

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## Case for Poland

Prime Minister Mikolajczyk of the Polish cabinet domiciled in London, has not been able to effect a working agreement with the Polish committee set up in Russia, but does not give up hopes of some settlement to coordinate the groups interested in Poland. He is said to be returning to London for further conversations with his cabinet. It is encouraging to know that negotiations have not been broken off and that the prime minister was given audience by Stalin and Molotov.

An impressive case in behalf of Poland is made by the prime minister as told to George Creel and related in the current Collier's. He answers charges that Poland is undemocratic and intolerant by citing the origins of his cabinet, none of whom is wealthy or nobly born, and by asserting that the drop of past intolerance has been burned away in the fires of this war.

Going over the dispute with Russia he reviews these facts:

1. The Polish-Russian boundary was defined in a treaty which Lenin described as "a voluntary and just agreement that will stand for all time." Non-aggression pacts between the two countries were signed in 1932 and in 1934, extending to 1945. After the partition of Poland by Germany and Russia in 1939, when Russia was attacked by Hitler in 1941 Poland offered assistance to Russia and entered into an agreement for mutual aid and support, and Russia relinquished all claim to Polish territory it had seized.

2. Respecting the rupture which grew out of the Polish cabinet's appeal to the International Red Cross for investigation of German radio claims that Russians had murdered and buried in a mass grave 11,000 Polish officers, the prime minister says there was no other way of ascertaining the truth and that at the time his cabinet rejected the German claims.

3. Mikolajczyk asserts his government is eager to renew relations with Russia and to work out a mutually satisfactory treaty, and that the Polish underground controlled by the London cabinet is working in full cooperation with the invading Russians.

Poland surely has claim to the world's support. It refused to make a deal with Hitler, who promised joint gains if Poland joined in an attack on Russia. It delayed mobilization in 1939 at the request of Great Britain and France so as not to provoke Hitler to action. Five million of its people were murdered by the Germans and two millions sent to labor camps in the reich. Polish armies are fighting now on many fronts. The Polish second corps carried the heights of Monte Cassino. Polish air forces and naval vessels have joined in the fighting against Germany. Poland has had no qualms; it has an organized underground which now is contesting for possession of Warsaw.

According to Mikolajczyk, Poland is ready to join in "a united Europe as a member of a world organization pledged to collective security." He asserts that recognition of Poland's claims to its own territory in accordance with the provisions of the Atlantic charter will give heartening assurance to all small nations of the sincerity of the united nations. He makes this final point:

A free Poland, without festering grievances, can and will make an important contribution to the peace and stability that are Europe's vital needs. A wronged Poland, suffering from a deep conviction of injustice, may be counted on as a continuing source of unrest and instability. This is not a threat in any sense, but a plain statement of fact. Look back over history and you will find that while Poland has been swallowed many times, never once has she been digested. Four partitions — years of ravage and oppression — could not crush us.

It is not too much to hope that Russia itself will see the value of having in Poland a friendly rather than an aggrieved neighbor, and so be willing to make an amicable agreement over boundaries.

## Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

### HISTORY IS REPEATING

Sixty years ago, when The Dalles was the head of navigation, virtually all commerce for the Inland Empire moved through this city. The railroads came, river traffic declined and eventually we lost this advantageous position.

Yet, the Columbia river continued to flow by our door. Our natural advantages had not disappeared. They merely rested in status quo, as it were, awaiting the advent of the present generation to develop them.

Consider the announcement that a Portland lumber company soon will start logging operations back of Goldendale. Despite the fact that a railroad serves this area, the logs will be trucked to Maryhill, dumped into the Columbia river and formed into small, cigar-shaped rafts and towed to The Dalles. Here they will be formed into larger rafts and moved on down the Columbia river to the Portland mill.

This operation proves that The Dalles, as the head of deep water navigation in the Columbia river, again will come into its own. We mention the logging operation just by way of illustration. Innumerable other products could be cited. For that matter, there is no reason why logs could not be milled into lumber at The Dalles and this lumber shipped out on the ocean steamships that will make this city a port of call after the war is over and channel dredging has been completed.

The Inland Empire is a fertile and productive area. Tonnage potentialities are tremendous and barge operation has proved economically feasible. As the head of ocean navigation The Dalles will stand an excellent chance to capitalize on this post-war traffic.

It will be the situation that prevailed 60 years ago, only larger in scope and of far greater magnitude by reason of population growth and increased production in areas tributary to this great inland waterway. —The Dalles Chronicle.

### IN THE KNOW

Fifth victory loan drive went over the top... some way said, "On the next drive there will only be "E," "F," and "G" bonds — that stands for "Eleanor," "Franklin" and "God," — as they are the only ones who know where the money goes." —Salem Cherrian

## Fluid Motor Front

Fisher Brothers, who gained fame and fortune as designers and manufacturers of automobile bodies, and whose business was finally merged with General Motors, have announced their retirement from executive positions with the latter firm in order to resume independent business. While their exact plans are not announced, it is anticipated they will be back in the automotive game, perhaps as builders of automobiles themselves. This news has heightened interest in the postwar outlook for motor cars.

Without doubt things are stirring in Detroit, the motor capital. Graham-Paige is reforming its lines and expects to build cars again along with farm machinery. Willys-Overland hopes to exploit its reputation as a builder of jeeps and to market successfully a small automobile. Hupp Motor, which hadn't made an automobile for years, has seen its stock go at better than \$5 a share on the stock exchange, indicating hopes, to say the least. And Henry Ford's announcement of intention to build a car selling for around \$500 has confused some of the other manufacturers who were talking all the while of price increases of from 15 to 25 per cent on automobiles of the 1942 quality.

At any rate, the end of the war will see the resumption of keen competition among motor car-makers. While there will be business for all for several years, each will hope in the transition period to capture the public eye and improve its relative position. There is nothing static in Detroit, and the fact that Fisher Brothers, who are old enough and wealthy enough to retire if they want to, are instead planning new enterprises, and the fact that Henry Ford at 82 is talking about a new lower-priced car offers heartening proof that free enterprise is still alive whose fruits are not merely the profits of the entrepreneurs but the provision of more and better and cheaper things for mass consumption. The motor front promises to be "fluid" like the war in France.

The Bend Bulletin reports a frost which singed the tops of garden vegetables. It does not say whether it was an early fall frost or a late spring frost. The seasons telescope like that in the high country.

Washington has ordered a reduction in the WACs, not in number but in weight. It seems the WACs, like the GI Joes, put on weight when they put on khaki. The war department evidently thinks fat makes poor armor for a woman soldier.

OPA is republishing its rules and regulations, and is compressing them into 12 volumes instead of 16. The war ought to end in the time it takes to thumb through the set.

When it comes to dealing with Goering, it will not be necessary to hang him. Just throw him in the river; his medals will sink him.

## Interpreting The War News

By KIRKE L. SIMPSON  
ASSOCIATED PRESS WAR ANALYST

There are broad intimations from German and high-placed allied military sources alike that despite fanatical demands from Berlin the Nazi commander in northern France has sensed his danger of envelopment and begun a retreat to the Seine—perhaps too late.

That was the purport of an "all's well" message relayed to his troops by General Montgomery, allied field commander in France. Enemy armies from the channel coast to the Lure were "in a bad way," he said, with allied spearheads "round behind them in many places" and some of them "may not get away."

Nazi broadcasts more than confirmed that Montgomery thumb-nail sketch of the situation. They told of multiple American columns wheeling northeastward from their lunging stride up the Loire valley feeling for contacts with Canadians on the allied left of the line that would encircle the whole center segment of the main German army in France, perhaps 300,000 strong.

Allied strategic bombing operations far behind the enemy front had the same meaning. Every railway and junction, road hub and bridge east of the Seine through northeastern France and the low countries was a target while support bombers blasted along the Seine and west of the river. No avenue of enemy reinforcement or escape from Paris to the sea was being overlooked.

Most of all German surrender of British invested Thury Harcourt in the little hills of Normandy on the Canadian right reflected the beginning of a possible Nazi military debacle in France. Mass "disengagement" moves by the foe to pull out of the indicated multiple trap set for him without either air power to shelter his retreating columns or armor to halt allied tank-jungles at his communication jugular veins in the deep rear must become a desperate and bloody business. Given good weather, it could give massed allied air power its greatest field day of the war, make the Seine and its tributaries run red with German blood.

For the significant word in Montgomery's message was "many." He so described the fast-moving mechanized columns surging down into enemy rear echelons from the north but even more critically up from the south. Just where each deadly armored thrust is at any moment Montgomery must know; but the Germans do not, nor where at his word each will next turn to achieve maximum results from the expanding break-through.

The Montgomery trap is apparently a many-jawed affair. By his own word it is yawning first to chew-up the bulk of the German army in northwestern France and secondly to take Paris in its maw.

Somewhere in France now Montgomery's commander, General Eisenhower, has set up his supreme allied headquarters. It is a fair assumption that its primary concern even now is not the battle in the Seine-Loire basins coming swiftly to its climax, but what is to follow.

Eisenhower gave a hint of how the battle is to be fought on beyond Paris and the Seine, in the low countries that still house enemy robot bomb batteries, when he merged his massed air and substantial ground forces into one separate army under single command to strike swiftly and terribly at long range even far behind enemy front lines.



Japanese Sandman

## Inside Washington

Special to Central Press  
WASHINGTON—Henry Agard Wallace may have been dumped as President Roosevelt's running mate for the fourth term, but his friends are predicting he will turn up smiling in an important government post if the democrats are victorious again in November.

Berth mentioned for Wallace include the ambassadorships to either Russia or China or some roving assignment for the president. Despite Roosevelt's failure to give strong support to Wallace at the democratic national convention, the vice president's supporters are certain that the shaggy-haired, idealistic Iowaer is still a White House favorite and would command much attention in the assignment of an important wartime or postwar diplomatic post.

Observers recall that Wallace has been virtually hounded dog faithful to the president even in the face of biting White House criticism of some of his statements and they also remember that Roosevelt has given Wallace a double endorsement in recent months.

First was the sendoff accorded Wallace by the president upon departure for Russia and China. Second was the White House letter to the democratic convention in which the president said:

"If I were a delegate, etc."

The possibility of a sudden German defeat has left many Washington observers wondering whether the allies have a full-fledged plan for occupation and control of Germany in the wake of unconditional surrender terms.

Some fear that Germany, now admittedly in the throes of its most important internal crisis of the war, may be plunged into the same confusion that overtook Italy—that war-guilty criminals may escape, temporarily, as did Mussolini, and that anarchy may rule the land.

The situation is one of the most pressing which besets Washington.

In all the talk of "cutbacks"

## Today's Garden

By LILLIE MADSEN

Mrs. G. S. A. writes to ask about the small tree blooming on the post office lawn. Says she has never seen anything more beautiful and wants to know if one can buy such a tree, is it hard to grow and is it expensive?

Ans.: The tree is the Chinese Silk tree (Albizia julibrissin). It can be purchased from local nurseries, but it is rather expensive. However, there is no tree lovelier and it is very pretty even when not in bloom. The foliage is attractive. Good drainage is essential and some water is needed in very dry seasons. It does not bloom until it has been growing in the same location for some time. I believe the cost varies from around \$4 to twice that much, depending upon the size of the tree.

and reconversion, one fact has gone unnoticed. This is the increase of nearly one billion dollars in the army's supply schedule for 1944.

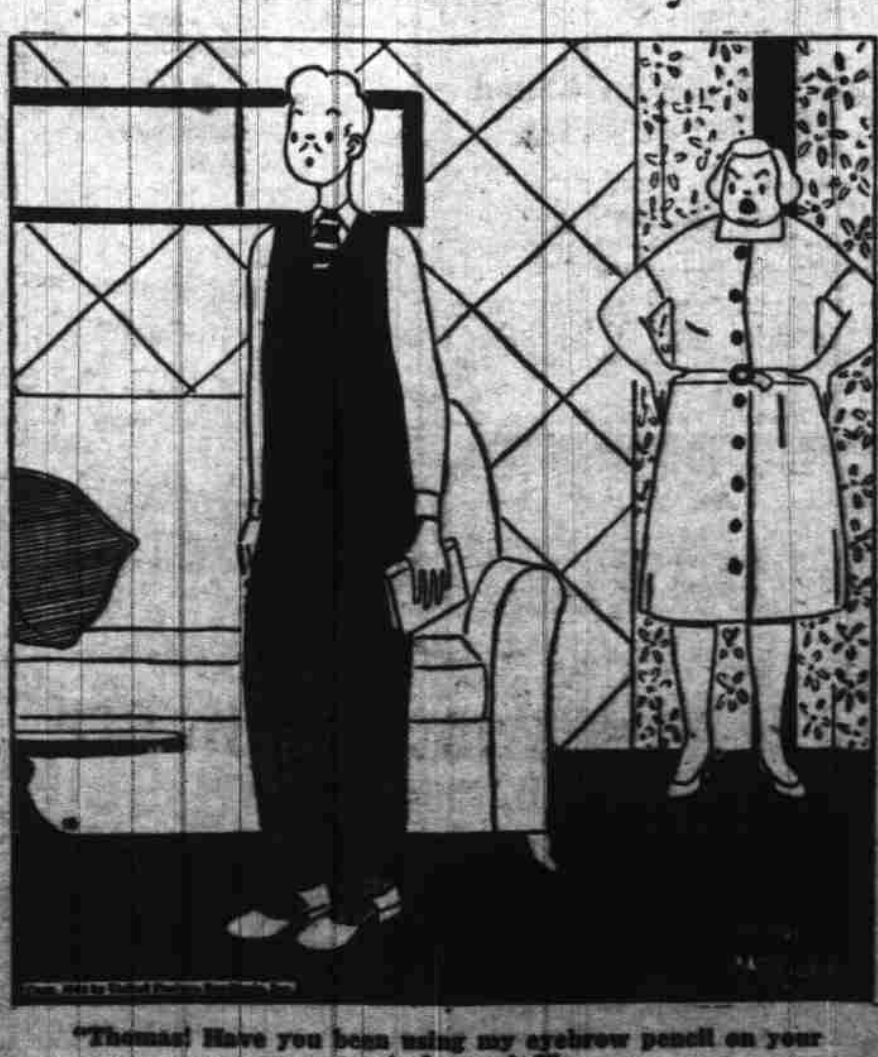
Hence, the warnings of the military that production goals have not been met. For the first half of the year, only 46 per cent of the army's schedules were achieved.

WPB's glowing accounts of production performances, the military says, are based on first-of-the-month predictions as to what can be attained in that month. They are not based on the army's needs and do not reflect accomplishments measured against the over-all program laid down at the beginning of the year.

High military officials are concerned because they know that the final grand assault against Germany will consume war materials in unprecedented quantities. They warn that the small month-to-month lags in production are cumulative and are not being made up.

For example, truck production is expected to fall 80,000 vehicles short of army requirements if the present lags continue for the remainder of the year.

## "THE YOUNG IDEA" By Mosler



"Thomas! Have you been using my eyebrow pencil on your mustache again?"

Kenneth L. Dixon  
AT THE FRONT!  
Countless Italians Hope to Sail For America After War

By GEORGE BRIA  
(Subbing for Kenneth L. Dixon)  
ROME, Aug. 4.—(Delayed)—(P)—In every corner of liberated Italy today, Italians ask me the same hopeful question: "Will we be able to go to the United States after the war?"

And it doesn't come from just the disillusioned, bitter youth who are unable to see any future in this war-ravaged land. Middle-aged men—professional men—have told me: "We want to get out of here. We want to go to America."

So the truth is that countless Italians are sick of Italy—for political as well as economic reasons—and they pin their hopes on "a new life" overseas.

Emigration consequently is sure to be one of the burning issues in postwar Italy and the Italian press already has begun to call for a scrapping of the "quota system," whereby less than 4000 Italian emigrants were allowed to enter the United States each year.

Here are some of the arguments they give for a revision of this system:

1. A victorious United States will be the only country in the world to which a war-torn humanity will be able to turn for commodities and supplies for at least 10 years. This will mean a tremendous increase in American production and a consequent need for labor. Italian labor knows no peer.

2. With all the reconstruction that will be necessary in Italy, the country will be unable to employ all of its labor potential. Italy is rich in human quality

but poor in natural resources. The surplus labor can be put to work in America, producing the materials necessary to reconstruct Italy.

3. Before 1914, more than 200,000 Italian workmen went to the United States every year. From those immigrants came a steady stream of money which "rejuvenated" the Italian treasury. The Italian treasury now certainly needs "rejuvenation."

4. American organized labor opposed mass immigration after World War I on the grounds that the labor market would be swamped, but the devastation wrought in Europe by this war is so great that American industry would be able to employ every available workman to produce the materials for reconstruction. "There will be work and bread for all."

Italian lawyers on emigration have treated the subject exclusively from the economic viewpoint—as a "necessary evil." If you talk to individual Italians, however, you find that many of them want to go to America so that "I will be left alone," and so that "I will have some freedom." Many of them predict that the Italians will start shooting each other just as soon as the allies leave, and they are too tired, too cynical and too disillusioned to take part in it.

The United States is not the only country rich in natural resources which could use Italian labor. There is Russia, for example, but while there is much talk about Russian prestige in Italy, I haven't met one Italian who wanted to go there.

## From a Window in Vagabond's House

By Don Blanding

THE BLOOD DONORS  
It is such a little price to pay for a great spiritual experience. You give an hour of your time (an hour which might be spent at a movie, in idle chatter, in futile worry or useless day-dreaming) in exchange for a deeply moving adventure. In addition, you will have the satisfying feeling of having in part repaid a debt (oh, not Paid in Full by any means, but a fine installment of that debt). Go to any one of the Blood Procurement centers and give...

Truly, you will never forget this hour. It will be filled with exaltation, tranquility and thankfulness that so easily one may give so greatly. The gift of life between men is a great gift. You only regret will be that you did not make this gift earlier so that your second date with Life would come sooner.

You will take part in the ancient ritual of the Bond of Blood Brotherhood, but this time it will not be merely symbolic; it will be actual. Although there is no hush nor solemnity in the quiet room where 20 or more of you will be lying relaxed, there is that sense of holiness, the vibrant serenity, the invisible radiance which surrounds shrines where people pray. Every face reveals the fact that while the precious fluid drains so quietly and painlessly out, the thoughts of the donors are flowing out, quietly too, in probably the most unselfish strain they will ever know. Look at those faces about you. There will be many service men and women; theirs is a double giving, the days of their years and the blood of their veins. But most of them know what this giving means, God,

how they know it! They are able to visualize as clearly as though their veins were joined to vein, the glow that returns to the drained faces and the light that banishes the dark shadows of the fear of death through a stricken and shattered body. The faces of these service people are so quietly serene; they are so sure of what they are doing.

But there are other faces which become tranquil as they realize the directness of this giving. Elderly women who are giving for sons, and praying that, if the need comes for their sons, some little bit of this gift may be in the transfusion. And elderly women who may have no sons, and yet, by this act have a hundred sons, blood of their blood now, through this miracle. They are thinking of this, you may be sure, the lonely ones, the soulless ones.

There are young women, brides or sweethearts, with tears in their eyes, tears with a strange happy shimmering in them; one sees this same look in the paintings of the Madonnas.

There is a Christlike quality to this giving of plasma which is inspiring and hopeful for the world After Duration. This blood is not marked with tags "for kin and kin of mine. For American. For British. For French." No. There are the unspoken words, those beautiful moving words, "This is my blood..." Period.

A young marine, back from Guadalcanal, expressed something to think about when he said, "When you get that plasma stuff it makes you feel different about people. I was a pretty independent guy before, I could take folks or leave 'em. They didn't bother me much. Now, I walk down the street and I look at folk's faces, men's faces and women's faces. And I wonder... was it you or you that gave me that blood, so that I'm walking along here enjoying things instead of... well, you get the idea. You're not so quick to give the growl when you don't know but what that guy there is the guy you owe your life to. It's a good feeling."

Communism. "This is my blood." It is significant and splendid that now when all men of the world are directly involved in this terrible cataclysmic struggle, that the blood of all men shall flow back and forth among them, giving where it is needed, without question, without stint. And because (Continued on Page 8)

Stevens  
Modernize Her Ring  
Her diamonds installed in today's modern setting will enhance and bring out the beauty of the stones.  
Stevens & Sons  
Credit is Desired

IT SEEMS TO ME  
(Continued from Page 1)

supper. It is just an eat, sit and listen club, exerting only the organs of digestion and of hearing. Members do not have to sing "Home on the Range." That, indeed, is a club to belong to, unless one has high blood pressure, stomach ulcers or deafness.

The organizer must have been an intrepid fellow, however, to form a dinner club in these days of rationed foods and green waitresses. In other days the promise of a choice file mignon or roast lamb and curry sauce, with accompanying viands, would be most tempting. But who wants to sit down to another Kiwanis K-ration of Salisbury steak with ration-free carrots? That prospect is uninviting, and only the hardy souls whose digestive organs can outlast the war are brave enough to sign on the dotted line. Come peace, then the club should have a waiting list, provided turkeys are all lent-lost.

At any rate, Salem greets its newest club. What the square and compass are to the Mason, the knife and fork are to these epicures, symbols as well as tools of the craft. Presumably the club's crest is a valiant trencherman facing a beef roast rampant. And for motto, surely not the old English proverb, "More are slain by suppers than the sword," but rather that from Ben Franklin's Poor Richard: "Eat to live, and not live to eat."

## The Literary Guidepost

"THE ASHLEY BOOK OF KNOTS" by Clifford W. Ashley (Doubleday, Doran; \$7.50). If something like a pun seems to turn up in this brief piece on Clifford W. Ashley's "The Ashley Book of Knots," it is unintentional. The book, its title, and its contents are all pun-breeders.

To begin with, one should know that Mr. Ashley is a marine painter, and a member of a sailing family. A couple of whaler uncles began teaching him nautical knots (you see, it's almost impossible to keep from punning), and the next thing he knew, his notebook contained hundreds of examples. In fact, there came a time when he had noted all the nautical knots, and had to transfer his activities. He began haunting butchers' counters, operating rooms, jails where hangings were imminent, steeplejacks' headquarters, Boy Scouts' huts, electric linesmen's union halls and even the summer hotel porches on which old ladies knit and talk the warm months away.

When Mr. Ashley's collection reached 3900 he cast about for something to do with them, and the idea of a book arose. He was perfectly suited to the idea, being a painter. He discussed the knots by classifications, and then wrote about the method of tying them. He drew illustrations to help with this last, so that in addition to 3900 knots duly described, the book contains also 7000 drawings. It should be obvious by now that "The Ashley Book of Knots" is enormous. "Anthony Adams" is a pocket book by comparison.

The alphabetical range of the knot is fabulous. Archer's knots are first; yachtsmen's knots last—there appear to be some spe-