The Oregon Statesman

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

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Armistice Day Thoughts

Twenty five years ago today a war, the costliest and bloodiest in which mankind had yet engaged, came to a close.

It had seemed an interminable war. Nineteen months earlier Americans, war-weary along with the rest of the world through its impact on them had been only indirect, jumped into the fray with the avowed purpose of ending it. True, they were careful to jump in on the side of world freedom and justice; but ridding the world of this war and of war in general, was a primary motive.

Today we celebrate the victorious ending of that war. A host of other thoughts as to the manner of its ending, and the sequel, crowd in on this first Armistice day of our participation in another war or the same war renewed. But one thought at a time. Armistice day does serve as a reminder that wars do come to an end. Within the week, events have served to accentuate that cheering thought.

"Armistice" according to Webster's Unabridged, means "a temporary cessation of hostilities." It was prophetic, whether we could read the prophecy or not, that the cessation of hostilities November 11, 1918, was called an "armistice" and continued for some reason not wholly explicable until 1939, so to be desig-

The contention that this present and greater war is merely a termination of the "armistice" may be supported by any number of specific arguments, only one of which is really pertinent. It may be argued that the incompleteness of the victory, the cessation of hostilities before Germany had felt the ravage of war on her own soil, was a factor in persuading the Germans to try again. Probably—but we won't go into that just now.

Otherwise, neither in the mere fact that the shooting did cease on that date nor in the temporary armistice terms are to be found the seeds of renewed conflict. We did lose the peace-not then but later, at Paris and Versailles. When the sounds of lethal gunfire died away there was present every opportunity for the drafting of a just and lasting peace. In that sense, World War I did end at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month in 1918.

"Never again!" That was the vow of most human beings regardless of age, sex, nationality or race, on that first Armistice day. "Never Again!" was the theme song of most Armistice anniversary addresses and editorials for two decades thereafter. Many believed that merely by saying and repeating "Never Again!" war could be outlawed.

Now we all know that saying "Never Again!" will not prevent wars.

What will stop wars, we are not agreed. But recent history in a series of lessons that started in Manchuria more than a decade ago and progressed through Ethiopia, Austria, Albania and Czechoslovakia seems to have been trying

The world has become so small and its geographical and political units so interdependent, that what occurs in any one of them is the concern of every other. That when an aggressor gets control of one such unit and prepares to pounce on another no matter how tiny and remote, it is the concern of all. Oh, that's only part of the lesson; one can't really do it justice without writing a book. But we'll mention one other item of it: "National interest" in the long view is likely to be the opposite of what it appears in the short view. And though in one sense idealism is futile, realism in order to be any less futile has to be exceedingly broad. Dreamy idealism and selfish, narrow realism are about equally guilty of getting the world into this mess.

War is evil. But the men who fight and survive with whole skins and sound minds are the better for the experience. Some who have fought in this war and returned home briefly, we have been privileged to observe recently. Boys have become men, men have become bigger men. One who was just a Salem schoolboy until he went away, returned and was given a standing ovation by Salem's leading citizens the other day, and deservedly.

Armistice day is a time for honoring the veterans of that other war. They'll be appreciated today, but on some such occasions in the interim they were honored—with a sleepy yawn. And honors are fine-but we'd be better off today if, in addition, we had listened to them more attentively when they talked on subjects, such as preparedness, on which they were qualified to talk.

Peace is good. But they say it makes people soft. Well, in a way. When our young men get to the fighting fronts, that doesn't seem to be the case. The softness of peace must be superficial. If that's the case, maybe there are ways of avoiding it, less strenuous than war. That's another problem we may face squarely some day. Not today. Today we honor the warriors, and celebrate a victory, and remember that peace is won-by fighting through to

Whether the axis was ignorant of the United Nations' gigantic preparations for capturing the north African coastline, or knew about them but was unable to do anything about it, is "the debate of the week." Paul Mallon says they didn't know. If he is right, this was many times greater than the job of secret-keeping done by the Nips in advance of the Pearl Harbor

Send your Christmas greetings early-if you want to send them by wire, for such messages are banned after December 15. But if you manage to send them that early, Uncle Sam's mail should get them there in time—and unnecessary quisition of bases for our planes and ships to get year. Two blooms in one year Quaker, teacher of a private her, or it might upset her apple—at the axis and defeat it. Diplomats may figure out are rather difficult for any lily school, had before given Sheri—cast. Life, she perceived, was a others, but this is the sound military one.

Tire Serial Numbers

A lot of us-the same sort of people who are only vaguely aware of what is under an automobile hood-have heretofore gone through life without making the acquaintance of serial numbers on our tires. That neglect is from necessity being remedied just now, in advance of the gasoline, or rather mileage, rationing.

Getting acquainted with those serial numbers is not, furthermore, as simple in all cases as it sounds. On some tires there are at least two long series of numbers and letters; on others there is none visible. Passing on the information we had to go forth and acquire; if there are two numbers, the one in a raised block of rubber is the serial number. If there is no number visible other than the tire size, the next step is to "get out and get under." It may be on the inner side of the tire; that is, visible only from under the car.

But on some tires there just isn't any number, usually because in some repair job it has been obliterated. All you can do in that case is to list the size and make of the tire.

That successful candidate who was stumped by the request for a statement, having prepared only one conceding defeat, has to our mind made a good beginning. There's nothing so valuable, and nothing so rare, as humility at such a time.

News Behind the News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10-The North African venture was won by meticulous planning, which caught the nazis and Vichy French completely offguard.

Paul Mailos

For a few days before the blow fell, the axis radio had been noting the presence of British warships inside Gibraltar. Braggingly, it gave the names and numbers. Only twenty four hours in advance did it begin to mention incidentally the presence of an American ship or two.

The nazis thought the British were going to reinforce Malta, where supplies were known to be running low. Only as an the possibility of what was to happen.

sailed up in front of the nazi spies in Spain with flags flying to practice activities, which held nazi attention while our Armada slipped through Gibralter mostly at night-and mostly undetected.

When Vichy, Rome and Berlin learned the plan, it was too late for them to do much. Reinforcements would have to be organized first, then cross the Mediterranean and, by that time, we were in possession of that sea. A good part of the British fleet was steaming around off the shores of Tunisia and Tripoli to make that even more difficult.

This grand deception was amazing when you consider the vast amount of planning and organization which went into preparations. A large number of people had to be in on the plan.

It is possible some thought until the last minute we were going into Dakar, as the nazis first did, but thousands knew of the elaborate military, naval, economic, propaganda and international political preparations which enabled us to drop leaflets over France, planes over North Africa airfields, troops onto beaches, diplomats into the various European chancellories at the same moment.

The move was organized even down to arranging for the Brazilian ambassador in Portugal to arrive at the Lisbon foreign office there on time with diplomatic assurances of our intentions.

It may have seemed to some that we bowed too low in explanations and assurances to Petain and Vichy, in a nattempt to ustify our actions. The facts of the war justified the campaign. An enemy is an enemy wherever found, and a formerly friendly nation in captivity is not due many explanations.

Authorities here, however, thought they were addressing their messages, not to Petain, whose name was at the top of them, but to the French

This success simply means we have, or soon will have, Africa and the Mediterranean-all of both, the whole north African shoreline and everything that lies beneath it and control of the waves of Rome's mare nostrum.

What we do next has not been decided by this step. Common assumption is that we will take sicily and invade Italy, a move advocated repeatedly for more than a year in this column as the ideal

Sicily is well defended, not by Italians but by nazis, who have perfected bases there. The British however, believe Sicily can be taken.

As we get the airfields on the African shore, we may well be able to soften those defenses for seizure, and ride up on the Italian boot, in control of the sea on both sides and the air overhead. Indeed, we might be welcomed by revolution in Italy, as soon as we are ready-or before.

That is only one possibility. We will also have to re-take Crete, when our planes and ships are ready for the job. This is necessary to nullify nazi bombing efforts around the Suez, and make the eastern Mediterranean safe for our traffic.

But direct invasion of the continent across the channel is not precluded. Hitler's weakness in men, planes and tanks, which showed up conclusively in the African campaign, makes a channel attack look more feasible. It affords the shortest possible line of supplies.

Vice President Wallace, in his soviet day speed justified the north African campaign, on the ground that it would open a shorter route of supplies to russia. All it does in that respect is to cut the long haul around Africa to the Persian gulf, thus ssening the sea route some. The Bosphorus is still closed and German oc-

cupation of Greece makes that narrow passage un-The rail route up from French Syria goes through Turkey, whose neutrality may now be drawn our

way, but hardly enough to permit passage of war materials to Russia. The justification for this campaign is the ac-



Qattara Depression

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

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

The biographical sketch of Thomas Buchanan Read, promised in this column of yesterday, appears below, taken from volume 6 of the gigantic series, "The National Cyclopedia of American Biography." Summarizing: Thomas Buch-

anan Read, artist and poet, was born in Chester county, Pa., afterthought did they consider March 12, 1822. His father was a farmer in reduced circumstances, and the boy's youth was pent in poverty and hardship. He had but little schooling but devoted all his spare moments to reading, of which he was passionately fond. * * *

On his father's death in 1839 his mother apprenticed him to a tailor-and he ran away and took service with a cigar maker in Philadelphia, Pa. But he soon tired of that humdrum life, and after following many employments drifted to Cleveland, Ohio, where he was befriended by a sculptor, S. V. Clemenger. and gained some rudiments of artistic and general work in that field: roamed about, painted signs and occasional portraits and had engagements with a traveling troupe of theatrical performers, from Dayton, Ohio. He became interested with painting in oils, and took up that work at Cincinnati, Ohio.

* * * He gained some distinction from a portrait of Benjamin Harrison which he painted: the member of that distinguished family who became president of the United States.

When business was dull, he wandered widely, painting signs and doing other odd jobs. He moved to New York in 1841, and next year went to Boston. He published in the Boston

Courier several lyric poems, and

had contributions to periodicals. Wandering further, he painted signs, over a wide territory, and when business was dull returned to cigar making, moving again to New York in 1841. 2 2 2

Finally, in 1846, he settled in Philadelphia. There he published

Today's Garden By LILLIE L. MADSEN

Three questions reached me this week, each asking if it is unusual for Easter lilies to bloom again in autumn Not at all. It is done every

year. Just plant out your bulb in a shady place where water can be given during the dry season. Planting should be done right after the plant begins to die down following its Easter bloom. The bulb will rest for a short period and soon start growth again. I have one in my garden right now that came into bloom October 11 and is still blooming nicely. It is about three feet tall and has two very large blooms on it. In fact, it has produced much better in this, its second youth, than it did at Easter. I recall the plant was little and blooms not largebecause good Easter lilies were hard to obtain last spring. The plant is growing on the north side of a building where it had shade all summer long with the exception of a couple of hours of morning sun. I do not expect

his first volume of poems; the following year, lays and poems, and desultory poems to the periodicals.

Then a volume, "Female Poets of America," followed by "Romance and Pilgrimage of the Great Saint Bernard," serially in a magazine-afterward in book . . .

Restless, he went to Europe in 1850. He went again in 1853, with his wife and daughter. He studied the fine arts in

Rome and Florence. He painted pictures, one of "The Star of Bethlehem," another of the "Spirit of the Waterfall." of Henry W. Longfellow. The one, also, of "Sheridan's Ride," and some of pioneer life. 5 5 5

During the Civil war he went to the camps of the soldiers and entertained them by reciting to them his own writings, and

Also he showed them his pictures of pioneer life. 5 5 5 He completed some of the best

of his poetical work in Boston His last long poem was "The Good Samaritan," completed in Boston. He died of pneumonia,

in New York City, May 11, 1872.

3 3 3 Every man and woman of public spirit in the United States, who lived through the Civil war period, or nearly every such person, heard the poem, Sheridan's Ride, recited.

Nearly every such person in this country heard it many times. It was good and it was appreciated because it was true, or essentially true.

5 5 5 But General Sheridan did not make a 20-mile ride, because the distance was only about 12 miles. But it HAD to be 20, to fit the lines—the four fives. Sheridan in his own book, volume 2, page 28, told of meeting three young girls, in the town of Winchester, a Miss Griffith and Misses Jennie and Susie Meredith.

They were making noisy demonstrations of rejoicing over Sheridan's great victory. * * *

General George Crook, who was with Sheridan, warned the three girls against being too enthusiastic over the great victory, scenes of which they had themselves just witnessed, or the Confederates might punish them for their patriotism. (General Crook knew the three girls well.) But, Sheridan wrote: "They assured him that they had no further fears of that kind now, adding that Early's army was so demoralized by the defeat it had just sustained that it would never be in condition to enter Winchester again. 555

"As soon as we had succeeded in calming the excited girls a little I expressed a desire to find some place where I could write a telegram to General Grant informing him of the result of the battle, and General Crook conducted me to the home of Miss Wright, where I met for the first time the woman who had contributed so much to our success, and on a desk in her school room wrote the despatch innouncing that we had sent Early's army whirling up the valley. (That Miss Rebecca .Wright,

General Crook was very well acquainted at Winchester, hence his interest in warning the three girls against being too demonstrative in their enthusiasm over the Union victory.

Most readers of this column know General Sheridan was once a very familiar figure on the streets of Salem, and acquainted with the leading people here.

Radio Programs

KSLM-WEDNESDAY-1390 Ke.

:00—Pastor's Call
:15—Al Perry's Surf Riders.
:30—Popular Music.
:45—Rolio Hudson's Orchestrs.
:05—Charlie Hamp, Singer.
:30—Women in the News.
:35—The Oakies.
:00—Musical College.
:45—WU Chapel.
:00—Organalities.

15—News.
15—News.
10—Hillbilly Serenade.
130—Williamette Valley Opinios
1:00—Nick Cockran.
1:15—Mal Hallett's Orchestra.
1:30—Milady s Melodies.
Notes.

9:30—Hollywood Rhumba.
9:45—Dickson's Melody Mustan
10:00—Lets Dance.
0:30—News.
0:45—McFarland Twins.
:00—Alfredo Antonini's Concert.
Orchestra.

:30—Memory Timekeeper.

Shady Valley Folks.

Walter Compton

145—Shady Valley Folks.

100—Walter Compton

15—Who's Who at the Zoo

20—New York Racing Sease

45—A Man With a Rand.

100—Sheela Carter.

15—Don Lee Newsreel

100—Phillip Keyne-Gordon

15—Hello Again.

45—Bill Hay, Bible.

100—Fulton Lewis, jr.

15—Johnson Family.

30—News

:15—Happy Johnny,

KALE-MBS-WEDNESDAY-1330 Ke

00-Old Opera Ho 00-The Aristocra

d Barlow's Concert Orch

EX-WEDNESDAY-1196 Ec. 6:00-Moments of Melody. 6:15-National Farm & Home 6:45-Western Agriculture.

05—Texas Tur 15—Breakfast 8:30—Texas Jim Robertson 8:45—Keep Fit Club with Patty Jean 9:00—Meet Your Neighbors. 9:15—Woman's World. 9:30—Breakfast at Sardi's 10:00—Baukhage Talking. 10:15—Souvenirs. 2:30—BN.
2:45—Sing Me a Song
2:55—Labor News
3:00—Stars of Today.
3:15—News.
3:30—Gospel Singer
3:45—Stringtime
4:00—Korn Kobblers
4:15—Vitrgerald and F 5:15—Sea Hound.
5:30—Jack Armstrong.
5:45—Captain Midnight.
6:00—Hop Harrigan.
6:15—Homicide O'Kane
6:30—Spotlight Bands.
6:25—Gracie Fields
7:00—Raymond Gram Swing.
7:15—Songs by Sonia
7:30—Air Base Hi Jinks.
8:00—Earl Godwin, News.
8:15—Lum & Abner.
8:20—Manhattan at Midnight.
9:00—Penn Hotel Orchestra
9:30—News Headlines and Highlights
9:45—Down Memory Lane
10:15—Melody Time
10:30—Broadway Bandwagon.
10:45—Ambassador Hotel Orchestra
11:00—This Moving World.
11:15—Organ.
11:30—War News Roundup.

KOIN-CBS-WEDNESDAY-978 R. 4:00-Northwest Farm Reporter 8:10-N.W. Farm Reporter 6:15-Breakfast Bulletin. 6:20-Texas Rangers. 6:45-Victory Front (Continued on Page 11)

30—News 30—News 45—Nat'l Education Week. 500—Dencetime. 515—Willard Trio 530—All Star Parade 6:00—Gabriel Heatter. Golden

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Chapter One

Darnley Carfax discovered during her seventeenth year that beauty was a peculiar commodity. It caused quite different reactions in a man than in a woman. In the presence of any beautiful girl a man would go all silly, like a cat with a catnip mouse. On the other hand, a woman would narrow her lips and her eyes and hold her head as if she had been sitting in a draft and got a pain in the neck.

She discovered that homely girls or dowdy girls could get more favors from women. She found out that it was a personal affront to any woman to be more beautiful or modish than she. But that a lumpy girl with a muddy skin and onion eyes had as much chance of getting anything out of a man as a radish has of getting into a strawberry shortcake.

Darnley pondered this matter. This pondering took place after she became possessed of the idea that she might be beautiful herself. She was not quite sure of the fact, but her observations caused her to wonder whether it was an asset or a liability. From a practical standpoint, was it better to delight men and to throw women into a fury; or to be ignored by the male sex and have the women on your side? This caused her to examine life as she had never examined it

Up to the middle of her sixteenth year Darnley had never troubled to be astute. She had taken things as they came and been moderately contented. But at this time she saw that astuteness undeniably had its uses and that she had better cultivate some if she were equipped to do so. It occurred to her at this time that people who got what they wanted did not sit and wait for fruit to drop in their laps. They shook the tree-or, better yet, they induced somebody else to climb the tree for them. In other words, the men and women and boys and girls who got anywhere in this world made use of other men and women and boys and

The question then became: Was it more efficient to use men or to use women? She noticed that it was the

men who owned the stores along Main street and the men who held paying jobs in the flour mill and with the railroad. It required little study to discover that it was the male sex who earned money and the female sex who spent it. And it was quite evident to her that money made the mare go. Therefore, a girl with any brains at all would prefer the admiration of men to the friendship of women.

But there was one drawback of which she became aware, and that was that women maintained a sort of labor union. And a girl would be wise to watch her step and not get this union down

which one must walk cannily.

If one could act so diplomatically that she would win the admiration of men without arousing the animosity of the women, her chances would be pretty It dawned upon Darnley that

she might be something out of the ordinary the night of high school commencement, when she heard Mrs. Morehouse refer to her in an unmistakable tone as, "that Carfax girl." It had been working toward this dawn for some time. She noted that when she passed the hotel the traveling men on the stoop stared at her and then whispered. There had been other signs and tokens which now added up into a body of evidence.

If she were beautiful she wanted to know it. She studied herself in the mirror, and was reasonably pleased with what she saw, but this was by no means conclusive.

What was beauty? What did one have to possess to be extraordinarily lovely?

Darnley studied the pictures of beautiful women in various magazines. They were all different. No two of them looked alike.

So it became apparent that there was no set rule one could go by. About the only common factor she found in the lot was slender-

ness. She had that. Beauty did not seem to be a matter of the face alone; some girls were famous for beautiful hands; others for beautiful backs; any number for legs. Legs seemed to be exceedingly important if one were to judge by the eagerness of motion-picture stars to exhibit

She studied her face in her mirror, comparing it with the faces of girls from Hollywood or Broadway, or the photographed models in advertisements.

Once a famous artist wrote a story about his favorite model and appended a set of measurements which he claimed were those of the perfect figure. Darnley abstracted her grandfather's favorite old tape measure and went in for an evening of engineering. On the whole it was satisfactory. In one place or another she varied from this paragon by a quarter of an inch or an eighth of an inch, but in general she was so close that it was almost a tie. If, then, she came

(Continued on Page 11)



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