

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Ave"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, President

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Gold Mining to Halt

In ancient times wars were fought, as had been remarked here before in another connection, for gold and slaves because they were the only negotiable forms of wealth. War Production Board has ordered cessation of gold mining. Gold shares have always been important factors in the stock market but, though naturally those shares declined, the order caused but a faint ripple in the trend of other stocks. Gold is not important now. That is, relatively speaking. The gold buried at Fort Knox retains its value. And a fellow wouldn't turn his head away if he saw a big chunk of it lying around loose. But for the most part, United States money has value because the government says so. It probably would start an argument if we called it "fiat money" for by one definition there is a distinction between that and "credit money." Economics textbooks prior to 1929 branded fiat money an unmitigated evil. But don't worry. The nature of our present money is not the factor that imperils its value. The significance of the WPB order is that for the present—and after that, who can say?—gold is a wholly unimportant commodity except for its commercial uses. Gold mining has become an impediment to the war effort; it ties up workers and machinery which might better be employed in digging up something useful, such as silver or copper or some even rarer metals. So we'll just let the gold lie in the ground. And in a sense, money no matter what its form or backing has become, relatively speaking, unimportant. We're spending for destructive, not productive purposes, over a billion dollars a week. How we used to moan when our government spent a billion a month that it didn't have! Even to the individual, money is less important. There are people who are grabbing for all of it they can get, but it may not be worth their trouble. People who know what is important now, are content if they get their hands on enough money to keep going, to survive while they do the job that is important. What was true of war in ancient times has not however changed entirely. This war is being fought—by the axis—for slaves.

Bear Story
Another northward naval and air attack is being carried to the enemy in the Solomons as this is written, while Germans in high places have just admitted that they no longer hope to take "all" of Stalingrad by storm. These events are still in the fluid state but they—and the Nips' abandonment of two bases in the Solomons—highlight the apparent change of front in American officials home front strategy. "We are losing the war, period." That was the style recently in pronouncement by government and military officials to the civilian populace. We doubt if it cooled many civilians. We had "lost most of the engagements" because we hadn't been ready to fight. No reasonable person expected anything else. Purpose of the "bear stories" was to make us fight harder at home. This column has clung to the conviction that the thought of our men, and some women and children, prisoners of the sadistic and vengeful Japanese military, ought to provide incentive enough for an all-out war production effort and for all-out civilian cooperation including every useful sacrifice. Now our deprivations, minor but irritating, add to our impatience for victory and serve as an added spur. We want to get the beastly business finished. It's football season, the normal bear story season. But we always did think coaches' bear stories—and we've printed dozens of them—were highly transparent, and useful even if believed, only if "our side" was unduly favored by the "dope."

Hard Licker and the War
This is the revolution, and no fooling. For months now, a great many persons who used to be salesmen have been busier than ever—trying to persuade prospective customers they don't need the merchandise. To cap the climax, the hard licker industry is getting ready to do the same; to encourage reduced consumption. You might say that at long last and to all practical purposes, the whisky industry and the WCTU are working in harmony. But of course that's only a superficial viewpoint. There is a five-year supply of whisky on hand but not much is now being produced; next year none will be produced, the distilleries having been shifted to production of alcohol for smokeless powder and other war purposes. So the whisky industry, in view of the possibility that the war may last five years or more, is anxious to make its supply last until it can start producing again—and its concern may be due in part to a fear that if the entire public is forced to mount the water wagon and stay there for an indefinite period, there won't be a market after the war. That is just our suspicion—but if it's correct, it might be equally smart for the "drys" to take the opposite tack and do their best to get the remaining supply used up. Well, don't jump on us—it was only an idea.

Art Ferry's Smudge Pot column in the Medford Mail Tribune usually comments destructively, not to say devastatingly. It has now however offered a constructive suggestion. "Senseless" Henry Kaiser to the legislature, on the theory that a man who could build a ship in ten days could get the session's work done in half a day, not to mention forty days. "Grants Pass squad gives Medford good whipping," says a headline in the Grants Pass Courier. That "good" sounds a bit editorial and home-townish though of course, in view of past Salem-Medford rivalry, we feel the same way about it.

Courage -- or Foolhardiness

After all that has happened to professional prognosticators since 1939, someone has had the courage, or foolhardiness, to launch a new magazine titled "Predictions" or in full, "Predictions of Things to Come, by Authorities Likely to Be Right." That someone is the Parents' Institute, Inc., and the magazine's first issue is just off the press. George J. Hecht is the publisher. The one prediction the world desires above all else is the answer to "When and how will the war end?" The magazine doesn't dodge it. The answer is by Max Werner. In fairness, it should be said that Werner approaches the topic in no spirit of assumed omniscience. It is his calculation that Germany, after taking severe punishment this winter and failing to cope with a two-front war next summer, will fall in November, 1943. After that, Japan's fall will be just a matter of time, and no great stretch of time though no definite date is mentioned.

News Behind the News

By PAUL MALLON
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WASHINGTON, Oct. 2.—A lofty military authority (not Mr. Roosevelt) has written a personal letter to some senators taking a much more optimistic view of the American war position than has been expressed publicly by officials in speeches. This letter contests specifically the view set forth by Lieutenant Somervell in his St. Louis speech, that we are losing the war. General Somervell's exact words were: "The war has gone none too well. So far we've lost nearly every major struggle. If we continue to lose a little while longer, it will be too late to save ourselves, America and civilization." The letter presents a change of official emphasis, along the line suggested by Mr. Roosevelt, after his trip, when he stepped down hard on all his sub-officials who have said the war is being lost. Although the president named no names, among the eminent toasts that must have felt the crunch, aside from Somervell's, were those of Navy Secretary Knox, various assistant secretaries, and I believe, even the right-hand man, Harry Hopkins. Up to now, officials have tended to blacken up the dark side of every picture publicly, for the ostensible purpose of goading the people to greater effort. Mr. Roosevelt's tour seems to have convinced him that line is no longer necessary or desirable, if it ever was. When you look at it right side up, the strictly military picture is by no means dismal. We have suffered major setbacks, few successes, true. But we have been in a period of preparation. We were not ready at the start. We were caught off guard, we had a one-ocean navy and no army. Now we have an army in the final stages of preparation for attack. Our navy is still intact, after initial losses, and ahead is the prospect that our naval building will put us eventually on a two-ocean status. The next ten months will tell the tale in this war, not the last ten.

The Stalin and Wilkie statements have brought "second front" to the fore again. Any efforts by commentators or military analysts to ferret out their true meanings or intentions can only be considered personal speculation. The Russians (and Wilkie) gave the situation its only new recent turn, by implying that the timidity of British and American military officials is responsible for the delay. If that is a sincerely held Russian opinion, the Kremlin is less crafty in its diplomacy this time than ever before. I cannot remember another diplomatic occasion when it proceeded toward its purpose so straightforwardly. On the other hand, if it is an attempt to deceive Hitler and to conceal the imminence of a blow by us, it is cleverly in line with usual red diplomatic tactics. The actual situation on a second front is plain to all. It is to our advantage to strike as soon as possible, and has been for the past ten months. Even before that, it was to the advantage of the British to strike. I do not know why the British did not strike. I confidently assume it was because they were not ready, because otherwise they must be considered fools. I assume the same thing has been holding us up. After all, we have been in this war only ten months. Of one thing we can all be positive: The second front should not be instituted a moment before our generals think they can win it. When we go in, we must be sure we will stay in and go on. Any thought of sacrificing lives and material, just to create a temporary diversion for the reds would do neither the reds nor us any lasting good. The red cause can win this war now, only if our second front effort succeeds, and only when it succeeds. Stalin and Wilkie must know that.

Hitler's speech betrayed no fear of a second front. On the contrary, he practically announced his future war intentions. He said he would switch to the defensive in Russia, as soon as he had cleaned out Stalingrad and the Caucasus. The only thing he definitely promised in the west was retaliatory bombing of Britain. He indicated he wanted to build up empire within the outlines of his present domain and stand defensively against the rest of the world. Ordinarily Hitler's word is not worth repeating, but in this case he confirmed the best military judgment here. Also, while he has rarely fulfilled a political or diplomatic promise, I believe he has taken some pride in fulfilling his promises of military action. The republicans have made no heavy claims in public about the coming congressional election. But a number of veteran house members the other day took their pencils in hand and figured they would win the house with a majority of 19.

The Safety Valve
Letters from Statesman Readers
To the Editor: I have been a resident of Salem for the past ten years. I was taught from childhood to respect the rights of others, especially the aged and cripples. There is much said and done about highway traffic and highway road hogs. But I have never heard anything said or done about sidewalk traffic or sidewalk road hogs. I think it would be a good idea to give this a good thought. I have always thought rules of the public highway ought also to be applied to traffic on sidewalks. I was going north on S. 13th street the other evening. I met four persons almost coming south. I had always given my right to others before but this time was sorely vexed. The person on my side of the walk was—"I'll say a woman but not a lady. You know we can be men and women or we can be ladies and gentlemen just as we prefer. Anyway I pushed her over to her place with my elbow and she looked daggers at me as much as to say, "You brute!" On several occasions I have been going up State street north of the campus and have met groups of young people occupying the whole walk and not giving one inch of right-of-way. I have been observing these things for the past ten years and they are constantly getting worse. There is only about one in ten who keeps on his side of the sidewalk. I mean the right side. Keep to the right as the law directs. For such is the rule of the road; Keep to the right, whoever expects. Securely to carry life's load. WILLIAM H. WALTERS, Salem, Ore.



Out of Season?

Radio Programs

- 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 are to be cut from the air at any time in the interests of national defense.
- 6:00—Erwin Yeo, Organ.
 - 6:15—American Home Front.
 - 6:30—Harry Finney.
 - 6:45—Bob Garrod, News.
 - 7:00—Cecil Brown.
 - 7:15—Misty Meek.
 - 7:30—State of Oregon Reports.
 - 7:45—John F. Drews, Organ.
 - 8:00—Plymouth.
 - 8:15—Kate Smith.
 - 8:30—Find the Woman.
 - 8:45—Five Star Final.
 - 9:00—World Women.
 - 9:15—Lonely Woman.
 - 9:30—Al-Flo.
 - 9:45—Glean Hearshorn.
 - 10:00—Manny Strand Orch.
 - 10:15—News.
 - 10:30—To 6:30 a.m.—Music & news.
- KSLM—FRIDAY—1230 KC**
- 6:45—Rise 'n' Shine.
 - 7:00—News in Brief.
 - 7:15—Your Gospel Program.
 - 7:30—Rhythm Five.
 - 7:45—News Briefs.
 - 8:00—Golden Melodies.
 - 8:15—John Kerby's Orchestra.
 - 8:30—Hawaiian Serenaders.
 - 8:45—Popular Music.
 - 9:00—Foster's Orchestra.
 - 9:15—World in Review.
 - 9:30—Bill Days, Tenor, and Vincent Sorrey, Violinist.
 - 9:45—Women in the News.
 - 10:00—Al Clausen's Okla. Outlaws.
 - 10:15—Four Notes.
 - 10:30—His of Yesteryear.
 - 10:45—Organaltes.
 - 11:00—Rhythm Five.
 - 11:15—Shilbilly Serenade.
 - 11:30—Williams Valley, Opinions.
 - 11:45—Interlude.
 - 12:00—Lun and Abner.
 - 12:15—Solo Rudon's Orchestra.
 - 12:30—Mildred's Melodies.
 - 12:45—Spotlight on Rhythm.
 - 1:00—Mile of Paradise.
 - 1:15—US Navy.
 - 1:30—State Opera.
 - 1:45—A Man With a Band.
 - 2:00—Old Opera House.
 - 2:15—Singing Saxophones.
 - 2:30—Teatime Tunes.
 - 2:45—Foster's Singers.
 - 3:00—Bill Day, Tenor.
 - 3:15—Fulton Lewis.
 - 3:30—Johnston Family.
 - 3:45—Musical Matinee.
 - 4:00—Captain Danger.
 - 4:15—This is Navy, Norfolk.
 - 4:30—Gabriel Heatter.
 - 4:45—Great Dixie Bands.
 - 5:00—Jimmy Allen, USN.
 - 5:15—Movie Parade.
 - 5:30—San Quentin Prison Program.
 - 5:45—News.
 - 6:00—Speaking of Sports.
 - 6:15—Herbie Holmes Orchestra.
 - 6:30—Fulton Lewis, Jr.
 - 6:45—Bill Day, Tenor.
 - 7:00—Wilson Ames.
 - 7:15—News.
 - 7:30—Johnny Richards Orchestra.
 - 7:45—Bob Chester Orchestra.
 - 8:00—Movie Parade.
- KSLM—NBC—FRIDAY—1130 KC**
- 6:00—Moment of Melody.
 - 6:15—National Farm and Home.
 - 6:30—Foster's Serenades.
 - 6:45—Sauls & McConnell.
 - 7:00—Chart Dennis.
 - 7:15—Breakfast Club.
 - 7:30—Mother Dream Melodist.
 - 7:45—Hans Larson's Knights.
 - 8:00—New FN Club With Fatty Jean.
 - 8:15—Meet Your Neighbor.
 - 8:30—Woman's World.
 - 8:45—News.
 - 9:00—Baukhage Talking.
 - 9:15—Soviet Navy.
 - 9:30—The Gospel Singer.
 - 9:45—The Supreme Stewardship.
 - 10:00—Bill Day, Tenor.
 - 10:15—Sauls & McConnell.
 - 10:30—Market Reports.
 - 10:45—News.
 - 11:00—News Headlines and Highlights.
 - 11:15—Club Melodist.
 - 11:30—The Quiet Hour.
 - 11:45—House in the Country.
 - 12:00—News.
 - 12:15—Woman With the News.
 - 12:30—Dinner Danger.
 - 12:45—Wartime Soapbox.
 - 1:00—Vagabonds.
 - 1:15—News.
 - 1:30—Excursions in Science.
 - 1:45—News.
 - 2:00—Jack Armstrong.
 - 2:15—Dorcas Dickson, News.
 - 2:30—Spotlight Bands.
 - 2:45—Holmes in January.
 - 3:00—Soviet Navy.
 - 3:15—Lightning Jim.
 - 3:30—Earl Godwin News.
 - 3:45—Bill Day, Tenor.
 - 4:00—Gang Busters.
 - 4:15—Down Memory Lane.
 - 4:30—News Headlines and Highlights.
 - 4:45—Glenn Shulley, Organist.
 - 5:00—Freedom on the Land.
 - 5:15—Radio Fair.
 - 5:30—Broadway Bandwagon.
 - 5:45—Football Forecasts.
 - 6:00—This is Moving World.
 - 6:15—Organ Concert.
 - 6:30—War News.
- KSLM—CBS—FRIDAY—430 KC**
- 6:00—Northwest Farm Reporter.
 - 6:15—Breakfast Bulletin.
 - 6:30—Texas Rangers.
 - 6:45—Wake Up News.
 - 7:00—Bob Garrod Reporting.
 - 7:15—John F. Drews, News.
 - 7:30—Consumer News.
 - 7:45—Melodic Moments.
 - 8:00—Vagabonds.
 - 8:15—Stories America Loves.
 - 8:30—Kate Smith Speaks.
 - 8:45—Romance of Helen Trent.
 - 9:00—Our Gal Sunday.
 - 9:15—The Love and Beauty.
 - 9:30—Ma Perkins.
 - 9:45—Vic and Sada.
 - 10:00—The Galop.
 - 10:15—Young Dr. Malone.
 - 10:30—Aunt Jenny.
 - 10:45—The Love and Beauty.
 - 11:00—News.
 - 11:15—Col. Scramble.
 - 11:30—Bob Anderson.
 - 11:45—Joyce Jordan.
 - 12:00—Barber's Children.
 - 12:15—Sam Hayes.
 - 12:30—School of the Air.
 - 12:45—William Winter, News.
 - 1:00—Sam Hayes.
 - 1:15—The Love and Beauty.
 - 1:30—Hilda Happers' Hollywood.
 - 1:45—Keep Working, Keep Singing.
 - 2:00—News.
 - 2:15—Second Mr. Burton.
 - 2:30—Harry Jordan.
 - 2:45—The Love and Beauty.
 - 3:00—The Love and Beauty.

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Random Harvest

By JAMES HILTON
Chapter 43 continued
The train centered on, like horses now more than cattle, steadily, at a good pace, as if anxious to reach some friendly stable; the track wound more closely into the uplands and soon entered a long shallow valley under a ridge that rose rather steeply at one point into two rounded summits; you could not tell which was the higher, but neither was very high—maybe seven or eight hundred feet, with a saucer-shaped hollow between. Just under the hill the roofs of a village showed amongst the trees, but the train turned capriciously away from it, choosing to stop at a station called Rolyott that was nothing but a shed in the middle of fields. He got out there, handing his ticket to the solitary porter, who stared at it for a moment and then said something about Fellingham being three stations further on. In answer Smith smiled and said it was all right, and as the train moved off again the hedged boy who was always looking out of the window saw him smiling and smiled back. That made him feel suddenly cheerful. And besides, the air was warm, blended with scents of hay and flowers, and the tree-hidden village looked tempting even at the end of a long road; he set out walking briskly. A few hundred yards from the station, withdrawn into a hedge so that no one could see it save by search or chance, a broken signpost pointed to the ground, and he had to climb through nettles to decipher its stained and weather-worn letters: "To Beachings Over, 1 Mile." He walked on murmuring the name to himself, as he always did with names—Beachings Over, Beachings Over; and then Beachings Over came into view—a group of gray old cottages fronting a stream over which slabs of stone made bridges. There was a square-towered church as well, a public house called for some undiscoverable reason the "Reindeer"—a ledge in the stream where the water sparkled as it curled over green reeds. And beyond the village rose the mullet ridge—one hill now quite clearly higher than the other, but only a little higher, and between them that gentle turfy hollow. He crossed one of the stone bridges. A man coming out of a house stared with friendly curiosity and said "Good morning," a puff of wind blew a line of hollyhocks toward him. An old man was clipping a yew hedge along the vicarage wall. A sheep dog stirred in the shade and opened a cautious eye as he passed. He felt: This is home; if they will let me stay here, I shall be at peace. He turned off the road by a path towards an open field that climbed steeply. Near at hand was a cottage, with a buxom elderly woman tending the garden. "There'll be a nice view from the top this morning," she said knowingly as he came near. "Five counties they say you can see, on a clear day." He smiled and then she said: "Leave your bag here if you like—it'll be quite safe." "Good idea. Thanks very much. And could I—perhaps—trouble you for a glass of water?" "Water if you like, sir, but cider if you prefer." "Well, yes indeed, if it's no trouble." "No trouble at all, sir—I'll just have to go round to the stillage." "Stillage." "That's where we keep it, sir, because that cool off the stane, you'll be surprised." She came back with a pint-sized mug, which he drained gratefully. "Glad you're enjoying it, sir—it's good cider, that I do say, though I brewed it myself." He wondered if he should offer to pay her, but she saw his look of hesitation and added with swift tact: "Don't you worry, sir—you're very welcome. Maybe when you've climbed up and down again you'll feel like some cold beef and pickles and a nice raspberry tart—we serve meals, you know, all day on Sundays." "You get many visitors?" "Hardly a one yet, but we're ready for 'em if they come. Gentleman once told me this was the prettiest village in all England." (To Be Continued)

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS
The last of the 10-9-42 Quiltings, after the Hitters and Hirohitos are properly put away:
A leading Associated Press dispatch from London printed yesterday said: "Hitler's executioners took the lives of 15 more persons Wednesday at Trondheim, Norway, the Oslo radio announced, as Nazi administrators bore down with a reign of terror in ruthless determination to mold the country into 'new order' subservience."
"Along with 10 lawyers, editors, a shipowner and other prominent citizens who were executed Tuesday, the total thus far was brought to 25 as the result of a state of emergency imposed upon Trondheim and a coastal strip 400 miles."
"Two others Wednesday were sentenced to 10 years at hard labor, while one of a total of 16 brought before a court martial was acquitted, the radio said. All were charged vaguely with 'criminal offenses.'"
"The 'criminal offenses,' it was specified in later announcement, consisted of sabotage and transportation of arms."
"A thorough checkup of everyone living in the area of the state of emergency was started by the Gestapo which broadcast orders for persons normally living in the district but now residing elsewhere to register at the nearest police station immediately."
"They seem to have come down and haphazardly picked out prominent citizens and shot them as well."
The Americans have in all the long past been practically innocent of the kinds of crimes of which those birds are guilty and of which they are threatening more of the same.
There was one time, in the New World, when Santa Ana, president and general of Mexico, in the 1840s, pulled that sort of punches: executed innocent Americans indiscriminately.
It resulted in a declaration of war by the United States, against Mexico—and the Mexican war; and a walloping of that country.
The idiotic savagery of the Hitler-Hirohito birds may help bring the world one good result. It may bring about the outlawing of all wars, even since civilization began its long climb from savagery.
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