

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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LaHavre and the Supply Line

The surrender of the great port of LeHavre by the Germans provides a facility of timely importance to the allies. Hitherto most of the supplies for their armies in France have come across the Normandy beaches. Cherbourg was left in such damaged condition it has not been an adequate substitute for the beaches, and Marseille is too far removed from the present fighting to serve. Use of the port of Antwerp is still delayed by German retention of the defenses at the mouth of the Scheldt.

But the season moves into the fall of the year, when the channel is beset with storms and landings at the beaches are slow and risky. So LeHavre's capture is an event of no minor importance at the present stage. If it can be followed with acquisition of Brest, the great old port which the Americans used in the first world war, then our situation as far as port facilities go will be very good.

We would be staggered at the statistics of tons of supplies which must be moved to provide an army engaged in a great campaign. Now the allies must supply through these ports of northern France three great armies, and perhaps a third (Pach's seventh army which has come up the Rhone). The success of the supply arm made possible the lightning sweep across France. (Parenthetically we might say that two men from the northwest have carried great responsibilities in this supply line—Maj. Gen. John C. H. Lee, former division engineer for the army at Portland, and his assistant, Brig. Gen. Cecil R. Moore, now in charge of clearing of Cherbourg harbor, formerly on duty in the office of the army engineers at Portland). As the numbers of our troops on the continent increase more supplies are required, but with use of great harbors like LeHavre the flow is greatly simplified.

It is noted that allied bombers still fly from Britain and Italy, not yet being based in France. This presumably is due to inability to handle the fuel and munitions required for the stocking of air bases. A pipeline is said to be under construction from Cherbourg, which, with the availability of more great ports will then make possible supplying bases in France, to the great advantage of the air force.

The capture of LeHavre is probably of greater strategic importance than the capture of a town in Germany, for it helps insure an abundance of supplies without which the invasion of Germany could not succeed.

Sight of Goal

General MacArthur must have gotten a great thrill out of his recent communique announcing that American planes cruised over the southern Philippines without encountering opposition, and that our planes now dominate those islands. Already our navy is in control of the Philippine sea between the Philippines and the Carolines. For General MacArthur this means that he can get set for the invasion of Mindanao. Once there he will be well started on his way to Manila, the prime goal of all his effort.

This last attempt will be a major undertaking. The island is not the jungle that New Guinea is, but it is far larger than Guam and Saipan so the enemy has more opportunity for maneuver. Also he has better chances of shipping in reinforcements and supplies. MacArthur will not strike until he is well prepared.

Maybe the old 41st division will take part in this thrust. It found the going rather tough on little Biak island, and suffered some bad losses. After that there was a change of commanders, General Fuller, who succeeded the late Gen. George A. White, being superseded. The 96th division under Gen. Jim Bradley, which trained at Camp Adair, is also in the south Pacific and may be used in some of these early strikes.

Rear Admiral Kimmel's cup of sorrow, already filled by the Pearl Harbor blight on his naval career, now runs over with word of the loss of his son, Lt. Com. Manning M. Kimmel, whose submarine Robalo is reported overdue and presumed lost in action in the Pacific. The war plays no favorites. Lt. Gen. Lesley J. McNair was killed by error of allied airmen; his only son was killed in action on Guam. Kimmel undoubtedly would prefer McNair's fate to his present misfortune. Destiny plays strange tricks in human affairs.

The president said he didn't expect to campaign "in the usual sense." But the trek of politicians to the White House shows he is drawing on the old charm gadget to improve his chances. Governors Stevenson of Texas and Davis of Louisiana were recent callers. The south must be kept solid if the president is to win a fourth term.

The national federation of women's republican clubs billed Louis Bromfield, Ohio author-farmer, as speaker for its convention at Louisville. Bromfield is the chap who had us all starving in 1943. Fortunately he talked politics to the women at Louisville and not agriculture.

The blue tokens used in rationing will be wasted out October 1. They are not worth as much as blue chips of poker; and when it comes to handling these tokens neither customers nor grocers give "three cheers for the red, white and blue."

Bulgaria has decided to declare war on Germany. It used to be Simon (Hitler) says "thumbs up," now it is Simon (Stalin) says "thumbs wiggle-waggle." And Bulgaria obeys the Simon of the moment.

The country confronts a cigarette shortage and an onion "longage." Wouldn't things be evened up if the latter were made ersatz for the former?

If Portland fails to solve its postwar problems it will not be for lack of advice, domestic and imported.

Dry Season

One can easily note the effects of the long dry summer. The river is very low, so narrow off West Salem one might nearly throw a stone across it. Foliage on deciduous trees and shrubs is drying up and dropping off.

In Polk county many of the oak trees have been almost denuded of leaves by some chewing insect or worm. This is not a new pest, but one that recurs at intervals of years when the insect population gets out of balance. Whether the dry weather is an indirect cause by favoring the chewing worm and hindering its natural enemies we do not know; but no permanent damage is done the trees. They will leaf out as usual next year.

Water supplies in some of the valley towns have run short, forcing restrictions on irrigation. This means that increasing the water supply will be an early project for many cities.

While the season has been unusually dry the weather has been very favorable to all harvests. Field crops were gathered with no losses for hay, grain or seeds, likewise fruits and berries, though hot weather did cut down the berry yield. But now, with the harvest virtually completed, Oregonians, their tongues hanging out, are pleading for clouds to roll in from the Pacific and give them a good, soaking rain.

France Winning Place

Senator Connally, chairman of the foreign relations committee of the senate, said in a debate last week that in his judgment France should serve an apprenticeship before being given a place among the major powers. But the same day announcement was made in Washington that France would be consulted by the "big three" on plans for military occupation and control of Germany and that France would be represented in the forces of occupation and administration.

Without doubt the uprising of the French people contributed greatly to the speedy liberation of their country, and the vigor and nerve and evident unity of the resistance movement gives promise of French rebirth as a nation. As fast as that occurs France should be restored to its place among world nations. Nor should the recognition come grudgingly and tardily. Our own department of state lost prestige with its mishandling of French affairs at Algiers and in London, and isn't improving its score much by assigning Robert Murphy as diplomatic aid to General Eisenhower, succeeding William Phillips.

Purged of its fascist sympathizers France can quickly renew its strength and become a great bulwark of western civilization, contributing in political ideas and in military might for the prevention of another holocaust of war.

People in London can really begin to live again. The blackout is to end Sept. 17, and the robot bombings have come to an end. For five years Londoners had to live like moles from sunset to sunrise, because of the air blitz and recently because of the robot bombs. The ending of the blackout will give the people the thrill of victory, and be perhaps the most "visible" evidence of victory.

Interpreting The War News

By KIRKE L. SIMPSON
ASSOCIATED PRESS WAR ANALYST

QUEBEC, Sept. 12-(AP)—Within the closely guarded precincts of Chateau Frontenac is being shaped a master plan for bringing Japan, at a not too distant date, to the same desperate plight between the jaws of an Anglo-American military vise as that in which Germany stands between Russian and allied armies.

That is about all the information available on the conference on high strategy which brought President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill and their top ranking army, navy and air experts again to the banks of the St. Lawrence. It is about all that will ever be revealed except as the conference decisions are finally disclosed in action.

It is reasonably certain, however, that the pattern of action in the Pacific theater itself is not immediately involved. That was already shaped. It is being put into swift execution with every indication that allied forces will have forced their way into the Philippines, driven deeper also into the central approaches to the China sea, perhaps even have secured bases in Japan's own Kurile islands.

That certainly is what Tokyo believes to be impending. It can be read in the desperation with which the Japanese are driving to link up a land communication route through Homan and Kwangsi province to the south China sea. The allied threat to Japan's China sea communications from the Pacific is too immediate, too perilously close to splitting Japan off from the whole southern end of her conquest zone, for Tokyo not to have realized its potentialities.

That campaign against ill-equipped Chinese forces is a virtual Japanese admission that her final sea lane cannot be defended against American power in the Pacific.

What must primarily concern the experts in Quebec is how to match that Pacific drive with a no less powerful British attack from the west on Japan's southern conquest outposts. It does not need any official word here, beyond the statement that the conference is strictly a strategy affair aimed at Japan, to satisfy lay observers that there is now being worked out a schedule of allied operations for the Bay of Bengal area, Burma and the Dutch Indies to be coordinated with the advance in the Pacific that has gone forward at a pace the planners could not have anticipated when they last met in Quebec.

On a previous trans-Atlantic pilgrimage of similar nature Churchill told congress that a day would come when Japan must meet the ultimate challenge of American naval power in the Pacific. Japan has elected, under repeated and grueling defeats, to keep her fleet hidden. And it is a more terrible challenge now as British naval power is released from the European area by Germany's impending fall.

Elimination of the Nazi U-boat menace in the Atlantic paved the way for the fall of Germany. Disposal of the Japanese main fleet would no less certainly be the beginning of the end for Japan.



"War Every Twenty-Five Years"

The Literary Guidepost

"The Best American Short Stories, 1944," edited by Marjorie Pryor (Doubleday-Morris, \$2.75).

If anybody has bothered to follow these pieces of mine for any length of time, he will have discovered that I dislike the short story as a literary form, particularly the inevitable superficiality and spottiness of a piece that runs upward from 3000 words. It is impossible to lay a firm base of character in such space, and have anything left for action.

But a lot of people disagree, some violently. Marjorie Pryor is one of these, and she disagrees out of a great experience. She has written short stories, and good ones; she has read many thousands in one or another editorial capacity, and since the death of Edward J. O'Brien, her job as editor of "The Best American Short Stories" has kept her abreast of the field, and perhaps even a little ahead of it.

Miss Pryor's 1944 volume contains 30 pieces, ranging from some real short stories by Dorothy Canfield Fisher and others, up to a curious piece by Carson McCullers which runs to 60 closely printed pages and is about as much a short story as the Encyclopedia Britannica is a pocket almanac. Most of these pieces, Miss Pryor points out, are by new writers, and thereby hangs a moral which Miss Pryor serves up at some length.

She believes that something is very wrong here in America. She sees gifted writers appearing a time or two in her anthology, and then making "a descent into commercialized fiction," by which she means into the slick magazines with their wonderful color photographs of army nurses on Corregidor with colored fingernails six inches long. This descent, Miss Pryor believes due more to editorial seduction than anything else—the pressure to compromise is heavier in America, she says, than in any other country in the world. And the tempo of American life and its responsibilities make it hard for a youngster to ignore a pretty fleshpot.

Miss Pryor's selections are first rate; her introduction is a sound document.

News Behind the News

By PAUL MALLON

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WASHINGTON, Sept. 12-(AP)—The Germans have no more than 25 depleted divisions (probably around 300,000 men) bitterly trying to save their western border from us.

This is not enough to maintain a Siegfried line or any other kind of line for the long stretch from the Alps to the sea. If they last three weeks with what they have, they will be doing well. By that time, at least, you should begin to see evidence of collapse and surrender of the troops in the field, if not of the government.

Their retreat from France was rather cleverly conceived, or at least displayed the usual Nazi thoroughness in stubborn, convincing resistance to the inevitable. To date they have maintained an escape corridor to Germany through the Belfort gap.

Then also we had only one usable channel port, Cherbourg, the one we took first, which was thoroughly demolished (it is now handling about twice its former small peacetime traffic burden). But Cherbourg fell so far behind our fast-advance force, that most of our supplies had to come in over the beaches. (A little came in by air.)

Nazi suicide squads left behind in Brest and Havre, the two large ports we wanted most, did their work well, not only in resisting us but by demolishing port facilities to make them unusable to us for days after capture.

The others, Dieppe, St. Nazaire, Lorient, Ostend, Dunkirk, Calais, Caen, do not amount to much toward supplying our large armies. But the Germans held most of them throughout our journey through France and the lowlands.

Our seizure of Antwerp practically undamaged was offset because the Nazis for a time still held the islands controlling approaches to the port.

For their western Europe defense in the beginning they had

around 1,250,000 men when we landed in Normandy. Since then they have lost around 450,000 killed and captured (the official figure was 325,000 captured up to a week ago on both the northern and southern French fronts) and the number of their wounded, including those who escaped to Germany, can be safely placed at 250,000 to 300,000.

Thus, they lost more than half their army in France, probably far more than half their combat troops, as 400,000 of their original 1,250,000 were administrative or non-combat. The only divisions which came out whole and prepared to fight were those few in Belgium and Holland, awaiting our threatened flanking invasion there.

They have been trying to get troops from Finland and Norway, but these are too far away. While they have obtained some from Denmark, few could come from the Aegean (these were mostly cut off) and none from Hungary, where the Russians are now threatening.

Their defeat in the two battles in Normandy was so decisive they saw immediately they could not defend the Somme-Aisne line or even the Belgian forts, so they ran for the shorter-lined German border, with less than half their army, to plan a line on the Albert canal, Ardennes forest, Moselle river.

They had time for real preparations only on the Moselle, where they mined extensively and used one old fort and some few new concrete pillboxes.

On the southern front the Nazis fought hard at Lyon and Besancon, delaying General Patch.

Furthermore, when you read of us occupying a town, it generally only means our advance force has gone in. That force is not prepared to fight against any sizeable resistance and must await the arrival of the main body, if it meets strength. Consequently, confusing dispatches have come out indicating we had captured some of these towns four or five days after entering them.

In the face of resistance, Patch was just not able to get up to General Patton's flank around Metz and Nancy soon enough to close the escape corridor promptly. (Although he had one good port, Marseilles, behind him—Toulon having been ruined.) It may not have mattered much as most of the Germans from southwest France had passed that route Germany-bound many days before.

Also, our northern armies had to sit around for a week and wait until supplies came in through the slow process of beaching. Daily after that we began accumulating strength, not only in materiel but in men, sufficient to wield safe stacking power, which we are now doing.

These lines, like the Siegfried, are not the military obstacles to-day they once were. The British, for instance, passed the Albert canal against resistance, without use of paratroopers or any special devices, although this is supposed to be an important military obstacle. Coming westward, the Germans similarly had forced it with rubber boats.

All in all, therefore, the evidence adds up to a swift conclusion of the war. Probably before election, certainly before winter. There are a few authorities who think the Nazis may last into snow, but very few.

Romantic L. Dixon
AT THE FRONT

French Farm Folk
Fix Bridges, Roads
Wrecked by Nazis

WITH THE A.E.F. IN EASTERN FRANCE, Sept. 5-(Delayed)—(AP)—If you stumble across any citizens still unconvinced of the utter futility of ever forcefully dominating a really independent people tell them this story of how quiet, unarmed farm folk in eastern-central France fought for their country.

Today we drove many twisting miles northward through rolling wooded farmlands stretching westward from the Alps. Yesterday the Germans drove here.

Before they fled they blew up bridges of many major secondary highways. They felled thousands of trees which parallel the roads in order to create countless road blocks. They planted mines when they had time. The final last effort to delay and confuse the pursuers was to tear up or twist road signs.

If the Germans even noted the impassive French farm folk who quietly went about plowing, planting, hoeing and harvesting during these delaying tactics they must have shrugged off their presence with a sneer.

After all, most fighting men long since have joined the Maquis. Those remaining are only very old or very young—the aged, infirmed, infantile or womenfolk. Besides how could they fight without arms?

But the dust hardly had settled in the distance as the Germans fled when the farm people struck their blow for freedom. First they tackled the bridges—the biggest obstacle in the seventh army's pursuit.

Quickly and quietly by the hundreds they unhitched from their plows teams of huge horses and yokes of oxen and hitched them to road scrapers, road drags. Those without such equipment brought spades and shovels, even hoes. Still others brought only willing arms to carry rocks and logs.

They scraped, shoveled, and

The Safety Valve

Letter from Statesman Readers

"AS OTHERS SEE US"

Klamath Falls, Ore.

To the Editor: This morning I arrived in Klamath Falls and breathed a sigh of relief after having been a visitor in your city, Salem, for one week.

I know it isn't well to complain to you and your citizens about your city but I believe that if you would listen, perhaps your out-of-town guests might wish to return to Salem, and stay.

I'll just outline my last day there for example: Three times I came and went from one of your neat restaurants, seeking a late breakfast and not finding it. There were very few people waiting and the waitresses were not very busy so I must consider that they were negligent.

While bringing my luggage to the depot I saw a very pretty dog get run over and killed, and the driver continued on his merry way, not at all bothered about what he had done.

We have an ordinance in our town that requires one to stop immediately, try to locate the dog's master and to contact the humane society, and it is enforced.

My train was to leave in the evening, so, being very tired I went to a show with the intention of relaxing and enjoying the time I had to wait. As many women do, I slipped off my shoes and put my feet under me (I am quite short). Immediately, an usherette came to me to say that I was not allowed to do that.

After the show I had my three tries for dinner which was served by one who seemed to be in need of bicarbonate of soda and after listening to her, I completely lost my appetite.

We "town people" are asked to go out and help the farmers on our vacation. I have read so many appeals from your district, sent to Klamath Falls, wanting people to help with the "hop crop" so I decided I would do my bit in my two weeks vacation.

I helped and enjoyed the out-

spaded dirt and blasted gaps on the road bed. If a stream ran through they bridged it with rough wooden spans. Then in long sweating lines they carried endless loads of rocks and gravel and placed them painstakingly atop the structures.

When we drove through—hours ahead of the military traffic in some instances—we found the bridges already passable for jeep traffic. When we waved to the cheering, sweat-soaked men, women and children (Continued on Page 5)

IT SEEMS TO ME

(Continued from Page 1)

In a league of nations, he had to go farther and say he favored the use of force to stop aggressors the moment they get started. Force became the test-word in the examination. If Dewey had said Sibboleth he would have flunked.

Now I am not objecting to an international council supported with military force to preserve peace, but I wonder if its advocates are not putting too much faith in the magic of a word. Like a crowd of hazers pressing their victim to make him say "uncle," or whatever the catchword is, and then letting him go, they make international peace almost an exercise in semantics. Well, Charlemagne made Christians out of his soldiers by marching them through a river and calling it baptism—or did he?

There is so much more to permanent peace than covenants and a fleet of airplanes. If we begin it with a club it may end in a brawl. As essential as force is provision for international agreement (legislation) and for judicial settlement of international disputes (world court). And fundamental is a will for peace among the peoples of the earth.

But the opponents of a council of nations have a test-word too. It is sovereignty. It was neatly worked into the Mackinac declaration and in the statement of Moscow. If one says he is opposed to any surrender of our sovereignty as a nation, then he has pronounced Sibboleth correctly for those who are suspicious of a league of nations.

But are they not raising their fears as obstructions? When two nations make treaties involving mutual concessions each abridges its sovereignty in just that particular. When the nations bordering the North Pacific made a treaty for protecting the fur-bearing seal they limited the rights of their own citizens. So if we make a sibboleth of the word sovereignty we will be forced into political isolation—which is itself a proven fiction.

Why not look at the business this way: War is a costly, barbaric indulgence. Let us try to join other nations in setting up reasonable machinery for preventing war, and be ready to go as far as good judgment permits in substituting processes of law and courts for the arbitrament of war, realizing that the affair is a joint undertaking, calling for participation of all nations. International peace will come by growth, and not by uttering (or avoiding) magic words.

ing, the work and the people with whom I worked but I can't understand why your farmers will let us come up there and your railway ticket agents won't let us come home.

I was cheerfully sold a ticket to come home on and then told that I couldn't use it for "no telling how long." Well, I made it (thanks to a kind conductor) without putting any servicerman or elderly lady out of a seat, and believe me, I was glad to get home.

If you print this and if your residents don't like it, then perhaps they will make Salem a little more congenial, a little more welcoming, a lot more friendly.

Virginia Stilwell.

Stevens Gift Canteen

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