

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Swaps Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Education Speed-up

The proposal that selected high school seniors be admitted to colleges and universities without having completed their final high school year, offered by the Educational Policies committee as a temporary war time program designed to afford them a year of higher education before induction into the armed forces has, it develops, been accepted quite readily by colleges and university administrators who might have been expected to doubt the ability of such students to do the required work. All or most of Oregon's independent colleges have signified their willingness to accept such students; the state board of higher education withheld approval pending conferences with public school administrators.

On the other hand the school superintendents and high school principals have been rather cool in their reception of the idea. This also has been the reaction in Washington state and we are indebted to the Walla Walla Union-Bulletin for the observation that some public school administrators feel "it is a device evolved by the institutions of higher learning to forestall their suffering unduly from the loss of their able-bodied male students 18 and older." At the same time it was stated that the high schools, "were they to move a heavy percentage of their seniors to the colleges and universities, would feel distinct losses in revenue." That's the materialistic angle and it seems to be a draw. To the credit of Oregon educators, be it said that they are debating the issue on a higher plane. Incidentally the committee which offered the proposal is not exclusively a higher education group.

Public school administrators in Oregon offer these objections: They have in response to war and navy department request, instituted pre-induction courses for their older boys, and feel that these will meet the need better than anything the colleges may do. Furthermore the students involved are mostly 16 and 17 years old, an age at which they need parental supervision and the home environment. For still another point, those chosen will most likely be the student leaders—and they would have better opportunity to develop their leadership as high school seniors than as college "sub-freshmen."

The public school officials raise another point which, in a mere layman's view, is not valid. They point out that on a scholastic basis, perhaps more girls than boys would meet the requirements and be thrust into a social environment with which they might not cope successfully, particularly since many of the men on the college campus would be somewhat older fellows in uniform. The mere layman's answer is that this is a program for high school boys; no girls should be included, and if that cannot be insured in any other way, let one of the requirements be ability to broad jump twelve feet.

The public school educators' viewpoint is to be respected. That's why we have done our best to present it fairly. The program's purpose however is to make certain, to whatever extent possible, that young men who should go on to college are not discouraged from doing so by a war-service interruption just when they finish high school. It is our opinion—colored perhaps by personal experience—that this purpose outweighs the objections, and that by careful selection and careful planning, the objectionable factors can be eliminated. To the credit of the public school administrators in Oregon, it should be added that despite their doubts, the program is to proceed at least to the point of establishing criteria for the selection of students to be "jump-promoted."

Related Headlines

One headline reads: "Russians close another trap on Germans." Another says "Hitler throws crack troops into Tunisia." Though separated by what we printers call "column rules" you just know they're related. The Russians are making the progress—but our North Africa threat, though presently mired down, is serving its initial purpose; creating an effective diversion which is a material factor in making the Red's victories possible. If our "second front" accomplishes nothing more it will have justified itself.

When the Reds' other major ally—winter—moved into the eastern front fray for the second time there was a big question mark. Did they have enough power left after the summer's punishment to rally and hit back? The question is answered in the affirmative, and emphatically.

Now recently two reasonable probabilities have been expressed: (1) that aerial punishment on the home front would be the most effective weapon against Germany in the coming months and (2) that victory in Europe wouldn't come this year. Those probabilities still hold good. But—if the Reds are able to keep it up, to keep on surprising the experts with their winter offensive, they may go into the discard. Land fighting may steal the show, and the war may be over sometime this year. So far, we don't know enough about the effectiveness of those "traps" but everything still looks good.

There is another headline, farther away on the page and on the world map: "Japs reported to be massing largest armada." Related because, as we've said often but perhaps not often enough, there's only one war. Related too because, if it turns out that the oriental enemy is able to launch a successful offensive, one obvious reason will be our inability to mass maximum strength both there and in Africa.

Chinese and Australian complaint that we are concentrating too much on the nazis and doing too little in the Pacific find their echoes at home and there may develop a rousing debate on this point. There's something to be said on both sides and today there isn't space to say it. But these are our views: (1) Japan is by no means a "secondary" enemy as President Roosevelt is suspected of thinking. (2) Even

so, immediate concentration on the European end of the axis is wise, because it's there that an early decision is possible. (3) Yet we can't afford to let the Nips get a foothold on the Australian mainland. (4) We won't. We aren't letting the Australians and Chinese down. The Pacific war is mostly a naval war, and apparently—if we knew we wouldn't dare say—virtually all of our navy's fighting units are there, ready for action.

"How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm?" The song was popular right after the last war, perhaps in the war's closing months. Yet that much of it is painfully pertinent today. It went on: "after they've seen Paree," so the issue wasn't precisely what it is now. Keeping 'em down on the farm, rather than sending them to "Paree" on other possible war areas or letting the war industry wages attract them, is a problem which the War Manpower commission is tackling with some hope of success. Naturally the armchair administrators also are pondering it and bobbing up with ideas. One, writing a "letter to the editor" of another paper, suggests putting them into uniform. It's all right with us provided the uniform is of blue denim, but as for serving the intended purpose it rates approximately zero. Farm boys are "soldiers of production" but if they fail to realize it, putting stripes down their overalls won't help.

The dries have been worrying about soldiers' drinking. The war department insists that soldiers don't do much drinking, on the average, and some independent investigations have supported that view. On the other hand the Distilled Spirits Institute reports that average annual consumption of liquor in the District of Columbia is 5.02 gallons per person as against a national average of 1.33 gallons. Looks as though the dries ought to stop worrying about the soldiers and start working on the federal officials and employees.

Stewart Says:

By CHARLES P. STEWART

WASHINGTON—The postoffice department has just issued an appeal to the public to mail no unnecessary letters.

Frivolous telephone calls and little expressions of good wishes at the end of telegrams already are banned. That kind of stuff can be spotted and held up. However it's more difficult to maintain control over small sentences of family chat in sealed up and stamped postage.

It's almost impossible to stop and keep the service going.

However, the department has the situation under fair control by making deliveries too unreliable to be worth monkeying with even if attempted.

There aren't collectors to make collections. There aren't carriers to deliver 'em. I get and dispatch considerable mail and at least 75 per cent of it simply disintegrates.

Business concerns tell me the same thing. Delivery kids seem to be the little miscreants.

Boys to Blame
Small boys have been put on the job as substitutes for responsible carriers. The little squirts are worthless.

Illustratively:
I have a house on a well known street with its name tagged on every corner and my numbers conspicuously marked in front and the kid reports that he can't find that address. The mail piles up for awhile and then the regular carrier registers present. Maybe your newspaper deliveries are the same way. In the morning you ought to get it around 8 a.m. If you get it at 9, you're lucky. The trouble with 'em is that you're dealing with those irresponsible little kids on jobs as substitutes. You could kick if they were regulars but you have to be thankful to get 'em as substitutes.

Business in Washington is in the same general way. The postoffice is better than the average because it's better established.

Half a dozen years ago my young daughter undertook an expedition, accompanied by her mother, from our rented family headquarters in Washington, out into nearby suburban Alexandria, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, for a look at the Revolutionary historical scenery that the burg fairly bulges with.

It's a pretty little place and they fancied it. Accordingly, returning to the capital, they informed me that they'd decided we were to buy a small house there.

With my wife I have a certain amount of influence. So far as she was concerned, my protest might have weighed materially. My daughter, however, wasn't brought up to be subservient to her dad's dictation.

"Whatever you may think about it," daughter announced definitely, "we're going to acquire that shack in Alexandria."

Naturally I had no option but to compromise by acquiescing.

We moved, then, out to Alexandria. My daughter arranged the dicker. I was to dig up regular monthly installments, to run pretty well on into perpetuity, with final ownership of the house and lot ultimately to vest itself in me, if I live long enough, or, if I die, for my wife and daughter to inherit it.

Well, we moved. Commutation was just as bad as I'd anticipated. The expense was of no great consequence. Monthly payments and transportation hardly footed as much as a Washington rental in those days. The trips were an infernal nuisance, though. I howled constantly, but there was nothing I could do about it. My daughter got married and went to Argentina; then Mexico. I still was stuck with the initial proposition.

Then the war popped.
Washington filled up to such an extent that it was overflowing. Rentals skyrocketed. Due to the overflow, they likewise skyrocketed in all of Washington's suburbs, such as Alexandria. That didn't make any difference to me, though, because my monthly levy already was fixed by previous contract, and actually was piling up into future ownership.

Presently, rental ceilings had to be slapped on, under governmental authority. They couldn't hike any deal, nevertheless. I had mine anchored. Taxes can catch me, but not monthly payments.

Besides, my equity's worth an increasing figure while the war lasts, and I aim to unload when the proper time comes.

Now I wish I could take credit for having made a smart move but my family knows better,



'Drang Nach Osten'—1943

Radio Programs

KSLM—WEDNESDAY—1200 Kc.

6:45—Rise 'N' Shine.
7:00—News.
7:05—Rise 'N' Shine.
7:15—On the Farm Front.
7:30—News.
7:45—Your Gospel Program.
8:00—County Agent's Talk.
8:20—News Briefs.
8:30—Harry Owen's Orch.
9:00—Pastor's Call.
9:15—Rhythm Rascals.
9:30—Popular Music.
9:45—Bollo Hudson's Orchestra.
10:00—World in Review.
10:10—Mickey's Melodies.
10:20—Women in the News.
10:30—Organ.
11:00—Musical College.
11:30—Williamette U Chapel.
12:00—Organities.
12:15—News.
12:30—Hillbilly Serenade.
12:45—Williamette Valley Opinions.
1:00—Henry Klugard His Orch.
1:15—Mal Hallett's Orchestra.
1:30—Mickey's Melodies.
1:45—Four Notes.
2:00—Life of Paradise.
2:15—US Marines.
2:30—Sing Song Time.
2:45—Broadway Band Wagon.
3:00—Old Opera House.
3:15—The Aristocrats.
3:30—News.
3:45—Testime Tunes.
4:00—Philip Gil, Jose Navaro.
4:15—Let's Remember.
4:30—Langworth Choristers.
4:45—Tonight's Headlines.
5:00—War Commentary.
5:15—Singing Strings.
5:30—Popular Music.
5:45—News in Brief.
6:00—Jay Burnette.
6:15—Williamette Valley Opinions.
6:30—Earl Hatch Vibrato.
6:45—War Fronts in Review.
7:00—Hollywood Roundup.
7:15—Treasure Star Parade.
7:30—Three Sleepy Heads.
7:45—News.
8:00—American Legion Auxiliary.
8:15—Hollywood Rumba.
8:30—Let's Dance.
8:45—McFarland Twins.
9:00—Alfredo Antonini's Orchestra.
9:15—News.
9:30—Sweet and Hot.

KALE—WEDNESDAY—1330 Kc.

6:45—Good Morning Club.
7:00—News.
7:15—Happy Johnny.
7:30—Memory Timekeeper.
7:45—Breakfast Club.
8:00—News.
8:15—What's New.
8:30—Booke Cart.
8:45—Woman's Side of the News.
9:00—This & That.
9:15—News.
9:30—Sweet and Hot.

Interpreting the War News

By KIRKE L. SIMPSON

Wide World War Analyst for The Statesman

Evidence that Hitler's hold-all-calls program for his second war winter in Russia is close to a breaking strain at crucial points continues to mount daily despite soothing nazi assurances to the German people that all goes well in the east.

Rostov, a critical pivot of Hitler's southern flank, is in fact mounting danger, according to reports from Moscow. And far to the north at Velikie Luki the Russians have dented the nazi central front sufficiently to shake the foundations of the northern flank all the way to the Baltic and Leningrad if they can exploit that break-through.

Whether Russian successes have yet forced upon the foe such desperately dangerous maneuvers as a winter retreat from the Caucasus salient is doubtful. However, Soviet capture of key nazi positions above the Grozny oil field in the Caucasus range foothills at least suggests that a German withdrawal from that now exposed extreme southern angle may be in progress.

If nothing more has been accomplished, the nazi attempt to reach Grozny and the road to the great Baku oil field beyond it has been badly blunted. There has been much to indicate that it was the lure of that Baku oil objective, which drew Hitler into his 1942 effort to knock Russia out of the war.

The reported fall of Velikie Luki, however, means a Russian threat as ominous to the northern flank of the invader's line as the Stalingrad entrapment and the converging red army prongs reaching toward Rostov are to the Caucasus salient.

Important as are claimed Russian offensive gains in the Don-

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.

10:30—News.
10:35—Strictly Personal.
10:45—Buyers Parade.
11:00—Cedric Foster.
11:15—Baron Elliott's Orch.
11:30—Concert Game.
11:45—Luncheon Concert.
12:00—On the Farm Front.
12:30—News.
12:45—Shady Valley Folks.
1:00—Tom, Dick and Harry.
1:15—Sweet and Sentimental.
1:30—Tom, Dick and Harry.
2:00—Sheila Carter.
2:15—Texas Rangers.
2:45—Northwest News.
3:00—Phillip Keyne Gordon Orch.
3:20—Hello Again.
3:45—Bill Hay, Bible.
4:00—Pulton Lewis, Jr.
4:15—Johnson Lewis.
4:30—News.
4:45—Echoes of the Opera.
4:55—They're the Barrys.
5:30—Melody Hall.
6:00—Gabriel Heatter.
6:15—Movie Parade.
6:30—California Melodies.
7:00—John B. Hughes.
7:15—Music for Moderns.
7:30—Lone Ranger.
8:00—Salute to the Allies.
8:30—Symphony Hall.
8:45—You Can't Do Business with Hitler.
9:00—News.
9:15—Today's Top Tunes.
9:30—John B. Hughes.
9:45—Pulton Lewis.
10:00—Horace Heidt Orch.
10:15—Wilson Ames.
10:30—News.
11:00—Jan Garber Orch.
11:30—Harlan Leonard Orchestra.

KEX—WEDNESDAY—1190 Kc.

6:00—Moments of Melody.
6:15—National Farm & Home.
6:45—Western Agriculture.
7:00—Smiley Ed McConnell.
7:05—Home Demonstration Agent.
7:15—Music of Vienna.
7:30—Gene and Zena.
8:00—Breakfast Club.
8:45—Keep Fit Club with Patty Jean.
9:00—News.
9:15—Woman's World.
9:30—Breakfast at Sardi's.
9:45—Baukage Talking.
10:00—Andy and Virginia.
10:15—The Great Melody.
11:00—Wartime Persico.
11:15—Nature Trails.
11:30—James G. MacDonald.

KGW—WEDNESDAY—620 Kc.

4:00—Dawn Patrol.
4:30—Everything Goes.
4:45—News Parade.
5:00—Labor News.
5:30—News Headlines and Highlights.
5:45—News.
6:00—Revellie Roundup.
6:15—Sam Hayes.
6:30—State of Today.
6:45—James Abbe, News.
7:00—News Divided.
7:15—David Harum.
7:30—The O'Neills.
7:45—Everything Goes.
8:00—News.
8:15—Beverly Mahr.
8:30—Sketches in Melody.
8:45—Dr. Kate.
9:00—Light of the World.
9:15—Dorothy Mae Martin.
9:30—The Guiding Light.
9:45—Symphony of All Churches.
10:00—Story of Mary Martin.
10:15—Ma Perkins.
10:30—Pepper Young's Family.
10:45—Right to Happiness.
11:00—Backstage With.
11:15—News.
11:30—Lorenzo Jones.
11:45—Young Wilder Brown.
12:00—News.
12:15—Portia Faces Life.
12:30—Just Plain Bill.
12:45—Story of Mary Martin.
1:00—Road of Life.
1:15—Vic & Sada.
1:30—Snow Village.
1:45—Judy and Jane.
2:00—News of the World.
2:15—Personality Hour.
2:30—H. V. Kallenborn.
2:45—Charles Deal Orest.
3:00—By the Way.
3:15—Eddie Cantor.
3:30—Kay Kyser's College.
3:45—Fred Waring in Pleasure Time.
4:00—James Abbe, News.
4:15—Tommy Dorsey Orchestra.
4:30—Point Sublime.
4:45—Hollywood Theater.
5:00—News.

KGW—WEDNESDAY—620 Kc.

4:00—Dawn Patrol.
4:30—Everything Goes.
4:45—News Parade.
5:00—Labor News.
5:30—News Headlines and Highlights.
5:45—News.
6:00—Revellie Roundup.
6:15—Sam Hayes.
6:30—State of Today.
6:45—James Abbe, News.
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5:00—News.

"Golden Lady"

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Chapter 33 Continued

"I wouldn't bother. I don't care how many millionaire ladies he leads to the altar."
"Nevertheless," Darnley insisted, "he's afraid of something that can interfere with this marriage. And that something is in this studio. I tell you, Clyde, there's something important here. You've got to dig in and discover it."
"I might try," he said, "if I knew what I was searching for."
"I told you once. It must be a picture or a negative that would break up this marriage. And it must be here. Lacey Gorse used to work for the man you bought this business from. Where is that man?"

"Dead," said Clyde.
"Have you an inventory of what you bought?"

"Heavens, no!"
"He used to take news photographs, too, you told me."

"Yes."
"And sell them to papers and magazines."

"Yes."
"But you haven't destroyed anything?"

"Not a thing."
"You've never gone through his collection of pictures and negatives?"

"Why should I? I was going to leave them out some day."
"How many are there?"

"Thousands."
"Are they kept in any systematic way?"

"Probably they were once. But I moved, you know. I think they were just stowed away helter-skelter."

"Where are they?"
"In the storeroom."

"Well," she announced, "I'm going through them with a fine-tooth comb. And I'm going to start now."

"Fine," he said sardonically.
"I'll keep you and your cops from underfoot so I can take a couple of pictures."

"By the way," she asked, "when does Sam Britton expect to hear from the Golden Bell people about that cigarette account?"

"He didn't say. The presentation has been in Chico Sanson's hands—and it was the first one in."

"Thanks," she said, "to my knowing he was going to change agencies. And now, will you show me where those old negatives are stowed?"

"Gladly," he agreed. "And I'll lock you in with them if you say so."

Darnley went into the room where the old collection of negatives and prints was stowed and faced an almost hopeless task. Because she was persistent, she set to work. She found pictures of statesmen, athletes, society people, criminals, horses, houses, yachts, but after hours of wearisome, grimy toil, she discovered nothing that could have the slightest interest to Lacey Gorse. When she was quite exhausted she emerged and locked the door after her. It seemed there was

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not enough soap and water in the world to cleanse her hands. "You found nothing," said Clyde sardonically.

"Not even," she admitted bitterly, "anyone to help me."

"You have," he told her, "a smudge on your chin."

It was not like her to refrain from retorting to this pithy, but she was so tired, she permitted a feeling of helplessness and hopelessness to overcome her.

Darnley longed for a hot bath and bed. Once in the tub she relaxed and lay there scarcely thinking. The telephone rang repeatedly, but she did not answer. . . . She glanced at the clock. Vaguely she wondered where Jerry was. Then, as if a spring had been touched, she sprang from the bath.

The janitor had been warned to stay away from the studio, or he had been prevented from coming. That meant, must mean, that someone who knew of her plan, must have got in touch with Gorse. But who knew of her scheme to demonstrate how the cable cost had been abstracted from the studio? The police. But the police would not send a warning. There remained only one other person. In all the world there was but one individual who could have done what must have been done—who could have seen or telephoned to Gorse. And that person was the only other person who knew.

Jerry Shatto!

Darnley did not dress. She made a cup of tea, poached an egg, and, having eaten lightly, sat for an hour thinking. Jerry Shatto! She must not allow Jerry, when she returned, to become aware of suspicion, but she did not feel able to face her roommate, so to avoid the necessity she retired to her room and shut the door.

In the morning she called Wolfgang. "No engagements for me today," she said. "I'm resting