

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sweeps Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Mass Production

Yankee ingenuity which for a century and a half has been devoted to applying power to do chores for mankind attained a notable if sinister pinnacle in the performance of aircraft in the battle of the Bismarck sea. The machine, which as the sewing machine speeded up sewing of textiles, as the cotton gin speeded up the processing of cotton, the steamboat which speeded up travel by sea as the steam locomotive drawing cars on rails did later on land, has been perfected for waging of war. In this great battle of the South Pacific, the allied air arm, at the cost of one bomber and three fighter planes, sank or disabled all ten warships and all 12 transports of a Japanese convoy and knocked down 55 enemy planes. The estimated 15,000 troops on board were killed or drowned, "almost to a man." This is mass slaughter on a most amazing scale.

Consider the proportion. There were probably engaged fewer than a thousand allied airmen, yet they wiped out 15,000 of the enemy and sank or left in sinking condition 90,000 tons of enemy shipping. The airmen, with planes equipped with precision instruments for aiming and with bombs for destruction, had the powerful surface ships and the transports completely at their mercy. This must surely have been like shooting ducks sitting on a pond.

Brigadier General Billy Mitchell should have lived to see this vindication of his views. Though he proved his point in practice the rigid minds of his superiors remained unconvinced, and he was ousted from the army because his persistence in arguing air superiority was offensive. The demonstration of air supremacy over Japan is heartening. Undoubtedly the Japs have used up their best planes and pilots and they cannot keep up with American production and training. If we could only spare planes and pilots for China we could destroy the industrial and nerve centers of Japan and speed up victory. The battle of Bismarck sea points the way to Tokyo.

Stock Market Highs

After bumping near-depression bottoms a year ago the stock market escalator has been going up. It's up several flights above 1942 lows; and with a two million share day Monday it looks as though a good many buyers were climbing on thinking it will go still higher. Well, it still has many stories to climb before it goes through the roof, and the power may go off to stop the ascent. The energy that now propels the lift is optimism over the progress of the war. Some really bad reverse might chill the speculators; and the taking of profits may put a brake on the rise.

To show the price gains look at the reports on averages. In the Dow Jones table industrials touched 130.27 Monday, against a low of 92.92 last year, which was the lowest since 1934. Railroads set a high mark at 32.19, against 23.31 a year ago; and utilities, which have been kicking round the lot ever since the new deal turned the heat on them, have had a high of 17.47 this year which compares very favorably with a low of 10.58 last year, which was the lowest reported, worse than the depression years a decade ago.

The country is coming out of the blue funk that settled after Pearl Harbor and after the treasury proposals for very high corporate taxes last year. While for most of the large industrial and utility corporations net earnings are less because of high taxes, they have breathing space and hopes of survival. Railroads are in the money, but most of the earnings are going to creditors, not stockholders. The railroads are getting ready for the letdown when they reach the end of the war run.

Peace is by no means round the corner, but the stock traders think prosperity is or they wouldn't be rushing to buy stocks. The stock market remains one place free from rationing which can suck up the people's savings as fast as they are poured in. Getting them out is always the problem.

Aircraft Wage Increase

The minority on the war labor board gives Stabilizer Jimmie Byrnes some sharp raps on the knuckles for interfering with its decision in the west coast wage settlement for aircraft workers. Byrnes, whose job it is to hold down wages and head off inflation, evidently whispered loudly in the ears of WLB members trying to head off or hold down the increase. As a result it was limited to 4 1/2 per cent per hour. While sympathizing with Stabilizer Byrnes in his difficult task it is hard to see the disparity in wages from 62 1/2 in aircraft factories to 95c minimum in shipyards. The traditions are different of course, the former being low-wage industries for many years, and the latter held to the high union scale for boilermakers and shipfitters. Still the welders and sheet metal workers at Boeing can't help but feel sore when others in similar work down at the shipyards draw much higher pay, and it all comes from Uncle Sam.

Dean Morse's dissent from the majority decision seems logical, though we know every wage boost speeds up the inflation spiral. No one has nerve enough to equalize wages by leveling some off the top.

The Corvallis Gazette - Times reports that "many dairy herds are being sold to avoid bankruptcy." At a sale here last week dairy cows sold at from \$175 to \$205, which does not indicate that dairying is unprofitable. The close-outs of dairy herds are usually due to shortage of help for the larger operations. The cows remain in production, being bought by smaller producers.

Pres. Roosevelt is repeating his pantomime with reference to another term. New deal marionettes hail a fourth term, but no one hears the master's voice. The pattern is the same as for Term III.

Who's Hoarding?

From hints we have picked up in our reading we have a feeling that vast stores of our foodstuffs are piled up in government warehouses. The 1941 and 1942 food production was very high, and the government grabbed up large proportions of the pack of such items as canned fish, peas, dried beans, etc. The army simply can't eat all the stuff that was bought, and the food proportion of lend-lease has been small. The shortage of shipping will restrict amounts we can ship abroad.

This paper recommends that Uncle Sam look in his own cupboard to see if his numerous buying agents haven't overstocked to the point where civilian cupboards promise to resemble Old Mother Hubbard's by the end of the year.

Mayor Rossi of San Francisco made a trip to Los Angeles trying to get Twentieth Century-Fox to delete "frisco" from the new film "Hello, San Francisco." The mayor feels about "frisco" the same as we do about "Salemities." The latter word always makes us want to scratch.

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

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WASHINGTON, March 4—The politicians are dusting off a new brand of goods called the Beveridge social security plan.

Sir William Beveridge is coming to this country shortly to promote it and is already talking to some of our meetings on trans-oceanic telephone.

The London press and radio reporters handled the recent debate in parliament on the subject as if this plan was to answer man's historic longing for safety in life. The state was to care for all his ills, from cradle to the grave, providing disability allowance, medical and maternity benefits. Any one who was against the idea was just an old Tory.

All right thinkers, with the interest of the common people at heart, were for it. That is the picture with which we are presented.

What nobody pointed out was that the average disability allowance for a man and wife under this Beveridge panacea was \$8.08 a week. This is hardly enough to keep body and soul alive. Certainly it is not social security.

It is just a pleasant standard guard against starvation, and hardly justifies the idealistic advertising that accompanies it.

The American system has provided a similar pittance of \$22.94 a month average payment for old age benefits, and \$13 a week for unemployment insurance.

While all people have paid into the fund, very few people have benefited. Our experience with social security to date has shown it to be mainly a sly method of collecting more taxes.

The two funds in the treasury have collected \$7,000,000,000 more to date than they have paid out, but this \$7,000,000,000 can hardly be called a fund because it merely represents a debt of the treasury to itself, as the money has been spent on regular government running expenses.

It is doubtful if many people will ever benefit, if this government otherwise provides their lives with a decent living standard. The average good worker will never be out of a job in his life, or should not be. There was never a time in the worst depression when more than one-fifth of the workers were out of jobs.

And if the worker is thus provided with a decent living standard, he can make better provisions himself for his old age than the government offers him with its \$22.94 a month to live on.

It is evident, therefore, that real social security calls for something bigger than Beveridge plans. Far more important for one instance, is the price level and the value of the dollar.

The \$22.94 a month cure for old age fears, was enacted some years ago with somewhat the same gladder of publicity, prophesying a guarantee of social security for all, at a time when prices of food were just about half what they are now.

A greater degree of social security would have been offered if the government had kept prices stable—far more people would have accomplished more security for themselves than is represented by these small benefit payments to the few.

But then you may say:
Why not increase the allowances and continue to follow the path of Beveridge and our own current social security system?

They are trying to do that now in Michigan. A proposal is pending to have the state pay a base average of \$28 a week for unemployment, plus \$3 for each dependent, with a protective maximum of \$38 per week.

That suggests a decent living, but it also suggests tremendous taxation on all the workers and employs to pay to the few who are not good workers, or to those who will be able to make more money staying idle and living off the government than by doing a day's work.

Security is a goal man always has sought and never attained. He will never attain it because it is not an absolute thing. There is no security in nature.

No government or anyone else can guarantee that you will not catch a disease tomorrow, for instance. Uncertainty is an unavoidable factor in human life.

To protect himself, man builds houses of brick and stone, but to maintain these as securities against the weather, he must constantly keep them up, mending, paying taxes on them, buying fuel to heat them. His fight to provide himself with security, therefore, is a continuous struggle, which is never over.

It is not likely that man will ever devise a means for completely overcoming the hazards of life. Certainly the kind of security that the political hucksters now are crying is a questionable method which has not performed the feats claimed for it and can never do so.

Certainly also, governments can provide a greater security to a greater number of people by different means, such as maintaining a stable value of the dollar, preventing inflationary price and wage increases, and maintaining good business conditions which will furnish continuous employment.

The social security label on Mr. Beveridge's and other current political canned goods does not accurately describe the contents therein.



Paging Mrs. Luce!

Today's Radio Programs

- These schedules are supplied by the respective stations. Any variations noted by listeners are due to changes made by the stations with all notice to this newspaper. No radio stations may be cut from the air at any time in the interests of national defense.
- KSLM - FRIDAY - 1390 Kc.**
7:00 - News in Brief.
7:05 - Rise 'n' Shine.
7:15 - Rise 'n' Shine.
7:30 - News.
7:45 - Morning Moods.
8:00 - Rhythm Five.
8:35 - Tango Time.
9:00 - Pat's Call.
9:15 - Dickson's Melody Mustangs.
9:30 - Popular Music.
9:45 - Uncle Sam.
10:00 - World in Review.
10:05 - A Song and A Dance.
10:30 - Langworth String Quartet.
11:00 - Maxine Buren.
11:15 - Sentimental Songs.
11:30 - News of Yesterday.
12:00 - Organalities.
12:15 - News.
12:30 - Tibbilly Serenade.
12:35 - Willmette Valley Opinions.
1:00 - Lun 'n' Abner.
1:15 - Charles Magnate.
1:30 - Bright Horizons.
1:45 - Spotlight on Rhythm.
2:00 - Isle of Paradise.
2:15 - US Navy.
2:30 - State Safety Program.
2:45 - Broadway Band Wagon.
3:00 - KSLM Concert Hour.
4:15 - News.
4:30 - News Tunes.
4:45 - Records of Reminiscence.
5:00 - Tonight's Headlines.
6:00 - News Commentary.
6:20 - Symphonic Swing.
6:45 - Soldiers of the Press.
7:00 - News in Review.
7:05 - Facts About Taxes.
7:15 - Clyde Lucas' Orchestra.
7:30 - Four Polka Dots.
8:00 - War Fronts in Review.
8:30 - Treasury Star Parade.
8:45 - This My Story.
9:00 - News.
9:15 - Prize Fight.
10:30 - News.
- KALE - MBS - FRIDAY - 1330 Kc.**
6:45 - Uncle Sam.
7:00 - News.
7:15 - Rangers.
7:30 - Memory Timekeeper.
8:00 - Breakfast Club.
8:15 - News.
8:45 - What's New.
9:00 - Boake Carter.
9:15 - War News of the News.
9:30 - Buyer's Parade.
9:45 - Egewater Arsenal Band.
10:00 - News.
10:15 - Curtain Calls.
11:00 - This and That.
11:15 - Bill Hay Reads the Bible.
12:00 - Concert of Bushido.
12:25 - On the Farm Front.
12:30 - News.
12:45 - Music.
1:15 - Music.
2:00 - Sheelal Carter.
2:15 - News of the News.
2:45 - Pat Neal and the News.
3:00 - Phillip Keyne-Gordon.
3:15 - News of the News.
3:20 - Hello Again.
3:45 - Stars of Today.
4:00 - John Lewis, Jr.
4:15 - Johnson Family.
4:45 - Let's Learn to Dance.
5:15 - Superman.
5:30 - Norman Nesbitt.
5:45 - Norman Whelan.
6:00 - Gabriel Heatter.
6:15 - News of the News.
6:30 - Candlelight and Silver.
6:45 - Zivic vs. Jacks.
7:00 - One Ranger.
7:30 - Music Without Words.
8:00 - News.
8:15 - Opening of Sports.
8:30 - General Barrows.
9:45 - Fulton Lewis, Jr.
10:30 - Easy Acrobats.
10:30 - News.
11:00 - Johnny Richards Orchestra.
11:45 - Sid Hoff Orchestra.
- KEX - BN - FRIDAY - 1100 Kc.**
6:30 - Moments of Melody.
6:15 - National Farm and Home.
6:30 - Western Agriculture.
7:00 - Smilin' Ed McConnell.
7:30 - Home Demonstration Agent.
7:45 - Music of Vienna.
8:15 - Gene and Glenn.
8:30 - Breakfast Club.
8:45 - Keep Fit with Patty Jean.
9:00 - Meet Your Neighbor.
9:15 - Woman's World.
9:30 - Breakfast at Sardis.
9:45 - Bauhage Talking.
10:15 - Uncle Sam.
- KOIN - CBS - FRIDAY - 970 Kc.**
6:30 - Northwest Farm Reporter.
6:45 - Breakfast Bulletin.
6:50 - Texas Rangers.
7:00 - Modern Music Box.
7:15 - Wake Up News.
7:30 - Dick Joy News.
7:45 - Nelson Lewis News.
8:00 - Consumer News.
8:15 - Valiant Lady.
8:30 - Stories and Social Loves.
8:45 - Aunt Jennie.
9:00 - Kate Smith Speaks.
9:15 - Big Sister.
9:30 - Romance of Helen Trent.
9:45 - Our Gal Sunday.
10:00 - Life and Be Beautiful.
10:15 - Ma Perkins.
10:30 - Vic and Sae Beautiful.
10:45 - The Goldbergs.
11:00 - Young Dr. Malone.
11:15 - Joyce Jordan News.
11:30 - We Love and Learn.
11:45 - News.
12:00 - Bob Anderson News.
12:30 - Wm Winter News.
12:45 - Bachelor's Children.
1:00 - American School of the Air.
2:00 - Newspaper of the Air.
2:30 - Our Friday Date.
2:45 - Ben Bernie.
3:00 - Today at the Duncan's.
3:30 - Keep Working, Keep Singing.
4:00 - Milton Charles, Organist.
4:15 - Sam Hayes.
4:30 - Nelson Lewis News.
4:45 - Tracer of Lost Persons.
5:00 - Martha Mears.
5:15 - Crayon Flurry.
5:45 - News.
6:30 - Cecil Brown News.
6:45 - News at War.
7:00 - That Braver Boy.
7:30 - Caravan.
7:45 - Nelson Fringle News.
8:00 - Four to Go.
8:15 - Scorsone.
8:30 - Playhouse.
9:00 - Kate Smith Hour.
9:30 - Adventures of the Thin Man.
10:00 - Quiet.
10:30 - Five Star Final.
10:45 - Wartime Women.
10:30 - Air-Flu of the Air.
10:30 - The World Today.
- KOAC - FRIDAY - 560 Kc.**
6:00 - Music.
10:00 - News.
10:15 - The Homemaker's Hour.
11:00 - School of the Air.
11:30 - Music of Beethoven.
12:30 - News.
12:15 - Noon Farm Hour.
1:00 - Artist in Recital.
1:15 - Today's War Commentary.
1:30 - Variety Time.
1:45 - Victory Front.
2:00 - Club Women's Half Hour.
2:30 - Music.
3:00 - News.
3:15 - Why Nursing?
3:45 - The Concert Hall.
4:00 - Treasury Star Parade.
4:15 - Latin Rhythms.
4:30 - Stories for Boys and Girls.
4:45 - Private Pete Presents.
5:15 - On the Campus.
5:30 - Evening Veppers.
5:45 - It's Crayon's War.
6:15 - News.
6:30 - Evening Farm Hour.
7:30 - Music of Beethoven.
8:00 - The Timber Wolves.
8:30 - Higher Education in Wartime.
9:00 - News.
9:30 - The Hour of Great Music.
10:30 - The Hour of Great Music.
11:30 - Favorite Melodies.

'Curiosity Killed a Cat'

By ANNE ROWE

Chapter 26
"Bruce has overstept," I thought with a trace of contempt. "How like him! Making me come out in the middle of the night and not bother to be awake to greet me."
In the door we stopped.
On the floor, right in front of us, a gray-bruised leg stuck out stiffly. And the foot that belonged to it was small, and encased in a high-heeled pump. My eyes traveled along the leg in weird fascination.

Gala was crouching on the floor, in her gray slacks suit, her artificial leg protruding at an unnatural angle. She was looking straight at me, out of the saddest eyes I had ever seen. Tears were streaming down her cheeks and she was holding a man in her arms—Bruce.
His head was tilted far back. His wide-open eyes stared up unseeingly. In the middle of his forehead was a small, round hole from which a thin, dark snake was crawling over his face, down Gala's arm and on to the floor. He was quite dead.
I don't know how long we stood in the door, staring at Gala and the dead Bruce. Perhaps only a minute. Perhaps much longer.

Aunt Millie was the first to shake off the numbing horror and find her voice.
"Where's the nearest telephone?" she asked in a hoarse whisper.
It took a while before the question penetrated Gala's consciousness. "At the Butler farm, two miles down the road," she said at last, almost inaudibly.
"In this direction?" Aunt Millie nodded away from the lake and Gala said "Yes" in the same hushed tone.

"All right, Kay, you hold the fort. I'll go tell the police—and your father and Allan," Aunt Millie announced with a reassuring pressure of my shoulder. Then her feet pattered down the porch steps—the muffled roar of her motor shattered the stillness—changed into a purr—dwindled—died away—
The quiet became absolute again.

I kept leaning against the side of the door, gazing at the dead man and living woman before me, my mind a welter of conjectures and sudden illumination. Until at last my knees buckled with weakness and strain and I slid in a heap to the high doorkill.
Slowly the sun was gaining force. The landscape was taking on stronger hues, and the inside of the cabin sprang clearly in view as a window behind Gala burst into sudden brightness, turning her hair into a flaming halo.
The place was completely wrecked.

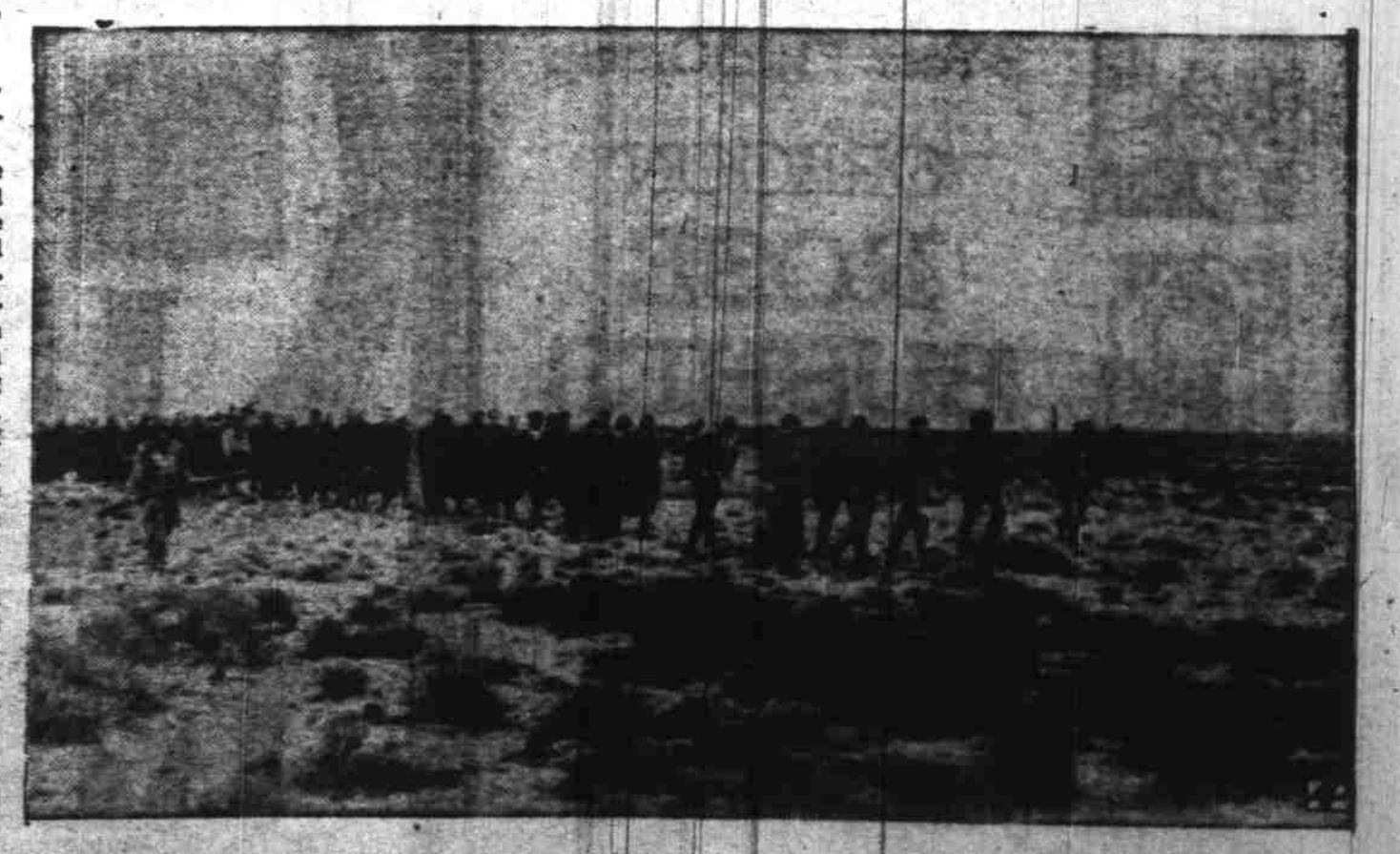
The lids had been pulled off the seat—chests running along the walls. Old fishing tackle, magazines, tennis rackets—all the odds and ends that accumulate in an unused summer camp—strewn the floor in wild confusion.
The upholstery of a glider couch had been ripped open, the drawers of a desk pulled out—
It was the same kind of destruction I had seen in the Burton library. The same motive for this second murder?
I do not remember asking the question aloud. I only know Gala answered it.
"All for the miserable radium," she said faintly, all of a sudden. From then on we talked. Not coherently. In fragments—disjointedly—in thinking out loud. And yet in complete understanding of each other and the situation.

I said: "I didn't think you knew—"
And she answered, after a long pause: "Bruce told me—Thursday. The first time I saw him. It took him a week, finding the courage to face me."
"It would. He was a coward."
It was a dreadful, pronouncing judgment on a man who was lying before me dead, murdered. But I couldn't help it.
"No he wasn't. He was only spoiled." A world of forgiving understanding lay in those words.
"His black mood in those weeks—it was you. He was try-

ing to forget you, by marrying me," I said next. And, a little later: "No wonder it didn't work."
"He hated ugliness. My accident—it drove him wild with horror and repulsion. He couldn't marry a cripple—a mutilated woman. I didn't understand then. It made me—terribly bitter."
"Avery was taking you to him—when it happened." It wasn't a question. It was a statement.
"Yes—and Avery is suffering for his act of friendship to this day. First he almost died and later—you know how his wife acts—"
"She's a dreadful person. I don't see why he stands it, why he doesn't leave her—"
"One accident. And so much misery, for so many people! Bruce—Curtis—I—and you. Bruce shouldn't have made you suffer, too."
"Suffer? I didn't suffer. Or yes, I did. It was a humiliation. But it's all so long ago. I can't feel anything now. He was my husband for three weeks and now—he's nothing but a dead stranger. It's all wrong! I should feel something—I must! I accused myself."
Then Gala declared:
"I couldn't feel anything either—when he was alive. I'd waited five years—to tell him I hated him for leaving me to face my wrecked life alone. And then, when we met—nothing. It was all over—gone—burnt out. He asked me to marry him after your divorce, said—my missing leg didn't matter any more. And I—couldn't. I couldn't see him any longer as a man. He'd become again the little boy—who'd thrown pebbles at me from the garden next door—"
We went on in that vein endlessly, it seemed. Telling the past in rambling snatches that made sense only to us.
And then Aunt Millie was back.

"They'll be here as fast as they can make it," she said, dropping down on the doorstep beside me. "But it'll be an hour and a half at best."
Her return broke our strange mood and stranger confidences. We fell silent again and sat motionless—waiting—
All around us the life of the forest was going on. Birds twittered near by, fitting in and out from under the porch roof. A squirrel sat on the railing a few yards away, looking at us suspiciously out of shiny black eyes and scolding furiously.
I tried to watch the small creatures, keep my mind occupied with them. But after a time they submerged into a great void, with the rest of the world, and I fell into a sort of trance, staring at nothing and waiting—waiting—
The noise of several cars turning into the driveway pulled me out of my daze; a whole crowd of men came swarming up the steep footpath.
The inspector and Doc Tobie, the Coroner, were at the head, with Sergeants Hatch and Flynn at their heels. And behind them came what looked like the whole Cliffport police force, photographers, fingerprint men and all, and—oh, joy!—Dad and Allan.
The next moment I was in Dad's arms, and he was stroking my hair, as he'd often done when I was a kid, murmuring gently: "Kay! My poor little Kay! Why didn't you confide in me! Why did you carry this burden alone!"
And Allan said, close to my ear: "I had to tell your father and Inspector Pettengill, darling. There was no other way—no explanation for your being out here."
It didn't matter. I merely nodded my understanding and held on to both of them—for protection and shelter.
But not for long. The Inspector's voice, heavy with sarcasm and anger, ended my reprieve. "So you went! to the Burton house for a lost compact!" It said. "You didn't have sense enough to tell me the truth! Now look what your fool lying and secret-keeping done! Cost a man his life. And he your husband too!"
(To be continued)

Yanks Bring Back Prisoners in Tunisia



Guarded by US soldiers with fixed bayonets, a long line of German and Italian prisoners is marched to the rear following an allied raid on six positions in Soud, Tunisia.—Associated Press Telegram.

Your Federal Income Tax

**No. 50
Items Not Deductible**
Personal, living or family expenses and capital expenditures are not deductible items in the computation of the statutory net income, whereas all the ordinary and necessary expenses of carrying on any trade or business are deductible.
In the event a taxpayer is engaged in an occupation which requires the use of equipment, as in the cases of Army officers, ball players, firemen, aviators, nurses, and surgeons, the cost of such is deductible only to the extent (1) that it is specifically required and (2) that it does not take the place of ordinary clothing. Thus expenditures for the purchase of cleaning of jockey's uniforms and baseball uniforms of professional baseball players and the cost of raincoats, boots, and helmets of city firemen and policemen are allowable deductions, while the cost of uniforms of army and navy officers, nurses, railway trainmen, barbers,

and surgeons is a personal expense and not deductible.
Among other nondeductible items of expense paid or incurred by taxpayers during the taxable year there may be mentioned premiums on life insurance policies, insurance paid on a dwelling owned and occupied by a taxpayer, amounts expended in seeking a position or in traveling to the place of a new position, commuters' fares, the cost of post-graduate courses, bar examination fees, expenditures for the maintenance and operation of an automobile used for personal convenience and not by reason of necessity in connection with a business, penalty payments with respect to federal taxes—whether on account of negligence, delinquency or fraud—amounts paid by a parent to unemancipated minor children for services rendered by such minor children, and amounts deducted and withheld from the wages or salary of employees as federal old-age benefit tax