

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Normandy and France

Normandy, which gave England its conqueror, William, in 1066, and many of its later "first families," also gave to the world a distinctive style of architecture. England copied the Norman castles with their characteristic round towers topped with spires. (Eaton hall on Williamette campus is a sample). The towns of Normandy were cute little pieces—their houses of stone and plaster, white with bright blue trim, which we find copied in many a housing development in American cities, and their buildings with clipped gables or half-timber construction.

Well, the pictures we get of the towns of Normandy today are discouraging, to say the least. War has crunched them under its boot. Pretty towns are rubble heaps through which clumsy bulldozers are punching lanes; church spires are knocked off; stained glass windows blown to bits. Aerial bombing and artillery shelling have destroyed much of the architectural accumulation of centuries. Perhaps it was antiquated—towns with narrow streets, houses musty and damp, shops and stations worn and inconvenient. But they had character and charm; and the replacements will not recreate the old.

Much of Europe has been in the tidal flow of war for centuries—the Low countries, the eastern marches of Poland and Hungary, the valley of the Danube, and Italy—but not Normandy. The Cotentin peninsula has been spared, undergoing little military mutilation since the Norsemen swept down two centuries ago, ravished the coastal towns and established themselves so completely they gave to it a new name coined from their own land: Normandy. This portion of France escaped the ravages of the French civil wars for the most part, and suffered very little compared with Brittany and the Loire valley in the bloody period of the French revolution. In the first world war it was secure under the sheltering arm of Britain and later of the United States. In the second world war its former advantage of geographic isolation became its danger. Its exposure put it right in the path of the allied invasion.

With this historical detachment from war and with its well-balanced agriculture which made the peninsula quite well-contained economically, the Normandy French were little disturbed even in this world war, until D-day. The German yoke had not been too heavy; there was plenty of food; life was interrupted but not demoralized. So it is not surprising that there has been a degree of resentment among the local population against the American and British liberators who thus have turned the countryside into the shambles of war. The French saw their choice towns dead and bloated in the fields; they saw their lands chewed up by heavy tanks and plowed up by projectiles; and watched as their towns were blasted by high explosives. But they know this, that the allies will not stay as conquerors, that they will pay their way in good currency, and that soon reconstruction may begin, with perhaps some help from the outside.

Normandy in a way symbolizes France. While the peninsula must rebuild houses and towns, stores and churches, France must rebuild its political structure. Normandy has lost much of its architectural charm; and France has lost its moral stature. For each the task is one of restoration, which cannot be merely a patching-up process. It will take years to rebuild the delightful Norman towns, and only time will give them the patina that has made them attractive. It will take years to restore France as a sovereign nation, united within and formidable from without; and only time, erasing memories of humiliating defeat and more disgraceful collaboration, will enable France to regain its moral standing among the nations of the world.

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

NEW ORDER HAS LONG ARMS

There has been a lot of thinking—some of it out loud—a lot of meetings between the war production board and lumber industry management, the government printing office has had a busy day, and order L395 is born. August 1 was the effective date of the order.

What does this new babe in the woods look like? For one thing, it has arms longer than any creature that ever roamed the forest in Paul Bunyan's day. Directly or indirectly, it reaches into every swale or hog back of the hill country, every ravine of the Cascades. It affects the big factories that consume lumber and the guy who wants a board to fix his step. It is the "reachingest" regulation ever to hit the lumber industry.

Somewhere in-between is the man in the sawmill. How does it affect him? To the sawyer at the headrig it is not necessarily a decision as to the best way to slice up a log, but the best way to get the most sticks that will match the orders piled high in the office. To the tractor operator at the other end of the line, he is no longer picking up just another load of lumber. He is picking up stuff with a name and address on it. This is ear-marked production "with the bark on."

By last count, there were 1115 sawmills producing west coast lumber in Washington and Oregon. The output of all class A, B and C mills, or 81 per cent of the total production, comes squarely under the provisions of this new order. Everyone of them must keep 35 per cent of each month's business available for the military aims of the government. Everyone of them must also be ready to put first in any day's cut an order directed by the war production board or an order carrying AAA priority. Some of them are now coming to the coast mills from stricken Fort Chicago on San Francisco Bay.

If some of the class D mills (under 25M feet per eight hour day) throw on another log, they'd be in it too. Otherwise, they must accept priority orders for the rest of their production.

Indeed, the man in the sawmill is important. If he mutts so much as a board foot, the schedule of vital needs to finish off the war will be short just that much. To the extent that he knows his business and does his job, the plan will have that measure of success. —Forest Grove News-Times.

Ciano's Diary

The diary of Count Ciano is said to be in Italy, and there has been some call for its publication. That would be a literary event of some moment, if the diary is a complete and truthful account of Count Ciano's daily—and nightly—doings. His association with the Mussolini family through his marriage with daughter Edda, his participation in affairs of state when he negotiated with Hitler as Il Duce's foreign minister, the details of his life-about-town—if Ciano really set down the whole story the book would surely be a best seller.

We hope too that the Nazi gangsters have undertaken to immortalize themselves through daily journals. While that of Goebbels would need to be run through lie-detecting apparatus, and while Hitler's diary, if he uses the style of Mein Kampf would require a psychiatrist for translator, still the works would be interesting. None would be as intimate as Samuel Pepys or as honest as John Quincy Adams, but they could give the world something to mull over for a long time to come.

While these principals may not have dared to put down the truth in daily doses in their own handwriting, we may be sure that many who were in the citadels or on the fringes of power have been keeping journals or have preserved memoranda—providing food for literary and historical grubworms for decades ahead. The great Hoover library at Stanford university has an enormous collection of material relating to the first world war. Doubtless it is busy now gathering even the driftwood of original matter dealing with this war, as are other libraries all over the world. What mines of printed matter there will be for exploration and development when this war passes into history! Count Ciano's diary would provide a racy number for a starter. We hope it finds an early publisher.

King Michael of Romania has shipped his crown jewels to a neutral country for safekeeping. Perhaps he should get ready to follow. Royalty is a poor trade to earn a living at these days; and what chance is there for kings who guessed wrong on the war?

Interpreting The War News

By KIRKE L. SIMPSON
ASSOCIATED PRESS WAR ANALYST

The war in Europe is surging toward multiple crises east, west and south for the Nazis this week-end, and there are also no less grim portents across the Pacific. Prime Minister Churchill undoubtedly spoke with foreknowledge of events to come when he told parliament Japan's day of doom now is in sight.

The interval between the final crash of Germany, "perhaps soon," and that of her strap-hanging Nipponese axis mate will be far less than once seemed probable, Churchill said. Revealed allied moves to step up the attack on Japan on all fronts, and do it now without prejudice to the all-out prosecution of the war on Germany, gave his words added significance.

It was in Europe, however, that the week saw the most dramatic happenings to rock German morale afresh. Harassed at home by a seething undercurrent of revolt against Hitlerism, the Nazi war lords could look nowhere except upon scenes of political collapse and military defeat and retreat.

Turkey had thumbed her nose at Berlin abruptly to break all relations and send Nazi diplomats and spies packing. Finland was tottering her way out of the war; Bulgaria quaking internally with anti-Nazi convulsions.

Eastward, whole German armies were cut off in Latvia and Estonia by a widening Soviet breakthrough to the Baltic. The German army in Finland was pictured by Swedish reports as preparing to embark on an escape down the Baltic.

On continental battle fronts, Russian power blows had breached the Vistula line deeply along its southern upper reaches to threaten Krakow and German Silesia. It put the Nazi high command under a terrific triple strain in the east in deployment of the home reserves being rushed to stem the Russian tidal wave.

It seems doubtful that, with three or more dangerous gaps in their stricken line between East Prussia and the Carpathians, the German command can concentrate anywhere sufficient power for a telling counter attack. The eastern front is too far off balance for that, and momentarily it may flame into a Russian offensive on the southern flank to the Black Sea.

In France the signs of dwindling German reserves increased. American armored power roared out of the Normandy beachhead to carve a wide swath across the base of the Breton Peninsula. In boldness of conception, in the massed power and speed of movement if not yet in scope, that American blitzkrieg rivaled Russian hammer blows that Churchill said were "tearing the guts" out of German armies.

The drive ended the battle of Normandy. It foreshadowed the swift conquest of all Brittany and its virtually important deep water ports and rail and road web. With that achieved, the battle of France proper will open in style. A German retreat behind the Marne and the Meuse if not the Rhine before winter comes can already be foreseen.

There were fresh hints from Nazi sources during the week of impending new Allied or French-Allied amphibious operations in the Mediterranean. London disclosed the arrival in Britain of a Free French armored division enroute to France. Allied planes continued blasting at far scattered targets, some of which might indicate new continental incursions in early prospect.

And in Italy the early surrender of Florence was foreshadowed. Allied troops stormed their way within sight of its church domes. With its fall and German retreat to the Gothic line, it seems clear that there must come a change in Allied tactical maneuvering.

From Florence westward to the coast above the Arno some of the most rugged mountains in Italy bolster the German Gothic front, deep lined with guns. Eastward and southward to the Adriatic coastal shelf tall mountains cluster thickly. That mountain wall forms a powerful protective screen for the valley of the Po behind it, but east of Florence it is a thinner wall than in the west.

It seems likely, then, that the chief weight of attack beyond Florence will shift eastward.



Still Off Key

News Behind the News

By PAUL MALLON

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QUEBEC, Canada, Aug. 6—The rise of socialism in Canada—heralded so much in our magazines and press—seems to be a somewhat theoretical affair.

It may have looked real enough in the reports of the June CCF (Cooperative Commonwealth Federation) landslide in Saskatchewan. On paper, it was, but there is a catch in the matter.

While the program of the socialists calls for the government to take over the banks, insurance companies, railways and certain heavy industries in the province, the constitution requires that all acts of the provincial parliament must be approved by the national parliament. As the national body is in other hands, no legislation will be attempted.

Yet the CCF, riding on the unexpected crest of that wave, won increased power in Ontario, and is now challenging in Alberta where a full slate of candidates has been presented for tomorrow's election. In Quebec, they put a few men into the race, but only with a desire to gain a provisional balance of power.

It is the new thing here. In most other ways, Canada's problems are ours—strikes, debts, wage scales, prices, etc. It seems to me she has handled her war situation better than we have. The economic statistics on her price level are deceptive.

The cost of food, rent, and clothing seem to be about half Washington's. Coffee and butter are rationed, but few other foods. Steaks are generally available, as are all other meats.

The best restaurant in Quebec, for instance, has a top price of \$1.15 for a five course dinner. Full course meals are available in average restaurants for 20 cents. Yet luxuries are higher than ours. Cigarettes, for example, are 33 cents for a package of 18.

A man can live here in Quebec for half what it costs in Washington. The wage scale is correspondingly lower.

"THE YOUNG IDEA" By Mossler



We'll have to plan the weekly menus together, mom—we always use more dishes when it's my turn to wash!

There is no draft, either military or civilian. The basic gasoline ration is 50 per cent greater than ours. The debts are not as great. While earnest, full help has been given Britain, I think one eminent observer here presented the contract of our situation and Canada's fully when he told me:

"Canada is not trying to feed the world."

Yet socialism, pure socialism, is the rising political opposition. The wage scale, like our own, now is the highest in all history. There is practically no unemployment.

Why, then, would an opposition movement to overthrow capitalism become so popular at the height of the war when the people have more money from capitalism in their pay envelopes than ever?

The only answer apparently is that there is indefinable, vague dissatisfaction and unrest among the people. We have the same symptoms at home, but in our case, they are more clearly defined and have taken the opposite trend toward increased popularity for the Republican party.

Here it has worked its way into numerous local issues and prejudices not worth mentioning and found its outlet in the CCF. Incidentally, communism does not exist here except as a sort of half underground movement among a very few people and there is no communist party. Socialism just does not fit in as a remedy to a successful capitalist system. The idea that the worker will get more if the profits are eliminated is to me simple fallacy.

The volume of production of business, any business, depends as much upon the ingenuity and energy of the management—stimulated by eagerness for profits—as upon the skill of the worker.

I think, under socialism, a nation will do less business than under capitalism. Only if capitalism fails, if it is wrecked on financial rocks, will socialism come.

Thus, Canada, in my opinion, is just as far away from actual socialism today as it ever was.

IT SEEMS TO ME

(Continued from Page 1)

news, his own first story not reaching his paper until the ninth day of the battle, because, owing to the tactical situation in the battle, neither planes nor radio was available to get the story out.

Then Wheeler unleashes a mouthful of barbs at the "Pearl Harbor correspondents." It seems that correspondents on the ground have to await the issuance of the CINCPAC communiqué at Pearl Harbor. This gives the PH correspondents the break, and Wheeler says they "write tripe and lies and kill Pacific stories before the truth can get out." To quote:

"Correspondents in Pearl Harbor, writing from a 10-line communication and feeling a terrible compulsion to produce prose, pump their stories full of pure fancy and balderdash. Because they must write something and know no better they begin each battle in triumph and write it off to a victorious finish by the second day.

"Thus within less than a week and before the first on-the-scene copy reached the states the PH experts had begun and ended the battle of Saipan. I haven't seen all of their efforts but in the editor's note with some of the stories I noticed that even you referred to the battle of Saipan as finished, and of only historical interest. Gaveh, mightily, the battle was only beginning when you got my first delayed stories—late as they were.

"In Pearl Harbor they wrote with beautiful enthusiasm of American troops swamping the Japs, sweeping up on Saipan's beaches, blasting blithely through its defenses, sprinting to the island's biggest airport, largest town and highest mountain.

"They wrote with such smug confidence of victory that no reader and no editor could doubt that American troops here were engaged in a picnic of no consequence.

"Moreover let me say this is the usual practice of PH reporting and let me say further that this reporting is based on pure fancy and is customarily false."

Wheeler also is convinced that Americans have their eyes so glued on Europe that they fail to appreciate the magnitude of the Pacific war, or its importance:

"They do not conceive the size of the Pacific ocean, its difficulties of transport, communication, time. They have no conception of an island. Tarawa was an islet two miles long. It was one of the bloodiest battlefields of history. Saipan is a rugged mountainous place 12½ miles long, as large as a good sized county. It was a bloodier battlefield than Tarawa."

Wheeler was writing "within smelling distance of more than 3000 slain and self-killed Japanese who in the last three days have thrown themselves upon the guns of American troops in a crazy orgy of self-extinction." The battle, which the PH correspondents had "blithely ended" in less than a week, was only then in the mopping-up stage after four full deadly weeks. And "mopping up" is no picnic either—"Americans get killed by the dozen."

With deep earnestness Wheeler appeals to his editor that the American press "drive home to the American people that here in the Pacific they—or their sons—are staking their lives in this na-

Kenneth L. Dixon
AT THE FRONT

Tragedy of Italy
Not War But
Younger Generation

By GEORGE TUCKER
(Substituting for
Kenneth L. Dixon)
ROME, July 27—(Delayed)—(AP)—The tragedy of Italy is not in its ruined cities, or even in its bankrupt character, but in its younger generation. It has turned against itself, it feels cornered and trapped.

Italian girls do not want to marry Italian men, and the men themselves all too often are walking the streets looking for jobs that are not there. There is a lot of talk about the rehabilitation of the future, but most of them have a pretty realistic idea of what the next 20 years in Italy will be like, and they are frightened.

All these people have ever heard is bombast and pap of fascism's eight million bayonets. Yet all they saw when the test came was one humiliating defeat after another, followed by a tide of fresh Anglo-American faces representing the so-called decadent democracies.

They came into town with an easy grin, and perhaps something of a swagger, and it was only human nature that most young girls here should look on them as gods.

And that is a part of the trouble. They want to get married, these pretty Roman girls. Not just for the sake of a husband but so they can get away.

There is some justification for the pessimism abroad in this land. Laborers are earning less under the allies than they did under the Germans. One effort was made to raise the scale but General Sir Harold Alexander, commander of the allied forces in Italy, set it aside, saying the raise should be "revised." That was months ago, and nothing has been done yet.

Meanwhile, some people are going hungry. One immediate result of this was an increase in the communist line. In one instance 116 Italian army officers who had received no pay in months called around to communist headquarters and signed the dotted line. The communists pay \$20 to newcomers, and that looks good to a man who remembers the look of hunger on the faces of his wife and children.

There is an article in the current's greatest struggle." He writes:

"This is a climactic war, a battle to the death between the yellow man and the white. What the hell can we do to get that fact through the apparently impenetrable shell of American complacency and inattention? What can you do or say to make Americans realize that—man-for-man engaged—fighting Japs kill twice as many Americans as fighting Germans do?"

"War in any form is bestial, expensive and bloody, but war against the Japs is total war. After the demonstrations of Attu, Tarawa and now this can any doubt remain that we'll have to kill damn near the whole Jap military to win this war? Can you conceive the sheer labor of killing 15 or 20 million human beings?"

Wheeler is correct in condemning the press for failing to portray accurately the battle of Saipan. In part it is a reflection of the mood of our people. Since Tarawa we have grown accustomed to news of landings on the Pacific Islands, following almost a conventional pattern: First, air and naval bombardment, then landings of marines and infantry; "resistance slight or less than expected"; securing a beachhead; driving inland "against stiffening resistance"; seizure of an air-strip; cutting across an island or a peninsula; the enemy facing certain extermination. . . . So readers and editors too just regard the engagement as another step "in the right direction" and take American victory for granted. Later we learn that the job was not easy, and that it was costly. There was hard fighting on little Biak Island, for instance, but it was smothered in the war news from other theatres.

Are we "getting the truth"? I still think we are getting more of it than ever before; but Wheeler's letter to his editor is a jolt to our own self-conceit as newspapermen. We can't blame the official communiques for their silence—our own channels of communication (starting at Pearl Harbor) are faulty.

rent issue of the two-page weekly, Canticchio, giving you an idea of the metamorphosis that has come over Italy and its younger generation. It tells of the man who strung along with fascism chiefly because he was too weak to fight it, but mainly so that he could earn a living.

Then came the capitulation. His only son had been killed in battle. When the Germans left they refused to take him with them. Little by little he sold his household effects—the silver, some books, the furniture. He did this to get enough food for his daughter and his wife. At heart he wasn't actually a fascist but he was paying the penalty for this passive acceptance and non-resistance.

The time came when his daughter became the family's only support. She began to stay away from home all day and now sometimes she stays away all night. When she comes in the morning he pockets book is usually filled with packages of American cigarettes, bars of American soap and candy. She has money too. The cigarettes and the soap she sells to the blackmarket, but the candy she gives to her mother.

As for herself, she's all right. The article says she has a nice color in her cheeks because she rides around in the fresh air in so many automobiles, but she never smiles any more.

The Literary Guidepost

By JOHN SELBY

"On My Own," by Walter B. Pitkin (Scribners; \$3.50)

Walter B. Pitkin has had what usually is known as a full life, yet if he had not written a book called "Life Begins at Forty," most of America would never have heard of him. He has written a great deal more than that one book, has traveled a lot, has eaten very generously, and apparently has met almost every sort of human being that exists, and taken copious notes. In any case, I hope "On My Own" was written from notes, for it is so stuffed with people and incident that no man could have called it up out of his memory.

Mr. Pitkin was 66 years old last February. He began life in Ypsilanti, Mich., which seems to produce individualists. John Chellis is still making harpichords there, and strange that seems. Pitkin was interested in psychology and philosophy and so on, and went abroad to study when the time came. His German and Italian experiences, and his eating, are among the most readable pages of his autobiography. Although his odd effort to prove himself a "man without a culture," and a "social misfit" has its points.

Some 14 years before the first World War one Gen. Osius in Germany was explaining to Mr. Pitkin Germany's plans for conquering the world. The plans have a very familiar sound; a reader might be forgiven for assuming that Hitler had talked with the general. The general had a family, and it, too, was convinced of the inevitability of German hegemony over the world. But there was one matter. Mr. Pitkin remembers, that troubled them. It was Russia. Osius told young Pitkin that Russia would be saved for the last, and then disposed of. Apparently Hitler didn't go over this part of the plan with Osius.

The Pitkins were by no means wealthy—this fact, and Pitkin's own fascination with food, may have heightened the color of his Italian experience. He went to Rome for some sort of learned session, and watched the professors and their wives fight for food at a buffet supper. Mr. Pitkin means fight; ten years before the last war, Italian salaries were so low that the wives of full professors brought parasols to the party, into which they stuffed whole chickens stolen from the tables.

REAL FIREWORK HERE

PERRY, Okla.—(AP)—After an electrical storm Mrs. Ida Gaines discovered flames issuing from a water well at her home. Investigation proved lightning had ignited natural gas flowing from the well.

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