

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe" From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO. CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor and Publisher

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Closed Meetings

Eugene Allen, who campaigned for the Portland school board on a platform of open board meetings, introduced the resolution, which the board adopted, providing for closed meetings when the board considers the election of a city superintendent.

The papers are wrong. They are making a fetish of "open covenants openly arrived at." On matters as intimate as personalities of candidates the board members will not speak freely if reporters are on hand to set down every word.

When the board meets privately the whole field can be canvassed and members can speak their minds freely. The interchange of opinion is more natural, and hence more healthy.

All of Oregon has an interest in the choice of the Portland school board, because the city superintendent of Portland becomes, by virtue of his position, one of the leaders in education th the state.

There is not a farm community of any size which George Hyslop did not know, and no group of Oregon farmers, scarcely, who did not know him and depend on his advice.

Peace Brokers

There is buzzing at every corner grocery—or shall we say bazaar?—in the neutral Mediterranean world. Ankara, Istanbul, Madrid, Spanish Morocco become listening posts and trading posts; to say nothing of Berne and Zurich.

Volunteer negotiators and cafe gossips buzz with a fresh air of importance or mask their faces in a disguise of self-importance.

We are suspicious of all the go-betweens and in-betweeners. Too often they serve themselves as they seek to serve the principals, one or both.

The foreign section of OWI failed to shift gears fast enough, so Pres. Roosevelt gives it a rap for referring to the king of Italy as a "moronic little king."

The state highway commission suspended for ten days the log-hauling permits of 12 truckers who were guilty of overloading.

Sicilian wine, says the guidebook issued to the invading Yanks, is more potent than it seems to the taste, and goes to the head and the feet.

Doris Duke Cromwell, richest woman in the world, has gone to Reno "to see the scenery and enjoy the sunshine," she says.

This country ought to have the best government in the world—it has the most people in the business of telling officials how it ought to be run.

The radio announcers make Orel sound a little like orle; but the Russians are making it sound like the word it ought to rhyme with.

Best crack on final Hitler-Mussolini meeting: "Heil and Farewell."

George R. Hyslop

The fact that the angel of death overlook George R. Hyslop when he was out in the state working for Oregon agriculture will occasion no surprise. For George Hyslop has been doing just that since he came to Oregon in 1908, a young man to become instructor in agronomy at Oregon State college.

What a change there is in Oregon farm cropping from 1908 when the chief emphasis was on grain and hay with fruit and hops as specialty crops; or even with conditions 15 years ago.

In some way a memorial to George Hyslop should be established, preserving the name and fame of one who quietly yet efficiently labored to help Oregon agriculture.

The raid on Wake island was just enough to wake up the Japs now in possession. We hope it will not be long until our navy puts them to sleep for good.

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

A PLANNING LIST

Speaking again of planning we call attention to a check-list for post-war planners prepared by Fred A. Cuthbert. Mr. Cuthbert was formerly a member of the faculty of the University of Oregon and planning consultant for the league of Oregon cities.

1. Land Planning

- a. Parks and parkways. b. Replanting unbuild land and blighted areas into neighborhoods for better living. c. Centralized parking.

- d. Airport development. e. New streets, arterials, by-passes.

2. Public Building Planning

- a. City hall. b. Fire stations. c. Police stations. d. Library. e. Auditorium. f. Schools. g. Community buildings. h. Jail.

3. Commercial Development

- a. Transportation terminal facilities. b. Hotels. c. Amusement centers. d. Hospitals. e. Store groupings and market centers.

4. Industrial Development—Required Research

- a. Locality resources: climatic, agricultural, timber, mineral, power. b. Transportation facilities—traffic studies. c. Potential labor supply. d. Housing facilities.

5. Civic Beauty

- a. Civic ornament. b. Street tree plantings. c. Clean-up, paint-up. d. Street lighting. e. Removal of poles and signs.

6. Public Utilities and Facilities—Extensions and Improvements

- a. Transportation facilities. b. Light, power and heat. c. Water supply. d. Sewer system. e. Sewage and garbage disposal.

7. General Improvements and Repair

- a. Sidewalks. b. Street paving. c. Recreation equipment. d. Street grading and drainage. e. Street widening. f. Street intersection improvements.

8. City Planning and Zoning

- a. Preparation or restudy of master plan. b. Preparation or restudy of zoning ordinance. c. Preparation or restudy of building code. d. Consideration of urban, rural fringe problems.

9. Study and detailed plans for parks, school grounds, street improvements, and parking facilities.

10. Budget Planning

- a. Estimates of costs of future developments and repair. b. Methods of financing plans and developments and repair. c. Budgeting of funds for planning and proposed projects.

The list is an extensive one. In it, we believe, virtually every project that a city might undertake in a program of municipal improvement is to be found. If the compilation has a fault it is in the inclusion of projects that should be undertaken by private enterprise and the failure to develop a better classification of projects as between construction and study.

We recommend a study of the list by everybody interested in the progress of this community.—Bend Bulletin.

Allies' Progress In Sicily Is Rapid



From beachheads established July 10 on the southern coast of Italy, Allied Nations troops have advanced rapidly until they control all but the northeastern tip of the island. The front line (broken) is traced as of July 25; it has been pushed back further since that date.—AP Teletext.

Today's Radio Programs

Table listing radio programs for KSLM-THURSDAY-1290 Ks., KEX-BN-THURSDAY-1190 Ks., KOIN-CBS-THURSDAY-600 Ks., KALE-NBS-THURSDAY-1230 Ks., and KOAC-THURSDAY-330 Ks. with program titles and times.

Interpreting The War News

By KIRKE L. SIMPSON AP War Analyst for The Statesman

An Italy completely purged of fascism and on its way back to "constitutional normalcy" but with its ties with Nazi Germany as yet unbroken, was pictured to the world yesterday in Rome broadcasts.

Not only has the author of fascism, Benito Mussolini, gone down, unwept, unhonored and unsung, but the whole one-party, totalitarian structure he reared has been dissolved by Premier Marshal Pietro Badoglio and his council of ministers within three days of Il Duce's fall.

General Montgomery's powerful British Eighth army, held up for days south of Catania, is deliberately marking time. It is pinning powerful and highly mobile axis armored forces to that flank by patrol operations, while Patton's lunging American Seventh army storms down the north coast route to a like mission and the American and Canadian troops in the vital center move up to deliver knockout blows.

At the rate American forces have been pushing forward both along the coast and the inshore Termini-Nicosia lateral, the final test cannot be long delayed and the fate of all axis forces rallied along the inshore slopes of Mount Etna must soon be decided.

Unless German forces are far more numerous in Sicily than indicated from any source, their plight seems desperate. Their Italian allies are far from dependable, and rumors of German withdrawals on the Italian mainland to form behind the Po river in the far north, giving up the whole Italian "boot," if true, would leave Nazi elements in Sicily doomed to sacrifice in any case.

With American capture of Cefalu, officially confirmed, General Patton's fast-moving army is already cracking at the gates of S. Stefano Di Camastra, a vital communications junction of axis defense lines.

Death Goes Native

By MAX LONG

Chapter 3, Continued "Certainly." He came toward me. "Excuse me, please, Turva."

I almost despaired of her feminine curiosity, but I had my hand on Budd's arm, fairly pulling him away. After a few steps I blurted out in a whisper: "Delmar—Delmar is out on my boat—dead!"

"My Lord, yes! I even got down in my ice locker where he'd been dumped, to make sure. He was stabbed to death. Murdered, I tell you!" he re- monstrated, "that can't be. Not here!"

"Come and see for yourself." I pulled him on down the path. "He must have gone out to my sampan while I was at the West's. He rumpled in my cabin and stole my whiskey. Somebody followed him and stabbed him from behind and threw him into my ice locker."

"Stabbed?" Budd asked, still in an unbelieving tone. "With a knife?"

"No, a fish spear—"I stopped, realizing too late that I had made a bad break, since I had removed the spear.

"Yes?" he questioned, bringing his face closer to mine. "A spear in his back?"

"We-ell," I temporized, "the hole had four edges. It looked as if it might have been made by a fish spear—one with four cutting flanges."

"I see," he said, with something like relief in his voice. "Mr. Hoyt, I can smell the liquor on your breath. That explains everything."

"What do you mean?" "I'm not against drinking, mind you," he said leniently. "But on top of that blow on the head, I don't think it was wise."

"Are—are you saying I d-did it?" I stammered, quick anger tripping my tongue.

"No, no, my friend. I think you've been seeing things, that's all. But I'll be glad to go out with you."

"We had arrived at my dinghy. I said emphatically, 'I want you to get him off my boat as soon as possible.'

"Yes, of course—" "Look there!" I whispered hoarsely. I was pointing a shaking finger at the shadowy outline of a canoe just leaving the side of my sampan.

"Try not to get excited, Mr. Hoyt," he advised. "We'll soon see who it is. Look, he's heading directly in here."

While we waited, motionless, something happened which Mr. Budd could not charge to my alleged drinking or excitability. A

long-drawn groan came from one of the beached canoes near by.

"Good Lord!" Budd started up but I yanked him back. "He's tried to kill someone else," I said grimly. "Don't make a racket now—we've got to find out who's in that canoe!"

"I'd better see," he insisted, getting to his feet in spite of me and taking a step or two. Then suddenly he was crouching beside me again, clutching my shoulder. "Listen!" he whispered.

From behind us in the palm grove came an ominous sound in the darkness. Someone hiding there had stepped on the dry midrib of a fallen palm frond. It snapped loudly, then there was a long slow rustle of its crackling ribs as the foot was cautiously removed.

There was no time to find out who was moving under the palm trees behind us, or who was groaning somewhere there in the dark, for the small outrigger canoe nosed in and bumped the sand almost in front of us. Budd wrenched his arm from my grasp and rose.

(To be continued)

Advertisement for Stevens & Son with the text 'Remember! Sept. 16 Final Mailing Date for Overseas Christmas Gifts' and a logo featuring diamonds.

Graphic advertisement with the text 'IT SEEMS TO ME' and '(Continued from Page 1)'