

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Hitler's Blood Bath

Suppose Roosevelt had called in J. Edgar Hoover and ordered him to kill such officers as Marshall and King and Eisenhower and Patton and MacArthur and Stassen on the ground that they were plotting against him, and then announced his blood bath to the people of the country. Here the country would be rocked to its very foundations. The very thought of such a procedure is too horrible and repulsive to contemplate.

Yet such carnage, apparently, is what is taking place in Germany. Hitler has ordered the Gestapo to carry out a bloody purge of generals. While only two names have been mentioned, one a former chief of the general staff, the reference to a "miserable clique of former generals" by Goering suggests that included in the death list are some of the top names of German army officers who have been discharged by Hitler. It may well be that they have plotted to take over control in Germany. They are experienced military men. They know when their armies are licked. They would avoid the blood bath of further destruction of German manhood and seek an early peace. But the fanatic Hitler and his gangster associates will force Germany to drain the cup of woe to the very dregs, before they will sue for peace.

The outside world does not know how extensive this putsch is. If it is extensive, as well it may be, even if Hitler wins out, his victory is temporary, because the purge will leave such a gap in German military leadership and such a cleavage within the country that it will hasten the end.

We mentioned the type of reaction that would occur in this country in such a case. We can hardly expect the same immediately in Germany. That country has been under the spell of der fuhrer so long that even now the people may not lose faith in him. But the pressure of retreat and of continued defeat—that is what will break the morale at home. Though a blood bath may not break Hitler's hold, German defeat is bound to accomplish that before very long.

Republicans and democrats have said their say on the question of an international organization for peace. Judging from the record, the future might be predicted as something like this: Roosevelt will assure the people he will keep us out of a world state—and then put us in, ker-plunk. Dewey will assure us he will put us into a peace organization—an then keep us out, ker-flop.

Tojo can still think he was pretty good. The emperor decided it would take two men to replace him. "Co-premiers" is a new style in government; perhaps the idea is for one to spy on the other.

We may not need to spend much time learning to speak or spell Kiosko and Yonal. They may not be in the news very long. Jap admirals and generals are all in ill health, just like their German confederates.

Interpreting The War News

By KIRKE L. SIMPSON
ASSOCIATED PRESS WAR ANALYST

A new barrage of rumors and speculation as to the scope of the internal crisis in Germany that brought Hitler close to death at German hands swept Europe after Nazi disclosure of the attack; but it lacked substance by which to measure its full significance.

No doubt remained, however, that Hitler and his highest placed Nazi associates deemed it a grave peril to their grip on Germany itself and its armies. Every fresh Nazi broadcast picked up told of drastic measures to curb internal unrest. A Himmler blood-purge of Germany's home front and armed forces outrivaled the ghastly record the Nazi lord high executioner has made in Nazi-conquered countries was more than hinted at.

The effect of the anti-Hitler outbreak within top German army circles upon the battle trends in Italy and Normandy is not yet discernible. If there has been disaffection in German army ranks in either zone, it has not been allied reported. And in both the allied grinding advance continues, to span the lower Arno in Italy and threaten Pisa and Florence, to deepen and widen to Orne plains the wedge below Caen in Normandy despite torrential rains.

Eastward, in Poland, there was further evidence of Nazi confusion under ever-expanding Russian attack. It was there, against the Russians, that Hitler himself attributed German defeats to "sabotage" by high-ranking but Nazi disaffected German officers. It is there that a carload of German generals have been Russian captured within the last three weeks. One of them from Moscow disclosed for the first time the rising friction between the regular army leadership and Nazi generals.

That situation, now high-lighted by the attempt on Hitler's life, may help explain the staggering speed of the Russian advance.

There seems no German escape from a retreat to the Wisla (Vistula) and from all the Baltic states, even discounting mutiny reports. The news of the attack on Hitler and his bloody sequel must raise Russian and allied battle morale to a new high pitch.

Meanwhile, far across the Pacific, the net was tightening on Japan. American marines and troops were back on Guam, backed by the greatest armada of warships of the sea and air ever assembled anywhere. The first step toward retrieving the island lost to Japan early in the war had been taken, the landing beaches had been crossed against meager resistance in the wake of a sea and air 17-day bombardment.

The fact that the Stars and Stripes fly again over some part of Guam is of very special import to this writer. Forty-six years ago last month he watched it rise over the old fort in Apra harbor to replace the red-and-yellow royal emblem of Spain. As a boy bugler in a regiment of California volunteers in that war he stood on the deck of an army transport to help sound the call to the colors in salute to the flag.

That it will soon fly again over all Guam and over lost Wake and Yap and over the Philippines is certain. Tokyo now knows it. No cabinet shift can be devised to prevent or long delay it.

Columbia Authority?

Someone has sold the New York Times a bill of goods. This is evident in its editorial, "Future of the Northwest," which is reprinted on this page. The Northwest has considered this Columbia Valley Authority idea, and the general conclusion is adverse. The reason is that the northwest has worked with these separate federal agencies and is well satisfied with the performance. It is afraid of some new body with overall powers which would displace them.

One of the veteran organizations is the reclamation service, whose record in constructing irrigation works has won it a host of friends over the entire west. Irrigation is the key for development of the arid interior; and the reclamation service is trusted as the qualified agency to carry on that development. Involved also is the question of water rights which now are determined by state law. Proposed authority bills have attempted to vest all control over waters in the hands of the federal agency. That in itself arouses suspicion in the west which foresees chaos if vested water rights are put in jeopardy.

Another veteran agency in the west is the army engineers, which has handled work on rivers and harbors. This is the group which designed and built Bonneville dam, and still operates it, and which planned the Willamette valley flood control project. Our people are accustomed to working with the army engineers and are not anxious to see them superseded with a new authority.

The northwest believes that these agencies can be coordinated with the Bonneville administration, and with other federal and state bodies for the intelligent planning of northwest development. It is not enamored of the super-government idea exemplified in TVA.

Dr. W. B. Morse

Dr. W. B. Morse was one of a notable school of physicians and surgeons who reared a truly scientific medicine on the practice of the pioneer doctors who served Oregon. The old Willamette university school of medicine, of which he was a graduate, supplied a training which inspired its graduates not only to serve as doctors, but to grow in their profession. Thus it was that Dr. Morse, who graduated from medical school in 1891, was right up to the time of his final brief illness, one of the ablest physicians and most skilled surgeons in the city. He was a recognized leader in matters relating to the medical profession and to public health, prominently identified with state and national medical bodies.

Dr. Morse was loved as a man as well as respected as a doctor. He was sociable, enjoying a wide circle of friends. His interests were varied; the outdoors claimed him for what time he could spare from a busy practice. He was exceedingly generous for all worthy causes, and the amount of work which he did for charity is beyond accounting. With no immediate family since the death of close relatives many years ago, he made the community his family, and the whole community mourns his passing.

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

FUTURE OF THE NORTHWEST

Like the rest of the country, the Pacific Northwest is booming, and it is booming, for one reason, because of Columbia river electric power. The region has one-third of the nation's aluminum capacity. It is producing magnesium, ferro-alloys, calcium carbide, chlorates, metallurgical coke, zinc, copper, mercury, tungsten, antimony. Much lumber comes from its forests, and much grain and fruit from its farms and ranches. But the development is lopsided because it has thus far met the exigencies of war primarily. No region in the country has such a varied climate and such an agricultural and industrial future. If the most is to be made of such possibilities, if the expected post-war slump is to be largely averted, an entirely new administrative structure is needed—a structure clothed with such authority that it will not merely supply electric energy to factories and homes, but help knit the Pacific Northwest into an economic fabric in accordance with far-reaching plans already laid.

An example of what can be done is presented by the Tennessee Valley Authority, which has such broad powers that it can carry out a flood-control program, aid navigation, distribute power to factories and households, develop parks for recreation, conserve soil, reclaim land and engage in about any other activity that does not properly belong to private enterprise. In the Columbia valley, by contrast, half a dozen separate agencies and bureaus are trying to perform a similar task. Some, like the Bonneville administration, and the Reclamation service, are part of the Department of the Interior; some fall in the jurisdiction of the Departments of War and Agriculture; others are state bodies.

The Pacific Northwest has resources far richer than those of the Tennessee valley. Its industrial and agricultural activities are not sufficiently diversified and may decline after the war. Its population is relatively smaller to the square mile than that of the Tennessee valley, and anything but permanent in these war days. Markets are not near at hand. There is no difficulty about selling Columbia river power. The question is how it can be sold to the greatest advantage to selected industries and to farmers who must learn what the region needs. For all these reasons the Bonneville administration should have the corporation form of administration which has been so successful in the Tennessee valley, so that it may change its policies to meet new social needs. It should conduct more practical research to make the most of land, water, mineral resources and forests.

This does not mean that states and local communities must relinquish all their rights, but it does mean that they will have to give up claims for individual consideration. As it is, the Bonneville administration has the necessary leaders, but they are hampered because they must take orders from Washington and at the same time yield to local ambition. This is the time to reorganize the administration now charged with making the most of Columbia river power. If Congress waits until the war is over and the workers in the shipyards and industrial plants migrate, years may elapse before the Pacific Northwest can march forward with the certainty of reaching its goal. —New York Times.



"Land of the Writhing Sun"

IT SEEMS TO ME

(Continued from Page 1)

Pacific after the war. This week at Tacoma, our topic was the disposal of war plants to private industry or retaining them for government operation. Next week at Palo Alto the topic will be "How much of the new deal should be scrapped?" with two republicans fighting it out with two democrats. Most of the year the discussions are broadcast from TOWN HALL, New York; just now the program is "on tour."

The way Denny has worked out his program is interesting. He has his TOWN MEETING in a theatre or hall so he has a live audience. For about 45 minutes before the program starts Denny explains to the audience what the subject for discussion is, and instructs them in the technique of performance. He may invite questions just to whet up the interest of the audience.

Then at the moment the program goes on the air Mrs. Denny rings the familiar bell, and the "town crier" announces the meeting. After five minute speeches from each of four speakers there is left about a half-hour for questioning the participants, and the program concludes with a one-minute summary by each principal.

Do not think the program is a phony, or a set-up. Every effort is made to get speakers with convictions who will be equal to the give and take of debate. In Tacoma I worked most of the day with my associate Mr. Ralph Chaplin, editor of the Tacoma Labor Advocate, tying our speeches together, editing them to come within strict time limits, getting together on our facts, endeavoring to anticipate queries.

Before the program the speeches are passed around so that each side knows what the other side is presenting in its opening statement. Denny acts as moderator, running the program off, directing the fire of questions and keeping the debate from getting out of hand. Dealing as he is with a different set of speakers each performance, and with a new audience and fresh questioners the master of ceremonies must be resourceful. Denny is, and a good showman besides.

It is Denny's theory that if we are to make our democracy work we must have free discussion. All sides of public questions must be presented clearly and intelligently. Then the public may make up its own mind. The discussion Thursday night was spirited enough; but after it was over the whole party enjoyed a dinner at the Hotel Winthrop as guests of some of the Tacoma sponsors of the broadcast.

Attended a Rotary luncheon in Tacoma at which Denny spoke. R. Franklin Thompson, president of College of Puget Sound, formerly of Willamette, took over as president of the club. Dr. Milton Marcy, former member of the board of Willamette is a member of the club. He is now pastor of the First Methodist church of Tacoma.

Politics in Washington? Gov. Langlie will be reelected, and republicans have a good chance to defeat Rep. Magnuson for the

Inside Washington

Some Light Thoughts

Drinking Fountains

WASHINGTON — Some light thoughts for very heavy days: Those three smart republican boys — National Chairman Brownell, Committeeman Russell Sprague and Edwin Jackle, who dwell on the 25th floor of the Stevens hotel during the Chicago convention — are being pleasantly referred to as the political duplicates of Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

The drinking fountains in the war department's Pentagon are so arranged that it is impossible to get a sprinkle of water therefrom—unless you take off your hat. It is extremely inconvenient for a woman passerby to remove that which is currently known as a hat, 17 invisible hair pins, the rubber bandeau which keeps that which is known as a hat on that which is currently known as a head of hair, and then having done all these things, to twist the swan-like throat into an ostrich neck while stooping and bending—merely to get a drink of water—bubbling away two inches from your mouth.

Uniformed men have the same trouble quenching their thirst in the Pentagon. They can't reach the fountain's cooling spout unless they take off their caps. The fountain is hooded, like a jack-in-the-pulpit. Or is it a chambered Nautilus? Anyhow, you have to go thirsty in the Pentagon—if you have a hat on.

Speaking of hats—a mean man phoned me the other morning, before breakfast, and said something like this: "That was an outrageous column you wrote the other day about Governor Dewey's mustache being a campaign liability."

"It just proves to me that women have no right to be in politics or to vote, either. You ought to be ashamed of exposing your ignorance that way. What's a mustache got to do with the election, anyhow? Besides, some of the finest men in our history have had mustaches. Even beards. Didn't Henry Edwards Longfellow have a beard? And Buffalo Bill? And Abraham Lincoln? Most of our poets had beards. How about that?"

"I still don't think they looked well in same," I answered. "I'd have liked to meet poets when they were smooth shaven with faces uncovered, and so discover what sort of fellows they were when they came out in the open. Keats was unshaven and Byron. Maybe that's why we thought they were so beautiful."

"Listen, lady," said the Mean Man. And a perfect stranger he was to me. "Any woman who wears the kind of a thimble holder you do and calls it a hat, has a lot of nerve to make remarks about any man's mustache. Think that one over."

I have thought it over and I still say a little blob of black mustache is kinda funny. And I like my hat even if the humidity is taking the starch out of its up-zip.

senate with Mayor Cain of Tacoma now serving in the army. It is also predicted that the republicans will pick up one seat in the lower house, winning the first district (King-Kitsap counties). It is doubtful though if republican resurgence will carry the state for Dewey and Bricker.

Overheard on a capital bus: "One of the things that worries me about this war is that good potatoes are so hard to get. Mine have worm holes and things in them. And it almost kills me to pay 60 cents for a cantaloup. Cantaloups are phonier than ever this year."

"I guess it's the Japanese beetles that make them that way. Our whole yard has been eaten up by Japanese beetles. They're even walking into the house. I found some sticking to my verbenas plants. They ought not to be hard to catch. They're sort of sluggish. I understand the reason the Japanese beetles came over here is that they got tired of the food in their own country. What do you suppose we could do to catch Japanese beetles for good and always? Maybe we ought to sick American beetles on them."

"Well, I don't know about beetles and the bad luck they bring. But I do know about the sweetest piece of good luck Lutie has had with her new baby. Her practical nurse is an intimate friend of the lady whose husband runs the diode wash. So the practical nurse asked her friend, who asked her husband to move Lutie up on the waiting list. She was down to 732, Lutie said. And now she's second! Isn't that a wonderful break?"

"Well, good bye, dear, I'll be seeing you. This war certainly has taught me one thing. It doesn't pay to cultivate congressmen and diplomats and people like that when you live in Washington. I only wish I'd had sense enough to make real friends with butchers and laundrymen and that diode wash man's wife!"

Too Lovely for Words

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Signorina Deboni
Confused Over
Coming of Yanks

... WITH THE AEF IN ROME, July 12 (Delayed) —(P)— Signorina Yola Deboni is confused—and even a little unhappy. No one would accuse her of being an Axis sympathizer, but she seems to think that the coming of the American soldiers is somehow responsible for her plight.

Here in Rome, she has taught the class in English. Yes, and since it started last December the students work was very good.

But since the first week in June—when the Doughboys entered Rome—something has happened. Now the students work is not so good. No, and the student's questions are most embarrassing sometimes, yes.

They are about college age, most of these students, and of course they were studying the language in order to converse with the Americans when they arrived. Signorina Deboni had high hopes, she explained, to Pvt. Edmund F. Hogan, Albany, N.Y., who writes stories for Stars and Stripes, the army newspaper. She thought their work would improve when they could talk with the Americans, yes.

There was the gorgeous little 18-year-old brunette who had entered into her home work with such enthusiasm when the Yanks arrived. But, the next day she tried to tell Signorina Deboni that the word "date" had nothing to do with fruit or a calendar but meant you would spend a "pleasant—yes, a most pleasant—evening" with a boy eating and drinking and holding hands, and, "uh, practicing English in the moonlight, yes."

And there was the slender lissome lass who insisted that "honey" did not refer to the product of busy bees, and that "baby" didn't mean bambino as the book said, no.

And there was the boy who wanted to know what his American soldier friend had meant

when he told the horn-honking taxi driver to "blow it out of your barracks bag." Even after frantically thumbing her best American-Italian dictionary Signorina Deboni couldn't answer that one.

Neither did she know what the Doughboy meant when he said: "That's tough stuff, son, tell it to your Chaplain."—After hearing his buddy's tale of woe. But she did point out to the pupils that the Chaplain is a clergyman who gives spiritual comfort and guidance to the troops. Therefore, it proved beyond doubt she said that American soldiers had excellent morals, yes.

Signorina Deboni tried to keep her students oriented in American geography as an aid to understanding English, but even that discussion was disrupted by the boy who wanted to know if the United States were all one nation. There was talk about that Texas, perhaps might declare a separate peace. Signorina hadn't heard that one, but neither had she ever heard anything at all about Texas being peaceful so she assured them it must be a misunderstanding.

And when the dark little girl with the guileless eyes volunteered the information that the book was all wrong about New York—that it is merely the port of Brooklyn—the Signorina tried to set her right before the bell rang and she headed for her office and the aspirin tablets. But the dark eyed lass didn't look convinced.

That boy from Flatbush must have been some talker.

New Tanker Launched

PORTLAND, July 21—(P)—The tanker *Castle Pinckney* was launched at Swan Island shipyard today before a group of Spar and coast guard officers. Spar Lt. Cmdr. Margaret B. Stephenson christened the vessel.

The Literary Guidepost

By JOHN SELBY

A summer miscellany—

Disquieting rumors out of China will be laid, mostly, if the reader accepts as definitive H. H. Chang's "Chiang Kai-shek; Asia's Man of Destiny." But it seems to me that the title is also a little disquieting, after our experience with Europe's two men of destiny. Mr. Chang has assembled all the pertinent facts of the Generalissimo's career, I am sure, and then has arranged them in such a way as to make pleasant reading. I am sure, however, that Russian authority would not quite agree with certain sections dealing with them and with the communist party. (Doubleday, Doran; \$3.50).

Many of us know curiously little of the history of West Point, or of the routine there. E. D. J. Waugh's "West Point" is a brief, very simply written account of the founding and progress of the academy, of its service to the United States and of the way it operates in peace as well as war. The book even goes into the matter of what girls invited to West Point functions ought to wear; and that if a girl isn't certain, it's quite all right to inquire from the cadet who issued the invitation. (Macmillan; \$2.50).

Children continue to eat, it appears, in war time. "All About Feeding Children" is a manual describing exactly what children eat from the cradle on. It is written by Dr. Milton J. E. Senn and Phyllis Kraft Newell, and with simplicity. The authors discuss food values, the ubiquitous vitamin, the psychological difficulties of introducing new foods, the best ways to adapt feeding periods to household routine, school lunches—well, just about everything connected with the matter. There is even a glossary of the terms used by doctors and others which probably would be helpful to a bewildered young mother. (Doubleday, Doran; \$2.50).

And Edgar McInnis is continuing his year by year history of the war. "The War; Fourth Year," includes the events from October, 1942, to September, 1943, in the same brief but rather remarkably clear fashion used in the earlier books. Historical perspective is of course lacking, but the skeleton of history is there. (Oxford; \$2.50).

THERE'S A NEW FAMILY MOVING INTO TOWN—



YOU CAN MEET THEM IN "THE YOUNG IDEA"

By Messier

Once you've met these comic panel neighbors, you'll want to see them every day

Starting Sunday This Page

The Oregon Statesman