

The Oregon Statesman

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

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Monopoly, Post-War

The success of business in the post-war world will depend in considerable measure, not only on the willingness of business men to adventure, but on the protection provided the small enterpriser against suppression by the larger industrial units.

Policing in this field has been done by the department of justice in enforcing the anti-trust act. Tom C. Clark, who succeeded Thurman Arnold as assistant attorney general charged with this enforcement, in an address before the American Business congress some weeks ago discussed this theme with considerable clarity.

"After the war the enormous industrial plants created for war production must be converted to peacetime production. The danger America faces is that these plants will not be in competition and that general access to raw materials and market upon which depends the peace and prosperity of the peoples of the world will be controlled by a small group which will set up its own trade barriers by private agreements—commonly known as cartels.

Branch Railroad

The retention of the branch line of railroad from Biggs junction to Kent in Sherman county will cause considerable gratification in that county, where news of the intention of the Union Pacific to abandon the line, a year and a half ago, gave the people quite a shock.

The road taps an important wheat-shipping section, but with the increased use of trucks and boats the railroad thought it could discontinue the branch. Local interests rallied, appealed to the interstate commerce commission, to the state public utilities commissioner and to the Oregon congressional delegation.

Hearings were held many months ago, and the final decision of the interstate commerce commission, announced last week, denies the application to pull up the rails for the 56 miles from Biggs to Kent, but permits abandonment of the section above Kent to Shankio, 13 miles, which met with no serious local objection.

In the distribution of credit for saving the road, John H. Carkin, of the state public utilities office, in charge of the railroad department, should receive honorable mention. He argued for preservation of this railroad as an important public utility in that section. This is only one instance of very effective work Mr. Carkin has done for rail shippers, particularly in the eastern-Oregon territory.

For footnote we might add, that, with the rail abandonment denied, the grain and stockmen and merchants of Sherman county should make use of the railroad for their freight hauling, and not just for taxation purposes.

Biotin

The price for gold is \$35 an ounce; for radium \$21,500 a grain. Putting these precious metals in the shade for value is biotin, a vitamin which costs five million dollars an ounce. It is a new discovery in the mysterious field of bio-chemistry, the study of what makes the 98c worth of chemical in the body "click" and be "alive."

Biotin is now being produced synthetically, but only in very minute quantities. It is also being used some in the treatment of disease, though sparingly because of ignorance of its potentialities. Biotin is said to be of value as a cure for malaria, and to have some relation to cancer. It does not have the effectiveness of the new drug penicillin, which is obtained from molds and is used in place of the sulfa drugs in some streptococcal infections.

Just as the physicists keep subdividing matter into smaller units—molecule, atom, electron, proton, neutron; so the biochemist is probing deeper into the mysteries of organisms. He knows that proteins, enzymes, vitamins perform important and sometimes queer tricks in the protoplasm; and out of this knowledge devises new treatments to prolong life and to make the functioning of life more comfortable.

Biotin is just one of the strange combinations not fully understood.

Another Petain Marshal Badoglio turns out to be another General Petain. Just as the welfare of the million French soldiers prisoners in Germany influenced Petain to make concessions to Hitler until his whole position was compromised, so Badoglio, evidently concerned to get his Italian soldiers and workers home and the German soldiers out of Italy, temporizes; and in doing so spells the doom of Italy.

For General Eisenhower will not temporize. He is eager to press for a decision with the arch-enemy, Hitler. If Italy yields to Hitler's flattery or threats, then Italy will be crushed when the forces come to grips. In this business there is no room for a Kerensky, a middle-of-the-roader.

The danger to Italy lies not alone in military action, the bombing of cities and the laying waste of the country, but in internal chaos. The people are clamoring for peace. Collisions are reported between Italians and Germans, in North Italy and in Crete. People are streaming out of the cities in deathly fear of allied planes. The failure of Badoglio to make a clear pronouncement for peace is apt to weaken his authority so that he soon may pass as head of the government.

In neglecting to make an unconditional surrender he invites for himself and his country unconditional collapse.

Through Ash Hollow

After crossing the South Platte the first covered wagon baby put in an appearance, a blue-eyed baby girl born to Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Stewart. Luckily for mother and infant Dr. Marcus Whitman was with the party and his expert care was most welcome.

Their route led through Ash Hollow, a famous spot in western history, where several fights with the Indians took place. Sioux Indians had lookout stations in caves near the camp-ground from which they would emerge to attack single wagons or small weak parties. Ash Hollow is about two hundred yards wide and about three miles long with high walls on every side. While camped in the hollow a second covered wagon baby arrived on July 8. Mary it was named by its proud parents, Mrs. and Mr. John B. Pennington. All the world loves a baby, so the coming of two youngsters within a week had a soothing influence upon the ruffled tempers of some of the travelers.

The tenderest parts of the buffalo, the tongue and rump, were preserved for the mothers of the new arrivals. But neither births nor deaths could stop the wagons for long. The constant order was—keep moving.

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

RETURN TO NORMALCY A British journalist, after a tour of the US and noting contrast between conditions in this country and the England of the blitz, had this to say: "Because the physical impact of the war is so gentle, people here do not find it easy...to realize...that what they call 'normalcy' has gone forever from the world...Peace is being sold as a commodity just like electricity or fountain pens or perfume.

Part of what this British writer says is certainly true. But we also note here a Dr. R. A. Butler, president of England's board of education, recently told the house of commons of a proposed new school program for England. It embodies many revolutionary ideas, and in many ways lifts British educational practices to the high general level of American free public education at all levels. The British people have also been presented with the Beveridge plan for social security—a program which in some details is more comprehensive than our own, but which also recognizes a national obligation for some form of social legislation bearing upon security.

No one claims that in the social and economic organization of the United States and Britain, one is entirely superior to the other. Certainly there is much to be said for both, and much borrowing could be done. But the point is that in many ways, a concept of "normalcy" in England is fixed upon practices and ideas which before the war were far different from our own, both in domestic and international policies. Thus it may be easier to say, of the British, that "normalcy" for them "has gone forever from the world" while in this country, a return to that normalcy is not quite so hard to imagine, or too much to hope for.



Polar Bear's Big Brother

Today's Radio Programs

Table listing radio programs for KSLM-TUESDAY-1300 Ks, KEK-SM-TUESDAY-1150 Ks, and KGW-NBC-TUESDAY-630 Ks. Columns include station, time, and program name.

Interpreting The War News

By KIRKE L. SIMPSON AP War Analyst for The Statesman

The first American body-blow at a most critical and now vulnerable axis war nerve—Rumanian oil—has been struck. It fell at long range against the Ploesti oil center to foreshadow what certainly is in store for that vital German war resource once Italian mainland bases are available to allied bombers, cutting the distance to the target in half.

And they soon will be available. War bulletins from Sicily told tonight of the collapse of the axis right flank with the fall of San Stefano and Mistretta to American arms. They told also that the British 8th army at the opposite end of the Etna line is in motion forward again.

American capture of San Stefano definitely turns the axis Etna front in the north. It puts the San Stefano-Nicosia highway in allied hands at both ends, cutting off escape of German or Italian forces deployed through the mountains between.

Evidence of that came promptly with announcement that General George S. Patton's troops had taken 10,000 prisoners at Mistretta, virtually midway on the highway between San Stefano and Nicosia. They were trapped, with no route of escape open eastward as American forces hold both the coastal road and the parallel highway south of the mountains.

breakthrough in the center toward Randazzo and Adreno seems possible. It would unquestionably precipitate an axis retreat under converging allied pressure from the whole Etna bastion into the Messina peninsula proper with conditions foreshadowing ultimate wholesale surrender as happened in Tunisia.

That would place allied troops only a two-mile jump across Messina strait from the toe of the Italian mainland back. Backed by all but unchallenged sea and air control, the invasion of the boot by that or any other route selected would offer no serious obstacle. And with allied bombers based on the heel of the boot, Apuglio, with a 1200-mile round-trip flight of the Rumanian oilfield centers of Ploesti, already blackened and seared by the first mass, low-level American air raid from across the Mediterranean, its fate as a power source for the axis war efforts would be sealed.

The big Liberators of the American 9th air force flew 2400 miles to make that first blasting attack. A prime immediate allied objective necessarily must be closer-up air bases on the Adriatic coast of Italy to renew and sustain the smashing air attack on Rumanian oil that furnishes most of Hitler's high-test aviation gasoline and the bulk of his lubricating oil for his whole war effort.

Major General Lewis H. Brereton at Cairo, commanding the 9th air force, noting that the Ploesti attack was the biggest "low level mass raid in history," also called attention to the extreme strategic importance of the Rumanian oil objective. The raid would "materially affect the course of the war," he said.

Death Goes Native

By MAX LONG

Chapter 10 Continued

I took it with a nod of thanks. Thornton, Budd and the doctor gathered around me and the girls edged into the group.

"You see, there's no glass," Dr. Latham said quietly. "Details like that are often vivid in hallucinations."

They all looked like very kindly people concerned about my supposed brain condition. But one of them might well be the murderer, hiding behind the belief of the others that I had seen nothing. I was tempted to let it go at that, since they seemed satisfied, for I certainly did not want to be mixed up in the murder. My muddling about whether or not a spearhead was in Delmar's back had given me trouble enough.

Furtively I began groping behind me to make sure the spear was in its cleats. "You're feeling better now, aren't you?" Budd asked.

I opened my mouth to make some reply but the words never came. In that second I discovered that my fish spear was gone from the cleats... My head was throbbing wildly. I put my hand to it and found it damp with perspiration.

Dr. Latham took firm hold of my arm, led me down to the cabin and saw me into my bunk. "You'll be all right in the morning," he said kindly. "Don't get up—just go to sleep and get rested. I'll put out the lantern."

I lay in my bunk sweating over that fish spear, until the voices in the canoes grew faint. The murderer must have taken the spear when he came back to get rid of the body and the glass. But why? For evidence? There was only one person in the world against whom that evidence could be used. That was the person whose initials H.B.H. were stamped on the shell of the haft socket. It could only be used against me.

When I was sure the colonists had had time to disperse, I rushed back on deck with my flashlight to search for the spear. I went straight to the cabin top to make sure I had not been mistaken. The spear was not there, but flashing my light along the cleats, I saw something which stopped my breath; a few drops of blood and a smear I remembered Herb wiping his hand on his shorts as if he had touched something sticky on the cabin top. What was he going to think when he found the red smudge on his white shorts?

I knew what had happened. In my frenzied haste to get the spear into place, even though I had swished it in the water, I had not been careful about the blood on my hands. The murderer had not been careful enough, either—he had overlooked the drops on the cabin top in his cleanup job. It occurred to me for the first time that he had probably helped himself to my deck swab and bucket, and I hurried to the forward locker where they were kept. Sure enough, both were wet. I played my beam further into the locker, hoping against hope to find my fish spear, and saw that my spare anchor was gone. Also a length of line cut off with a sharp knife. That set me looking for the fish knife I kept in a strap holder on the side of the cabin. The fish knife too was gone.

Chapter Eleven I began then to trace what had

happened after my discovery of the body. The murderer had returned—perhaps only having paddled off a short distance into the darkness while I was aboard—and had managed to get the body out of the locker, weight it down with my spare anchor after using my fish knife to cut the cordage, and had then removed all evidence of his crime, and even of Delmar's presence on the boat, in swabbing away the blood and glass. He had, finally, taken the fish spear and the knife, dropped into his canoe and made his way back to shore, feeling secure with the body at the bottom of the bay. There was still the question of why he took the spear.

Finding I needed another drink, and badly, I went below, poured three fingers into a glass and did some furious thinking:

Obviously, the murderer hoped to have his deed shrouded in mystery as an unexplained disappearance of Delmar. No doubt he counted on there being no competent investigation in this isolated spot where there was no police force. He came back on board to work out this plan, then found that the spearhead was no longer in Delmar's back. It was back in its shaft on the cabin top. So, he figured, Hoyt found the body. And Hoyt replaced the spearhead because he was afraid the murder would be pinned on him. Well, it could be—in case the body was recovered. Hoyt had fought with Delmar. He was presumably still angry at him. Delmar had come out to Hoyt's sampan hunting whiskey... It would be worth while to take the spear along—just in case—to hold for evidence against Hoyt. Undoubtedly it had some blood still on it along with my initials. And how I had played into his hands, with that confused story I had told about the spearhead to Budd and Thornton and the doctor—in Herb's hearing, too.

They had wanted to end the whole matter by convincing me that I had seen nothing—perhaps shielding one of their number. I had not let them get away with that, but had insisted on justifying myself. So now, what would be the next move? I could not stand it any longer. I got up with set jaw and made for the engine compartment back of the companionway. They wouldn't find me waiting until they sprang their trap. I would sail out of Waimaka now, tonight.

But in the engine compartment I made still another discovery. Someone had stolen the key I had left in the patent thief-proof ignition lock. I had previously lost the second key. The lock housing contained the engine's coil, so there was no possibility of breaking it to start the engine.

There was no escape. I was already in the trap. A feeling of helplessness came over me. My head throbbed and I was almost exhausted. I crept back to my bunk and lay down. I needed help desperately, the sort of help that only one person I knew could give me. I needed my big fearless friend, Komako Koa, descendant of Hawaiian chieftains—but only a plantation cop.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Badges for Farm Workers

The young boys and girls are doing a very good job on the farms and should be given more specific praise. Why can't they have a uniform, or if that is not practical, some insignia to wear so when they are seen in the streets they can tell the world what they are doing, especially the boys of military age. It seems no one but the farmer knows just how important to the war effort these young people are, yet the boys are afraid the public will call them slackers if they are not in the government uniform. I am sure they would feel more important and be proud to wear some mark of distinction, and let's not forget the girls either who are taking mens and boys places on the farms.

I have no boys or girls of my own who are farmers, this is just my observation, but I would like to see them get more personal distinction.

Sincerely yours, MRS. W. I. KERN

Advertisement for Diamonds featuring an image of a diamond ring and text: "Diamond values have withstood the ravages of many wars. The high places they occupy as an investment is exceeded only by their own high status as a gem of unmatched beauty. Never was their magnificence so personified as when mounted in a Stevens setting. To see is to believe."

Advertisement for Stevens Son jewelry featuring a logo and text: "Remember! Sept. 16 Final Mailing Date for Overseas Christmas Gifts".