

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Portland Planning

Our evening contemporary finds fault with Portland for spending \$100,000 in employing eastern planners, engineers and attorneys to set up post-war plans for the metropolis. It attributes the going east for talent to an inferiority complex and thinks Oregon has men as competent as those who will be imported.

But isn't the Capital Journal taking an extremely provincial and certainly unneighborly attitude toward the matter? And instead of being an expression of an inferiority complex, may not the decision to spend \$100,000 be rather an evidence that Portland is feeling its oats, that it has been suddenly dumped into "big time" and wants to qualify properly for the role?

Portland does need to study its problem, which will be more acute when the war ends and the government subsidies for housing, schools, nurseries, transportation, etc., are removed. There is a broad economic and social problem involved in the support of the thousands who have come to Portland and will want to remain there. Projection should be made now of the desirable lines of attack and of development, or else Portland will be caught wholly unprepared.

It is quite impossible to pick out within the community persons to do the job. First, they are well occupied now; second, the competitive spirit would handicap their work and impair their findings; third, an outside organization of competent workers can do the job objectively without regard for local interests and jealousies, and as it is experienced it ought to do the job more efficiently.

The best laid plans "gang aft agley"; and what the experts recommend may be rejected. The Portland schoolboard made little use of the special survey it ordered and paid for a few years ago. But the plans do provide something concrete for study. Often out of their real progress does come.

Robert Moses, who heads the group selected to do the job for Portland, is a man of national standing. He has long been superintendent of parks in New York City—was one man who faced down Secretary Ickes on a PWA project. He has been doing a similar job for the city of New York, if we are not mistaken.

We are not too optimistic over results, because there probably remains too much influence in Portland which wants to get the war over, the shipyard workers out of town, and to restore the former calm. It is refreshing to know however that there is enough vision in Portland to gamble \$100,000 that orderly progress might be achieved there.

Want-Ad Growth

An interesting fact in the newspaper publishing business now is the growth in volume of classified advertising. Our own paper has observed it, with satisfaction, too, as it helps make up the lack of automotive and food advertising, curtailed by war. Metropolitan papers are pretty well buried in classified. Some of them are forced to ration their classified space to users.

The demand is borne of "wants." Shortages of labor, of housing, of gadgets from beds to toasters drive people to the broad market which the want-ad pages tap. For there is always a turn-over—houses becoming vacant, people quitting one job and looking for another, house furnishings being thrown on the market. With reduction of production of goods and housing a scramble results whenever offerings of those now existing are made.

Truly the classified pages of a newspaper are a great market-place, a genuine bazaar filled with human interest. One can find humor and pathos in want-ads; and bargains, too. The variegated reading holds one's attention easily, which may account for the high value of want-ads; people read the ads for their "news" interest, are attracted by some offering or discover they can meet some want.

Don't turn up your nose at the classified ads. Publishers do not; and the general public do not. They are as democratic and as popular as the town pump; as intimate as your neighbor's clothes-line.

The American Bar association declared that race, creed or color should not bar a person from membership in the association, and elected a negro judge of New York City as member. Maybe some day the labor unions will raise their discrimination based on color.

Fool on Jupiter Pluvius. He didn't know the state fair had been called off when he emptied his sky-bucket Saturday-Sunday. Farmers with grain or hay-caught by the downpour may gather compensation in the knowledge that dousing of forests helps to "keep Oregon green."

Poisoning must be contagious among German army officers. General von Brausch is said to be the latest victim of this "dread disease."

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

THE "HAM" KISS

We have never taken the talk of General MacArthur for President seriously, and fail to see how anyone else can.

General MacArthur apparently, has done an excellent job in the South Pacific against heavy odds, and deserves the highest praise for that.

But there is a far BIGGER job yet to do. And barring a miracle of sensational proportions, a year from now that "bigger job" will be in full swing, with General MacArthur at the head, and in the thick of it.

Not only would the General undoubtedly refuse the nomination if it were offered to him, but under the circumstances no self-respecting political party should offer it—and for the next Republican convention to do so would simply be a confession of complete political bankruptcy.

However we don't think there need be any particular worry over the matter. Ham Fish came out for General MacArthur yesterday and that should settle it.—Medford Mail-Tribune.

'Chronic Liar'

Pres. Roosevelt backs up Sec. Hull's assertion that the Drew Pearson column was a "monstrous falsehood" when it imputed to the state department a desire to see Russia "bled white." The president calls Pearson a chronic liar. Pearson is one of the Washington keyholes whose "Mirrors" set Washington and the country by the ears a few years back. Then he was the candy kid among left-wingers because he was exposing republican big-wigs. Now he gets the official pitchfork because his left-wing proclivities embarrass the administration.

Leaving Russia out of the picture, the fact remains that the state department under Sec. Hull is moribund, unclear in its direction, tardy in its declarations. Its policy is not definite and vocal; but "wait and see"; or "let us alone, we'll tend to it later."

Major George Fielding Eliot, a military expert writing for the New York Herald-Tribune, criticized sharply the state department vacancy in policy when Mussolini fell. Now we are reaping the penalty of a Germany strongly entrenched across northern Italy, partly because our political arm was not swift to strike when the fascist regime was crumbling. Badoglio has been no improvement over Mussolini.

In the departure of Sumner Welles the department loses its most capable official, a career diplomat, a thorough American who was at the same time a realist in international affairs. And any successor will be bound by the limited horizon of Secretary Hull.

Count Ciano is in Germany; he is in Innsbruck, Austria; he was captured by Italian carabinieri near the French border, fleeing in disguise. His whereabouts are as uncertain as those of Papa Mussolini. Neither one is trying to escape to Ethiopia.

Secretary Knox says the Tokyo raid was merely a warm-up to what is coming. This fist-shaking is part of the war of nerves; but it wears our nerves as well as the Japs'.

The German radio told its people the German army in Russia was "advancing westward." That's the right direction, all right; just keep on going.

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31.—The time stolen from us by the hesitancy of King Victor Emmanuel and Badoglio at the fall of Mussolini, has enabled the Germans to prepare a strong fight for the entire Italian peninsula—but particularly for the northern third.

Hitler has moved enough divisions and guns into that front for stubborn fighting, thereby raising the question of how fast and furiously we want to go into that area which we are now blackening from the skies as promised by Churchill. Some authorities now believe that if we pursue our course there ardently, we will not be able to occupy all Italy before the end of the year.

The final outcome is in no doubt whatever, as we incontestably have supremacy of the skies and of the seas on both sides of the narrow mainland. Yet the situation may call for reconsideration of strategy and perhaps launching of invasion on the northwest European coast where Hitler has weakened his numerical strength in order to fight a stronger delaying action in Italy.

The Danish and Bulgarian outbreaks signify that nearly everyone now knows Hitler is beaten, except Hitler.

The Danish revolt sprang from two developments. The nazis were drawing ever tighter and tighter the economic yoke on the Danes at a time when allied successes had spurred the factory workers to a realization that their case was not lost. Their resistance brought on the German ultimatum and the revolt. Previously, the Danes had accepted nazi rule reluctantly but without sabotage.

It will have some military and much political effect. The Germans relied on the Danes for much food, and will now get less, but the number of soldiers and material coming from that country to the nazis was comparatively insignificant. The Danish army numbered 1500. Germany will now have to police Denmark more heavily.

Smouldering Bulgaria on the other axis hand, is the key transportation route to Greece and the nazi citadel of the Balkans. King Boris may or may not have been killed by nazi sympathizers for failure to please Hitler, or by Russians. The assassination is less important than the ensuing demonstrations that the people are increasingly pro-Russian.

They never wanted to get in the war anyway. The only soldiers Hitler obtained from Bulgaria for use outside were the police force employed in part of Greece. As Balkan unrest grows, he may have to find other military police, not only for Bulgaria but for all the adjoining nations.

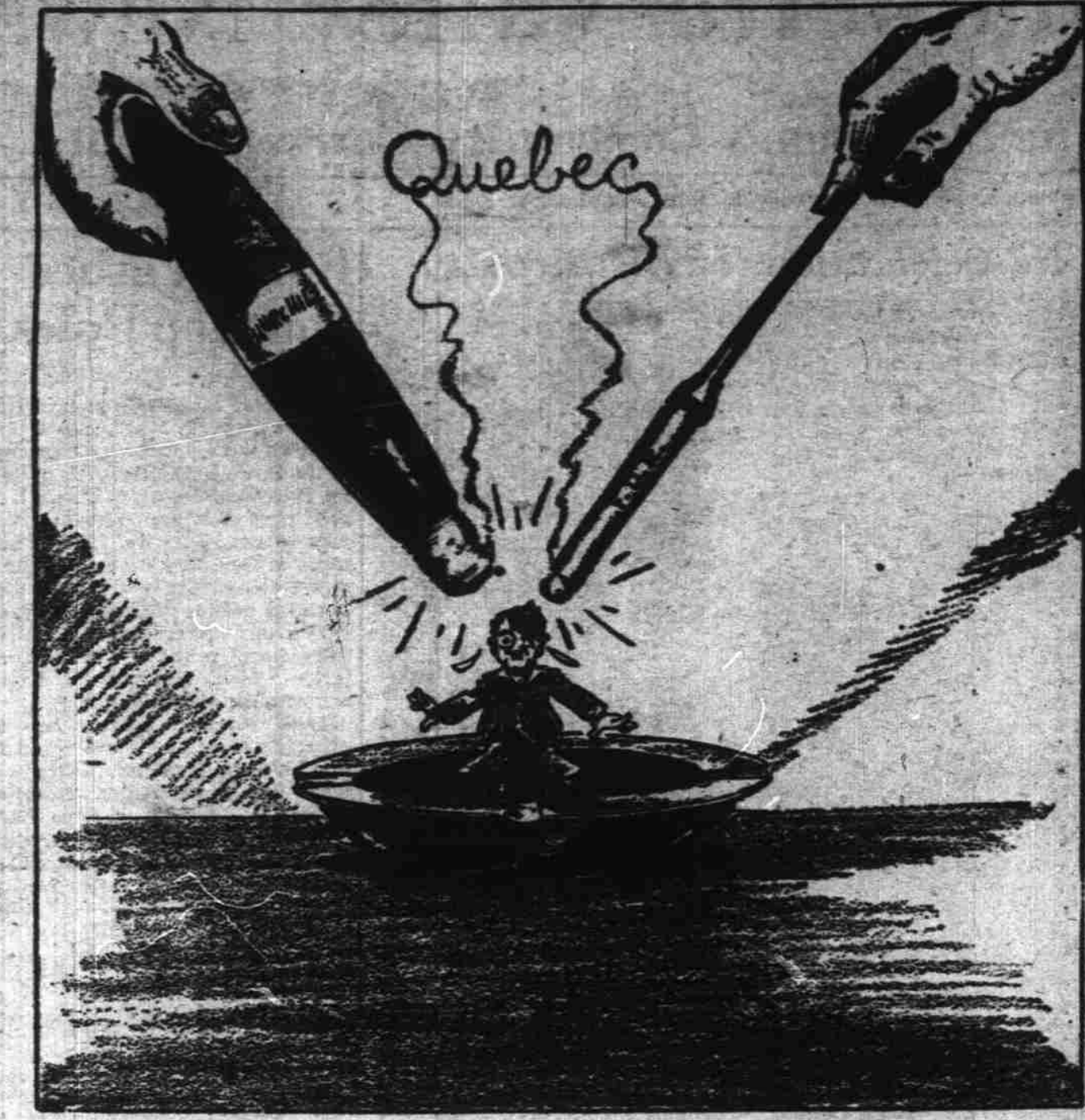
More than 20 Italian divisions still are in the Balkans in such work. They could not get out to return home as Badoglio planned when Mussolini fell. But they are of less value to Hitler.

These developments, therefore, mark the involvement of Hitler in a critical struggle to hold his home front, a struggle which will be continuous and grow in severity as with allied successes. He cannot afford to lose it.

Nazi withdrawal from Tanagerog (held for the past two winters) was generally advertised as a surprise, but it was forecast in this column August 25. The plunging red drive southwest of Kharkov even then, made it necessary for the nazis to draw back the long arm they had stretched into the Ukraine along the sea of Azov.

Their plan no doubt is to draw back to the line of Melitopol, and thus hold their bridge-head in the Crimea. But this movement no doubt simultaneously will require them to evacuate the Kuban river-head they have held in the Ukraine in favor of a firmer position on the Crimean mainland.

The winter Russian line they seem intent on holding runs from the Crimea northward through Melitopol to the bend of the Dnieper, and then follows the westward winding banks of that stream through central Russia.



'Utter Destruction'

Today's Radio Programs

Table listing radio programs for various stations including KLM, KOIN, KGW, KEX, and KGAC, with program titles and times.

Death Goes Native

By MAX LONG
Chapter 24 Continued
Thornton raced away without argument. Budd and Herb crowded past Komako and went into the bedroom. I began wiping the blobs of mud from my glasses and turned to the little huddled group of women, Turva, Mary and Josephine.
'You'd better get in out of the rain. Suppose you stay in Miss Massie's house so we can call you if we need you.'
They moved off silently, too stunned and frightened to talk. Mokino started after them but I brought him back firmly.
'Komako said for you to stay here, Mokino.'
He muttered something, but made no further move to get away. He stood on tiptoe to look through the open window of Mrs. Delmar's bedroom as the wind veered and blew the curtain inward. I followed his example and saw Budd and Herb bent over the body, not touching it but studying the handle of the fish knife.
A fisherman's weapon again, I thought suddenly—and none of the colonists was a fisherman. But Mokino... I felt the weight of responsibility of guarding and watching the old man, even as Komako had ordered me to do.
I saw Dr. Latham come hurriedly into the room from the front of the house, followed by Thornton. When he dropped to his knees beside the body to make his examination I touched Mokino's arm.
'Come. We'll go around to the lanai and get out of the wet.'
He came willingly enough and we established ourselves on the Delmar lanai, after I had hunted around the living room till I found another lamp and lighted it. Mokino crouched, dripping, on the floor, watching me with unfathomable black eyes.
Dr. Latham came out of the bedroom first, preoccupied, tense, wiping his hands with his handkerchief. He ignored us, rushing past us to get back to Elaine. I was sure, but I said:
'No hope, Doctor?'
'She's dead,' he said without stopping.
Then Budd and Herb Thornton came from the inner room, ushered out by Komako.
'You men stay by ladies,' Komako told them, 'till we see what is going on around here.'
'They're at Miss Massie's,' I offered. 'The doctor has gone back to the women at his house.'
The men did not deign to answer me, but the looks they shot me as they went out were eloquent; aversion, disgust, horror.
Komako lost no time in tackling Mokino. The debate went on interminably, it seemed to me, and I couldn't see that Mokino was beaten down in the least. Finally Komako waved his big hand at him and Mokino started to scurry away, Komako calling after him: 'Mokino, Mokino, better you take Mary home with you.'
'Well, so he's innocent,' I observed sarcastically. 'To be found hiding in the bushes just before a murder is discovered is, of course, not to the point. He no doubt likes to sit in the rain—just an old Hawaiian custom.'
'I tell you 'bout him,' Komako said, unperturbed. 'He feel uneasy 'bout Mary. She often stay night with Miss Turva, only this time he get feeling something bad going to happen to Mary. So he come to watch by her. I think if he watch, he must see who go in back door to kill Mrs. Delmar. But he say he 'don't see nobody.'
I said, 'Maybe he was on guard so Henry could go into that back door. But why should Henry—'



(Continued from Page 1)
advantage. We will have many white elephants left on our hands when this war is over, monument to poor planning, or worse. Workers in war industries themselves often complain of idleness and inefficiency in operations; and report that complaints fall on dull ears. The very bigness of enterprises seems to create an inertia, because authority is distant and unapproachable.
Now that Paul V. McNutt, manpower commissioner, is alarmed because of the prospective dropping out of several hundred thousand high school youth who will return to school, it seems timely to shake down operations and reallocate manpower so the most important jobs will get the help they need.
Great Britain is making shifts: no more recruitment to women's sections in the services; mustering more women in the 40-50 year group, all to be directed into the aircraft industries.
Stopping of production in many items of munitions and shifting of men and machines to other items, such as a new and powerful short range mortar.
Shifting mobilization of men to navy, marines and air force away from ground troops.
Our government is coming to the same policy of reviewing constantly its war needs, and plotting production—and manpower—accordingly. Further action on this line is needed, and the bosses will have to get tough even with government agencies who see the war through their individual telescopes. There is manpower enough in the country to carry on the war and operate the essential civilian services. With closer organization the manpower can be utilized successfully without a labor draft, which the public would hardly stand for unless and until they became really frightened over losing the war.
When a cherished piece of jewelry is damaged or soiled, bring it to us for repairs or cleaning. It will be returned to you with all its original memory provoking charm.—
RESTORED
Stewart's Son