

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Swings Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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No Gloom Now

Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt have a far more pleasant meeting in Washington this time than when the British statesman was here before. He arrived in Washington shortly before Tobruk fell to the conquering Rommel. It was a stunning blow, and Rommel kept rolling on into Egypt until he was stopped at El Alamein. Washington was full of gloom as the leaders met.

The writer was in North Carolina at the time, and Lord Halifax was due for luncheon speaker on Monday, the day after word came of the fall of Tobruk. He had heard of the surrender after leaving Washington. He was completely mystified as to the cause. The city, which the British had retained through a long siege previously fell in a matter of hours under Rommel's sudden sweep. The story which came through later was that Rommel sent his panzers right into Tobruk and down on the waterfront where they shelled shipping and caused general demoralization. His very boldness surprised the defenders, who anticipated siege rather than attack.

Now Churchill and Roosevelt can rejoice over the North African victory, following a campaign which was planned at the former meeting, right at the time when the British were eating the bitter bread of defeat. But we fancy little time will be spent in jubilation; more time will be spent in planning the next move or moves. There is little doubt that the allies will strike again and very soon. Just as the winning prize-fighter drives home his punches in rapid succession once he has delivered a powerful wallop on his opponent, so our leaders will want to keep the enemy reeling under repeated thrusts. Moreover the summer season, best for military campaigns, is coming on apace; so no time is to be lost.

The conference between the two heads of state probably relates more to such matters as choice of commanders, final approval of plans of military advisors as to the times and places of attack, and not any checking of details. These must be left to the military staffs. We may not have long to wait before the decisions at Washington are revealed in action.

Shift Accomplished

The shift in control of farm labor recruiting and placement from the employment service to the state college extension service, first reported here some weeks ago, is now completed. The federal law assigns authority to food administrator Chester Davis, and responsibility to the federal co-operative extension service. Money to set up and run the organization is carried in the pending agricultural appropriation bill.

Locally the county agent, who represents the extension service, plans to cooperate closely with the employment office. And as far as the local employment office is concerned it will cooperate unless its hands are tied by higher authority. Meantime farmers should continue to apply at the employment office for what help they need.

The transfer of authority and responsibility is a misfortune so far as Oregon is concerned. An experienced and competent organization is subordinated or cast off, while new hands undertake to set up a new organization. Time is running out, with berry harvests only a few weeks away.

There is therefore need for full local cooperation regardless of the shifts and collisions on national, regional or state levels. These are local crops to be planted, tended, harvested and processed. While the bureaucrats quarrel local leadership in town and country must get together and muster workers to do the job.

T. C. Elliott

The death of T. C. Elliott of Walla Walla removes a man who was not only a good business man, but a real scholar in history. His particular field of research was northwest history, and he was an authority of recognized standing in this field. His work was not the study of secondary sources, but of real research both in geography and in original papers and documents. He traced to their very roots the historical origins of the northwest. His monograph on the source of the name "Oregon" is standard. His investigations extended both to Canada and to England, and ranged widely over the north-west. Subjects of his special study were David Thompson, early explorer for the Northwest Fur company, and Peter Skene Ogden, explorer and factor for the Hudson's Bay company. While a long-time resident of Washington, Oregon shares in the loss from his passing, and joins in recognition of his valuable contribution to sound scholarship in northwest history.

Roll Out the Logs

That the call for more loggers is no false "wolf, wolf" cry is proven by the production figures for the first 17 weeks of 1943 as reported by West Coast Lumbermen's association. It was only 90.4 per cent of the average for 1939-42, while the production for the corresponding period in 1942 was 116.9 per cent and for 1941 116.8 per cent. In board measure the production fell from 3,019,000 board feet in 1942 to 2,334,000 in 1943. The bright spot in the current report is that for March the percentage of production went up to 100.3 of the three year average for the month. Also, the orders for the 17-week period fell off more than production. The order file is still heavy, and undoubtedly would be greater if there were any hope of getting delivery. "Call for Paul Bunyan" is still the correct singing for the manpower boys. More need to roll out the logs than the barrels these days.

The axis forces in Tunisia found out that when Americans say "unconditional surrender" that's just what they mean. We learned that phrase from General U. S. ("Unconditional Surrender") Grant, and it sticks as part of our military tradition.

War Plant Built

While the order of the war production board halting plant construction and building of machine tools is encouraging, we should not conclude that our production job is licked. The WPB order merely indicates that the capital investment in plant and facilities is largely made. Now the job is to use these facilities in producing munitions and machinery of war.

When the system gets to running at full speed the output of war supplies will be enormous. Our capacity with the men, materials and machines we have is so great that we can supply our own troops and contribute large quantities for our allies as well.

The production problem becomes more than ever one of balancing the load. It will be the task of WPB and military procurement bureaus to cut back production of items and speed up production of others as demand and use warrant. Already there have been changes in orders, production of light tanks, for instance, being sharply reduced.

And it may well be that within the year supplies of materials may be released for production of badly needed civilian goods. We must avoid huge overproduction, and must endeavor to make the shift to peace production as promptly and smoothly as possible.

An army officer with the photographic section says the road to Berlin is already photographed. Any chuckholes, bridges or detours noted?

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

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WASHINGTON, May 12—Mud, more than exhaustion, is still holding back both sides in Russia. Yet is only a matter of days now until the Reds and nazis will be at their respective throats again on the eastern front.

The southern tip bridgehead which Hitler has persistently maintained east of the Kerch straits obviously has suggested his spring or summer campaign would be directed toward relieving Caucasus oil, but perhaps too obviously. He tried for that oil once and failed.

The bridgehead does not actually afford important military advantage for another blow in that direction, as the bulk of his invading troops would have to come around the land route past Rostov in any event.

Far more likely it is that Hitler will strive to deliver a knock-out blow directly at the Soviets. If he could get Leningrad or Moscow, for instance, he could not only retrieve lost prestige but strike at the heart of Soviet military power.

The southern front and the bridgehead across the Kerch could be maintained to divert the Russians from time to time and prevent them from concentrating all their strength to meet his expected blows in the north.

The southern front involves great distances while a blow at Leningrad and Moscow would require a much smaller concentration of force.

The common assumption that Franco was speaking for Hitler in pleading for peace is not necessarily so. Hitler knows very well he could not get any acceptable terms from anyone under existing conditions, and is hardly so stupid as to ask.

But peace is essential to Franco. Unless he can get one based on something like the existing status quo in Europe, he is going to have a nice, little revolution on his hands. And he will not get any help this time, at least not on the scale he obtained formerly from Hitler, as Der Fuhrer will need everything he has and more, to meet his own forthcoming military obligations.

Franco, therefore, was probably speaking for himself—and not very confidently.

The nazi northern Tunisia army surrendered 25,000 men to us. About 80,000 more were bottled on Cap Bon peninsula. Around 110,000 Germans and Italians surrendered or met death after Rommel's retreat from Tripoli up to the final stages of the drive.

So Hitler can be said to have abandoned a tremendous army of 200,000 or more men, leaving them virtually without hope or air cover, to die or surrender without even making a bid to save them, although a continuing opportunity existed for weeks at and after Tripoli.

It is clear Hitler left this army to perish obviously in order to buy time. The desperate price he paid is proof enough of the urgency of his need to perfect his defenses in Europe against a second front.

The enthusiasm of most military men at our great victory is, therefore, tempered by the knowledge that Hitler, in defeat, won a badly needed respite for the next stage of the fight.

Estimates as to how long it will take us to clean up the Mediterranean (Corsica, Sardinia, Sicily and Crete) run anywhere from weeks to months. Some commentators are even saying that Hitler's last stand in Africa delayed the institution of a second front by six months to a year.

Such conclusions are not accurate. The size of the force we landed in Africa last November 8 was only enough to overcome expected vigorous French resistance. It was not large enough to conquer Tunisia in a hurry if the Germans determined to make any show of resistance—and they did, to the utmost.

What happened, therefore, was as much as we had reason to expect.

John L. Lewis, far from being a chastened young errand is chuckling and chortling to himself about the predicament into which he has forced the coal strike situation (friends who have been around him during the negotiations in New York have reported on their return here).

He is pleased with himself, expects to come out on top, did not "object" to the government taking the mines—indeed, may have Mr. Roosevelt and Ickes keep them for the duration.

If he decides to resist any WLB decision, it will obviously be to his advantage to keep working for the government rather than take an unacceptable agreement with the operators.



"The Groaning Board"

Today's Radio Programs

KSLM—THURSDAY—1300 Ks.

7:00—News.
7:30—Rise 'n' Shine.
7:30—News.
7:45—Morning Moods.
8:00—Secret from hunger.
8:30—News Briefs.
8:35—Tango Time.
8:35—Pastor's Calls.
8:35—Uncle Sam.
8:30—Marion County Farm Home Program.
9:45—Dickson's Melody Mustangs.
10:00—Music in Review.
10:00—A Song and Dance.
10:00—Swing.
10:00—Willamette U. Chapel.
12:00—Organalists.
12:15—News.
12:30—Hilbilly Serenade.
12:30—Mid-Day Matinee.
1:00—Lum and Abner.
1:30—My Noble's Orchestra.
1:30—Melody Mart.
2:00—Lily of Paradise.
2:15—US Army.
2:45—Broadway Band Wagon.
3:00—KSLM Concert Hour.
4:00—Langworth String Orchestra.
4:15—News.
4:30—Twilight Tunes.
5:00—Gail Rini Accordion.
5:15—Let's Reminisce.
5:30—Evening Serenade.
6:00—Tonight's Headlines.
6:15—War Commentary.
6:30—Popular Music.
7:00—News in Brief.
7:00—Music.
7:30—Keystone Karavan.
8:00—War Fronts in Review.
8:10—Troubadours.
8:30—Lawless Twenties.
8:45—Del Courtney's Orch.
9:00—News.
9:15—Music.
10:00—Let's Dance.
10:30—News.

KOIN—CBS—THURSDAY—350 Ks.

6:15—Breakfast Bulletin.
6:30—Texas Rangers.
6:45—Kols Clock.
7:15—News.
7:30—Dick Joy, News.
7:45—Life Can Be Beautiful.
8:00—Consumer News.
8:15—Valiant Lady.
8:30—Stories America Loves.
8:45—Aunt Jenny.
9:00—Kate Smith Speaks.
9:15—Kols Sister.
9:30—Romance of Helen Trent.
9:45—Our Gal Sunday.
10:00—Life Can Be Beautiful.
10:15—Ma Perkins.
10:30—Vic and Sade.
10:45—The Goodbergs.
11:00—Young Dr. Malone.
11:15—Joyce Jordan.

Interpreting The War News

By GLENN BABB

AP War Analyst for The Statesman

It appears the United Nations are not going to let Japan win the China war by default. The Burma-China theater is getting a new priority rating in the allied master plan. That is the unmistakable meaning of the presence of Marshal Wavell and his naval and air associates in the retinue which accompanied Prime Minister Churchill to Washington.

Wavell commands the British armies of India from which will be drawn most if not all of the divisions to be used when a real effort is made to reconquer Burma and open an avenue by which the swiftly rising power of the allies can flow to China's rescue.

It was pointed out in this column two days ago that China was the chief danger spot for the United Nations. Complete Japanese victory over the valiant but overmatched legions of Chiang Kai-Shek after six years of resistance would be not only one of history's most ironic tragedies; it would be a catastrophe for the United Nations which might postpone destruction of Japan's war machine by years.

This situation, of course, has been fully recognized in Washington and London.

The new emphasis on the India-Burma-China theater does not mean that the United Nations have abandoned the best Hitler-first strategy. The Washington council doubtless will deal with the coming assaults on the European continent and the battle of the Atlantic. But perhaps it does mean that new factors make possible and wise

Next day's programs appear on comics page.

11:35—We Love and Learn.
11:45—News.
12:15—Bob Andersen, News.
12:30—William Winter, News.
12:45—Bachelor's Children.
1:00—Home Front Reporter.
1:30—Uncle Sam.
2:00—Newspaper of the Air.
2:30—This Life is Mine.
2:45—Music.
3:15—Traffic Safety.
3:45—News.
4:00—Easy Aces.
4:15—Sam Hayes.
4:30—Tracer of Lost Persons.
5:00—Stop, Look and Listen.
5:30—Harry Plannery, News.
5:45—News.
6:00—Cecil Brown.
6:30—Major Bowser Man.
6:30—Stage Door Canteen.
7:00—The First Line.
7:00—Talk.
7:45—Frazier Hunt.
8:00—I Love a Mystery.
8:15—Harry James Orchestra.
8:30—Death Valley Days.
8:35—News.
8:45—John B. Kennedy.
9:15—Gardening This Week.
9:30—Mayor of the Town.
10:00—Five Star Final.
10:15—Warline Women.
10:30—The World Today.
10:45—Glen Gray Orch.
11:00—Manny Strand Orchestra.
11:35—News.
12:00—6:30 a. m.—Music and News.

KEK—BN—THURSDAY—1130 Ks.

6:00—We're Up Too.
6:15—National Farm & Home.
6:45—Western Agriculture.
7:00—Excursions in Science.
7:15—News.
7:30—News.
7:45—Music of Vienna.
8:00—Breakfast Club.
8:15—Meet Your Neighbor.
8:30—Music.
8:30—Breakfast at Sardi's.
8:45—Bashful Talking.
9:15—The Gospel Singer.
10:00—Christian Science Program.
10:30—Fanny Money Man.
11:00—Woman's World.
11:30—Hank Lawson's Knights.
11:45—Your Hollywood, News.
12:00—Songs by Morton Downey.
12:15—News Headlines and High Lights.
12:45—News.
1:00—Blue Newsroom Review.
1:15—What's Doing, Ladies.
2:30—Uncle Sam.
2:45—Novatime.
3:35—Labor News.



the allotment of additional forces north, ahead of the original schedule, to deal with the enemy in southeastern Asia.

These factors would seem to include the gravity of the Japanese threat to China, the advantages gained by opening the Mediterranean route to India, the completion of new military resources which may not be needed for the storming of Europe, chiefly naval.

Hitherto it has been widely assumed—by this writer, among others—that there was little the allies, with most of their forces committed to the fight against Hitler, could do to aid China for months, perhaps for years. The Washington council is heartening evidence that the high commands believe otherwise.

The growing naval power of the United States and Britain may make possible an early beginning of the naval phase. Both the American and British navies are coming into possession of a considerable number of capital ships and aircraft carriers probably not essential for the European war. Hence a campaign to sweep the Japanese from the Bay of Bengal and permit a landing in the Rangoon region is a possibility of the near future.

The concentration of a formidable British-American naval force in the Bay of Bengal would challenge Japan to send some of her best units there. It might establish the western jaw of a gigantic pincers, with Admiral Nimitz' Pacific fleet forming the other, which would compel Japan to make a disastrous division of her sea forces.

'American Bred'

By FRANK MELONEY

Chapter 3 Continued

"Which one would you pick?" he asked in a friendly way. It was hard to choose between them. To Ann they were at compact, lithe packages of energy, all equally ingratiating. And then her gaze began to follow a fawn-colored dog, a little smaller than the others. There was something in the way she held her head, something in the way she would stop to look far away into nowhere, wriggling her nose into the wind...

"I'd pick that one. The one in the corner, facing us now." Christopher Wain glanced at the dog and shrugged. "Hasn't developed, and probably won't. Over there, though, that's the real flyer of the lot!" He pointed to a proud brindle pulling at a gunny sack with one of her brothers. "That one has size, color, dark eyes, good stop to its face, fine stance, beautiful gait and hindquarters, a deep bristletail, and she's well angled—Yes sreee," he repeated, with mounting enthusiasm, "that's the pup! Tell Paul I'll pick her up in a day or two. Think you can remember which one?"

"I may not be able to agree with you in Danes, but I can tell one dog from another," she informed him.

An eyebrow slid up his forehead. "It's telling the good ones," he remarked.

Ignoring that, Ann said, by way of dismissal, "I'll give Mr. Freund your message."

"Thanks. And if you can, I wish you'd stop over and see my kennels one of these days."

She smiled the way her sister Helen always smiled when she wanted to snub somebody. She should have known better than to encourage him.

Dog dealers sometimes were a shoddy lot, always wanting to make a sale, and preferably passing off a dog with a bad tail, or an inconvenient habit. Paul and his mother were different of course.

"Oh, and tell Paul I'll stop over and take a squint at this new litter when it begins to look like something," he added.

"I'm sure that Mr. Freund will be delighted," said Ann, too pleasantly.

"I'm sure he will," said Christopher Wain.

Her blood boiled. He was the sort of objectionable young man who always had to have the last word. She heard him start his rattletrap, and felt a great desire to hurl something after him.

Chapter Eight
When she entered the house, she could hear Paul moving about his room. Now that there was no danger of disturbing him, she decided to try the telephone.

A turn of the crank brought the welcome sound of the operator's crisp voice, and soon Ann had arranged with a garage to pull her car out of the ditch, and bring it to the Friends.

"Going so soon?" Paul asked gravely from the doorway.

"So soon? It's high time, I should say."

"Mom won't let you go without lunch. Carol wants to name the baby Ann, and that's O.K. with me—Say didn't I hear a car just drive out of the yard?"

"I'm speechless, I've never had anyone named after me. The car. Oh yes, I almost forgot to tell you. It was a man about a dog, but you were asleep and I didn't want to wake you."

"What kind of a man?"

"Oh, he was all right, I suppose. He said he'd be back to buy one, but I'll bet he buys a new car first. I wouldn't count too much on him."

"I won't," Paul said with a hint of bitterness. "I'm used to that sort of thing. People walk in here for pups, and they don't care what kind they are, as long as they've got four legs and a bark, and don't cost more than ten dollars. I'm beginning to think there's a fortune in mutts; the more mutt the better."

"This chap seemed to know his dogs, though," Ann admitted. "He picked out the one he liked, and said he ran a kennel."

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Paul's interest revived. "I guess he wants the headline. What was his name?"

"Wain."

Paul grabbed her arm. "Not Christopher Wain?"

"Yes—Do you know who he is?"

"No, I don't know who he is, never heard of the guy!" he went on with irony, "me sleeping and Christopher Wain getting away right under my nose!"

Ann regarded him with uncertainty. "Should I have wakened you?"

"For a long moment he said nothing. He just looked at her. "Should I?" she pressed in growing dismay. "I bet he owed you some money," she concluded indignantly.

Paul's lips twisted wryly. "You guessed it. He owed me some money."

"How much?"

"Five hundred on a dog."

"Oh Paul, how awful! And I sent him off!"

He saw how badly she felt. He patted her shoulder awkwardly. "I'll get it some day, don't worry about it. The only thing is, it would have been handy now, with the baby and everything."

"I know it would have. I think I'd better get out of here before I make any more mistakes like that! May I say good-bye to Carol?"

"Sure. I'll go up and see if she's asleep."

Carol wasn't asleep. She was wide awake, and the baby was wrapped in a blanket on the big chair. "Gee, but you look pretty!" Paul said, shyly. "Say won't she roll off?"

"Oh, I do not, I look a sight," Carol protested. "Give me the mirror. Of course she won't roll off."

He gave her the mirror, and she squinted in it speculatively. "I wouldn't leave one of Rosalinda's pups on a chair like that," he worried.

"This isn't one of Rosalinda's pups. A baby doesn't roll for weeks, anyway."

The mirror fell from her hand, and toppled off to the floor. She looked up at him, panic stricken. "Oh, Paul, if it's broken!"

He picked it up. "Smashed to bits," he teased her. Then he saw how white she was. "You goose—" He gave it to her. "Not a crack."

"It's seven years' hard luck if it had broken—"

"Oh, go on with that superstition—"

"I've proved it often enough." He bent over her. "Must have broken a couple of mirrors the day I came along."

"Like fun!"

"Love me?"

She nodded.

"Not sorry now, are you?"

"I was crazy, not wanting it—" she said in a low voice. "It was just that I was afraid."

"Sure, I know. I don't blame you. . . . Feel up to seeing Ann before she blows out?"

"I'd like to. Did you tell her about naming the baby after her?"

"And was she tickled!—Say, he hesitated, and then forced a grin. "Want to hear a laugh?"

"What?"

"Christopher Wain was here this morning."

"Paul!" Carol sat straight up in bed, and he pushed her back with his big hand. "Keep cool. Nothing happened. He came while I was taking a nap, and I never even saw him."

"What did he say, leave a note under the door, or something?"

"He saw Ann."

"And—"

"She threw him out!"

"Threw him out!" Carol echoed, aghast. "What for?"

"That's the laugh! She didn't think he had enough cash to buy a dog."

"Enough cash! Why he's got billions!"

"Only millions, don't exaggerate."

"But what made her think—"

"She didn't like his old jaleopy."

"Didn't you tell her that old jaleopy cost millions, and he has ten mechanics just to keep it in order?"