

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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A One-Way Ride

If anyone in Japan is looking for employment and wants only one job he can get it by volunteering to pilot a Jap suicide plane. The Japs are building special planes for this purpose, for which they issue, to be sure, only a one-way ticket. They are building them up in Manchuria, out of present sight of American bombers, and the planes are built to a special design. The charge—a long ton of high explosive—is built right into the snout of the ship. The charge explodes when the nose or a wing hits a solid object.

To get back to the pilot: he sits in the center of the plane, which is of pusher type, propeller in the rear. He is locked into the cockpit from the outside and given no parachute—it really is intended as a one-way trip. When the plane takes off the pilot circles the field three times while the men on the ground stand at attention and salute. Then he sails off to join his ancestors, hoping to take an American battleship or carrier along with him.

That these suicide pilots do attain some success in their missions is indicated in the casualty reports from Okinawa which show that the navy has suffered more heavily there than the army and marines who made the landings. Naval losses, chiefly from aerial attacks, were 989 dead, 2220 wounded and 1491 missing; army and marine casualties 493 dead, 2530 wounded and 265 missing.

While the ships point heavy cones of fire at suicide planes, when they come in waves it is possible for some to get through and sink or damage some of our ships. Our ship sinkings from this source have been few, but the damage must have been extensive, judging from the casualties to personnel that have been reported.

In the Bag

What an assortment of German big-wigs are falling into the allied bag now. Among them are Field Marshal von Mackensen, one of Germany's great field commanders in the first world war, and Count Felix von Luckner, roving sea devil of that war, also two sons of the late kaiser, Franz von Pappen, the grey fox of German diplomacy, Fritz Kuhn's wife, the director of I-G Farben Industries, great chemical combine, and in the Ruhr pocket, 24 German generals.

Also in the bag are important documents, including the entire card index system of records for all the prisoners of war captured by the Germans. Announced Friday was the capture of 30 trainloads of government document in the Hartz mts., presumably papers shipped out of Berlin. This material is of great importance because with it historians can reconstruct the pattern of the Nazi government.

Of course the big game for which the trap is yawning is Adolf Hitler himself, with his principal associates, Himmler, Goebbels and Goering.

Salvaging Wastes

For years pulp and paper mills have sluiced their sulphite liquor as wastes into streams, throwing away valuable materials and polluting the streams. But they could find no practical way of rescuing by-products profitably.

Chemists at the University of Washington announce the discovery of a practical process for obtaining butyl alcohol from these waste liquors. It will be a great thing if some economic use is found for these wastes. Here in Oregon we are interested because we have pulp mills along the Willamette valley from Lebanon to St. Helens.

Aid for Education

The Delta (Miss.) Democrat-Times opposes federal aid to education, saying:

"We in the south, especially, should fight federal aid for education, because we should know by now that federal money is not earmarked according to race or color. It would present a problem that is not very savory to contemplate at this time."

The editor let the cat out of the bag in those comments. Because federal aid isn't earmarked mostly "white" he doesn't want, any of it.

Gold Beach, the only county seat in the state that was not incorporated, has finally voted to form a city government. The need for sewage disposal and other services finally forced action. When communities become thickly settled they require joint action to provide certain community essentials: fire protection, sewage disposal, water supply, policing, library. When a section becomes thickly settled it should form its own corporation or, if adjacent to a city, come into the city government, because it is no longer rural.

Editorial Comment

ED COMMENT—NOT A PEACE CONFERENCE

Contrary to popular description, the United Nations meeting opening in San Francisco next Wednesday will not be a peace conference. It will not deal with boundaries, or reparations, or questions concerning the disarmament and control of the axis countries, or with the trial and punishment of war criminals. This, the U. S. state department emphasized in a special statement received this week by The Argus and other newspapers.

The conference will have a single purpose, "to prepare the charter of an international organization for presentation to the proposed member nations for adoption . . . the foundation stone for the structure of international cooperation," says the official statement.

In some respects, the conference of San Francisco may prove even more important than the later peace table sessions. Its discussions will foreshadow the degree of agreement that may be anticipated among the United Nations on questions of peace settlements. It is looked upon by the state department as the birthplace of whatever sort of formal international organization we shall be able to achieve to effectuate and protect the much-hoped-for lasting peace to come.—Mt. Vernon, Wash. Argus.

City Flag

Oregon City is in somewhat of a dilemma over a city flag. It seems that a cruiser is soon to be launched in an Atlantic port that will be named after the city that was Oregon's first capital, and a city flag is needed along with a state flag. The town venerables are scratching their heads over a flag design, the city in its long past never having had that problem to face before. One man suggests that the design include the Dr. John McLoughlin house and the original power house from which the first long-distance (15 miles to Portland) transmission line for electric current was built. The chamber of commerce suggests a flag with the city seal and a covered wagon. The Rotary club is taking the matter up; so the city commission, which presumably has the final say, will not lack for ideas.

Where so many and such fertile brains are active there is no need for outside suggestion. Of course there was a time when upstate communities on highway 99 would have recommended a bottle-neck as an appropriate design for Oregon City's flag; but fortunately that is now quite outdated. There are others who at this season of the year might suggest a "salmon rampant" (especially if it shows a fishline hooked in his mouth). The Statesman, which first broke water in Oregon City 94 years ago, makes no recommendation. Anything the Enterprise and the Banner-Courier agree on should satisfy the rest of the state, which has no concern in the matter anyway. We do wonder, though, who will be OC's Betsy Ross.

Unionizing Farm Labor

Back east the teamsters' union is reported planning to unionize operators of milking machines. Could be. And what about tractor drivers and combine operators? Already in the west the sheep-shearers are pretty well organized. Farmers have been learning fast about labor costs and labor standards. The government lays down stiff requirements on those who employ Mexican labor, because of agreement with the Mexican government. Standard conditions as to wages and working conditions are imposed; and the labor can't be just turned out to grass on the rainy days.

The end of the war should see a change in number of workers available, but farmers must expect stiffer terms from the men they hire, as compared with times before the war. And a machine is a machine, whether working in a field or in a building.

Franklin Roosevelt As I Knew Him

BY KIRKE L. SIMPSON
AP War Analyst and Long-time Friend

(Associated Press staff writer who knew Mr. Roosevelt for 30 years.)

WASHINGTON, April 20.—(AP)—I have come now in my memories of Franklin Roosevelt to the sad last chapter.

All the nation, the civilized world, grieves at his untimely loss; but to none other than his own kin can that grief be more personal than to the small company his brave and buoyant spirit had bound so closely to him—the cufflinks club.

There seems no point in recalling all those Roosevelt birthday dinners, of which the cufflinks were an invariable part.

The last session came just a day or two before the president set off on that fateful trip to Yalta to meet Winston Churchill and Joseph Stalin for the last time.

My last personal contact with Franklin Roosevelt came that night. I saw him last (but at a distance) at the White House correspondents dinner after his return from Yalta. He looked weary and was saddened by the death of Gen. Brig. Gen. Edwin M. "Pa" Watson, his military aide and secretary.

But entered into all the fun and banter and gallantly sought to throw off his obvious fatigue. I like better to recall the Franklin Roosevelt of earlier White House days and I am moved to tell of what actually happened at the White House the night Al Smith took his "walk" away from Roosevelt party leadership, in February, 1936.

That afternoon I was summoned for a stag dinner with the president. The group included Secretary Morgenthau, Harry Hopkins, "Pa" Watson, Vice Adm. Ross T. McIntire, the president's friend and physician, Steve Early, "Mac" McIntyre and myself. As we started downstairs Mr. Roosevelt sent me back to the study to pick up a scratch pad and pencil. He said he had a "game" in mind.

At the table he decreed that each of us should write his guess as to just how and on what grounds Al Smith would take his coming walkout on the administration. Each would put in a blue chip and after we had listened to Smith's speech on the radio decide who won.

We did that, and I remember Harry Hopkins rhymed his effort wittily. I filed a claim on the president's penciled guess, and he scrawled his initials on it. I have it before me now.

As Smith's voice filled the room the president showed no emotion except for a dancing light in his eyes, but when the speech ended he clutched my knee with his big fist. I had black-and-blue marks to show for it next day.

"Do you know what that means, Kirke?" he asked. "It means 500,000 votes for our side."

We then divided up the blue chip pot. The president won. This was what he had scribbled as his guess:

"Because the president and his administration have failed to live up to the 1932 platform and have instituted unconstitutional and un-American policies, he and his administration no longer represent the democratic party."



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Thumbs Up!

News Behind the News

By PAUL MALLON
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WASHINGTON, April 20.—The world WPA idea and the post-war world spending notion have evaporated in the light of some fine words Mr. Truman expressed in signing the lend-lease bill.

Just a few days before Mr. Roosevelt's death there had been a big argument in congress, which had delayed this extension of lend-lease authority until a year from next June 30 (not the end of the war). Frankly, a majority in both houses was suspicious that the administration spenders intended to use this blanket lend-lease authorization for relief and rehabilitation in Europe.

They had heard the French, for instance, were already rehabilitating their railroads and putting machinery into factories from our lend-lease kitty. Supposedly this government felt the rehabilitation of French railroads was essential to hauling our war supplies to the front, and looked at the installation of our machinery in French factories the same way.

But this war has cost us \$238,000,000,000 already (Morgenthau's last figure) and lend-lease already had amounted to \$35,400,000,000 last December 31. Our financial position is not improving.

Lend-lease should be about over as far as big figures are concerned, because no new contract could now be made in time to do any good in Europe and the Far Eastern war is largely our own effort except for lend-lease to China, whose ports are still closed.

Furthermore, we face the prospects of putting out above \$25,000,000,000 more abroad for post-war without any lend-lease.

An official British statement estimated she would need \$5,500,000,000 the year beginning next July 1, mostly for civilian relief. The French want \$2,500,000,000 now and more after German resistance ceases. No one knows Russia's needs, but she has asked \$6,000,000,000 of credits.

British contracts already made will run to \$7,500,000,000 for this year. Our UNRRA is supposedly planning an increase in its \$1,200,000,000. The Export-Import bank is said to want \$1,300,000,000 more. These unspecified prospects could run up to \$50,000,000,000 — outside of lend-lease.

"THE YOUNG IDEA" By Mossler



"Thank goodness, the baseball season's started again. That's the one radio program these two agree on!"

Kenneth L. Dixon
AT THE FRONT!

By Lewis Hawkins
(Subbing for Kenneth L. Dixon)
WITH U.S. SEVENTH ARMY

—(P)—The Third infantry division with its proud record of 22 congressional medals of honor regards itself as one of the toughest outfits in any army and its commander, Maj. Gen. John W. O'Daniel, who came up through the ranks, fits right into the picture.

In a recent battle, "Iron Mike" O'Daniel watched from a Cub plane while a company took one position but hesitated to move forward without reconnaissance. The general's plane swooped low and he dropped a note saying "No Boche for two kilometers. Get moving." The company moved.

Cpl. Donovan Bailey of Parkersburg, W. Va., a medic with the 4th division, was going down a road looking for a wounded man when he came upon a German soldier loading a rifle.

Bailey, unarmed, glared at the soldier and demanded that he surrender. The German just grinned and patted his rifle. Things were tense until Bailey had an inspiration and in faultily, but adequate German demanded "you want to eat?" The German dropped his gun and came along.

All hurlyburly babies aren't born in taxi cabs. Cpl. Robert F. Danielowicz of Providence, R. I., had just retired to his billet in a French home when his excited landlady woke him with the information her sister was about to have a baby.

Danielowicz called for help and Cpl. William Long, Waggoner, Okla., came up with a jeep. The expectant mother was bundled into a blanket and carried to the back seat. Then they set off at 50 miles an hour over a rough road to the nearest town.

Reaching the hospital a scant jump ahead of the stork, the 45th division infantryman jumped out and banged on the door, but it was closed tight for the night. Turning back to the jeep he had just started to tell long to take off for the battalion surgeon when a faint wail came from the back seat. Mother and child both did well.

Sgt. Chris Rhodes of Dallas, Texas, led a 44th division unit which liberated 150 French, Spanish, Russian, Polish and German political prisoners in Mannheim. Before he could dodge the grateful Frenchmen covered him with kisses, but his buddy, PFC George Martinex, Los Angeles, saw them coming and "I stuck out my hand real quick and they had to shake it—but it was a close call."

IT SEEMS TO ME

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if any, on the quotas that may be set for future campaigns? Would it be possible to consolidate the various campaigns for prevention of specific diseases into a single health program? If not where will the limit be? Will we have new organizations to combat arthritis, cardiac diseases, venereal disease, etc?

Frankly I do not know any control that can be imposed. This is a free country still, so far as soliciting money for charities is concerned. But the public becomes weary of so many importunities. The community chests can hardly take in all the mendicants who come along, no matter how worthy their cause may be. A unification of appeal seems needed. More than that some scrutiny of the program ought to be made so that there may be some balance in the expenditure of funds. Otherwise by dint of peculiar appeal or enterprise of the promoters more money may be raised for one cause than for another where the need is greater.

The question is one which needs to be studied by friends of public health and by those national, state and local leaders in efforts to raise money for humanitarian causes.

The Literary Guidepost

By W. G. ROGERS

"THE FOLDED LEAF" by William Maxwell (Harper; \$2.50).

Tennyson's line about the "folded leaf wood'd from out the bud" furnishes the title for this unusual novel.

Two boys, Lymie Peters and Spud Latham, get acquainted as the book opens and grow into a fast friendship through high school and college, where the story leaves them. Lymie is the intelligent one, introspective and sensitive, and Spud in many respects his opposite.

What Spud feels toward Lymie is summed up in this: "The nearest to an enemy that he could find was Lymie, who was also his only friend. Lymie was the enemy to the extent that Spud, who fell in love with Sally, was jealous of him."

The reader's interest mounts steadily to a climax which has been subtly prepared. Little incidents, mainly of a domestic cast, really form the body of the story, and are treated reflectively, in a sort of take-it-or-leave-it manner. Maxwell seems to be leading his story along; he sort of walks beside it, now coaxing, now giving it a tug, now wondering why it chooses to turn in this direction or that.

The scene is in and near Chicago. Lymie's first visit to the Latham home, his trip to the cemetery with his father and events in classrooms are perhaps the best realized passages.

The time is back at the end of World War I, so that a middle-aged reader has the feeling that he's looking back on his own youth. Time is important to Maxwell, as if he were a true Bergsonian, like Marcel Proust and Joyce and Stein. He keeps extending the implications of his story into the past and the future. Lymie's father remains a youth in a derby. Lymie, too, while he grows older, will be unable to grow out of some of the things which happen to him, such as the high-school fraternity initiation. Prof. Severance as a boy of five was separated once in a store from his mother, and the saleswoman "tried to comfort him, but a child lost goes on crying, right down to the end of time."

This is a novel to mull over.

Unemployment Funds Could Diminish Fast

"Although a reserve of \$65,000,000 has been piled up from payments under the state's unemployment compensation commission assessments, 150,000 men suddenly thrown out of work could take \$38,000,000 out of the fund," David H. Cameron, supervisor of the commission, told members of the Salem Board of Realtors at their noonday meeting Friday in Hotel Marion.

It was explained to the realtors by the speaker that the amendment to the law by the last legislature did not make it mandatory for real estate brokers and salesmen to forego the present law. Instead, he pointed out, brokers after having taken advantage of a year's operation are eligible for exemption from the payments but that this exemption must be asked for at that time. Also the only exemption that can be asked are for those workers who receive only commissions, no salaries.

Cameron also said the return of veterans would have no effect on the state's unemployment fund, pointing out that a returned veteran, out of employment, could apply for compensation and it would be paid by the state but that the federal government in turn would reimburse the state.

Migratory workers, in the state for the probable duration of the war, he said, would be eligible for payments from the commission. On the other hand, he pointed out, some Oregon citizens, now working in other states, likewise would be entitled to payments from other states, creating a balanced offset.

3 17-Year-Olds Admit Series Of Robberies

Three 17-year-old boys who started out on stirring career of lawless, with Salem the city in which they "stepped off the deep end", are in custody in Santa Barbara, Calif., charged with a series of crimes, to which, according to a letter received Friday by Chief of Police Frank A. Minto, the youths have confessed.

The boys are Maurice Edward Jones and Richard Lee Elshop, both of Portland, and Dick Jerome Schimpt, of Vancouver, Wash. Each of the boys, the letter said, have served time in the Woodburn training school.

The boys told the California police they left Portland April 5 by bus, stole a 1941 Ford sedan in Salem; abandoned it at Roseburg when it "threw a rod"; hitch-hiked to Yreka, Calif., stealing a 1940 Chevrolet there April 6; abandoned it.

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