

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Stays Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Sorrows

Three sorrows has Prince Paul. Yugoslavia is too small to fight Germany. Britain is too far away, and her strength cannot be easily brought to bear. Germany is too great and too strong and too close. There is a single alternative. It is true that Britain has promised assistance to a combined Greek-Yugoslavian blow for the freedom of the Balkans. It is true that she has a powerful ally in Turkey. But she does not have the heavy units of the reichswehr poised in Bulgaria and Rumania and Hungary, and there is an inescapable truth in the remark that God is on the side of the heaviest divisions.

Hitler is supposed to have sent a note to the Yugoslavian authorities offering them the port of Salonika in Greece for their adherence to the axis, perhaps even the port of Fiume in Italian Dalmatia, and other more or less explicit bounties. That such promises are only fair-weather bait is only too apparent, to the Yugoslavs as to everyone else, but whether it would not be wiser to appear to accept them is still another question.

Yet acceptance, even with such bounties, of German and Italian overlordship is to be performed only with sinking heart by the South Slavs of Yugoslavia, who before the last war were known as Serbs and Croats. The people under Prince Paul's regency remember all too well their struggles with the old German emperor in the Vienna Hofburg in the days when Slavic nationalism was pulsing through the ancient dominions of the Hapsburg crown. The independence of Serbia goes back to Black George the swineherd and his revolution of 1803; but the lands of Croatia and of Carniola, Carinthia and Styria were won only with the defeat of the Austrian and the German monarchies.

Yet with the conquest of Yugoslavia, if it occurs, will come the hour of decision for Hitler. He will then hold Greece at his mercy, so that from the Bay of Biscay to the Black Sea he will be without a master; then, like Alexander, he must reach out for new worlds to conquer. He must then finally decide whether he is to breach the English bastion, or to strike into the soft, yielding mass of the Ukraine in the pit of Russia. He must make up his mind whether he will stretch out for the Dardanelles or Gibraltar, or both, and whether he will face the inevitable conflict with Russia which he saw in *Mein Kampf*. Only one decision Hitler cannot make; he cannot decide to stop fighting.

Committees

Unfortunately for the good repute of legislatures, their best work is done in the semi-privacy of committee rooms. If the public had a better picture of what goes on there, its appreciation of the legislative process would be enhanced.

As it is, the public judges largely from what it hears said and sees done on the floors of the respective houses, and it must be admitted that proceedings there are not often edifying. Debate is more often than not distinctly third-grade, and we have a theory to explain that but we do not except everyone to agree.

Stage fright! That is our explanation. It is our observation that only about half of our Oregon senators, and not more than 10 per cent of our representatives, even at this late date in the session are at ease on their feet, speaking to a critical body of colleagues and a critical gallery audience and knowing that out beyond are some thousands of critical constituents. Stage fright paralyzes the thinking apparatus. To test it out, ask a member some simple little question a few moments after he has talked on the floor—and see if you get a sensible answer!

But in committee rooms the members are at ease and their thinking apparatus works approximately at maximum efficiency, whatever that is. This present session has some excellent committees and they have done some excellent work.

It is however, the business of committees to analyze and evaluate and improve the bills that come before them—not to determine their fate by committee action or inaction. There has been an unusual tendency this session on the part of certain committees—and we do not join certain senators in referring particularly to ways and means—to bury important bills. Some examples are the assessment date bills and the fortified wine-bill, slumbering somewhere in senate committee pigeonholes.

Justice

When Portia uttered those musical words "it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven" she was really talking about justice though her reference was to "the quality of mercy." Certainly the quality of justice should not be strained, in either of the senses that the remark might be construed.

It is pleasing to note that the measures broadly revising Oregon's justice of the peace system have been approved by the house of representatives with little opposition, and it is to be hoped that they will meet a like reception in the senate.

Elimination of the fee system which in criminal cases caused the justice to have a financial interest in the outcome, is the fundamental reform approved by the house. There is no intention here to question the integrity of any individual justice—and incidentally this system has not for many years applied to the Salem justice court—but its elimination would remove an ever-present element of embarrassment. It should also eliminate some of the difficulty which has arisen in the accounting and auditing of justice court records.

Though it was not brought out in argument before the house, this provision should also tend to discourage the practice of taking minor criminal matters developing in one justice court district, into another for trial, since volume of "business" no longer determines a justice's income.

Contrary to sentiment which resulted in the bill's amendment, this department believes that

it should have made legal training a prerequisite to future candidacy for the office of justice of the peace. This officer must deal with the law and lawyers, and it would seem appropriate that he be properly qualified to do so.

Buying or selling a newspaper was cause for arrest in Delaware on Sunday as the state attorney general ordered strict enforcement of the Sunday blue laws, enacted in 1740, after the legislature had refused to repeal them. Streetcar operators, milkmen, restaurant workers and service station attendants went to jail or posted bond. Chances are the law will be repealed by next Sunday.

For the perfect solution of the public power problem—after the community is committed to public power—we award the streamlined basketball to The Dallas Chronicle. Municipal power for the city—no rural customers to subsidize. REA for the rural areas; let Uncle Sam pay the freight.

The average size of farms has increased by 17 acres since 1930, the census bureau reports. It is not an encouraging trend. But undoubtedly it would look still worse if all the farm land held by Uncle Sam were listed as one farm.

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

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WASHINGTON, March 6—While everyone has been talking about reorganizing the defense set-up, Mr. Roosevelt has been doing it. Without announcement he sent a letter February 25 to his administrative assistant William H. McReynolds, breathing official power into an old forgotten bureau, known as the office of emergency management. It was not in the form of an executive order, which would have to be issued for publication, but it had the same effect.

Mr. McReynolds was instructed to establish the OEM as an overall defense agency to handle money and personnel. He was told to employ such persons as necessary to maintain "a central budgetary, accounting and fiscal control system" for the Knudsen-Hillman outfit, the OPM, add for all over defense agencies, which, it now develops, were supposed to be under OEM all the time. Those affected include parts of the national defense advisory council, the housing coordinator, the Rockefeller coordination for Latin American commercial and cultural relations, Paul McNutt's defense health bureau and some others.

But McReynolds is not to handle overall policy. The February 25 letter merely put a tent over the defense bureau in preparation for the next step. It will be the establishment under OEM, also, of a new policy commission, to be composed presumably of Harry Hopkins and interested cabinet officers such as Morgenthau, Stimson, Knox and perhaps Wickard.

This new policy commission will administer the lease-lend program, deciding what is to go to Britain and how.

The OEM, of course, is nothing but a Mr. McReynolds-Roosevelt, a counterpart of the twin-headed Mr. Knudsen-Hillman who is running the office of production management. The move will serve simply to draw up all the reins of the defense program into Mr. Roosevelt's hands, with Mr. McReynolds acting as coachman. Or as officials describe it, it is to be an overall tent.

This new big tent over defense was created as a sideshow away back in September, 1939, in a reorganization program. Mr. McReynolds carried it around in his pocket until last January 7 when the president instituted the OPM under his jurisdiction, a detail which has been overlooked by all.

It is not now intended to come between the president and Mr. Knudsen, according to the only authorities who could speak for the president on this with authority. Mr. Knudsen, with or without his twin Mr. Hillman is to continue to deal directly with FDR on all matters except routine money and personnel.

But the new policy committee is to be established alongside Mr. Knudsen. While his job is production, the coming new creation is to have the job of distributing the production.

This is the detailed pattern which follows the outline exclusively presented in this column February 6. Unless its additional details contain some bugs, it would seem to furnish an equalized basis upon which new dealers and business men may work efficiently and amicably.

Most serious aspect of the lend-lease dispute is not what is being said openly in the senate, but the dirty stuff developing outside. This is leaving stains which will not wash out when the bill is passed.

Only official aspect of the ink-smearing has been contributed by Interior Secretary Ickes who personally convicted several people including a World War hero of the crime of treason for publicity opposing administration policy. If it has become treasonous for anyone to oppose the administration, we are wasting our money defending ourselves against Hitler and the Nazi system because, in that case, we already have a Nazi system and a Hitler. But, as everyone knows Gauleiter Ickes is not as official or as serious as he sounds.

Possibly worse is the maniacal scourging of Wheeler, Bennett Clark, Hiram Johnson and other good dissenting American senators who dared to speak their minds openly. An administration newspaper in New York has, for instance, covered its front page with half a dozen vague similarities in thought between isolated expressions by Hitler and Senators Wheeler and Holman, in the yellowest attempt at modern smear-journalism that has yet developed outside Germany.

In my time, I saw the late great Senator Robert LaFollette, senior, beaten down by such beastly fury to the edge of the grave for opposing the last war. He lived long enough to run for president, supported by some of these very ink-smearers of today, including Mr. Ickes—and Senator Wheeler was LaFollette's vice-presidential running mate in that campaign.

There should be a law against anyone calling himself a liberal until he acts like one.



The Old Question of the Dead Hero and the Live Coward?

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Justifiable nostalgia, 3-8-41 as told by Daniel Poling, head of the International Society of Christian Endeavor:

In the Portland Journal of last Monday, Dr. Daniel A. Poling, native Oregonian, told of his justifiable nostalgia for the state of his birth, which he had been visiting in connection with the national Christian mission meetings.

In the Journal article, Dr. Poling said:

"Coming back to Oregon is, for me, always coming home. Whether I walk over the border or drive over it, I always find myself to my fingertips. I understand what Byron meant when he said:

"Of all the land that I have wandered o'er This is the fairest and the best."

"Riding up the valley on Thursday evening, in the mist—and I love the grays of this country—there was all about me the glory of this land.

"Even those who come to it from other places to make their homes here are caught by something from which they never escape. We who are to the country born have it in our blood. It is the elemental composite of mountains and valleys, rivers and forests, the limitless high plateaus of the East and the

Today's Garden

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

D. R.—When to set out pansy plants?

Pansy plants may be set out at anytime now. They will be coming into bloom soon. Keep them picked to lengthen stems and produce more blooms. Plants may also be bought when in bloom and set out without any injury to the amount of flowers. Pansies grow best in a rich soil.

F. D. When to plant magnolia? Magnolias belong to the variety of plants which transplant best at this time of the year. M. Stellata is the one that blooms silvery white. M. stellata rosea is the dwarf rose pink star magnolia.

T. C. asks for names of flowering shrubs that are fragrant. Viburnum carlesii, lilacs, mock oranges, daphnes, roses, furnish fragrance in the shrub garden. By adding a heliotrope in a south-facing location along about May, you will have additional summer fragrance.

E. I. G.—Asks for names of two hardy evergreen azaleas. A. macrantha, an orange one, and A. kaempferi, red-flowered, are both quite hardy and evergreen.

I received an interesting letter from Mrs. M. O. O. who writes that she cannot believe her eyes this, her first spring, on the west coast. She has a terrible fear that she should be running out and covering everything up each night, and she worries "additionally" for fear some late frost will injure the mowed grass and all the flowers "stepping entirely out of season."

Our spring this year is a little earlier than usual, and while we will likely have a number of white frosts in the nights, I do not believe we are now apt to have any really "dangerous" weather for hardy plants. Naturally, it is too early to set out tender annuals which have been started indoors.

well-watered unfalling valley lands of the West.

"Long ago, the Oregon Country captured the imagination of Marcus Whitman. He knew that some day the promise of new worlds would ride upon the new sea of the West. He rode the mightiest ride of history, to save this heritage of all Americans.

"Oregon is to me everything that fills life with beauty and challenge.

"This National Christian Mission has placed the emphasis upon moral and spiritual foundations upon which economic and physical preparedness of every sort and degree must stand if we are to be adequately prepared. The Portland Mission, as of my knowledge, is one of the few most comprehensive in the series. I would rank it first.

"An old friend of mine once said that he continued youthful in his outlook upon life because

Editorial Comments

From Other Papers

The double standard of morals has been the matter for dispute for some time but a double standard in politics continues without much questioning. Knudsen on the OPM resigns all connections with the General Motors when he took over the responsible position of directing defense production. Sidney Hillman, his colleague, however, continues to be a CIO labor chief and also continues to draw his salary from this source.

Hillman is able and apparently is doing a good job, but public confidence would be increased if he placed himself in the position of serving only one master.—Washington County News-Times.



Secretary of State Cordell Hull is pictured at his desk in Washington on the day he set a new service record for his office. Hull has held the state office portfolio for more than eight years, longer than William H. Seward, who served in the Lincoln and Johnson administrations seven years, 363 days, the previous record.

Wotan's Wedge

By FRANCIS GERARD

Chapter 28 Continued
"Oh, it's not so bad, Sir John. I get a bit tired, but I'll stick it all right."

Meredith stood up, laid his hand on the other's shoulder and said kindly, "I don't need to urge you to stick it, Beef. I know you too well. I know a great deal depends on what you're doing."

"Thank you, sir."

"Did that Eddie Marks do his stuff all right? Recognize you and all that sort of stuff?"

Beef chuckled. "He did that. Inspector Bradford must have thrown a proper scare into him."

"He won't talk, will he?" asked Meredith anxiously.

"Not this side of the grave, he won't," Beef assured. "Quite apart from Bradford, I've got something on Eddie, too. No, Sir John, Marks won't be doing any loose talkin'."

"Fine!" commented Meredith. "Now I'll try to get you transferred to the Makyn's northern circuit. By the way, Beef, you realize you're taking risks. I suspect the gentry you're dealing with have at least one murder on their score."

The veteran sergeant looked solemn. "Yes, sir," he said. "I realize that but it's just like the old days, sir."

When Beef had gone, Meredith hurried to Bradford's office. "Bradder, of man, I want you to get in touch with Clerkewell and get them to do something for me." He told him what he wanted done.

Next morning a clerk at Makyn's Clerkewell depot looked up to see a large, square individual with large, square boots and a bowler hat which, somehow, contrived to look almost square as well.

"Name McIntyre?" inquired the cubic individual.

"No, officer," replied the experienced clerk.

"How did you know I was an officer?" snapped the newcomer.

"It's... the clerk hesitated with an ingratiating grin... "It's your air of authority."

The detective, pleased, then asked, "Mr. McIntyre around?"

A few moments later he was being ushered into the presence of "The Parson" himself.

"Mornin', Mr. McIntyre," he began, then broke off with, "Why, bless my soul, if it isn't my old friend."

"Have a chair?" invited Mr. McIntyre.

"Well, Parson," said the detective, looking around the well-appointed office, "we always feel happy to see some of our old clients doing different."

Pleasant surprise. Now then, Parson, you've got a bloke called Charlie Stains employed here."

A mask descended over Mr. McIntyre's face. "Indeed, officer?"

"So I've been informed," nodded the detective. "Took him

on as a driver not long ago. Well now, we want him."

"Nothing serious, I hope? I should regret to think that any of my employees went wrong while working for my company."

"Very proper sentiments," agreed the detective. "No, he's not done a job, but he forgot to report. He's still a convict on license."

"Oh, is that all?"

"You must be pretty kind to take on fellows like that," was the plainclothes man's comment.

"I, too, as you know, did time. Now I like to give a helping hand to others."

"Big hearted Parson, that's you," remarked the detective. "Well, that's all. See that Stains reports."

When Stigger, erstwhile Beef, brought his lorry in that evening, he was summoned to the manager's office for a severe questioning.

CHAPTER 29

"Good evening, Stains," was McIntyre's greeting.

"Evening, sir," said Beef, then quickly, as though he were catching a slip, "Where'd you get that 'Stains' stuff? My name's Stigger."

"But you answered to 'Stains,' replied Mr. McIntyre unctuously. Suddenly his manner changed to one of cold ferocity with, "Listen, you poor cheap crook, are you trying a double-cross on me? D'you want the river police to find you bobbing above a lump of pig-iron some day? Why didn't you tell me your name was Stains?"

Beef looked thoroughly crestfallen. "I'm sorry, sir. I... I hoped as I might sink my identity. Ya-see, I done a job since I came out that the flaties don't know nothing about yet."

"You lying numbskull," snarled McIntyre.

"Oh, don't give me away, sir!" cried Beef. "Please don't tell anything, absolutely anything for you, Mr. McIntyre, if you'll keep me on... but get me away from London."

"Where did you do that job?" asked McIntyre quietly.

"Not far from 'ere," was the answer.

"What did you get?"

"Nothing much. Just some silver-plated stuff. Can't get a fiver for it from any fence."

"Bring it to me," said McIntyre. "What!" exclaimed Beef, beaming. "Will you take it?"

"I'll keep it carefully, Stains."

"But, lumme, Guv-nor, if you 'ave it, you'll be able to make me do... 'Ere, I say, what's the game?"

"You can take your choice. Either you bring that stuff to me or else."

At that ultimatum, Beef spoke as a "Parson" but the latter's automatic pistol halted his rush. Beef grinned weakly.

"Just a joke, Guv-nor. Full of fight, I am. Okay, okay! You get it. Give me another chance."

(To be continued)

Radio Programs

KSLM—SATURDAY—1360 Kc.

6:30—Sunrise Salute.

7:30—New Day.

7:45—Jan Garber's Orchestra.

8:30—News.

8:45—Tune Tabloid.

9:00—Pastor's Call.

9:15—Jerry Sears Orchestra.

9:45—Paul Cavanagh.

10:00—The World This Morning.

10:15—Sing Song Time.

10:30—Lullaby Waltzes.

11:00—Musical Horoscope.

12:15—Neptune News.

12:30—Hilbilly Serenade.

12:45—Williamette Valley.

1:00—Harold Sator's Orchestra.

1:30—Saturday Swing School.

2:00—Hollywood Buckeroos.

2:30—News.

2:45—Saturday Afternoon Varieties.

3:00—Western Serenade.

3:30—Formal Opening of Ladd and Bush Branch.

4:00—Singing Strings.

4:15—News.

4:30—Teatime Tunes.

4:45—Mildred Melody.

5:00—Popular Now.

5:30—Dinner Hour Melodies.

6:15—War Commentary.

6:30—Freddie Neagle's Orchestra.

6:45—Interesting Facts.

7:00—Formal Opening of Ladd and Bush Branch.

7:30—European News.

7:45—Washington-Oregon Basketball Game.

9:15—News Tabloid.

9:30—Edwards Oldtimers.

10:00—Hits of the Day.

10:30—News.

10:45—Let's Dance.

11:15—Dream Time.

KGW—NBC—SATURDAY—620 Kc.

6:30—Sunrise Serenade.

6:45—Trail Blazers.

7:00—News.

7:45—Sam Hayes.

8:00—Song Folks.

8:15—Women's Clubs.

8:30—Lincoln Highway.

8:45—Call to Youth.

9:00—News.

9:15—Stars of Tomorrow.

9:30—News.

10:00—Campus Capers.

10:15—Boy, Girl and Band.

10:30—The World Is Yours.

11:15—News.

11:30—Religion in the News.

11:45—H. V. Kaltenborn.

12:00—Hotel St. Francis Orchestra.