

Interpreting The War News

By GLENN BABB
AP War Analyst for The Statesman

Surging forward at long last from their hard won North African springboards, American, Canadian and British troops are locked in crucial battle with their foes on Sicily—stabbing savagely at the soft underbelly of the axis in Europe.

The allied assault across the central Mediterranean narrows climaxed a week already filled with crisis for the ill-omened German, Italian, Japanese war fellowship. North, south, east and west, around the world, the roaring guns of freedom have been loosed in a mighty and ever-swelling chorus.

Afloat, ashore and in the air the story of that red-letter week of the war, which began with a drowsy Sabbath Fourth of July for Americans at home, is the same. The axis is being brought to book at last for its crimes. The "end of the beginning" that Prime Minister Churchill noted last fall has become "the beginning of the end" in President Roosevelt's phrase.

Everywhere but in still moon-soon-drenched Burma the anti-axis legions are on the move, closing in for the kill.

But even the thrill of allied landings in Sicily to begin the business of building that first long dreamed of second front in Europe can not alter the fact that the crux of the struggle still is in Russia. And there, after six days of transcendent battle around the Kursk bulge, Russian armies seem holding, as they held before Moscow two years ago and at Stalingrad last year.

It is still too soon to appraise the progress of the battle in Sicily. Its tactical aspects are as yet unrevealed; but its strategy and ultimate goal, its place in the rapidly unfolding allied pattern of victory, are quite clear.

And first among major objectives at this stage must stand the aid to valiant Russia that the developing southern second-front operation affords. Anglo-American troops are carving their way ashore in blood, sweat and valor on the big island off the toe of the Italian boot not only ultimately to free France and other Nazi-conquered continental peoples, but to take weight off Russia. Their success could bring final disaster upon Hitler in the east before snow flies again in Russia.

From results now in the making in Sicily will come the fact that one day will govern even greater allied attacks upon the continent from the west across the narrower waters of the English channel and the North sea. Nor can Berlin rest easy that a third-front allied action, aimed at the Nazi heart of the axis itself, may not open within weeks if Sicily succumbs quickly and brings tottering Italy to the brink of collapse.

This much is certain. The Sicilian landing were covered by the wings of the mightiest air force yet mobilized.

Mainland axis air bases in northern and even central Italy can be reached by long range allied bombers from England as well as from Africa. An overlapping air attack to destroy axis planes and fields or minimize axis capacity for air intervention in Sicily is expectable.

Dear Boss.

Reporter Turned Soldier keeps his hand in at reporting.
By WINSTON H. TAYLOR

CAMP BARKELEY, Tex., July 5.—Chief occupation (outside of school) of our training group right now is looking forward to the close of our 11 weeks of basic training, two weeks away. That time has passed quickly for the most part—because we've been kept busy.

The truth of that is shown in Winston Taylor's recent news article about Camp Barkeley (Ablene Reporter-News), and here intended not as an example of what we're doing, but of some of the activity of the MRTC:

"The modern medical soldier must be rugged, and in tip-top physical condition—he must be able to assimilate and retain the teachings of his instructors—he must be a tactician, able to think and act on the split seconds that may be the difference between life and death for both himself and his patient....

"The accent now is on physical conditioning, rigorous march marches of the 'Commando Training' type, daily exercises to develop neglected muscles, this, besides the classes that include such subjects as materia medica, pharmacy, military courtesy, chemical warfare, anatomy and physiology, organization of the army, communications, map readings, sanitation, logistics, medical treatment....

"The trainee's day starts with reveille at 6:30... and from then on he is converted into a dynamo of activity and attentiveness, interrupted only by whistles that mean he is falling out for a change in subject or training operations."

Gardening Today

By LILLIE MADSEN

While we do not think of July as a garden month, there is really much to be done in the garden at this season.

We are advised to dig our tulips during July and store the bulbs in a dry cool place until October and then replant them.

July is also a good month in which to start the compost heap with grass clippings and plant refuse. Do not put in diseased rose foliage, rusty hollyhock leaves or other plants which you have removed from your garden because of diseases. But your compost heap, started now, will be a good much, with some fertilization value, by next gardening season.

Must not let your camellias dry out now if you want good flowers next spring. Do not sprinkle the surface of the soil, but water thoroughly once a week or so. Keep a good mulch around the shrub. The roots grow rather close to the surface, so do not hoe.

One of our summer blooming shrubs which is too little seen is the cactus. It withstands winter weather such as we have in the valley, and while it is inclined to be not too long-lived and a trifle shrubby, it is really a fine flowering shrub and should not be left from collections. It likes a definitely sunny place, a rather light soil, and will benefit by a little pruning to keep it compact.

Here is something for garden smokers to remember: Dr. William A. Kreutzer of the Colorado College experiment station reports that the prevalent mosaic disease that reduces tomato yields comes from tobacco. He explains that the virus of mosaic will live in dry tobacco for years and is readily transferred through broken hairs on the tomato stem from the hands of a smoker. Non commercial tomato growers in Colorado make their workers wash their hands before handling tomato plants and do not allow the planters to smoke while in the field. Dr. Kreutzer adds that the symptoms of the disease are not evident until the plant matures and it is too late in the season to replace it.

Mrs. D. A. asks about a tree-lupin. I have not personally grown this shrub for garden culture. It should be kept well nipped back in its early life, and all blooms must be snipped off as they begin to fade. Also it should be pruned back rather heavily in early spring.

Mrs. S. S. writes that she dusted her roses with sulphur as advised in this column but that the black spots did not leave the foliage. Instead the foliage which had black spots on it turned yellow and dropped off.

You cannot cure blackspot or other foliage disease. You must prevent it. Foliage already affected cannot be cured. This just naturally turns yellow and drops off if it is not picked off as it should be. The dusting program is to keep foliage from becoming diseased.

Adair Families Have Picnic

Games, Contests Feature Afternoon; Many Prizes Awarded

MONMOUTH—The detachment medical section, service command unit at Camp Adair enjoyed a picnic on the Fourth of July with members and their families, numbering 800, present. The fun began at 9 a.m. and the first event featured a baseball game between officers and nurses. The officers competing were not members of the two regular officers' teams.

Everyone was eligible for the ball throwing contest and prizes were awarded for men, women and children. A tug of war followed between the SCU medics and the field medics. No prizes were awarded except that winners got first places in the "chow" line.

The big event was a noon-time dinner with turkey and all the trimmings served free to everyone present. This was followed at 1 p.m. by a sack race with prizes for men, women and children.

A legging race, open to all soldiers, officers and enlisted men, in which each man had his name written in both of his leggings, proved a popular entry. A relay race, open to everybody, with each team composed of seven people, followed. The first lap was run by one person holding his own belt in his hand; the second lap was run by two people and was a three-legged race; the third lap was walked by two people holding the belt between them. This proved a feature number.

Additional events included a 100 yard dash; open to everyone; a pie eating contest; and a ball game between the officers' regular team and enlisted men's regular team; then a family race, each team composed of man, wife and one child under 12 years, and run holding hands. An old soldiers' race and a ladies' race for women only, with a final event of a 150 yard dash open to everyone, concluded the sports events.

Sgt. Easterwood awarded the multitudinous prizes at 6 p.m.; and the large crowd attending Fourth of July—safe and sane version.

Star Sea Lion of Circus Is a 'College Graduate'



Buddy, versatile performing seal of Russell Bros. Circus, keeps abreast of the day's news with his trainer, Walter Jennings.

You have heard of a "School of Fish," but did you ever hear of a "Seal College"? Well, there is just such an institution at Kingston, N.Y., on the historic Hudson river.

"Seal College" is the name over its door, and it is devoted exclusively to training sea lions for circuses and the stage and screen. For smart as these sleek, streamlined performers appear to be, they do require arduous schooling before they are prepared to appear before the public.

Coming to Salem two days, twice daily starting Monday, July 12, with Russell Bros.' great 3-ring circus is the most famous graduate of the Seal College. Buddy is his name, and he is the star performer of Walter Jennings' remarkable trained sea lion exhibition which is one of the circus' most outstanding features.

Buddy is generally regarded to be the most highly educated sea lion of all time, and each winter he goes back to the seal college at Kingston for a post-graduate course. Known as "the talking sea lion," Buddy's pranks and tricks virtually start where the average sea lion leaves off. Not only does he carry on conversations with his trainer, but gives imitations and impersonations of famous people, and especially displays unusual musical talent.

Buddy is luckier than most women in that he gets "a new fur coat" every year, according to his mentor. He has had 18 coats so far and should have about five more before completing the normal life of a seal.

Buddy performs twice daily in the circus which performances start at 2 and 8 p. m. Doors to the menagerie open an hour earlier.

Wise... or Otherwise

By ETHAN GRANT

Going down to Portland was a thrill. People who've never been anywhere much get all excited. Especially going to the big city to attend a conference. Only important people attend such functions as conferences. Almost anyone may attend a mere meeting. I got a ride with Bill Ballie and Virgil Sexton.

About 40 of us were at the conference. It began promptly at between 9 a.m. and noon, on the second floor of a building that was still under construction. Union workers were nailing the linoleum down, scraping putty off the new windows and installing the wiring and fixtures. There were places for Gents and Ladies, but they hadn't got the signs on the doors, so you couldn't tell which was which. There was only a little furniture.

Besides the chairman and the principal speaker, there was a five man panel. The chairman's speech wasn't much longer than the one by the principal speaker. The members of the panel also made speeches. The union workers went on nailing the linoleum down, scraping the window glass and drilling and hammering the fixtures up. By then it was time to recess until 2 p.m.

We went to lunch and got back by 2:30. Most of us around 3 o'clock, I got to wondering if I'd be able to get home in time for supper. So, not being able to hear much that was going on anyhow, I slipped out and strolled down to the bus station. It was so crowded I couldn't get within 40 feet of the ticket sellers.

So I backed out and asked a man how to find the railway station. He said it was at the end of S. W. Sixth. I started walking. Eventually, near the city limits of Seattle, I found the station. It was packed with a milling, sweltering mob. The only thing I could figure was that Portland was being evacuated.

After 23 minutes I finally reached the ticket window. The fare to Salem was \$1.30. I asked the man if he was sure I could get on the train. He said to go across the station and speak to the dispatcher. The dispatcher was dressed like a mail carrier and was eating popcorn. I got in line and wormed my way up to him. By then he'd finished the popcorn and turned to on a candy bar. He said the trains were for soldiers and sailors and that I couldn't get aboard.

So I went back to the ticket window line, figuring that a ticket I couldn't use was a dead loss. I asked for a refund. He took some pungent innuendoes and cuss words, but I finally made the fellow understand. With my \$1.30 clutched in my palm, I then began the long trek back to the bus station. By now it was nearly sundown.

The bus travel situation hadn't improved. It was even worse. I couldn't get near the ticket sellers. I couldn't have bucked the mass of humanity waiting on the platform without blasting anyway. So I left. I bought a newspaper and stopped to rest my dogs in a hotel lobby, pretending I was a regular guest.

Finally it occurred to me that if it was going to take until the duration to get home, I'd have to watch my weight. So I went to a restaurant, and ordered chicken giblets. It was the first dish of giblets I ever saw with neck bones. But I didn't squawk. The waitress might have asked me where I was from, that I'd

never eaten giblets with bones. She looked like that type.

The bus travel situation was improved. I had to wait only 25 minutes to get my ticket. The seller asked me if I wanted a round trip. I said hell no, all I wanted was my constitutional right to get out of Portland. There was still a mob on the platform.

But the prospects of never seeing my family again gave me courage to elbow through, on the pretext that I owned the bus company. After I got through, I couldn't get back, of course, but did I care?

I think it was probably, say, the night before Christmas when the Salem bus pulled in to load. Only the stoutest of the mob survived the fracas that followed and managed to get aboard. The driver was a youngster with a mustache and a cap cocked on one side. He got us out of Portland in a hurry. Striking along the highway on the west side of the Willamette to Oregon City was like riding a roller coaster.

But we hadn't seen anything yet. South of Oregon City we came up alongside a 16 - car passenger train. Our driver laid his ears back and stepped on the gas. We passed the train. I didn't fully appreciate our speed until we passed the engine. Its drivers were really stirring up the bromo seltzer. The bus was noisier than a four-motor bomber loaded with tin wash boilers. I gripped the seat, waiting for us to take off.

We stopped at Woodburn and the driver got out and went away, evidently to keep a dinner engagement. After 12 minutes we began to growl at each other. We then delegated a five-man posse to go out and find the driver and either bring him back or hang him. He was apprehended at a local restaurant and brought back.

"If you worked as hard as I do all day, you'd want a little time to yourself, I guess," he complained as he slammed the door.

He brought us into Salem so fast I never even noticed the N. Capitol street underpass. One moment we were scooting along out there between the Coast Range and the Cascades, then suddenly we were at the bus station. I staggered out and started walking. It was a grand feeling. I'd actually escaped from Portland. And in less than a week! The air was fresh and clean. The streets were virtually deserted. But, of course, they would be. At that hour.

The next time I go to Portland, to attend a conference or anything else, it'll be in handcuffs.

Fowlers Have Guests

GRAND ISLAND—Mr. and Mrs. Floyd E. Fowler and Mr. and Mrs. Dan B. Cason of Clackamas were Thursday afternoon business callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dale L. Fowler.

All this, and—then we're learning the trade of housekeeping, what with washing clothes, scrubbing floors and polishing windows and woodwork.

Then there are always guard duty, KP, and even special work detail.

Talk about rapid promotions—one trainee got back from the laundry a shirt with the chevrons of a technician fifth grade.

In the reissue of clothing, some men get shirts once worn by a non-commissioned officer. The rest of us wonder sometimes if the new owner was "busted" from his grade.

Things that never cease to amaze us: How Private Grumbo, across the aisle in our barracks, always has a mop and bucket ready to go to work when the lights go on and we open our eyes.

La Guardia In Alaska

JUNEAU, Alaska, July 10—(AP) The international group headed by Mayor Fiorella LaGuardia of New York, including six American members and six Canadian members of the permanent joint board of defense and the joint service committee for the Pacific coast, left Juneau Thursday for interior points.

The group will return by airplane over the Alaska military highway route to Edmonton and Ottawa. Their July session is being held during the trip.

Copper Mine Strike Ends

BINGHAM CANYON, Utah, July 10—(AP) Striking members of a railway conductors' union Thursday night voted to return to work immediately, thereby ending a production tieup at the Utah Copper company mines, the nation's largest producer of the war vital metal.

Pro Grid Travel Cut 37 per Cent

WASHINGTON, July 9—(AP) The office of defense transportation estimated Friday that professional football teams, by revising their schedules and limiting the number of players traveling with each team, will cut their train travel during the 1943 playing season by 700,000 passenger miles, a reduction of 37 per cent from 1942.

The pro teams have agreed to use coach accommodations whenever possible during the 1943 season.

'Black Box' Sighting Device Gives Forts Fire Superiority

A US BOMBER STATION IN ENGLAND—(AP) The secrets of the superiority of the Flying Fortress over Nazi fighters and the remarkable "black box" sighting device which helps US gunners take a big toll of the enemy were made public Thursday for the first time.

The device—a Sperry automatic computing sight—automatically compensates for variables in aiming, like bullet drop and deflection (backward sweep of bullet from speeding plane) and the distance of the target.

The gunner, instead of sighting along his barrel, looks into a peephole in his sighting machine, which resembles an over-size news camera.

Bracketing the image of his target—the enemy plane—in the viewfinder are two vertical lines—"light gates."

The gunner can make necessary adjustments with thumb-screws in a second or two. The machine, which is set in advance for the width of German planes and the average deflection of the swing of the turret, both horizontally and vertically, instantly "adds" in adjustments and reflects the answer by the moving of the two white "gate" lines closer together or farther apart.

When the lines touch the wing tips of the enemy plane in the image the gunner knows that if he presses his trigger he will hit the plane.

The top and ball turrets are the two busiest pairs of the ship's dozen guns, since they cover a complete circle.

Fortresses have a fundamental advantage over fighters in a shooting duel, group operations officer Major Robert C. Williams of Flint, Mich., said in that fighter pilots, having fixed guns, have to aim the whole plane, which is not effective at much closer than 400 yards.

The swinging Fortress guns, however, are effective at six to 800 yards so that the bombers can get in their lethal bursts ahead of the enemy, the officer said.

Up to a couple of weeks ago, Williams added, 70 to 75 per cent of the recent German fighter attacks were from the front. Against this the Americans had been "stacking" another group of bombers below and slightly back of the leading formation, he explained.

Thus, when the Germans zoomed in head-on, fired and rolled over quickly and then plunged downward to escape the lead group's guns, they fell right into the range of the lower group.

Yanks Nip Great Lakes

GREAT LAKES, Ill., July 9—(AP) The New York Yankees defeated the Great Lakes Bluejackets 8 to 6 Friday. It was the sailors' fourth loss in nine games against major league competition and their sixth defeat in 33 contests this season.

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