

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Reverses

A year ago a flame of hope arose when the Germans went into Norway. "Now," people said, "they have over-stretched themselves. This time they will feel the mailed fist of the democracies in a way never felt in Austria, in Czechoslovakia, in Poland. This time they have missed the bus."

Four weeks later all of Norway was in German hands, and the night had begun to fall over the low countries, and over the northwest provinces of France. Soon it encompassed all of the continent from the Pripet marshes to the shores of the Bay of Biscay; from the North Cape to Sicily and southward into the Sahara. The cloud moved over London, and remained there, raining an unrelenting hail of lethal fragments.

Since that time there have been rifts in the gloom. General Wavell's army in December began a march westward which brought the clay-sodden giant of fascism to his palpitating knees. His Australians marched into the cities of Cirenaica, into Sidi Barrani, into Tobruk, Derna, Cirene, Bengasi. The Italians fell back, called for assistance from their masters across the Alps.

Their fleet was smashed by Admiral Cunningham. The Yugoslavs rejected their temporizing government, and accepted the gage of history by standing on their own mountain passes in defiance of the German invader. Greece remained strong and relentless in her unwillingness to compromise with the fascist or the German armies. Britain landed men on the continent for the first time since the evacuation of Dunkerque. The Italian empire in Abyssinia was reduced to shreds and tatters.

But now the cloud has thickened. The Germans have thrown themselves headlong into the vitals of Yugoslavia, and have launched themselves at Salonika with a force which has thus far proved to be irresistible, despite the valiant reports from the Greeks that their enemies lie in "heaps of dead," and that the Greeks themselves, in more than one outpost, have been "annihilated." The Nazi host has advanced down the Vardar river to the Aegean, slicing the Greek and the Yugoslav defense in two. In Macedonia, the Greeks no longer contest the prize of Salonika. Meanwhile, the priceless Dardanelles, at which the Ottoman power has lain for centuries, lies only a bare 60 miles from the advancing German divisions.

Meanwhile, too, in Africa, the prizes of General Wavell's dauntless Australians are being relinquished one by one, as beads falling from the end of a broken string. Bengasi is in Italian hands; Derna has been given up; the fascists are announcing proudly, as though it were owing to their own efforts, that Tobruk is again theirs with its wreckage-choked harbor and its pulverized town. Only in Abyssinia are the British still dominant, and from there alone can come immediate hope of succor for the forces fighting to the death in Greece, and along the road to Suez.

One questioning thought continually arises. What of the 100,000 odd British soldiers reported to be landed in Greece? Are they in action, and are they holding? If they are not, what hope is there that they can be taken off, and with them those of the Greeks who will go, in another, Mediterranean Dunkerque? If they are lost, will not much of the invaluable material used in the African campaign be lost with them? Will, in brief, the British have resources to survive another fateful withdrawal, so much like the one from Namosa a year ago, and from the shores of France a little later?

Where, too, do we stand? The president has promised all arms to Yugoslavia, but Yugoslavia is across an ocean and a sea, and this is no time to ship by parcel post. The South Slavs are fighting for their very lives, and cannot long live on promises. The same for the Greeks, and for the Turks, if the latter plunge into the blood-bath. As for Russia, they may be an ally; but the prospect is not yet bright. The sands are running out, the night is again falling.

Responsibility

It was doubtless a foregone conclusion, the supreme court being the supreme court, and the Clayton act being tattered but still the Clayton act, that Thurman Arnold's indictments of labor unions as in restraint of trade would be tossed out on their respective ears; still, it was worth trying.

Arnold had sought to find some means whereby union organizations could be made responsible to the common will, rather than given virtually despotic power over the economic lives of non-members as well as members. What he got, in the form of Justice Frankfurter's opinion, was a general statement of trade union right which virtually places them above the law, and above all questions of right or wrong so far as the general public is concerned.

Frankfurter wrote that "so long as a union acts in its self-interest and does not combine with non-labor groups, the licit and the illicit (under the Sherman act) are not to be distinguished by any judgment regarding the wisdom or unwisdom, the rightness or wrongness, the selfishness or unselfishness of the end of which the particular union activities are the means." Unions, in brief, can write their own ticket.

Clearly, labor unions have been kicked around in American industrial history more than they deserved; clearly, too, it is the spirit of the times and the temper of the community to give them more freedom in organization and bargaining than ever they had before. But what has not been done is to convey to union leaders the clear idea that though their organization has privileges, it still has responsibilities, not only to its members, but to the community at large. They have been given power; but no impetus, either ethically or politically, to use it for the benefit of the community at large as well as for their own members. Now Justice Frankfurter's opinion virtually divorces their leadership from any considerations of the effect of union activities on other people or other groups: union self-interest, and not its wisdom,

its rightness or its unselfishness is the only criterion by which they may be judged.

Arnold's indictments were an effort to bring labor organizations, some few of them, to a realization that they still, despite their great gains of recent years, exist like any other institution at the suzerainty of the community as a whole, and that their powers and their authorities are derived and are not implicit and innate. His first attempt having failed, other means must be found, not to deny to unions their just privileges of bargaining and of organization, but to bring them within the pale of the common social responsibility.

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

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WASHINGTON, April 9—Any military authority around here who expected the Yugoslavs to hold out longer than 3 to 6 weeks from the start was considered an optimist by his colleagues. The longest possible period of resistance suggested even by a Yugoslav source was 4 months. But even 6 weeks of German absorption in the Balkan fighting could delay the chances of an invasion attack on Britain until fall.

Shortest night in the year is June 22, and the Germans must have the protection of darkness to make the effort. Consequently the official strategists expect the next Hitler blow will be directed against Gibraltar instead of Britain. If that front door to the Mediterranean can be locked and the Balkans seized, the British can be isolated around the Suez in this second year of world war II.

This, however, will not bring the German victory Hitler promised his people for 1941. German successes are expected to be short-lived along the North African route over which Wavell's army chased the Italians only a few months ago. They were made possible not only because General Wavell stripped his forces for Greece but because all British naval units are tied up in the Greek supply lines. The British laid a small minefield between Sicily and Tripoli, expecting it to prevent the sending of large German reinforcements to North Africa. Italians swept it clear and now the path across the Mediterranean is wide open. The British may have to fall back to their fortifications on the Egyptian border, but probably no farther.

That Nazi sympathizer who has taken over the government of Iraq will be chased by British troops as soon as they clean up the Italians in East Africa. To support the various British enterprises in the near east, the British troops in Iraq were withdrawn some months ago, enabling the Nazis to stage the internal coup.

Strongest Yugoslav defense line ran from the northeastern point of Zagreb, southeastward to a point about 50 miles north of Skopje, and then eastward to the Bulgarian border. It was behind this line the Yugoslavs planned to make their strongest stand. Most of their army was supposed to be mobilized behind it and in the south.

Flame throwing German tanks made their appearance on the Struma valley front against the Greeks the first day of the attack, although Berlin and Athens failed to advertise it. The tanks were manned by Nazi soldiers in asbestos suits. Hurling against the Greek fortifications (in a manner used earlier in Belgium) they met with some success.

Some officers in this government refer to the Balkan conflict as "Colonel Donovan's war," and they do not like it. They cannot see the chances for long range British success. Their story is that Donovan came back from Sofia and Belgrade early in the year and sold the British on the possibilities of major Balkan resistance. If it fails they fear British morale will suffer.

There are some here also who doubt that the American people have a realistic view of what little this country can actually do immediately to help Yugoslavia and Greece. Their caustic crack: "We can only give Yugoslavia all war short of aid." Fighting heart can defeat military calculations, but if spirit is ever to conquer again, now is the time and the Balkans is the place for it.

The administration has eased its price policy without announcement. The determination to freeze prices as far as possible at pre-defense levels has given way in one notable instance (agriculture department decision to boost pork, dairy products, poultry and eggs). In talking with government economists you will find a corresponding breakdown in the official attitude toward prices in general. In a negative way a new policy of letting prices rise moderately has been adopted. They say these moderate increases will be allowed to continue until the point is reached when the government considers "a price situation" to have arisen. It is not true that a general further increase of 10 per cent or any special per cent will be allowed. They will just coast along meeting particular situations in specific defense commodities, continuing to apply mild publicity pressure and waiting for the situation to develop.

The government economists refuse to look at the rising wage rates (coal and steel among others) as an immediate harbinger of inflation. They know very well coal and steel prices will be increased as a result, but they expect a lag of some months, probably until fall or later before the effect develops. Looking ahead to the time when they will have to take action, they are talking now about heavy taxes on consumption to ward off the natural inflationary results of present wage and price rising tendencies. Various methods of evading a sales tax and yet effecting the same result are being discussed, including taxes on payrolls, dividends, etc. The new dealers hate the words sales tax.

Personally it seems to me (but not to the new dealers) the new price-wage trend will first break the barrier against increased business profits. There is no way to increase union wage rates without increasing prices, and when the purely voluntary and tax barriers against increasing profits are once broken by this necessity, a whole new and higher level of national economy all along the line is bound to follow.



Censored in Italy, but Probably the Truth

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Once more, inquiry 410-41 answered concerning original location of the school that is W. U.:

(Continuing from yesterday.) Quoting Brosnan further: "On June 26 (1844) Gary sold the school property for the small sum of \$3000 to the trustees of the Oregon Institute, later the Willamette University. The property consisted of the Manual Training School building and one square mile of land on which it was located."

It is plain that Prof. Brosnan was mixed on the matter; his mind muddled between the \$3000 sale by the Oregon Institute of its Wallace Prairie property and the purchase for \$4000 of the Indian Manual Labor School property on the site of Salem. In both cases, the donation land claim right went with the sale and purchase. The story of the land claim right of the Indian Manual Labor School that went to the Oregon Institute that by change of name became Willamette University is a mixed one. It would cover a good sized book; it did, almost.

The record of the deed of the Wallace Prairie property from John Force "by Sh" (meaning by sheriff) to A. Bush indicates that Mr. Bush had loaned money on a mortgage by Force of the property which money he (Force) or a successor of his was not able to pay.

Today's Garden

By LILLIAN L. MADSEN

M. C.—Asks me to settle a dispute on the correct plural for gladioli—giving me three choices, "gladioli," "gladiolus" and "gladioli."

It would be impossible for me to settle such a dispute definitely. Of course, gladioli, is given in the dictionaries and is really the only correct plural. However, the American Society of Gladiolus has adopted the singular form as the plural also. There is no such word as gladiola.

L. C.—Asks if it is too early to set out annuals. This would depend upon the annual. It is too early for zinnias or other tender ones. Pansies, which we usually treat as annuals, and violas may be set out now. Most annuals do better if not set out too early. The cold nights stunt their growth and loss of time is the result.

N. R.—Wants to know how to kill weeds in a lawn with sodium chloride without killing grass on lawn. Have the solution in a container and have a sharply pointed stick or other implement which may be dipped into the jar and then poke deep into the weed. The solution will kill the grass if it gets onto the foliage. Why don't you pull the weeds? There are some nice gadgets on the market which make weed-pulling fun.

F. T.—Writes that small flowers in her rock garden are eaten all around the edges. She says she found some little grey "things," which look like slugs but are no bigger than the head of a florist pin, all over the flowers and foliage. Could they be doing the harm?

They are probably young slugs. Their ardens are full of them now. Dust the plants with either rotenone or phytethrum. Put poison baits at the crown of the plants.

Turning further the leaves of the Brosnan book, one finds at page 182 matter concerning a trip to the Umpqua from the Lee mission 10 miles below the site of Salem. Brosnan's book says the party went by horseback, leaving August 18, 1840, "traveling southward, the missionaries passed the noonday with friends at 'Chemeketa mill' below Willamette." Brosnan meant Willamette (the "old") mission as the starting place, and he should have said "above" instead of "below" Willamette, and Chemeketa mills instead of Chemeketa mill. The saw and grist mills were under one roof. At page 189 Brosnan said:

"The first residence built at Chemeketa, and the first Protestant parsonage in Old Oregon, was for a number of years regarded as the most attractive dwelling house in the Oregon Country. . . . Typically New England in architecture, the severity of its lines was relieved by the long verandas extending across the entire front of the first and second stories. . . . This historic residence . . . still stands at Broadway in North Salem."

That was the mission headquarters house, called the Lee house, at present 960 Broadway; the first residence of whites on the site of Salem; on its original location, and as built in 1840-41, excepting for the L on its southwest corner, which was added by Judge R. P. Boise when he owned the property and lived there with his family.

"The parsonage" was (and is) an entirely different building, erected from mission funds in 1842, and occupied at first by Methodist ministers and teachers of the Indian Manual Labor

school. It stood originally where the Kay woolen mill water tank is now, and was moved in 1847, to make way for the Pioneer lined oil mills that stood there. That house ("The Parsonage") is now at 1325 Ferry street, and belongs to Burt Brown Barker, and has been offered to Willamette University for removing it to and locating it upon the campus of that institution.

Prof. Brosnan came to Salem during the time his book was being prepared for the press. He was naturally much embarrassed by the mistakes previous ignorant or careless writers had led him to make, for he gave his authorities in each case. His publishers told him he was in time to make corrections. But they were mistaken.

"The parsonage," the building now standing at 1325 Ferry street, has had an interesting history. J. B. McClane, of the 1843 immigration, first met Jason Lee at Wascopam (The Dalles), where he (Lee) had been to confer with Dr. Marcus Whitman, after his (Whitman's) famous winter trip to the East in the winter of 1842, and his return with the 1843 immigration, which he served most fortuitously as a guide on the last leg of the journey, to near arrival at his mission station. McClane wrote:

"At The Dalles I had an invitation from the Rev. Jason Lee . . . to get into his canoe, and ride down to Oregon City, which I accepted. . . . He (Lee) was up at The Dalles at that time to meet the immigration (of 1843) and see the mission there." (Dr. Whitman had negotiated the purchase of The Dalles Methodist mission and so the abandonment of his Waiilatpu station.) (Concluded tomorrow.)

Wotan's Wedge

By FRANCIS GERARD

Chapter Forty-one
"I may as well talk normal English now," said Ion O'Byrne without a trace of brogue in his tone. "This is the whole shooting match, I think. Have you got anyone with you, Sir John?"

"McAllister and Company are outside somewhere," replied Meredith. "By the way, I suppose you're Captain Conran?"

The young Irishman nodded. "Of the East Surreys," he grinned. "Late of the Leinsters."

"How nice!" rejoined Sir John. "Shall we round our party up? No, no, General, please don't resist. I really shouldn't. Carry on, Beef, we're not out of the wood yet. There's quite a few Nazis outside, Conran, would you break a window and fire a couple of shots; then we may enjoy a jolly rescue scene."

Five minutes later, the farm was in the hands of the Scotch Police Superintendent and his men. At the last moment, Lieutenant Rotz had misbehaved. Beef had the intense satisfaction of nicking his knee-cap with a bullet. That must have been very, very painful!

The night was dark. There was little wind and no moon now. The periscope of the submarine broke surface and moved slowly turning its head in an extraordinary life-like way from side to side as it went through the water. Fifteen feet below its commander swung the periscope slowly round. There was not a light to be seen. He barked an order. The ship began to surface.

Sharp metallic clangs which heralded the opening of the conning-tower hatch were audible in the still night. The commander clambered up onto her deck, the next moment he was shielding his eyes against the blinding glare of two searchlights.

"What ship?" a voice in English bellowed through a megaphone. The commander did not reply at once. The unknown vessel lay upon his starboard bow. His mind was made up for him when two more searchlights cut in on his port side. Cupping his

hands about his mouth he shouted, "Unterseeboot L73."

"Stand by," he was told. "You are in British territorial waters. I am coming aboard from H.M.S. Harpy."

The two destroyers, which had raced up from Invergordon during the day, lay not three cable lengths on either side of the submarine, their searchlights maintaining an unwinking glare upon her hull. There was nothing much the German submarine commander could do. And he did nothing much.

Ashore, just off the coast road, a big car was waiting with all its lights extinguished. Two men sat in its tonneau smoking. They were General Prince Max von Wallenfels, chief of the German Military Intelligence, and Colonel Sir Hector McAllister, chief of the combined Intelligence Departments of the Foreign and Colonial Offices.

Von Wallenfels turned slightly to the man at his side and said in English. "It is almost time. Sir Hector. May I say how very pleased I am to have your personal acquaintance."

"The feeling is entirely mutual, General," replied McAllister. "I have known of you for many years now, you know."

"But, of course, it is a sad meeting for me," said Prince Max, his voice expressionless.

"Well," nodded the Scotsman. "It's the luck of the game, General. Very much so in this case."

"True," replied the German. "For without such luck England might be a German colony within a few months."

"It is possible," admitted Sir Hector, "but not probable." He paused a moment and then went on. "As you know, General, I am a Scot and therefore can speak of the English without embarrassing shyness. Now there is a quality in these people that you have always underestimated in Germany: It is the ability to hold on longer than anyone else. The more you hammer an Englishman the more obstinate he becomes."

(To be continued)

Radio Programs

These schedules are supplied by the respective stations. Any variations noted by listeners are due to changes made by the stations without notice to this newspaper.

- 6:30-News
- 7:00-Rudy Vallee
- 7:45-News
- 8:00-American Challenge
- 8:30-Fame and Fortune
- 8:50-Easy Come
- 9:15-Hotel Pennsylvania Orchestra
- 10:00-Town Meeting
- 11:30-The World
- 11:50-Flourishing Gardens Orchestra
- 11:30-News Roundup
- KOIN-CBS-THURSDAY-970 Kc.
- 6:00-Navy Farm Reporter
- 6:30-EDIN Black
- 7:15-News
- 8:35-Consumer News
- 9:00-Kate Smith Speaks
- 9:30-When a Girl Marries
- 9:30-Romance of Helen Trent
- 9:45-Our Gal Sunday
- 10:00-Life Can Be Beautiful
- 10:15-Women in White
- 10:30-Right to Happiness
- 10:30-Mary Lee Taylor
- 11:00-Big Sister
- 11:15-Aunt Jenny
- 11:30-Fletcher Wheeler
- 11:45-Home of the Brave
- 12:00-Maria Webster
- 12:15-News
- 12:30-Kate Hopkins
- 12:45-Woman of Courage
- 1:00-Maria Webster
- 1:15-Myrt and Marge
- 1:30-Sean Johnson
- 1:45-Step by Step
- 2:00-Singin' Sam
- 2:15-Helen Agan
- 2:45-Scatterin' Balloons
- 3:00-Young Dr. Malone
- 3:30-Johnny's Physical Education
- 4:00-The Second Mrs. Burton
- 4:15-We the Abbotts
- 4:30-News of the Air
- 5:15-The World Today
- 5:45-News
- 6:00-News Review
- 7:00-Glen Miller Orchestra
- 7:15-Professor Quiz
- 7:45-News
- 8:00-Amos 'n' Andy
- 8:15-Lanny Ross
- 8:30-Ash & Bicket
- 9:00-City Desk
- 9:30-Answer Reaction
- 10:00-Five Star Final
- 10:30-State Traffic
- 10:45-Nightcap Varns
- 11:30-Manny Strand Orchestra
- 11:35-News
- KOAC-THURSDAY-650 Kc.
- 9:00-News
- 9:15-The Homemakers' Hour
- 10:00-Weather Forecast
- 10:30-News of the Air
- 11:30-Music of the Masters
- 12:00-News
- 12:15-News Hour
- 12:30-Home Garden Hour
- 2:45-Monitor Views the News
- 2:50-It's an American
- 3:45-News
- 4:00-Symphony Half Hour
- 4:30-Stories for Boys and Girls
- 5:00-On the Campus
- 5:45-Yesters
- 6:00-News
- 6:30-Farm Hour
- 7:30-University Theatre
- 8:00-Campus Interviews
- 9:00-OSC Round Table
- 9:30-News
- 9:45-School of Science
- 9:45-School of Physical Education
- KALE-NBS-THURSDAY-1330 Mc.
- 6:30-Memory Timekeeper
- 6:50-News
- 7:00-Good Morning Neighbor
- 8:30-News
- 8:45-Buyer's Parade
- 9:00-The Great
- 9:30-Woman's Side of the News
- 9:45-Keep Fit to Music
- 10:00-11th Hour
- 10:30-Helen Holden
- 11:00-Friendly Neighbors
- 11:30-News
- 12:45-News
- 1:30-We Are Always Young
- 1:30-Johnson Family
- 1:45-Symphony Hall
- 2:30-News
- 3:05-Woody Wilson Orchestra
- 4:00-Sunshine Express
- 4:35-Jontal Juniors
- 4:35-News
- 5:25-Shafter Parker Circus
- 5:45-Captain Midnight
- 6:15-Fulton Lewis, Jr.
- 6:20-John B. Hughes
- 6:45-News
- 7:15-Jimmy Allen
- 7:30-Wyde Williams
- 8:00-Symphony Hour
- 9:15-Gift of the Orient
- 9:30-Fred Allen Orchestra
- 9:45-Speaking of Sports
- 10:30-News
- 10:45-Henry King Orchestra



Gaining altitude too fast on the take-off, this plane was caught in a down draft and crashed 1,000 feet to the ground near Norwood Airport, Canton, Mass. Dr. Robert Holland and Ernest Spelholz, both of West Roxbury, were critically injured when the ship came down on its nose between two trees.