

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## Italians Aren't Fools

German units established themselves in great numbers in Sicily, Sardinia and Calabria . . . they were so numerous that everyone suspected an ulterior reason—to be on the spot to quash any Italian movement to break away from the axis. At first the Italian population was inclined to welcome them and to make an effort to get along with them. But soon their Teutonic unyieldingness and their methodical requisitioning of everything they needed aroused great antagonism . . . A Swiss friend of ours who lived in Sicily told us that the German fliers there pulled up vineyard stakes and fence palings whenever they wanted to make fires for cooking. This was particularly serious in Sicily, where wood was scarce and expensive. "I am sure the Sicilians would welcome any invasion which would get rid of the Germans," he said. "They hate them."

One thing that we (a group of American correspondents released from internment in Italy) did all agree on was this: that Italians cordially disliked the Germans and that this dislike was no temporary disagreement arising out of the strain of the present war, but inherent, deep-rooted in the past, when waves of German conquerors periodically swept over the Italian peninsula; and intensified by the dissimilarity of the German and Italian temperaments . . .

Even most of the fascists bitterly resented the way the nazis had moved in and taken control of all of Italy . . . Party leaders already realized that the inability to win decisive victories without German aid was going to weigh against Italy in any division of axis spoils . . . Mussolini himself was reputed to be worried about this aspect of the situation: that Italy would have ruined herself economically and spilled much blood only to have very little reward for her effort in the end, because his armed forces had not been equal to the plans he had conceived for them.

The fact remains that there is a huge Anglo-American fifth column in Italy, many millions strong, a great potential source of aid to us if we can only find a way to use it . . . And these fifth columnists would be willing to work for us if we were to give them help, but they are not going to rise up and risk being killed in a revolt that does not have at least a 75 per cent chance of success . . .

The Italians are an extremely old and disillusioned race which has already lived through every known phase of human development, including triumphs, decadence, and disappointment . . . Now they have turned to and prefer the simple life. They work hard, go to bed early, drink very little, smoke very little, come home for dinner, go to church on Sunday mornings, and take a stroll in the park on Sunday afternoons . . . But because Italians prefer the simple life does not mean they are simple-minded. On the contrary, they are historically over-sophisticated and ultra-cynical. Fourteen hundred years of living under various conquerors of one race or another has rubbed out much of their idealism. Such fighting words as "liberty" and "democracy" which so stir American blood, leave Italians unmoved. They are inclined to look out first and foremost for their skins and worry about moral principles afterward . . .

Our Italian fifth column will certainly never revolt if they think Russia will have anything whatsoever to do with the occupation. The same is true of the peoples of the smaller countries allied to the axis. It is even true of the Germans themselves. We believe that a second front will never divert a serious number of troops from the Russian front on this account . . . If the Germans ever believe they are hopelessly beaten, they will try to hold the Russian line and let the Americans and English occupy their country. —from "Balcony Empire" by Reynolds and Eleanor Packard.

American and British occupation forces, the dispatches say, have been welcomed with open arms and rejoicing in Sicily. Such an event was forecast, as the reader will have noted, by the Packards in their book written just a year ago. It is enlightening to read that our invaders' welcome there is not, at least for the most part, a reaction of defeatism culminating in the actuality of defeat. On the contrary our forces are welcomed as deliverers.

If the Packards' analysis is correct, a similar welcome awaits us on the Italian mainland—wherever the nazis and fascists are cleared out—and it will be a sincere welcome, though not too profound. To understand their reactions it is necessary to understand the Italians.

They are individualists, who never were enthusiastic about fascism. It was tolerable only because they were a patient people, and little interested in politics. After all, Italy isn't England or America. "There'll always be an England." There never has been an Italy, politically speaking. Something in the form of a nation was created less than a century ago; only yesterday, as history measures time. A notion needs pride; Italy in its brief national existence hasn't accumulated much cause for national pride. American-British invasion doesn't shatter anything Italians hold dear; on the contrary it spells—as our chief spokesmen's messages have truthfully stated—deliverance. Let's not scorn the Italians if they are smart enough to recognize it.

## Long Fingers

The fingers of the American air force are long, and now they are reaching out long distances. Monday they reached from a base in the Aleutians to Paramushiro, northerly base in the Jap-owned Kurile islands. They reached a thousand miles from southwest bases to bomb Macassar in the Dutch East Indies. It is as though the operations were from the fingers of each hand, reaching farther and farther to grip the very throat of Japan. These raids will be followed up by more planes with greater weight of explosives. The fingers through the air will creep down southeast Asia, until they join in doing havoc to the home islands of Japan.

Vice Admiral Horne says the navy is preparing for a six-year war against Japan. It may take that long; but it would seem when we can throw all our naval and air weight into the Pacific war the end will come more quickly. This raid, from an American land base, on true Japanese territory, even though Paramushiro is 1200 miles from Tokyo, is particularly gratifying as a follow-up of the Doolittle raid on Tokyo in April, 1942. The Japs themselves must see the "moving finger" writing their doom in bomb-traced letters in the sky.

Values are funny things, always changing.

Here a melon (cantaloupe) is worth nearly two packs of cigarettes (20 to the pack). In Sicily the rate of exchange between American soldiers is one melon for one cigarette. That shows how long it has been between smokes for the Sicilians.

## World in Review

By MAJ. GEN. DAVID PRESCOTT BARROWS, Military authority and former president of the University of California

Editor's Note: Paul Mallon is on vacation. In his absence, Maj. Gen. Barrows' column will appear in this space several times weekly, alternating with other material. Mallon will be "on the job" again August 3.

### Warfare in the Jungle

Our troops in New Guinea and the Solomons are experiencing combat under the trying conditions imposed by the tropical forest. I have had some experience myself with the oppressive and difficult conditions that the prodigious sylvia of the tropics imposes on both life and movement within its dark shadow.

The trees of such a forest are, many of them, of the finest hardwood. They rise to lofty heights with bare trunks or boles, and only a hundred feet above the ground do they break out with branches and foliage which so intertwine that they form a lofty, dark umbrella that adds to the gloom. Beneath these tall trees, and forming a distinct mass of vegetation, is the veritable jungle; it entangles the soil with an impenetrable and hostile cover of forbidding vegetation.

Everywhere that I have seen this tropical forest it impresses me with its uniformity. I have traversed it in Malaysia, in Central America, and in Africa where it is a belt 150 to 200 miles wide that encircles the Gulf of Guinea and finally merges with the forest of the Congo. In South America the enormous forest of the Amazon divides that continent far more completely than do the lofty ranges of the Andes mountains.

If no trails exist through this tropical forest, the stony bed of a rushing stream, pouring down a valley to the sea, is the only traversable way. One splashes, slips and clambers up this stream bed, with vines and prickly lianas, frequently tangling with his head and body, and progress is slow. With energy and good fortune, one may make a dubious mile an hour. Where man has to traverse the jungle, he slashes a rude footpath, but this may be so hidden, winding and obscure that it can be followed only with help of a native guide.

In the deep jungle there is almost no life of any kind. I have pushed through it for days at a time and seen not a living thing; not an insect, nor a rodent, nor even a reptile. The python, one of the greatest of snakes, is found in the jungles of the eastern archipelago, but I think only where he can find his food, which seems to be the wild pig and the deer. In the jungle where such prey lives, the python grows to extraordinary size. He has no poison sac but he has fangs with which he seizes the victim as he encircles his coils. I know of one instance where a python struck and badly lacerated a man's shoulder before it was killed.

While this great snake is indigenous in the eastern archipelago, I am not informed as to its precise range. If the python is to be found in the forests of New Guinea and the Solomon islands, we may expect to hear some remarkable snake stories when our boys come home.

There are few flowers in the tropical forest. Occasionally rare and beautiful orchids may lighten the uniform mass of green with soft colors and rare shapes that delight the eye. But while common in some spots, one may go days without seeing orchids or any other flowers.

The soil in the tropical forest is uniformly moist. It steams. The atmosphere is not only hot and humid, but there is almost no circulation of air. Even the winds do not seem to send their breath through the indescribable wind-break of the forest itself.

The tropical forest is a quiet cover. It is singularly and depressingly still. Only the luxuriant vegetation which blocks one's every movement, and which spreads irresistably and flourishes amazingly by reason of the warmth and dampness, saves one from the impression that nature is not only silent, but sleeping.

What can be said for the human inhabitants of the tropical forest? The real jungle has almost no human denizens. But along stream banks or in spots where the forest thins out, and one can see the sky, or where man has made uncertain and temporary conquests over it, there may be human life. On the whole, dwellers in the tropical forest are very few, and they are always primitive and very lowly. Such are the sparsely scattered Indians of the forests of the Amazon. Where the forest is dominant men leave it largely alone.

If there are adjacent islets, more open and more salubrious, even though they be small, man makes his home on these. Thus the great island of New Guinea, a thousand miles long, the first island in size of the whole world, if we except Greenland, possesses a very small population in proportion to its great size.

Contrasted to New Guinea where the Australian soldiers and our own have been battling the jungle as well as the Japanese, and found maneuver impossible and movement very slow, arduous and dangerous, the small islands of the Trobriand group to the east of Papua, are thickly inhabited by an interesting race of Melanesians. Correspondents who accompanied our soldiers who have just landed on these islands speak of the delight felt by veterans of New Guinea jungles in the open park-like woods and luxuriant, cultivated fields of this small paradise.

This may seem a dark picture that I have given of the tropical forest. It is gloomy. Twilight and darkness envelop it, but it is the tropical forest as I have experienced it, and knowing the difficulties of movement and of sustaining life in a green, dripping wilderness in which there is practically no food, memories give me a sense of the physical conditions under which our own men have been battling the Japanese. These conditions in large part prevailed through the Owen Stanley mountains, from Moresby across to Buna, where the Japanese attempt to attack failed.

I have it from an officer who has recently visited this wild country, that when the Australians pushed over the crest of this high mountain range, the Japanese resistance had already ended. They found the dead and dying stragglers of the Japanese retreat lying in numbers along the trail. Many of them had starved. Many others had expired under the hardships of the jungle or succumbed to the diseases that spread through a company of men unskilled in the ways of the forest, susceptible to its contagion, and unable to resist its tormenting obstinacy and its dread loneliness and hostility.



'The Mountain Comes to Mussolini'

## Today's Radio Programs

KSLM-WEDNESDAY-1330 Kc.

- 7:30-Rise 'n' Shine
- 7:30-Morning Moods
- 8:00-Cherry City News
- 8:30-Tango Time
- 8:30-Tango Time
- 9:00-Pratt's Hall
- 9:15-Uncle Sam
- 9:30-Popular Music
- 10:00-News
- 10:05-A Song and a Dance
- 10:30-Natlie
- 11:00-News
- 11:05-Music
- 11:30-Hits of Yesteryear
- 12:00-Concert
- 12:15-News
- 12:30-Hillbilly Serenade
- 12:35-Matinee
- 1:30-Orchestra
- 2:00-Mal Ballet's Orchestra
- 2:30-Milady's Melodies
- 2:45-Spotlight on Rhythm
- 3:00-Isle of Paradise
- 3:15-15 Minutes
- 3:30-News
- 3:45-Broadway Band Wagon
- 3:50-KSLM Concert Hour
- 4:30-The Aristocrats
- 4:45-News
- 5:00-Feature Tunes
- 5:00-Felipe Gil & Jose Navarro
- 5:15-Let's Serenade
- 5:30-News
- 5:30-Tonight's Headlines
- 5:45-War News Commentary
- 6:00-Evening Serenade
- 6:45-Popular Music
- 7:00-News
- 7:05-Jay Burnette
- 7:30-Keystone Karavan
- 7:45-This Is Your Business
- 8:00-War Fronts in Review
- 8:15-Interlude
- 8:30-Hollywood
- 8:30-Music
- 8:45-Treasure Star Parade
- 9:00-News
- 9:15-Old Timers
- 9:30-South American Salute
- 10:00-Parade
- 10:30-News

KALE-MBS-WEDNESDAY-1330 Kc.

- 6:45-Uncle Sam
- 7:00-News
- 7:15-Texas Rangers
- 7:30-Memory Timekeeper
- 8:00-Shady Valley Folks
- 8:30-News

Next day's programs appear on comics page.

- 8:45-What's New
- 9:00-Boake Carter
- 9:15-The Woman's Side of the News
- 9:30-Coast Guard Band
- 10:00-News
- 10:05-Mardian's Friend
- 10:30-This and That
- 11:00-Buyer's Parade
- 11:15-Bill Hay Reads the Bible
- 11:30-Concert Gems
- 11:45-Rose Room
- 12:00-Concert
- 12:30-News
- 12:45-On the Farm Front
- 1:30-News
- 1:45-Music
- 2:00-Sheelah Carter
- 2:15-Texas Rangers
- 2:30-All Star Dance Parade
- 2:45-Wartime Women
- 3:00-Phillip Keyne-Gordon
- 3:15-Johnson Family
- 3:30-Overcast Report
- 3:45-Stars of Today
- 4:00-Fulton Lewis
- 4:30-Ray Henke
- 4:45-Ide of Dreams
- 5:00-Music
- 5:15-Superman
- 5:30-Black Hood
- 5:45-Norman Nesbitt
- 6:00-Gabriel Heatter
- 6:15-News
- 6:30-Soldiers With Wings
- 7:00-John B. Hughes
- 7:15-Movie Parade
- 7:30-Lone Ranger
- 8:00-Take A Card
- 8:30-Sherlock Holmes
- 9:00-News
- 9:15-Today's Top Tunes
- 9:30-General Barrows
- 9:45-Ray Henke
- 10:00-Merry PH
- 10:15-Treasure Star Parade
- 10:30-News
- 10:45-Music
- 11:00-News
- 11:30-Music

KEX-WN-WEDNESDAY-1130 Kc.

- 6:30-We're Up Toe

KOIN-CBS-WEDNESDAY-670 Kc.

- 6:00-Northwest Farm Reporter
- 6:15-Breakfast Bulletin
- 6:30-Blue Follies
- 6:45-KOIN Clock
- 7:15-News
- 7:30-Comedian News
- 7:45-Valiant Lady
- 8:00-Romance of Helen Trent
- 8:15-Big Sister
- 8:30-Cur Gal Sunday
- 8:45-Life Can Be Beautiful
- 9:00-My Favorite
- 9:15-Vic and Sade
- 9:30-Goldberg
- 9:45-Young Dr. Malone
- 10:00-Joyce Jordan
- 10:15-We Love and Learn
- 10:30-News
- 10:45-News
- 11:00-William Winter, News
- 11:15-Bachelor's Children
- 11:30-Home Front Reporter
- 11:45-News
- 12:00-Newspaper of the Air
- 12:15-This Life is Mine
- 12:30-Fred Waring in Flames Burning
- 12:45-News
- 1:00-Today at the Ducan's
- 1:15-News
- 1:30-World Today
- 1:45-Raffles
- 2:00-Sam Hayes
- 2:15-Your Home Town News
- 2:30-Tracer of Lost Persons
- 2:45-Aunt Jenny
- 3:00-Mother and Dad
- 3:15-Harry Flannery
- 3:30-News
- 3:45-Winner Takes All
- 4:00-Jack Carson
- 4:15-Great Moments in Music
- 4:30-Timber
- 4:45-Love's a Mystery
- 5:00-Hazel James Orchestra
- 5:15-Dr. Christian
- 5:30-News
- 5:45-Sammy Kaye Orchestra
- 6:00-Northwest Neighbors
- 6:15-Five Star Final
- 6:30-Warline Women
- 6:45-Air-File of the Air
- 7:00-News
- 7:15-Music
- 7:30-Manny Strand Orchestra
- 7:45-News
- 8:00-Midnight to 6 a.m.—Music and News

KGW-NBC-WEDNESDAY-430 Kc.

- 4:00-Dawn Patrol
- 4:15-Labor News
- 4:30-Everything Goes
- 4:45-News Parade
- 5:00-Labor News
- 5:15-News
- 5:30-News
- 5:45-Stars of Today
- 6:00-James Abbe Covers the News
- 6:15-David Harum
- 6:30-The Open Door
- 6:45-Larry M. Brown
- 7:00-Mirth and Madness
- 7:15-Music
- 7:30-Come With the News
- 7:45-The Gallant Heart
- 8:00-For You Today
- 8:15-My World of the World
- 8:30-Lonely Women
- 8:45-The Guiding Light
- 9:00-Prayer of St. Churcho
- 9:15-Story of Mary Martin
- 9:30-Ma Perkins
- 9:45-Young's Family
- 10:00-Right to Happiness
- 10:15-Best of the Best
- 10:30-Melba
- 10:45-Lorenza Jones
- 11:00-Young and the Browns
- 11:15-Portia Faces Life
- 11:30-Young and the Browns
- 11:45-Front Page Farrell
- 12:00-Head of Lito
- 12:15-Vic and Sade
- 12:30-Music
- 12:45-Judy and Jane
- 1:00-Dr. Edison
- 1:15-News of the World
- 1:30-Caribbean Nights
- 1:45-Dr. V. Kallenberg
- 2:00-The Variety Hour

## Death Goes Native

By MAX LONG

Chapter 3 Continued

"Nice, eh?" Budd queried with satisfaction.

I agreed with enthusiasm, and added, "It must be the seepage from this pool that wets the sand where I beached my dinghy."

Turning to verify that, I saw that the beach was completely hid by the bay and my sampans. Coming down the slope toward us was Joseph West and a lean young man with powerful shoulders, dressed like himself for swimming. This, I learned was her husband, Thornton West.

"We've been on the beach looking at your sampans," he told me. "Trim little boat. I had one once. That tackle and boom are for lowering your dinghy, I presume."

"Yes. I leave it rigged over the side as a mooring post for the dinghy—so my new blue paint won't get rubbed."

I don't remember all our chatter, but I am trying to set down things which had a bearing on later developments. I admired Thornton West for his splendid physique. He had a handsome face, too, deeply tanned, a mass of fair hair and keen blue eyes, and a cleft in his chin which somehow only added strength to his features. But there were lines of worry or concentration in his face which didn't seem to belong to a completely relaxed colonist. He was a fine complement, though, to the dusky beautiful girl who was his wife. That was what made the next encounter so puzzling.

Josephine turned away from us to call out gainly, "Hi, Fam-out!" and I saw another man approaching from the direction of the houses. A big man, as tall as Thornton West but not so well set up. There was a flash-brightness about this one, a paunch (though I am a poor one to speak of paunches, however thin I am otherwise) and he had a dark, heavy-jowled, self-indulgent face.

"Hi, Beautiful!" he came back at Josephine, and I recognized his voice as that of the man in the Delmar house. As he came up he put his arm familiarly about her shoulders. Josephine smiled provocatively up at him. Her husband threw her a sharp, irritated glance and turned instantly to talk to Budd. I sensed a little intrigue going on and rather wondered at it. Thornton was so much the more attractive of the two men.

Delmar, keeping his arm about Josephine, announced, "The play's finished to the very last word."

The loungers on the sand did not cheer. I guessed that they were bored with the subject. But they were not allowed to ignore it, for Mrs. Delmar came hurrying up and began talking about it, paying no manner of attention to Delmar and Josephine.

"It's really better," she said, sinking down beside Budd, "than 'Gray Magic.'"

Budd said, "I'm glad you think it's good, Bessie. You've worked so long and so desperately to make another success."

Her round face sagged suddenly. "It's been awful—but Bronson finally came up to the scratch!"

"What's the theme of this one, Mrs. Delmar?" I asked for the sake of politeness, certainly with no particular interest.

Her lips stretched again in that smile that was not a smile, and the others laughed. Turva said accusingly, "They won't tell

5:30 Commentator.  
5:45-Louis F. Lochner.  
5:55-A Date with Judy.  
6:00-Mr. District Attorney  
6:05-Kay Kyser's Kollege  
6:10-Fred Waring in Pleasure Time  
6:15-Fleetwood Lawton  
6:20-Tommy Dorsey Orchestra  
6:25-Peppermint  
6:30-Scramble Amby.  
6:35-News Flashback  
6:40-Your Home Town News  
6:45-Labor News  
6:50-Gardening for Food  
6:55-H. V. Kallenberg  
7:00-Uncle Sam  
7:05-Biltmore Hotel Orchestra  
7:10-War News Roundup  
7:15-Swing Shift

KOAC-WEDNESDAY-230 Kc.  
10:00-News  
10:15-The Homemakers' Hour.  
10:20-Music of the Masters.  
10:30-News  
10:45-News Farm Hour  
10:50-Artists in Recital.  
11:00-Red Cross.  
11:05-Memory Book of Music  
11:10-Romance.  
11:15-Concert Hall.  
11:20-Book of the Week.  
11:25-Plantation Revival  
11:30-Stories for Boys and Girls  
11:35-Swinging Down the Lane.  
11:40-Evening Vespers  
11:45-It's Oregon War  
11:50-Evening Farm Hour  
7:30-Music  
7:45-Sports  
8:00-Music.  
8:20-News.  
9:45-Uncle Sam

any of us. I think they're afraid we'll steal the idea."

Mrs. Delmar shook her bristled head. "Say what you will, it's bad luck to tell your story before it's down on paper. Any writer will tell you that!"

Chapter Four

Herb sat up purposefully. "There come Doc and his folks—now we can get down to a good hard swim."

I saw a lank youngish man and an elderly woman approaching and asked, "Do you mean to say you have a medico here?"

Budd said, "It wouldn't be safe not to have," and Thornton West added, "Great piece of luck to have Latham—he's here for the health of a member of his family."

The doctor had on a bathing suit, but the gray-haired woman—who turned out to be his mother—was evidently taking no orders from Herb: she was dressed in a comfortable blue house dress and wore not only sensible shoes, but stockings. They were a pleasant-looking pair—though, like the others, they both looked me over pretty sharply. Dr. Latham had a homely face with a rugged kind of strength as well as a certain sadness in it, and a loom-lined way of moving which was quick but awkward. His mother was a sturdy type—there was apparently nothing the matter with her health—and she looked dependable in an old-fashioned way, like farm women I had known in my childhood. She said with a smile that took away any sting in the words:

"So you're lazier, too, Mr. Hoyt? My, I'd rather be busy, even if it was getting up my own coal from the cellar!" She looked severely at Herb. "Don't take my exercise any set hour—nor to the bang of a drum, either."

Herb waved a plump apologetic hand and said plaintively, "It was just an idea," and Mrs. Latham laughed and sat down beside him in the sand.

(To be continued)



(Continued from Page 1)

operators stepping up and taking their place.

"I've barely touched the whole picture—remember these are just some of the minor hardships, and yet—it's absolutely unbelievable—unbelievable—we haven't found it necessary to have a sick call for four months. I have yet to hear a whole-hearted intentional beef from an officer or man in the outfit. Their whole philosophy of life seems to be, 'We do what we have to do. We're all in the same boat, so what the hell!' You never saw such a happy-go-lucky, laughing, joking, determined to-do-the-job-or-die (and I do mean die) bunch of men in your life. So if 'Joos' around your outfit start crying because the pork chops are only done on one side you might ask them polite-like, how many times they've been blown out from under their mess kits by a German 105 m.m. shell during the last week. Yup, sure strange how a few bombs landing in your soup will change your ideas of what's rough and what's just everyday life."

Similar reports have come out of the South Pacific, descriptive of the jungle fighting our men have engaged in.

Do I need "to point a moral or adorn a tale?" How trivial and utterly inconsequential have been the sacrifices we home-fronters have been called on to make, in the face of what the men in North Africa or on Guadalcanal or on Attu have endured? No beef roars today?

No silk or nylon hosiery? Another government form to fill out? A flat tire? A price ceiling on wages or products? A crowded stage or train? No lunch in the diner? Only three pairs of shoes a year? Taxes to pay and bonds to buy? Hard to get help in kitchen or factory?

Brother, sister, forget it. Get down on your knees and thank God for your good fortune that you still live in a land of plenty, of comfort, defended by men as tough and courageous as the men of the armed services of the USA.

Matched Bridal Ensembles of rare beauty—in the charm and color of nature's gold and silver—gold and platinum . . . encrusted with magnificent blue white diamonds selected from the world's finest collections.

STEVENS & SON  
Salem, Oregon  
Manufacturers Jewelers