

# The Oregon Statesman

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

**THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.**  
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, President

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### Turning Point

Over there! Over there! Send the word; send the word over there: That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming . . .

George M. Cohan died the other morning. He had a full life and there was no occasion for mourning, but only for regret that death came just too soon for him to hear—though such was his faith in America and in Americans that he never could have doubted—that the stirring message of his war song, the one for which he won a wartime president's commendation, would ring out again with all its original meaning; its clear warning of disaster to the foe, its ringing promise of aid to hard-pressed allies, its confident forecast of victory for free men, its "lift" for warriors outward bound on a grim mission.

No question about it; everyone whose lot is cast with the United Nations and who is so situated that he may learn the news has received these last two days a "lift." Every Englishman, Canadian, Australian, New Zealander, South African; every Russian; every Chinese; every Norwegian, Dane, Hollander, Belgian, Czech, Greek, Serb; every Filipino though few of them may have heard the good news; and, we think, most Frenchmen. But especially, every American.

Now for the first time there is—leaving out of consideration the Pacific—an "over there" to which Americans may thrill with pride. Our boys are on the move. They are heading into the fray. Though they have not yet charged head-on into the real enemy, already their action has been of practical aid to our joint cause. For the enemy has been forced to turn to meet them; to change his plans and dispositions; to divert more of his combat troops from the Russian front. Here is indeed a "second front" in some ways more potent than a bloody cross-channel invasion, for meeting this threat will be more awkward for the axis.

Moreover, the offensive implications of this move into northern Africa are unmistakable. Somewhere on what Churchill called the axis "soft under side" we are going to strike. A "lift" did we say? Literally. People seldom cheer when they are alone or in groups of two or three. But we know dignified civilians who, on hearing the first radio bulletins, leaped to their feet and shouted for joy!

With respect to this nation's recent official attitude toward Vichy, the laugh is on our extreme liberals. For months they have been scolding our state department for "coddling" Petain, Laval et al. The magazine Nation went so far as to analyze the backgrounds of Secretary Hull, Sumner Welles and others in the department to explain their "shameful" policy.

Those liberals, we now are able to see clearly, were thinking with their emotions. There were, as anyone able to view the situation calmly could sense without difficulty, practical advantages to a frankly temporizing policy. It enabled our government to maintain some sort of contact with the French people, to put in a word now and then which might thwart the collaborationists. What we couldn't even dream was that it made possible the building of a railroad in Africa which our forces might later use to great advantage!

Now the "shameful" but useful pretense is at an end. Now it's up to Vichy. You might suspect the worst; at all events, frank collaboration. But don't be too sure. The French people, the vast majority of them, are still on our side, and they're growing bolder, and they "can be pushed just so far." Laval will have to take their temper into account.

The cooler - than - lukewarm resistance of French ground forces in Africa is eloquent. Some units of the French fleet are fighting—but then on shipboard, fascist-minded officers can keep better control.

Two weeks ago the United Nations held, and precariously, of the north African coastline only a tiny sliver between El Alamein and Alexandria, where Rommel's formidable threat had been no more than halted. Today Rommel's 140,000 army is smashed, the fate of the less than 30,000 remnant apparently depending solely upon their ability to stage for the first time an axis Dunkirk—and the chances of that none too promising. Today "our side" is speeding toward firm control of the entire north African coastline; and the potential of that control, once it is acquired, is immeasurable.

The other day we tentatively suggested that this time the "tide" may have turned for good. What was then a mere possibility now has become a near-certainty. If Rommel could not obtain reinforcements when a few divisions might have saved him, what is the prospect of replacing his entire army? From now on, the axis story is going to be "too little, too late."

This, as Jan Smuts and others in the know were shouting when it was much less apparent to the rest of us, clearly is the "turning point."

But having turned—much of the heavy fighting is ahead. However, now the watchword is "attack." The United Nations scent victory ahead. Here on the home front, that is calculated to make a vast difference in attitudes. Heretofore we were fighting desperately to stop the enemy; there isn't much inspiration in that. Now we are fighting to win, to end the war, to free the slaves—some of them our own people—and to set the world right again. Who will shirk a task like that?

One just has to wonder—was this one of the things that had to be postponed until "after election"?

Oregon State college's new president, Dr. A. L. Strand, made an excellent impression on his first appearance in Salem, we are reliably informed. It seems clear therefore that he was misquoted in the afternoon paper, which attributed to him this grammatical gem: "Insofar as we make our educational program fit our environment will be the degree of our success."

### In Other Words . . .

The news reporter must report faithfully what others do and say. But it's an interesting exercise to translate what a speaker actually has said, into what he might have said except for considerations of politeness and diplomacy.

The speaker at the Salem chamber of commerce Monday noon described at some length the present state of affairs, in business and general living, in England, his homeland. What he said by indirection was something like this: "We've learned a lesson which you are going to have to learn."

The papers have been carrying pictures of Kazuo Aoki, Japanese Minister of Greater East Asia. It is his job to rule over the lands conquered by Japanese military and naval forces. We rather suspect he has a lifetime job—but that doesn't necessarily mean it will be a long-time job.

Senator McNary is right in opposing compulsory mobilization of civilian manpower as "dictatorial" and highly unpopular. But if it is to be avoided, he or someone else in congress or the administration will have to come forward with a satisfactory substitute.

## News Behind the News

By PAUL MALLON

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WASHINGTON, Nov. 9—A new try at voluntary management of the manpower problem—instead of compulsion—has been in the making among interested officials the past several days. The election result is pushing it along.

Compulsion is not likely to be tried until next year, and only if the new method fails. Labor is supposed to have a promise to that effect. In its advance stages, the new program would call for a single-headed government control of both army drafting and industrial employment, under a new commission or manpower act, Paul McNutt.

One agency would decide who is to go into the army and who is to work. Enlistments would be stopped.

The control would function on a system which has been placed in ten classifications, and shifted as the needs of industry are made known.

A vast training system to bring new workers into the field (particularly women) would be sponsored. A worker would have to get a certificate from the employment service in order to take a job.

The reasons for trying this approach are set forth officially in the survey of current business of the commerce department for October.

The government figures the army and industry will need 7,000,000 to 8,000,000 more men before the end of next year. The military may need 5,000,000 more to reach peak strength. War manufacturing will require a maximum of 4,000,000 by December, 1943.

About 4,000,000 women are considered available, if trained. Declining activity in military building may release 2,500,000 men. Unemployed men now number over 2,000,000 and about half of these will be available, the other half being unemployable. There are also 12,000,000 farm women without small children, and 2,000,000 students over 18, who could be used for farm work.

The survey concludes that manpower is a localized difficulty in war industry centers and on farms, and that the main problem is to get these above-mentioned available workers to those points and provide proper housing.

The turn of the tide of the war in Africa and Europe these past few weeks is plain on its face, but the inner portents of the developments goes further and brings the end within sight for the first time.

The British-American drive to roll up Rommel was no surprise. The crafty Nazi general well knew of the accumulation of British superiority in planes, tanks and men. His scouts had observed it for weeks.

That was why he was in Berlin just before the attack broke. He was trying to get reinforcements, and these were not to be obtained.

Since the end of June, Rommel has known he would be faced with heavy superiority in the air. He has been able to get along without plane superiority before, by adroit use of his tanks, but this time his oil supplies were low. His gasoline dumps were thoroughly destroyed by our planes in the opening phase of the attack.

Thus he had the time to make himself ready, on the shortest, easiest defense line available in that desert, but he could not get the wherewithal. The only surprise was the spot at which the British hit him. His September attack had been made just north of the Gattara depression. That was regarded as the battle center. There his major forces were massed.

British feints and concentrations behind their own lines kept him there until they hit him at the opposite end of the battlefield, along the coastal road, as well as in the center. At those points they found Rommel had infiltrated his German regiments into Italian divisions, mixing them about equally. Apparently he did not intend that the Italians again be allowed to fight alone.

But it was superiority of power that did the job, a superiority which the pleading Rommel in Berlin could not match.

No better confirmation of waning German strength is needed. If Hitler can be wasted on the Russian front this winter as much as last, and if this display of growing weakness stimulates further expansion of the second front in the Mediterranean or elsewhere the end of the war in Europe becomes a realistic possibility for the months to come.

Many official authorities, in their speeches and statements, have intimated Hitler's breakdown might be effected before the war in the Pacific could be closed. If Hitler can be crushed first, the joint naval might of Britain and the United States can be concentrated to drive Japan from the seas and open the way for us to go straight into Tokyo to clean them out.

This looks like the beginning of the end.



Paul Mallon



Praise the Lord, and Pass the Aspirin!

## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

When Salem rejoiced 11-10-42 over Phil Sheridan's great victory at the battle of the Opequon fronting Winchester:

Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight;  
As if he knew the terrible need,  
He stretched away with his utmost speed.

Hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay,  
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs, thundering south  
The dust like smoke from the cannon's mouth,  
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,  
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.

Follows the poem, "SHERIDAN'S RIDE," by Thomas Buchanan Read, first published soon after October 19, 1864, the date of the ride and of the battle:

Up from the South at break of day,  
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,  
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,  
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,  
Telling the battle was on once more,  
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war  
Thundered along the horizon's bar;  
And louder yet into Winchester rolled  
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,  
Making the blood of the listener cold,  
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,  
With Sheridan twenty miles away.

Under his spurring feet, the road  
Like an arrow Alpine river flowed,  
And the landscape sped away behind  
Like an ocean flying before the wind;  
And the steed like a bark fed with furnace ire,  
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire;  
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;  
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,  
With Sheridan only five miles away.

Under his spurring feet, the road  
Like an arrow Alpine river flowed,

And the landscape sped away behind  
Like an ocean flying before the wind;

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were the groups of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;  
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both.

Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath,  
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,

And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because  
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.  
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;  
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,  
He seemed to the whole great army to say:

"I have brought you Sheridan all the way  
From Winchester down to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!  
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man  
And when their statues are placed on high  
Under the dome of the Union sky,  
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,  
There, with the glorious general's name,  
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright;

"Here is the steed that saved the day  
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,  
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

(The biographical sketch of Read, the author, will follow, in this column, tomorrow.)

## Editorial Comment

OREGON IS THE LOSER

While the resignation of Elmer R. Goudy from the post of administrator of the Oregon State Public Welfare commission, was not entirely unexpected by members of the commission, we have reason to believe that all members have, for the past several weeks, cherished a hope that a turn of events might make it possible for Administrator Goudy to carry on his great work when he had recovered from his serious illness, part of which has to be credited to long-sustained overwork and mental strain. However, Friday of last week, the commission knew that our state was to lose one of its outstanding and faithful servants and it was with deep and sincere regrets that members were compelled to accept his resignation, and appoint a successor.

As a member of the commission, now serving a third term, we believe we are qualified to attempt to pay a fitting tribute to the work Elmer Goudy has performed, not only in behalf of the commission, but also in behalf of all the people of Oregon. We recall that, when we joined the commission as the appointee of the then governor Martin, word went out by the grapevine that it was to be our job to "start something" in the direction of a housecleaning. It mattered little that the story had but the slightest foundation, for we knew there were groups which, for many months, waited for "the fun" to start, and were disappointed, perhaps, to finally have to admit there were to be no fireworks.

More than seven years have elapsed, and we feel entirely free to report why there never has been the least prospect of fireworks in the affairs of the Public Welfare commission. Before we joined the state commission we had the advantage of several years of training in public welfare work on our own county commission, and we knew at least some of the problems with which even a county welfare administrator is faced. Hence, it was easily possible for us to properly appraise the work of state Administrator Elmer Goudy, and as we saw it, each and every month, we found our respect for Goudy steadily increasing until, today, we have no hesitation in saying that there is not a man holding office in Oregon who has performed more consistently faithful and honest service than he has done over all the years he has been administrator of the state public welfare commission. Further, and we do not believe there is a single member of the commission who has any delusion on this score, the outstanding record Oregon has created in the nation in its public welfare work is, very largely due to Elmer Goudy, who performed his duty at all times—and sometimes when he could have saved himself a lot of grief by yielding to the temptation to play to uninformed public opinion, instead of closely adhering to what, obviously, was his duty.

There are all-too-few men of the fine character of Elmer R. Goudy in public life today, and our state of Oregon is all the poorer for his withdrawal from this important branch of public service. Yet we, who have watched the punishment he has taken from the gimme groups and the sordid politicians seeking their votes, have marveled at the patience which he has at all times displayed, and for which we, who know the value

## Random Haircuts

By JAMES HILTON

Chapter 34 continued

"No, not yet, anyhow. I just rang up the office. They haven't had any news or message."

"Oh . . . let's go somewhere then. I'll drive you. There's nothing else to do—we'll go mad if we sit over the radio all day."

We took her car, which was an open sports Bentley, and set out. The Skourton parkland had never looked more wonderful; it was as if it had the mood to spread its beauty as a last temptation to remain at peace, or, failing that, as a last spendthrift offering to a thankless world. We passed quickly, then threaded the winding gravel roads over the estate to an exit I had not know of before—it opened on to the road to Farmington. Through the still misty morning we raced westward and northward; but at Lechade the sun was bright and the clock showed ten minutes past ten. A few miles beyond Burtford the country rolled into uplands, and presently we left the main road altogether, slowing for tree-hidden corners and streams that crossed the lanes in wide sandy shallows, till at last in the distance we saw a rim of green against the blue.

"Where are you taking me?" "Oh, just somewhere in England, as the war bulletins may say one of these days."

We drove on, mile after mile, till at a turn of the road the hills ahead of us sharpened into a ridge and at the same time also there was a signpost which made me cry out, with sudden catch of breath: "Did you see that?"

"I know. I wanted to come here."

"But—you shouldn't—it's only torturing yourself—"

"No, no, I promise I won't be upset—see, I'm quite calm."

"That's where the future will take us, maybe—back to the past. A simpler England. Old England."

And then we came upon the gray cottages fronting the stream, the square-towered church, the ledge in the stream where the water sparkled. We parked our car by the church and walked along the street. A postman late on his morning rounds stared with friendly curiosity at us and the car, then said, "Good morning." A fluff of wind blew tall hollyhocks towards us. Somebody was clipping a hedge; an old dog loitered into a fresh patch of shade. Little things—but I shall remember them long after much else has been forgotten.

There seemed no special significance anywhere, no sign that a war had begun.

But as we neared the post-office

fice I caught sight of somebody that to me was most significant of all—a small brown two-seater car. I walked over to it; a man saw me examining the license. "If you're looking for the tall gentleman," he came over to say, "I think he took a walk up the hill."

I turned to Mrs. Rainier. "Charles?" was all she whispered.

"Might be. It meets the Club porter's description and it was hired from a London firm."

We turned off the main road by a path crossing an open field towards the hill; as we were climbing the chime of three quarters came up to us, blown faint by the breeze. The slope was too steep for much talk, but when we came within a few yards of the ridge she halted to gain breath, gazing down over the village.

"Looks as if it has never changed."

"I don't suppose it has, much, in a thousand years."

"That makes twenty seem only yesterday."

"If you meet him, what are you going to say?"

"I don't know. I can't know—before I see him."

"He'll wonder why on earth we've come here, of all places."

"Then we'll ask him why on earth he's here. Perhaps we'll both have to pretend we came to look at the five counties."

She resumed the climb, and in another moment we could see that the summit dipped again to a further summit, perhaps higher, and that in the hollow between lay a little pond. There was a man lying beside it with arms outstretched, as if he had flung himself there after the climb. He did not move as we approached, but presently we saw smoke curling from a cigarette between his fingers.

"He's not asleep," I said. "He's just resting."

I saw her eyes and the way her lips trembled; something suddenly occurred to me. "By the way, how did you know there were five counties?"

But she didn't answer; already she was rushing down the slope. He saw her in time to rise to his feet; she stopped then, several yards away and for a few seconds both were staring at each other, hard and still silent. Then he whispered something I couldn't hear; but I knew in a flash that the gap was closed, that the random years were at an end, that the past and the future would join. She knew this, too, for she ran into his arms calling out: "Oh, Smyth—Smyth—it may not be too late!"

The End

## Radio Programs

KLXN—TUESDAY—1300 Kc.

- 6:45—Rise 'n Shine.
- 7:00—News in Brief.
- 7:30—Sun 'n Shine.
- 7:30—News.
- 7:45—Your Gospel Program.
- 8:00—Best Hit Novelty Band.
- 8:30—News Brevities.
- 8:30—Singing String.
- 8:30—Patrol Call.
- 8:30—Music a La Carter.
- 8:30—Popular Music.
- 8:45—Your King Orchestra.
- 9:00—World in Review.
- 9:00—Jimmy Cash, Tenor.
- 9:30—Women in the News.
- 11:00—Music to Remember.
- 11:30—Williams Chapel.
- 12:00—Organalities.
- 12:15—News.
- 12:15—Hillbilly Serenade.
- 12:30—Willamette Valley Opinions.
- 12:30—Interlude.
- 1:00—Lull 'n' Lull.
- 1:15—Johnny Nod Orchestra.
- 1:30—Mildred's Opinions.
- 1:45—Spotlight on Rhythm.
- 2:00—Isle of Paradise.
- 2:15—Salem Art & Recreation Center.
- 2:30—Sing Song Time.
- 2:45—Old Operetta House.
- 4:15—News.
- 4:15—Harry Owens Orchestra.
- 4:30—Tearful Tunes.
- 4:45—Melodic Mood.
- 5:00—American Folk Singers.
- 5:15—Let's Remember.
- 5:30—Golden Melodies.
- 5:45—Contests Headlines.
- 6:15—War Commentary.
- 6:30—Sunset Trio.
- 6:45—Polka Music.
- 7:00—News in Brief.
- 7:00—Sheep Fields Orchestra.
- 7:15—Willamette Valley Opinions.
- 7:30—Alvino Roy & Buddy Cole.
- 8:00—War Fronts in Review.
- 8:15—Singing Years.
- 8:30—You Can't Do Business With.
- 9:00—Neil Bondush's Orchestra.
- 9:30—News.
- 9:30—Glendale's Quartette.
- 9:30—Man Your Battle Station.
- 9:45—Carl Ledel and His Alpine Troubadours.
- 10:00—Let's Dance.
- 10:30—News.
- 10:45—Claude Thornhill Orchestra.
- 11:00—Kid Kluyam.
- 11:15—Symphonic Swing.
- 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 cut from the air at any time in the interests of national defense.

- 9:00—Kate Smith Speaks.
- 9:15—Big Sister.
- 9:30—Romance of Teles Trent.
- 9:45—Your Gal Sunday.
- 10:00—Life Can Be Beautiful.
- 10:15—Sam Perkins.
- 10:30—Vic & Sade.
- 10:45—The Goldbergs.
- 11:00—Young Dr. Malone.
- 11:15—Aunt Jemima.
- 11:30—We Love & Learn.
- 11:45—News.
- 12:00—Carnation Bouquet.
- 12:15—News.
- 12:30—Joyce Jordan.
- 1:15—Bachelor's Children.
- 1:30—Galen Drake.
- 1:45—Sam Flinn.
- 1:30—School of the Air.
- 2:00—News.
- 2:30—William Winter.
- 2:45—Ben Barnie.
- 3:00—Troubadours.
- 3:15—News.
- 3:30—Mary Small, Songs.
- 4:15—News.
- 4:30—Secord Mrs. Gurion.
- 4:45—Win Wards.
- 5:00—American Melody Hour.
- 5:30—Organia.
- 5:15—Garlight Harmonies.
- 5:20—Harry Fleashey.
- 5:35—News.
- 5:45—Peggy Brown.
- 5:50—Burns and Allen.
- 6:30—Supper.
- 6:45—Let the Marines Tell It.
- 7:30—Leon F. Drives Organ.
- 7:45—Frazier Hunt.
- 8:00—News.
- 8:15—Harry James.
- 8:30—Lights Out.
- 8:30—Mighty Meek.
- 8:30—Hurry Busse.
- 10:00—Five Star Hotel.
- 10:15—Wartime Women.
- 10:30—News.
- 10:45—World Today.
- 10:45—Spotlight on Victory.
- 11:00—News.
- 11:30—Manny Starn's Orchestra.
- 11:30—News.
- 12:30—6:30 m—Austin & News.

KLXN—CBS—TUESDAY—970 Kc.

- 6:55—Breakfast Bulletin.
- 6:55—Texas Rangers.
- 6:45—Victory Front.
- 7:00—Kotin Klock.
- 7:15—News.
- 7:30—News. Dick Joy.
- 7:45—Nelson Pringle News.
- 8:00—News.
- 8:15—Voices in Song.
- 8:30—Valiant Lady.
- 8:45—Stories America Loves.

KEX—NBC—TUESDAY—1220 Kc.

- 6:55—Moments of Malady.
- 6:45—National Farm and Home.
- 6:45—Western Agriculture.
- 7:00—Freedom on the Land.
- 7:15—Remember club.
- 8:15—Remember.
- 8:30—Texas Jim Robertson.
- 8:45—Keep Fit Club.
- 9:00—Children in War Time.
- 9:15—Little.
- 9:30—Breakfast at Sardi's.
- 9:45—Bottle Talk.
- 10:15—Little.
- 10:30—Benny Walker's Varieties.
- 1