed by events but there are hints. James Zeder, chairman of the tire committee of the automotive and rubber industries, heading up efforts aimed at development of a successful retreading material for civilian tires which will not interfere with the synthetic rubber program—which must be devoted almost entirely to the war effort—speaks hopefully though not too definitely. What has been done is a closely guarded secret, but it is revealed that everybody concerned is cooperating and that the solution has been narrowed down to a few promising formulae.

Nevertheless we are convinced that two factors, conserving tire carcasses now in use and success of the scrap rubber drive, will loom large in the final determination as to whether gasoline is to be rationed and what is more important—either way—whether our rubber-borne economy is to survive the war or collapse in a series of resounding economic blowouts. You know that depressing siren-like "swish" that follows a blowout? If you don't want it to happen to business—save your tires and turn in your old rubber!

In the first place, there is no such thing as synthetic "rubber." For all their skill, chemists do not know the exact chemical composition of rubber and they cannot produce it synthetically. The best they can do is something which has most of the same properties; they haven't been able to capture all of them. Only God can make a tree—and that applies to rubber as well.

Well, you know how Americans are. Give them a game to play, free competition, and they'll do wonders. Fortunately, there is competition for the final synthetic "rubber" solution. Unfortunately, it is not entirely free, being under government supervision and hedged all about by priorities.

First there is "Buna-S" which Farben of Germany first developed. Standard Oil (New Jersey) got it through that much-maligned cartel; thanks to a consent decree its use is thrown open to the industry. It's made by polymerization in a soap solution of butadiene with styrene. Butadiene could be produced from alcohol as the farm interests demand—the Germans get it from acetylene—but we are getting it from petroleum, with gasoline of which there is a surplus, as by-product.

The shortcoming of Buna-S is that by itself, to date, it hasn't made fully satisfactory tires. All these synthetics have a tendency to develop internal heat. The Germans apparently use it about 50-50 with natural rubber, a solution which will stretch the rubber supply but make it dependent upon it. Nor does Buna-S make a satisfactory inner tube.

Meanwhile Standard Oil has been working on another synthetic, "Butyl," produced much more simply from isobutylene, the source of which is the refinery gas stream. It has also the advantage of continuous production in contrast to the "batch" production of Buna-S. But with Butyl, the catch is that its properties have not been fully tested. It seems to promise more than Buna-S in the way of tire production without the use of natural rubber, with which it will not combine successfully, and it may be the answer for inner tubes.

And finally, or almost finally, there is DuPont's "Neoprene," first commercially successful synthetic ever produced—in 1931. To date it has been quite costly and there is another catch; its raw materials, hydrochloric acid and acetylene, may also run into wartime shortages. On the other side of the ledger, Neoprene in more than a decade has proven itself to be better than rubber for a great many purposes, and at least equal to rubber for tires.

With these three substitutes for rubber competing among themselves—while chemists still seek others—it looks as though the problem will be solved if government will get far enough out of the way to "let 'em go to it."

In the matter of volume, be not misled. The most optimistic figures do not indicate that there will be any synthetic tires for non-essential purposes. Meanwhile there seem to have been no tests of the efficacy of reclaimed rubber when combined with Buna-S. If this combination will work and if the results of the scrap rubber drive are sufficiently imposing, certainly meeting the war rubber needs will be simplified and there just might even be some left over for civilians. Their best hope so far however is the rather unsatisfactory one of retreads made from reclaimed rubber or some material now in process of testing.

Operations of the Pacific coast petroleum industry are tending more heavily to the production of fuel oil, with a corresponding percentage drop, though a slight mathematical gain, in gasoline production. Which reminds us that though the projected nationwide gasoline rationing which may be initiated July 1 was still uncertain at latest report, fuel oil may be a more serious problem here in the Pacific Northwest, come winter. The problem here is transport, and the more gasoline transported, the less cargo space for oil. And so, though it may be an unpopular proposal, we suggest that gasoline for this area be curtailed to whatever

degree the supplying of adequate amounts of fuel oil necessitates. Unpopular, we say, because we suspect some families would rather have gasoline in the auto's tank than a fire in the furnace.

"General commodity taxation and price control just don't go together," says Leon Henderson. By "general commodity taxation" he means a sales tax. About the theory involved he wouldn't know. But imagine the poor retailer, held down to his March maximum prices, then required to add a sales tax. He'll be in twice the stew he is in now.

"Dutch Harbor was bombed. Will Puget Sound be next?" Or words to that effect, ponders the daily Olympian. Guess it was John Kelly who opined no community liked to admit it was too unimportant to be bombed. Salem, we think, is different. When bombings are being parceled out, we don't care how insignificant our town is.

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

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WASHINGTON, June 11 — The idea that a country which possesses unlimited supplies of petroleum and alcohol and a process for making rubber from either one, and yet cannot make enough rubber tires to satisfy its needs, is difficult to explain.

If it were not officially offered by various government departments over a long period, you would not believe it. It is the only great confession of inadequacy this government has made during this war, unless you consider the related subject of gasoline.

The government got started early enough. Back in the spring of 1941, a Polish diplomat tipped Leon Henderson's office about the Polish formula for making synthetic rubber from alcohol. The Poles had 1500 agricultural alcohol plants making synthetic rubber, and there were 36,000 in Germany and many in Russia way back in 1938.

Henderson's office turned the Polish formula over to the agriculture department experts who found the key catalyst was missing. It was so secret it had never been in written form.

The Polish inventor, Wlascaw Sukziewicz, was then a refugee in Italy. Thereafter he escaped to Rio de Janeiro, where Henderson's men eventually found him.

After five months of arguing with the state department over a visa, he came to this country. But all that was done with him and his formula was to install him in a large alcohol plant in Philadelphia to make synthetic rubber on a small scale.

Then after Pearl Harbor, Jesse Jones got busy and January 12 started a synthetic rubber program for 400,000 tons a year. It was to be made from a petroleum refining by-product (butadiene gas) then sent to Akron and other rubber centers to be made into the synthetic rubber Buna.

This butadiene gas can also be made from corn, wheat, molasses and many farm products of which we have enormous surpluses, but Jones claims the war production board did not think there would be much alcohol available for synthetic rubber, so this phase was not pushed.

People came into the WPB from the mid-west urging that agricultural products be used, but WPB said no steel and building materials were available to build new plants. This western group then showed that it could lay its hands on 80 per cent of the materials in second hand junk shops and idle plants, but WPB would give them the needed 20 per cent to go to work.

The accepted estimate was that it would cost \$26,000,000 for the first 200,000 tons of capacity and thereafter \$30,000,000 of plant expenditure to make each 100,000 tons of synthetic rubber annually from alcohol so that only about \$6,000,000 worth of new building materials would be necessary for each 100,000 tons, not enough to build the back end of a battleship.

But WPB claimed it would take copper tubing and copper tubing was short. Ane agricultural people showed that they could use steel and wood for tubing, and concrete for vats.

All that WPB has authorized, however, was the making of 200,000 tons from alcohol by converting distilleries and existing alcohol plants. It would not allow any new plants.

The WPB said only enough alcohol was available to make 200,000 tons of rubber, but the westerners promised they could make enough more in four or five months to stop all talk of a nationwide gas rationing.

By this time Jones had stepped his plan up 200,000 tons and it then called for 800,000 tons a year—not enough. His limiting factors too are all priorities, not petroleum.

By the end of this year he thinks he will have 100,000 tons capacity ready, by next July 250,000 tons and two and a half years from now he will have 700,000 tons. (He does not even promise to produce that much in 1943, only that he will have capacity for that production by the end of that year.)

His plants cost more than three times what the alcohol systems cost—about \$100,000,000 for each 100,000 tons capacity. Furthermore, the alcohol plants can be built in eight months, the Jones petroleum plants require 15 to 18. Costs of the synthetic rubber itself is immaterial because all are within reason and what we want is rubber at any price.

After all these months of arguing, the experts at WPB say that if everybody does all that is planned, there still cannot be a new tire made during this war for civilian use, that only military needs can be filled. When this nation's tires wear out, it will be on the rim. That's the prospect.

Does that explain everything to you? It does not to me. It sounds to me like each official, Jones, Henderson, Nelson, Ickes, et al, has only explained that somebody or some other thing beyond his jurisdiction is to blame.

They have not explained that anyone who wanted this country to have tires and had single-headed authority to go about getting them, could not wade through this mass of conflicting authorities and interests, and get them produced.



'In Dutch' Harbor

Radio Programs

KSLM—FRIDAY—1390 Kc.

- 6:30—Rise 'N' Shine.
- 7:00—News in Brief.
- 7:30—Rise 'N' Shine.
- 7:30—News.
- 7:45—Your Gospel Program.
- 8:00—Sheep Fido Orchestra.
- 8:30—News Briefs.
- 8:35—Law White, Organist.
- 8:30—Pastor's Call.
- 9:15—The Quintones.
- 9:30—Musical Horseshoe.
- 9:35—To the Ladies.
- 10:00—World in Review.
- 10:05—Silver Strings.
- 10:30—Women in the News.
- 10:35—Melody in Miniature.
- 10:40—Homespun Trio.
- 11:00—The Buren.
- 11:30—A Song is Born.
- 11:40—Ivan Dittmars.
- 11:45—News.
- 12:30—Hillbilly Serenade.
- 12:35—Willamette Valley Opinions.
- 12:40—Women in the News.
- 1:15—Milady's Melody.
- 1:30—Four Notes.
- 1:45—Laf. Paradis.
- 2:00—Tune Tabloid.
- 2:15—US Navy.
- 2:30—State Safety.
- 2:45—Noveltes.
- 3:00—Old Opera House.
- 3:45—Singing Youngs.
- 4:00—Sing Song Time.
- 4:15—News.
- 4:30—Teatime Tunes.
- 5:00—Here Comes the Band.
- 5:30—Dinner Hour Music.
- 6:00—Topical Serenade.
- 6:15—News Analysis.
- 6:20—Evening Serenade.
- 6:45—Religious News.
- 7:00—News in Brief.
- 7:05—Kenny Baker's Orchestra.
- 7:30—Willamette Valley Opinions.
- 7:50—War Fronts in Review.
- 8:00—Burns and Allen.
- 8:30—McWain's Melange.
- 8:45—Ray Noble Orchestra.
- 9:00—News.
- 9:15—Roy Hudson Orchestra.
- 9:30—The Roundup.
- 10:00—Larry Clinton's Orchestra.
- 10:30—This and That.
- 10:45—Mexican Marimba.
- 11:00—Berri Hirsch Presents.
- 11:30—Last Minute News.

These schedules are supplied by the respective stations. Any variations noted by listeners are due to changes made by the stations without notice to this newspaper. All radio stations may be cut from the air at any time in the interests of national defense.

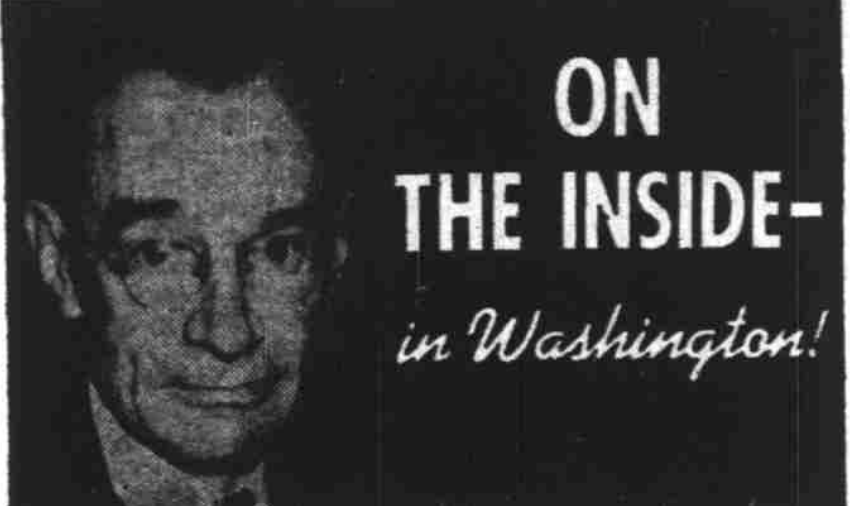
- 3:45—News.
- 4:00—Second Mrs. Burton.
- 4:15—Young Dr. Malone.
- 4:30—Newspaper of the Air.
- 5:15—America's Home Front.
- 5:30—Harry Flannery.
- 5:45—Bob Garred, News.
- 5:55—Elmer Davis, News.
- 6:00—Leon F. Drews.
- 6:15—State of Oregon Reports.
- 6:30—That Brewster Boy.
- 7:00—How's I Doin'?
- 7:30—Jerry Wayne, Songs.
- 7:45—News of the World.
- 8:00—Amos 'n' Andy.
- 8:15—Dear John.
- 8:30—Playhouse 90.
- 9:00—Kate Smith.
- 9:35—Find the Woman.
- 10:00—Five Star Orchestra.
- 10:15—World Today.
- 10:30—War Time Women.
- 10:35—Air-File.
- 10:45—Know Your Navy.
- 11:00—Al Donahue Orchestra.
- 11:30—Manny Strand Orch.
- 11:55—News.
- 12:00 to 6:00 a.m.—Music & news.

KEX—NBC—FRIDAY—1190 Kc.

- 6:00—News.
- 6:15—National Farm and Home.
- 6:45—Western Agriculture.
- 7:00—Don Vining, Organist.
- 7:30—Breakfast Club.
- 8:30—Haley's Rest.
- 8:30—Kendall Hall, Organist.
- 8:45—Keep Fit Club With Patty Jean.
- 9:15—Meet Your Neighbor.
- 9:15—Vicki Vance, Street Singer.
- 9:30—Breakfast at Sardi's.
- 10:15—Seaside Talking.
- 10:30—Amanda of Honeycomb Hill.
- 10:45—John's Bill.
- 11:00—Just Plain Bill.
- 11:15—Between the Bookends.
- 11:30—Stars of Today.
- 11:35—Keep Fit Club With Patty Jean.
- 12:00—News Headlines and Highlights.
- 12:15—Your Livestock Reporter.
- 12:30—Market Reporter.
- 12:35—Men of the Sea.
- 12:40—Stella Tracy.
- 12:45—News Headlines and Highlights.
- 1:00—Arthur Tracy, Street Singer.
- 1:15—Club Matinee.
- 2:00—The Quiet Hour.
- 2:30—A House in the Country.
- 2:35—Explains Jim.
- 3:00—Stars of Today.
- 3:15—Kneass With the News.
- 3:30—Stella Tracy.
- 3:35—Skitch Henderson, Pianist.
- 3:45—Beating the Budget.
- 3:50—Wartime Serenade.
- 4:00—Melodies by de Mello.
- 4:30—Southerners.
- 4:30—Dinner Music.
- 5:00—Flying Patrol.
- 5:15—Secret City.
- 5:30—Herald's News Band.
- 5:45—News of the World.
- 6:00—March of Time.
- 6:25—Songs by Dinah Shore.
- 6:45—Four Polka Dots.
- 6:55—Ramona & Tune Twisters.
- 7:05—Ella Maxwell's Party Line.
- 7:15—Mary Bullock, Pianist.
- 7:30—Lightning Jim.
- 7:45—David Harum.
- 8:30—Gang Busters.
- 8:45—Down Memory Lane.
- 9:00—News Headlines and Highlights.
- 9:45—Glenn Shelley, Organist.
- 10:00—Studio Party.
- 10:30—Broadway Bandwagon.
- 10:45—Dance Hour.
- 11:00—This Moving World.
- 11:15—Organ Concert.
- 11:30—War News Roundup.

KGW—NBC—FRIDAY—630 Kc.

- 4:00—Music.
- 4:30—News.
- 6:00—Sunrise Serenade.
- 6:30—Early Morning Serenade.
- 7:00—News Headlines and Highlights.
- 7:15—Music of Vienna.
- 7:30—Reveille Roundup.
- 7:45—Sam Hayes.
- 8:00—Stars of Today.
- 8:15—James Abbe, News.
- 8:30—Symphonic Swing.
- 8:40—Lolla Noyes.
- 8:55—When a Girl Marries.
- 9:00—Bess Johnson.
- 9:15—Bachelor's Children.
- 9:30—Collins Concert.
- 9:45—Organ Concert.
- 10:00—Benny Walker's Kitchen.
- 10:30—News.
- 10:30—Homekeeper's Calendar.
- 10:45—Dr. Katz.
- 11:00—Greatest of the World.
- 11:15—Arnold Grimm's Daughter.
- 11:30—The Guiding Light.
- 11:45—Betty Crocker.
- 12:00—Against the Storm.
- 12:15—Ma Perkins.
- 12:30—Pepper Young's Family.
- 12:45—Right to Happiness.
- 1:30—Backstage Wife.
- 1:45—Ella Dallas.
- 1:50—Lorenzo Jones.
- 1:55—Young Winder Brown.
- 2:00—When a Girl Marries.
- 2:15—Portia Faces Life.
- 2:30—News Flashes.
- 2:45—Vic and Sade.
- 3:00—The Bartons.
- 3:15—Strictly From Dixie.
- 3:30—News by Alex Dreier.
- 3:30—Personality Hour.
- 4:00—Funny Hour Man.
- 4:15—Cocktail Hour.
- 4:30—Stars of Today.
- 5:00—H. V. Kallenborn.
- 5:15—Cocktail Hour.
- 5:30—Keep America Singing.
- 5:45—Bill Henry.
- 6:00—Walk Time.
- 6:30—Plantation Party.
- 7:00—People Are Funny.
- 7:30—Grand Central Station.
- 8:00—Fred Faring Passare Time.
- 8:15—Lum and Abner.
- 8:30—Whodunit.
- 8:30—Musical Interlude.



By KIRKE L. SIMPSON
Wide World War Analyst
For The Statesman

ON THE INSIDE— in Washington!

Formal understandings between Russia, Britain and the United States bearing on creation of a second front in Europe this year are now revealed incident to disclosure of the secret visit of the soviet commissar for foreign affairs, Vyacheslav Molotov, to Washington and London.

The significant part of those official outgivings is neither the fact of Molotov's visits, the post-war commitments contained in the new London-Moscow pact, nor even the military discussions which paralleled the political talks. What does stick up like a sore thumb is the phrase "a second front in Europe in 1942."

The rest could have been taken for granted more or less. But the formal statements that second front measures for 1942, this year, not at some indefinite future time, formed the main theme of the discussions with Molotov have a meaning all their own.

The British war planners have taken a leaf from Hitler's own war-of-nerves manual, and enlarged and expanded on it. They are deliberately telling any German radio listener who dares Hitler ire to pick it out of the ether what they propose to do and when they propose to do it. They conceal only the where and how of projected operations.

No German who has defied Hitler to marken to British or American radio news broadcasts can have much doubt about the situation. Such listeners have more than the wreckage of Cologne and Essen by which to judge second front possibilities of the near future.

They have been told, for instance, that those thousand-

planes-a-night shots are but a starter to test out the technical arrangements for air warfare on that unprecedented scale. They have been informed by highest British and American authority that American air power will soon gang up with the British to double or treble the force of the air attack.

They know, also, by allied announcements, that a considerable American army is in the British Isles training in commando tactics, which means invasion tactics. They were promptly informed of the arrival in London of an American army-navy staff charged with the execution of second front plans. No secret was made, quite the contrary, of the arrival in British waters of a powerful American naval task force, including craft heavily enough gunned and armored to deal with Germany's powerful Von Tirpitz.

That disclosure was particularly disheartening for thoughtful Germans who heard it. It meant that Japanese intervention to involve this country in two-front war had not diverted American attention from the Atlantic to the Pacific exclusively.

Exactly what either Washington or London may know about the state of public morale in Germany at this moment is not revealed. There have been whispers from Scandinavia and Switzerland, particularly since the bombing of Cologne, of growing resentment that Hitler has depleted his western defenses to attempt renewal of his Russian offensive. They seem credible, nor can it be doubted that whatever else is to come in second-front operations in the months ahead, a formidable allied attack on German nerves as well as German war industry and communications is already in full swing.

'Crime at Castaway'

By EDITH BRISTOL

Chapter 32 Continued

I thanked him and left. At last I had found what Lance had been looking for so long!

So Harry Craven had been cheating on the cement delivered at the dam. Diverting supplies. Selling them. Keeping the profits. No wonder he wanted to alter the records!

No wonder he wanted to get to those specifications—to doctor the lists of materials so that the amounts of cement ordered for the dam would tally with the quantities actually poured!

I was stunned at the meaning of what the shambling little man had told me at the auto camp. I gasped as I drove back to Castaway, thinking of Craven's duplicity. He cheated his employer. Tried to bribe me to give him access to the papers of the firm. And—this last I only assumed—tried to break into the cabinet to cover the traces of his own dishonesty.

But I offer it in evidence of my own great ignorance of everything that went into the construction of a dam that I thought only of its effect on Harry and on Walter Gregg—never once, at that stage of the story, did I think of what his thefts would mean to the structure of the dam!

I suppose the man who would cheat on the sale of a spotted coat dog would cheat on the delivery of a carload of cement. I concluded as I reached the ranch-house.

Sheriff Allen was already there, ready to tell us of the futility that was the only result of his stay in San Francisco.

"I was in town all day yesterday," he said, "checking out that trailer sale. It's the confoundest thing! The trail of the trailer fades out just like every other clue we've been trying to follow."

Completely chagrined, he told us of the search. The trailer, standard model of a popular make, designed for two persons, had been ordered a week before by a young man who said he was the driver for an elderly woman. "Did you ask the salesman what the driver looked like?" Martha asked.

"That's part of the jinx," Allen answered. "The salesman who took the order and delivered the trailer left a couple of days ago for his vacation, some place in Canada. Nobody knows exactly where. Nobody else noticed the customer particularly. Except to say that he was a young man with dark glasses in a chauffeur's uniform and cap. Paid cash—those bills—and drove away."

"What about the license number?" Sydney spoke up.

"He covered that, too. Thought of everything. He gave a name and address—Mrs. Daniel J. Greenbridge at an apartment in Pacific Avenue—as the owner of the car, and the license is made out in that name. No such person as that in the apartment—

nor in the directory, either."

"But the plates on the car that took the trailer away," Sydney insisted. "You can't take a trailer away in your pocket."

"Covered that, too. He was a smart one. A closed car called for the trailer. Ordinary car. The salesman, just as routine, entered the numbers of the plates of that car on the entry of the sale of the trailer. Seems they do that. Those plates were stolen from a school teacher out in the Sunset. She parked her car in an alley, went to a movie. Somebody came along and lifted her plates—just long enough to cover a getaway. Can you beat it?"

"If it was Craven—he now I thought it must be—he had that trailer, hiding out safely somewhere. He'd wait until the right time and drive it away—probably under other license plates. Was there no way to catch him? I was desperate.

Issu broke in on our discouraged conference. He was standing in the doorway.

"What is it, Issu?" Martha asked.

"Please—I telling you something." He grinned, as he always did when he was embarrassed. "Out here—"

Martha left the room a few minutes, and returned to us with a slightly worried frown.

"I think I'll have to ask one of you to come with me up to the cottage in Hidden Cove. I'm not sure that Florabelle looks after Pauline's meals as she should. Issu just came back and he says Pauline is alone there and very sick."

"Isn't Mrs. Hunt there?" I asked. "She was there when I left."

"Issu says there's nobody with Pauline, that she seems dreadfully sick. He was quite alarmed. I don't know how much to depend on his judgment but it's only a few minutes ride up there. One of you come with me?"

"I'll go," I volunteered. Allan looked at his watch. "I'd like to help you," he said, "but I'm late for an appointment in Gallina, as it is."

"You run along and keep your date, Nate," Martha commanded with that matter of fact manner she used in taking over any situation. "Sydney, you come with me." He started for the door. "You, Gerry, you get a room ready. Let's see—I hate to put her in Estelle's old room. Better make it the room Craven always has. He hasn't been here enough lately to make it worth while to keep it ready for him. All right, Sydney, let's go."

I thought of that trailer, as I gave orders to the houseboys to prepare the bedroom. Somewhere, safely hidden away, I was sure there was a trailer waiting. Waiting for Harry. Was it waiting for Florabelle Hunt, too? What was their relationship? It could hardly be mother and son. What was it? (To be continued)

Plan Celebration

Scio—The local Czech-American alliance will observe July 4 with a celebration at Richardson Gap, according to present plans.