

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us, No Fear Shall Awe"
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Tile Tubs and the Revolution

A tile bathtub! That, in prewar days—and we mean this war—was something. Any householder able to remark casually and perhaps irreverently that there was a tile bathtub at home, certainly was a candidate for the social register. Tile bathtubs were custom-built right in your bathroom and never could be moved.

Now—they're being made wholesale. A crew of 20 men down in San Francisco turns out 100 of them daily. No, this is not an advertisement. You can't buy one. They are being built for those low-cost defense housing projects. Grimy shipyard workers will dunk the body in them.

Comes the revolution!

Actually, these tile bathtubs are being built for proletarian use because they require practically no metal, and not as an experiment in social leveling. But they may well serve as a symbol for the revolution which is in the making. Not a social revolution but a raw materials revolution.

Yesterday we talked about synthetic substitutes for rubber. Do you suppose that after the war, assuming a fully satisfactory substitute is developed, we'll go back to natural rubber? It isn't likely. Do you suppose we'll go back to silk and let the Japanese supply it and set the price to suit themselves? Not likely. Do you suppose we'll go back to tin as a coating for cans, and get it from the far east? Not likely.

All those things come from the far east, and no matter who triumphs over there—though we can make a safe guess on that point—the orient is going to lose the greater part of its past trade with the United States. We may buy a lot of goods there; certainly we hope so, because we want to sell a lot of goods there. But that trade will be different from what it was before the war.

We'll be producing, as the war ends, more "rubber" than the world has ever consumed in peacetime. Nylon or something even better will replace silk. The tin substitutes will stay on the market. But the revolution won't end there.

Take a look at the big aluminum plants going into production, several here in the Pacific Northwest. Great things are being done with magnesium, with improved alloys of the older metals, with new and improved plastics, still secret. Plywood is finding innumerable new uses.

These things are coming to the fore because the materials for which they substitute are scarce. Those older materials are also being used up to the limit of their availability. But after the war—comes the climax of the revolution. Some of them may feel the guillotine. A lot of things are going to be different. Yes, a lot of things. Why limit it to raw materials? Gadgets will be different. Automobiles will be different. Transportation will be different, tending upward into the atmosphere and the stratosphere.

Most everything will be different—maybe the social and economic and political systems. It will be a good thing to keep in mind that no matter what else changes, human nature will be not much different. Of course, in a way that's a comfort. In another way it's a warning to be heeded.

Reaction to Good News

A month or so ago the news really was bad, some of the columnists were pounding it home and making it if possible a little blacker on the theory that the American people needed a real scare to make them realize they were in a sure-enough war for keeps.

Last week and the early part of this week we had good news by the bale. According to the columnists' theory it should have been suppressed or minimized. But it was given to us, just about as it happened as nearly as we can tell.

The damage having been done, now is a good time to step back and see how the theory works. If we get a big strike within the next week or so, we'll know the columnists were right.

Our guess though is that Americans as a whole have learned from their familiarity with sports what a "winning spirit" requires—dogged fighting when the going is tough, fierce fighting when the enemy is softened up a bit.

If anyone starts taking it easy, the medicine for him is a reminder that some thousands of Americans are prisoners of war, under conditions we don't like to imagine. That thought ought to keep everybody at work, even if we knew victory was in sight. We can't afford to delay it an unnecessary day.

WPA Has Nine Lives

"If this war were to end tomorrow," remarked a Salem man noted for his humanitarian viewpoint and activities, "in one way I'd be sorry. The American people have not yet learned the big lesson they need."

The lesson he had in mind was the one Paul Mallon discussed a day or so ago, the one Major General Charles H. Martin was preaching years ago, the one Wendell Willkie tried to impress in his 1940 campaign; the lesson of self-reliance.

Regardless of the hazards and the rigors of wartime, what a glorious feeling it must be to young people emerging from school, to elderly men drawn back into the active labor force, to the recently-unemployed in general, to find their services in demand, to discover that they can contribute something useful rather than be the recipients of contributions! This wartime economy is artificial, it builds up to an awful letdown some day—but in this respect it's wonderful while it lasts.

But it hasn't lasted long enough so far to permit the lesson to sink home—and as evidence, we point to the national house of representatives' 109-60 vote refusing to abolish WPA. No need remains for this negatively-minded institution whose existence always was a reproach to the nation's social ingenuity. There

is or soon will be a useful task for every able-bodied American. Other relief agencies can more effectively and economically take care of those who are not able-bodied.

But WPA, a huge bureaucracy, wants to be perpetuated. True, there may be and probably will be need for a similar agency again some day—but it would be better to tear this one down and build anew without present dead wood when that day comes. But no, WPA hangs on for dear life and the democratic majority in the house defends it. Well, WPA is a cat—an unwanted cat. Doubtless it has nine lives. This attempt may have cancelled out one of them.

The Oregonian refers to a well known Marion county community as "Mt. Angell." Another evidence that Congressman Homer A. is getting well entrenched.

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

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WASHINGTON, June 12 — One-sixth of the Jap capital fleet strength was put out of action at the battle of Midway, details of which are now accumulating sufficiently to clear popular misconceptions of the action.

It was not primarily a naval battle, but an air battle. Planes were cast against Jap surface ships, planes against planes and subs against surface ships. There was no action between US surface ships and Jap surface ships. The Japs tried to sneak up on Midway, as they did on Pearl Harbor. They came in with their aircraft carrier planes in front as umbrellas to cover their battleships, cruisers, destroyers and transports from attack. Their strategy was to send bombers from these carriers over Midway in a surprise attack, just as at Pearl Harbor.

The airfield at Midway was to have been bombed and destroyed before our planes could get in the air. Then they would have moved their battleships up with long range guns and reduced the heavy defenses.

The island is as level as a billiard table and completely without cover or shell shelter. We have a good air field there and a protected lagoon, but nothing could be put underground because after a few feet you reach water.

The shelling would have pulverized the heavy defenses and opened the way for Jap light cruisers to come in and clear the way for landing troops from their transports. The Japs had three to five transports loaded with troops ready for that purpose.

But sharp American air-eyes gave us a lucky break. Our patrol planes sighted the four to five advance ships in the Japanese lines several hundred miles off Midway, near the extreme limit of the patrol. These planes radioed back the alarm and immediately we began to attack by air.

Their four or five carriers, huddled in the center of the Jap line, caught the heaviest of the blows. These carriers are the most vulnerable ships of the fleet. A bomb-hit nearly anywhere on deck destroys the usefulness of the ship for plane take-offs or landings.

Thus discovered, the Japs had to launch their air attack on Midway sooner than they had planned. They had to rush their bombers into the air. But our anti-aircraft guns kept them so high and our planes pummeled them so severely over Midway that the Jap bombers entirely missed the Midway airfield in their attack.

This was an astonishing break for us. You could hardly figure that they would all miss their primary and most important objective. This allowed us to use the field throughout the subsequent action.

Our light and heavy bombers there pounded everything the Japs had afloat in that part of the world for three days thereafter. Furthermore, we had the use of some heavy seaplanes, and bombers from our own carriers in the vicinity.

With this heavy concentration of land-based planes of the army, navy and marines, and supplemental naval bombers, we literally blew the Jap attack out of the water.

The announced early figures of the damage were on the conservative side for two reasons. The announcing was done by careful naval Admiral Nimitz because he outranks the army and marine officers in that area.

Also there can always be doubts about ship sinkings from the air. Attacking planes cannot hang around a few hours to await results of their attacks, and there may be duplication when a second air attack force comes up on the crippled ship.

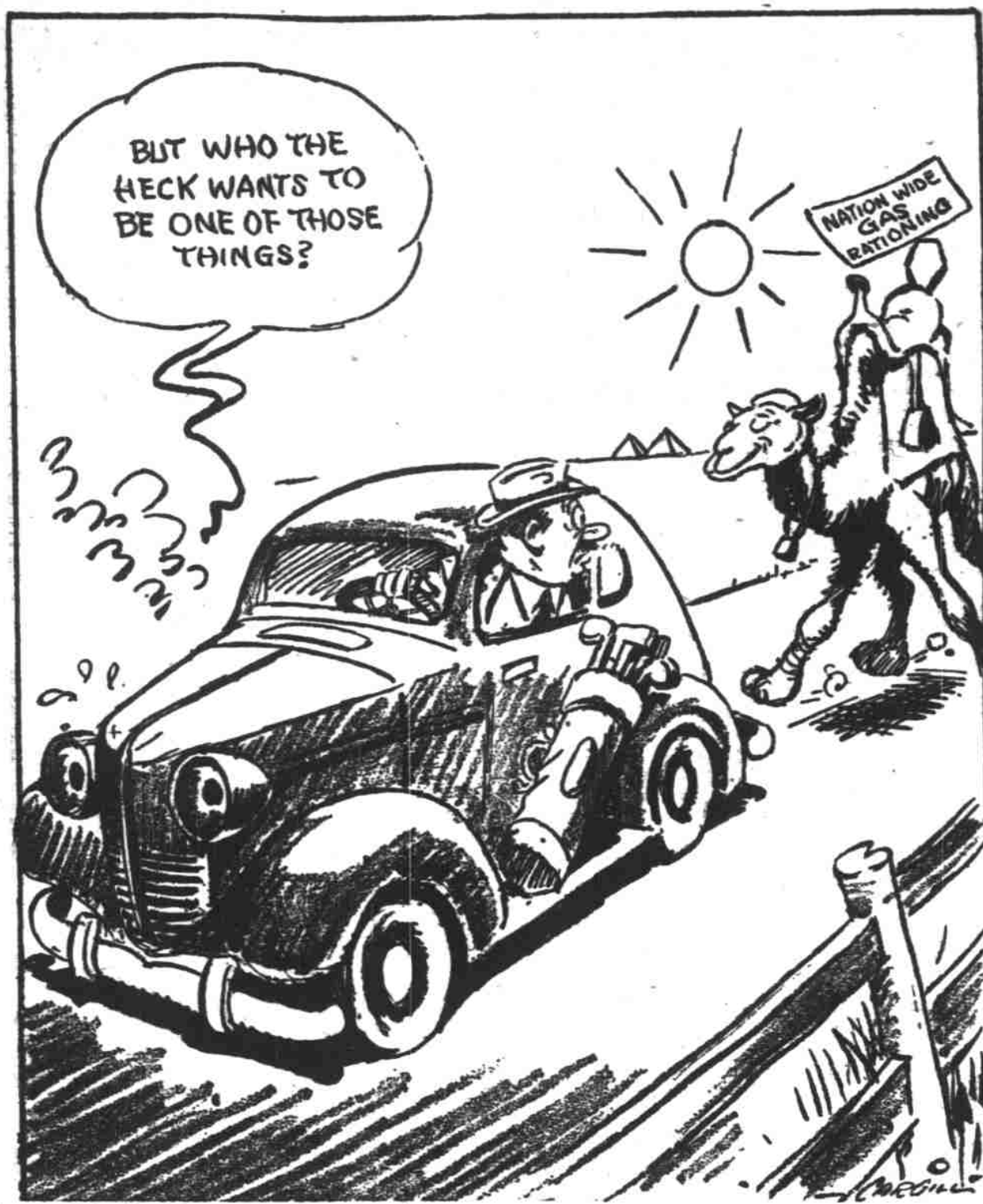
Certainly two of those four carriers sunk or damaged were not old 1921 and 1924 types (announced sunk), but were of the largest and best 26,900 tonners. Four of the cruisers the Japs had there were new and the transports were converted new fast passenger liners.

They had in action four battleships out of their known strength of 12; four or five carriers out of their known strength of 12 or 13, although the number of cruisers was somewhat under this one-third ratio.

Invasion of Australia, India, or anywhere else, thereby was rendered more difficult, chiefly because the Jap form of sea-blitz relies on aircraft carriers for its main striking power. The Dutch Harbor and Aleutian Islands attack was only a clever Jap diversion trick, staged before Midway, with a view of drawing our air patrol and sea power northward and out of the way of the main attack on Midway. The Japs could, however, capture a few Aleutians any time.

There are 500 islands in the group, mostly uninhabited rocks. The end of the string is closer to the Jap islands south of Kamchatka than to our bases in Alaska. If the Japs occupied any of those, as they claimed, they could be used only for weather stations for sub activity. Almost continuous fog will prevent their use for plane bases. But if they had captured Midway they would have been a long leg up on invasion of Hawaii, would have installed a sub and plane base with which to intercept any American naval force going west.

As matters stand now, they are not likely to come back to Midway any time soon.



'Two Weeks Between Drinks!'

Radio Programs

KSLM—SATURDAY—1300 Kc.

6:45—Rise 'N' Shine.
7:00—News in Brief.
7:30—Rise 'N' Shine.
7:30—News.
7:45—Your Gospel Program.
8:00—Surf Riders.
8:30—News Brevities.
8:35—Musical College.
8:40—Pastor's Call.
9:15—Moonbeam Trio.
9:30—Hollywood Hi Jinks.
10:00—World in Review.
10:05—Castles in the Air.
10:30—Stash Myri.
11:00—Hittin' the Hi Spots.
11:30—Langworth Gauchos.
12:00—Organities.
12:15—Organities.
12:30—Hillbilly Serenade.
12:35—Willamette Valley Opinions.
1:00—McFarland Twins.
1:15—Time Tabloid.
1:30—The Roundup.
1:45—Mildred's Melody.
2:00—Alpine Troubadors.
2:15—Melody Mart.
2:30—Isle of Paradise.
2:45—Modern Melody Trio.
3:00—Old Opera House.
3:00—Noelities.
4:15—News.
4:30—Four News Tunes.
5:00—Here Comes the Band.
5:30—Dinner Hour Music.
6:00—Tonight's Headlines.
6:15—War Commentary.
6:30—Evening Serenade.
7:00—Weekend Jambores.
7:30—News.
7:30—Johnny Messenger Orchestra.
8:00—News.
8:30—News.
8:35—White White.
9:00—The Roundup.
9:00—News.
9:15—Edwards Oldtimers.
9:30—Music for Music.
10:00—Hooperi Serenades.
10:30—News.
10:30—Music for Listening.
11:00—Bert Hirsch Presents.
11:30—Last Minute News.

KGW—NBC—SATURDAY—630 Kc.

4:00—Music.
4:30—Music for Listening.
5:00—Sunrise Serenade.
5:30—Music of Vienna.
6:00—Organ Concert.
6:15—James Abbe, News.
6:30—Janet Jordan, Singer.
6:45—Sketch Henderson.
7:00—Romantic.
7:15—Consumer Time.
7:30—Ilka Chase.
7:45—America the Free.
8:00—Stars of Tomorrow.
8:30—Music for Listening.
8:45—Air Youth of America.
9:00—Campus Capers.
9:15—News.
9:30—Down Mexico Way.
1:30—Your Number, Please.
2:00—Doctors at Work.
2:30—Ricardo Time.
2:45—News.
3:00—Golden Melodies.
3:25—News.
3:30—Religion in the News.

Today's Garden

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

Here is a question that has me rather at a loss: "I want a night garden. I have heard quite a bit about them and believe that I would like one as I work most of the time during the day and am at home nights. What should I plant?" R.T.S., Salem.

Answer: I am rather vague as to just what a night garden might mean. Perhaps it is lighting a garden? It might be planting flowers that bloom at night. (That would mean very few.) Or flowers that are scented at night. Or it might mean a combination of these things. Mrs. R.T.S. didn't send me her full name and address or I could inquire a little more fully concerning her idea of a night garden. If anyone is familiar with this expression I would appreciate hearing from them.

My own interpretation would be flowers that show up more at night than in the day time. This would mean chiefly white flowers. Moonlight does catch the glistening white flowers in a perfectly delightful manner. Then, too, in a night garden, there should be fragrance. Almost all flowers smell more after a warm day followed by our cooler nights. The flowering tobacco proves this over and over and, I feel sure, should be in all "night gardens." White single hollyhocks, white snapdragons, the mock orange blossoms, white peonies, white roses, white stocks, white geraniums might all be used. Heliotrope and rose geraniums add to the attractiveness of the fragrance in the evening-tinged garden.

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—Three Suns Trio.
4:00—Noah Webster Says.
4:30—Wings Over the West.
4:45—Donald Novis.
5:00—St. Francis Hotel Orchestra.
5:15—Sports Scripts.
5:30—Ed Stoker.
5:45—Bill Henry.
6:00—National Barn Dance.
7:00—Bill Stern Sports Newsreel.
7:15—Labor for Victory.
7:30—Grand Old Opry.
8:30—Truth or Consequences.
8:45—Abe's Irish Rose.
9:00—Jantzen Beach Orchestra.
9:30—Log Cabin Farms Orchestra.
10:00—News.
10:15—Organ.
10:30—St. Francis Hotel Orchestra.
10:35—News.
11:00—Organ Concert.
11:15—Hotel Biltmore Orchestra.
11:30—News.
12:00-2 a. m.—Music.

KOIN—CBS—SATURDAY—970 Kc.

6:00—Northwest Farm Reporter.
6:15—Breakfast Bulletin.
6:30—Koin Klock.
7:15—Waikiki News.
7:30—Bob Garret Reporting.
7:45—Madam Ching Kai-Shek.
8:00—News.
8:30—Helen Hippodrome.
8:35—Consumer News.
8:30—Let's Pretend.
9:00—Theatre of Today.
9:30—Tschakovsky Serenade.
10:00—Country Journal.
10:40—Adv. in Science.
10:45—Symphonettes.
11:00—News.
11:05—Of Men and Books.
11:20—Brush Creek Folies.
11:30—News.
11:35—CBS Detroit.
1:00—FBS.
1:20—News.
1:30—Take it Easy.
1:45—News.
2:00—Matinee at Meadowbrook.
2:30—Rosa Brown.
3:15—Calling Pan America.
3:45—News.
4:00—Newspaper of the Air.
4:30—Tillie the Toller.
5:00—Traffic Quiz.
5:15—News.
5:30—Harry Flannery, News.
5:45—Bob Garret, News.
5:50—John Daly.
6:00—USO Program.
6:30—Leon Drews.
6:45—Saturday Night Serenade.
7:15—Air-Flu.
7:30—Talks.
7:45—Frazier Hunt.
8:00—Guy Lombardo Orchestra.
8:30—Hobby Lobby.
9:00—Hill Parange.
9:45—Office Civilian Defense.
10:00—Five Star Final.
10:15—World Today.
10:30—Lud Luskini Orchestra.
10:45—Spotlight on Victory.
11:00—Martha Mears.
11:30—Manny Strand Orchestra.
11:35—News.
12:00-6 a. m.—Music & News.

KALE—MBS—SATURDAY—1330 Kc.

6:30—Memory Timekeeper.
7:00—News.
7:15—Memory Timekeeper.
8:00—Here's Music.
8:30—News.
8:45—Old Songs.
9:00—Red Cross Nutrition Course.
9:15—Woman's Side of the News.
9:30—This and That.
10:15—Buyers Parade.
10:30—Hello Again.
11:30—Journal Jamboree.
11:30—Concert Gems.

Sunday Radio

On Page 8



VITAL LINK in the supply lines of the United Nations is the Norwegian Merchant Navy. One of its heroes is Captain Carl Iver Jensen, who at 31 is one of the youngest skippers in the service. In 1940 he slipped through the German blockade of Sweden with five freighters and reached a British port. When he brought a new British-built freighter into a U. S. port recently, Captain Jensen gave a dinner for Norway's Prime Minister Johann Nygaardsvold, now visiting in this country.

ON THE INSIDE— in Washington!

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

Hitler's flair for showmanship seems interwoven with events in Libya and southern Russia, where crucial new battles are developing simultaneously.

On both fronts German or axis armies seem to be under orders from Hitler to get rolling at any cost. In Libya they have battered the Free French garrison out of Bir Hacheim, anchor of the British defense line, and massed a ponderous thrust to Harimat, only 30 miles from Tobruk, a British Gibraltar. In Russia they are surging against Marshal Timoshenko's hard-won advance positions in the Kharkov region and also pressing furiously the effort to storm the Sevastopol fortress in the Crimea.

That still does not furnish a definite pattern for the "summer" offensive to crush Russia which Hitler has promised his people. Summer does not come in a technical sense, however, until Monday, June 22, the first anniversary of the Nazi attack on Russia.

Wholly aside from tactical or strategic considerations, conditioning axis operations, the close approach of that anniversary of

bloody memory might have special significance for Hitler. It is at least possible that he had demanded that his generals produce results which would permit him to proclaim that he had kept his word and that the great summer offensive he promised was in motion and making progress.

Whether for that reason or merely as a coincidence, there is little doubt that a double crisis is developing in the two-pronged German effort to regain the offensive in the east. Nor can it be greatly doubted that the timing of the Molotov visits to London, Washington and Canada to fashion new United Nations commitments for peace and war in Europe and second-front undertakings also reflects the June 22 time milestone.

If the broadside of Russian-British-American announcements had no other effect, they would certainly tend to stiffen Russian morale for a new effort with the promise of two-front help. Extreme pains were taken both in London and Washington, however, to implement those verbal exchanges with action that not only assures Russians but warns Germans that more than a matter of words was involved.

'Crime at Castaway'

By EDITH BRISTOL

CHAPTER 33

It was a good thing that Sydney went with Martha to the cottage in the cove. For when they came back a little later, he carried Pauline, wrapped in a blanket, from the car and into the ranch house. Her white hair was blowing around her face, all color gone from her cheeks except round red spots that spoke of fever. She was limp and relaxed in Sydney's arms as he carried her up the stairs. She hardly seemed to weigh more than a child as he laid her on the bed. Her eyes were closed and she scarcely breathed.

I called for Dr. Henry and asked him to bring a nurse when he came from Gallina and he said he'd be right over. We made Pauline as comfortable as possible and then there was nothing to do but wait.

"What about Florabelle?" I asked Martha.

"Her room was empty. That's all I know."

It was then I told Martha all I knew about Florabelle. Before Martha could comment, the doctor arrived.

Dr. Henry spent a long time in examining Pauline and looked grave when he came out of the bedroom.

"She's had some kind of shock I couldn't say just what. But she seems to be in a rather debilitated condition generally. I can't say how much of this is shock—how much fever and chills. She must have a heavy cold. A touch of flu, perhaps. It's too early to say exactly what to look for, but she must have absolute quiet."

"I must ask her about Mrs. Hunt," Martha said. "We must know where she has gone. It may mean everything to us to us to know that."

"There's no use in asking her anything right now," Dr. Henry said. "I've just given her a hypodermic that will quiet her for several hours, I doubt if anything she'd say would help you, in any event. She's wandering. Mrs. Hunt will have to wait. I was clenching my fists with nervousness."

"But if we could only find out where Florabelle has gone. When she left, it might mean something to Lance—" I begged him. He was adamant.

"If you bother Miss Dawson with any questions today, I'll not answer for the consequences," he said sternly. I felt he meant it, too. "Absolute quiet. That's what she must have."

He left us and started for the door. Then he turned back. "By the way," he added, "I wish you'd muffle the telephone bell. Every it rings she winces. She must be peculiarly sensitive to sounds of any kind. The bell rang all the time I was in there with her."

"It's the operators calling for Harry Craven," Sydney answered. "They often try to get him here where they don't know where else to call him. San Francisco has called several times. Gallina's been calling him for hours and the district attorney's office is wild. Stevens himself called and raged at me because I couldn't tell them where Craven is. As if I cared!" Loftus added.

Hunt left the cottage in hidden cove.

Pauline lay in a stupor upstairs, a nurse by her bedside—and Lance sat in jail, waiting, suffering, stunned by the charge against him.

The first result of the disappearance of Harry Craven was the quashing of the indictment against Lance.

I had suspected all along that Craven was that mysterious "key witness" I was sure now that he was desperate. Every attempt he had made—the hiding of the money, the perjured testimony—all was in vain. He was trapped. And trapped by several perils at once.

Craven's connection with Florabelle Hunt—whatever it was—was out. That's what caused the collapse of his house cards. He could not know the disclosures made by the man from the cement mixer. But he must know the web he had woven was closing around himself.

And he was gone. Search all night and the next day failed to find any traces of Harry at the offices of the business, at his club in the city, in Gallina, at the dam or in any of his usual haunts. Certainly he was not at Castaway, where a nurse hovered constantly over Pauline Dawson as her fever slowly subsided.

Just what legal technicalities were involved in that dismissal of the charge against Lance I did not know. Indeed, I hardly inquired what points of law were involved. I had to act and act quickly in seeing Lance. He must know—at once—what the man had told me in the auto camp. He would know what to do. I felt, instinctively that time was important it was to prove.

(To be continued)

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

WE'RE GOING OVER

We are plenty mad and we want to go

To Rome, Berlin and Tokyo. We'll fight for home and Liberty, Honor and Democracy.

With chin up and thumbs up. A V for victory, we'll get the beasts

From West to East Wherever they may be.

We are starting first at Tokyo Then going to Berlin,

On our way home, we'll stop at Rome,

And take Benito in. We can't forget Pearl Harbor,

and Another vow we'll make To get the ones who used their guns

On those gallant boys at Wake. GEORGE W. BOLEY, Salem, Ore.

(Editor's note: Mr. Boley's son was on Wake Island with the US marines at the time of its capture and he has been recently heard from through the Red Cross—a prisoner of war near Shanghai.)

Old-Fashioned Revival

Charles E. Fuller, Director
Old Hymns and Gospel Preaching
KSLM - 5:00 P. M. Sundays
Continuous International Broadcast