

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Hemispheric Commitments

Walter Lippmann, writing recently in the New York Herald-Tribune, pointed out that the problem of conveying ships to Great Britain and to northern European points would be for the United States, a considerably easier task than conveying ships to South American ports should the axis get control of the western African seaboard. The comment seems particularly pertinent as the British and Americans together realize with growing clarity the present precariousness of the world situation.

Lippmann points out that from New York to Belem at the mouth of the Amazon it is 2975 nautical miles; from Panama there it is 2309 nautical miles. "But from Belem to Porto Grande in the Portuguese Cape Verde islands, it is 1782 miles and perhaps another 400 miles to the French African naval base of Dakar." But Belem is only the nearest Brazilian port. It is 5000 miles from New York to Rio, and nearly 6000 miles to Buenos Aires, the Argentine capital. But from Rio to Gibraltar is 4200 miles, and from Buenos Aires, about 5400.

He also says:

What is more important than the distance is the fact that on the voyage from North to South America ships as they come around the shoulder of Brazil have to pass well within bombing and submarine distance by European powers. But on the voyage from South America to Europe ships can if the axis is established in Africa and in the Islands, pass behind the screen of axis sea and air power. In other words, the geography of the Atlantic is such that it would be immensely difficult for the United States to convey ships between North and South America and easy for the axis to attack them; on the other hand it would be relatively easy for the axis to convey its ships from South America and very difficult for us, operating from our West Indian bases, to interfere with them.

This is not the only recent comment on the same general subject. Drew Pearson and Robert Allen, writing in their Washington Merry-go-round, pointed out last week that the United States and Great Britain have this in common: that both sought methodically for over a decade to work out world plans for disarmament and naval limitation. The plans failed universally. Then, when the crisis approached, both countries have sought to rearm suddenly within the framework of the capitalist system: "with fair wages for labor, fair dividends for capital, even the usual commissions for middlemen." But, they point out, Britain found herself pitted against a nation which had scrapped profits, property, hours and real wages.

The consequences of this reliance upon "business as usual," they show, came when Britain found herself with important international commitments, as in Yugoslavia, but had no weapons with which to carry them out. Turkey she lost because she could not guarantee the delivery of arms; the Greeks were aided, but only at the cost of the British victories in Africa. The fate of Poland, of France, of Scandinavia for lack of British and French preparation is only too evident.

Now, it is pointed out, the United States finds herself with similar commitments in the Pacific and in Alaska, but most of all in South America. She has shown South American army officers the guns which she desires to supply them with; but there is the old, haunting difference between "on hand" and "on order" when it comes to fulfilling the requirements of the South American armies the United States has bound herself to support against aggressors—and upon which she in large degree depends for her own protection against those same aggressors.

Exactly what conclusion one may draw for the present time is difficult to say. Clearly, what is past is past, and if the Yugoslavs have fallen, the British and American arsenals have not slackened their pace. Similarly, the British show no signs of giving in, and the American republic is accepting more and more of its rightful burdens. The important thing, now, is South America; and here it may well be doubted whether a six months' campaign of rather ostentatious "good neighborliness" can effectually blot out the century or so of indifferently unfriendly relations this country has had with the nations which it now seeks to unite in hemispheric defense.

Certainly the substitution of decent South American cinema heroes for South Americans who were universally villains will be of some value; but whether a program of mutual cultural appreciation will bear much fruit in the next six crucial months is a matter of great question. What less neighborly but more realistic program should be substituted for "good neighborliness" is, of course, an even greater question, and one which may be left to those who command the nation's grand strategy in this time of troubles. One may only hope, however, that the American program will not prove in its time to be "too little, and too late."

Ceases to Be Funny

Charlie Chaplin can laugh at war. He can laugh, sympathetically, at the Jewish race. He can laugh uproariously at dictators—as long as they stay at home and dictate to their own deluded followers.

But even to Charlie Chaplin, dictators cease to be funny when they start mopping up on the rest of the world. And thus we have the spectacle in "The Great Dictator," currently showing in a Salem theatre, of Charlie Chaplin at the close of his uproarious comedy stepping entirely out of character and as Charles Spencer Chaplin, scholar and humanitarian, making a serious speech—an appeal to the world for the disavowal of dictators and adherence to democracy, decency, justice and Christian brotherhood.

That part of the movie is not artistic and it violates one of the sacred tenets of "show business," which has been the lifeblood of Charlie Chaplin. The picture as a whole violated his earlier decision never to speak for the screen and never to change the original character he

had created. Deciding at last to do so must have involved a mental struggle—except that as this picture testifies, his feeling about the world struggle between democracy and totalitarianism is much deeper than his feeling about his own career.

One may guess that at the outset he planned the picture as pure comedy though with the extra "kick" that comes from aping current reality. But before it was finished there came events which forced the master of comedy to a realization that beyond a certain point, things cease to be funny.

It is true that neither Lindbergh's opinions nor Shirley Temple's curls—now gone with the wind-blown—are important. What we can't understand is why so much valuable newspaper space is wasted in explaining why they are not important.

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

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WASHINGTON, April 28.—Naturally this government is not laying out its long range thoughts—the inspirational guide to its policies—fully out in printed words, or letting them drip into microphones. What Mr. Roosevelt's thinkers really think of the world situation can only be expressed officially in words dampened with diplomatic evasiveness.

In an effort to present their viewpoint more clearly (their real answer to Lindbergh, the motives behind their recent speeches and announcements) I have consulted competent official counsel and received the following new, and occasionally startling lines of thought:

The democracies cannot possibly lose this war in the long run.

Lindbergh is seeing trees fall, but he has not stepped back to get a picture of the forest. More trees will fall. The Suez may go. Gibraltar will certainly drop, more easily than the Balkans, when Hitler pushes that point. So what? What if even England is conquered? It cannot change the inevitable defeat of Hitlerism, if you reason it out fairly.

Everything Hitler has conquered and is likely to conquer is in a realm where geography works his way. In the Balkans as everywhere else on the continent he has the interior line of supplies, the inside track. He still has the inside track as far as the Mediterranean area, near East and North Africa are concerned. He even has the inside track against England.

England ruled its world empire because it was geographically secure with a superior fleet in the old days. Developments of the bomber and the submarine have destroyed that geographical security.

The line of retreat behind the British Isles is the Atlantic ocean and there, as upon all ocean fronts, Hitler loses the inside track. The situation that has prevailed so far on land in Europe is reversed. The decisive advantage is with the democracies on the seas.

What would Canada do if Britain falls? Australia? Canada has been increasingly aligning herself with our interests. (Mr. Roosevelt has been working on this hard lately.) Unquestionably she would become a haven of refuge for whatever escapes from Britain in event of a defeat there, and will align herself in some independent way with us, behind our Atlantic and Pacific fleets.

Where else is there for Australia to go? Certainly not to Japan. Certainly not to try to go it alone and thereby become subject to Japan.

Obviously, therefore, the worst that can happen is a concentration of the remnants of the British empire in joint cause with the United States.

Nor will the concentration be limited to what is left of the empire. Mexico is coming in now. Certain South American countries will stick with us. We will become the focal center of all little people everywhere in the world who are against the dictatorship.

Against this realistic possibility, what chance will Hitler have to survive in the long run? None whatever. He will be trying to wring sustenance from conquered peoples. We will have the resources of the world, behind the yet unconquered geographical defense line of the seas. He will be managing bitter people he has enslaved. We will have a unit founded on self-interest.

British and Americans have prepared for generations for sea warfare. It takes three to five years to build battleships. There is no reason to expect the British will surrender their fleet. They have promised not to. Their interests for the future demand that the promise be fulfilled. Japan has a fleet, but it cannot challenge joint Anglo-British control of the seas, even if the technically skillful Germans take it over. The Germans are just not sea people. They have no heritage from the deep. When they tried to run the Italian fleet, they ran it into disaster in the Mediterranean. Their conception of this war was limited to the continent and superior land equipment. They were not even prepared to attack Britain across 20 miles of channel.

In conquered shipyards, using reluctant conquered labor, they have the capacity to make trouble on the seas, but not to win there.

This is another phase on which Mr. Roosevelt has been bearing down quietly for the future. Our shipbuilding capacity is being doubled, will be doubled again shortly. The doubling of our navy was started a year ago. We have the jump, the inside track, in this phase and we will keep it.

Thus do those who look ahead here convince themselves, amid falling trees, that the axeman of Europe is doomed. It may take three years or five years, perhaps more. What is happening on present battlefields can have no effect upon the result. The end of this war is being contrived quietly, without headlines, in American shipyards.

Invasion of this country? Preposterous. The nazis will be fighting defensively to keep their sea lanes open, to keep Europe from starving, rather than trying to break through the lines of our battleships. Bomb our cities? Some, possibly, but not until they can get nearby bases or build aircraft carriers, and even then only in nuisance raids.

Are we to invade Europe, Africa? It should not be necessary. In control of the seven seas, we can afford to wait, out of reach, for a long time, while the fates grind out our inexorable destiny.



"The Bird Who Made the Sun Come up!"

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

This looks like a 4-29-41 case of malicious vandalism and deserving of severe, certain punishment:

A letter, from Mrs. Emma Runner, Fruitland, Route 6, box 279, Salem, dated on Saturday last, comes to this desk, reading:

"Thursday afternoon, in company with some Roseburg friends and my daughter, Mrs. F. A. Massee of Mission Bottom, I visited the Lee Mission marker, trying to locate the time honored site, and I was pained and astonished to find fires had been built and the old, half hewn timbers that had been there were gone, and fire had scorched the large maple tree growing there."

"Was not this land set aside for a memorial? I felt sure you would know, and I didn't know to whom to appeal for protection for this hallowed place; as such I regard it."

Editorial Comments

From Other Papers

MILK LAW ELASTICITY

One encouraging thing about the operation of the Oregon milk control law is that its administration has displayed some willingness to make adjustments as the necessity for changes has arisen.

The administrators of the act have withdrawn from a number of isolated counties where it appeared that the regulations set up for the metropolitan area did not apply.

More recently at the request of the board of specialists on the staff of Oregon State college experiment station have made a detailed study with recommendations for changes in the price structure for milk and cream in the Portland market.

The survey revealed that from 1936 to 1939 the consumption of milk in Portland area has decreased about three per cent. Although it can be explained that five per cent increase in population has been offset by a decline of 12 per cent in children between the ages of 4 and 19 years, the study did make some recommendations for changes in price structures with the purpose of increasing consumption.

It was recommended for one thing that purchasers of three and four quarts daily receive a discount. This sounds logical and ought to encourage larger use of milk.

The store differential giving a lower price to those who pay cash and carry their milk involves a number of problems other than just that of the fact that the delivery cost is eliminated, but a lower price to this type of trade is recommended.

Before anything is done a hearing will be held with all parties given an opportunity to present their cases.

For Washington county, which supplies a large part of the milk going to Portland, and where the operation of the milk control law has proven beneficial, the fact that the milk control board is showing a willingness to make adjustments and change as conditions require is important. As long as the act is administered in this spirit, much of the criticism leveled against the board and the law itself can be satisfactorily answered.—Washington County News-Times.

Very appropriately this good lady so regards that historic spot; the beginning place of Protestant Christian civilization and American government for all the land of the Americas draining into Balboa's great ocean.

The place, too, where the institution that became Willamette University was founded and named.

The place, too, where was founded and set in motion the Oregon Provisional Government that became the territory that in turn became the state of Oregon.

The site of the small log house which Jason Lee and his little party began building on that morning of Monday, October 6, 1861, is most thoroughly marked by what was the cellar hole for the building they planned; and so the first thing thought of for a new house was the excavation for the cellar.

In that cellar hole, after the house was washed away, with all its companion houses, in the flood of 1861-2, grew a maple tree that has become a magnificent marker.

"Fire had scorched the large maple tree growing there," wrote the good woman wishing to have attention called to the vandalism.

It is to be presumed that the perpetrator or perpetrators of the vandalism did not realize the enormity of his or her or their vandalism; otherwise they would have hesitated and drawn back from so heinous a crime against all decency and fairness, and law and order.

Certainly, there can be no one in this vicinity low enough to attempt the destruction of such a marker! Of such a marker, showing for such certainty the beginning place of what makes a country with such freedom and such order as this Oregon in this America affords.

Surely no one among the 1039

inmates (for yesterday) of the "big house" at the east end of State street, Salem (the Oregon penitentiary) is that low. The crime of starting the fire in that maple tree must surely be a crime of ignorance, not maliciousness.

The crime is a crime against the people of the state of Oregon. It is a crime against the perpetrator himself, or the perpetrators themselves. How so?

Because that land belongs to the people of Oregon—to all the people of Oregon. The deed to that land runs from the heirs of Hon. A. M. LaFollett to Willamette University, in trust for the people of Oregon. That means all the people of Oregon, including the person or persons who started the fire in the marker tree.

It would be a fine thing for the guilty party or parties to confess the crime, and take the blame, and promise to not repeat it, and to do all in his or their power to prevent its repetition by some one else.

Otherwise it is the clear duty of the officers of the law, the state police, the county sheriffs and their deputies, and others, to hunt down the party or parties, and make them stand trial.

Many persons of that section visit the mission grounds and camp and fish in Willamette slough there—the slough that before the 1861-2 flood was the main Willamette river.

They do no harm, as long as they commit no crimes of trespass like the starting of the fire in the precious maple tree.

And every one of them ought to be interested in protecting that property of the whole people against all acts of vandalism.

Against all such acts, whether committed through ignorance or by reason of criminal vandalism.

Today's Garden

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

Mrs. P. C. writes that she wants to put some shrubs under a grouping of oak trees but doesn't know what will grow there.

This should be an ideal place for rhododendrons and azaleas. Work the soil up well and mix some peat moss in it if it is very heavy.

M. B. reports that the leaves on his rose bushes are turning yellow and dropping off and that others have big black spots on them. Also that there are tiny little bugs clustered at the top of the new growths. He asks if Black Leaf-40 will cure both.

The foliage trouble is black spot and must be cared for by a fungicide such as dusting sulphur or Bordeaux or some other trade-named product. The Black Leaf-40 is an insecticide and will not cure a disease. It will control the aphids which are the "clusters of bugs." However, there are a number of preparations on the market which will care for both. These are all-purpose sprays and dusts which will control diseases and kill insects.

F. B. reports that the leaves on her hollyhocks have brown spots on them and are dying. This is a rust. Spray them thoroughly with a fungicide such as Bordeaux or sulphur dust. Pick off and burn the diseased foliage.

"Lover Come Back"

By BARRETT WILLOUGHBY

Chapter Eight, Continued

She stared at him a moment, held speechless by the sickening wave of disillusionment that broke over her. How dared he stand there waiting, with that eager, expectant light in his eyes! A sudden uprush of indignation and contempt sent her toward him, her hands clenched into trembling little fists. "You—you—" Her voice broke. And lest he see the impotent tears that welled into her eyes, she faced about and began running from him toward the gangplank. "Oh, Sondra! Wait—just a minute!"

She rushed on blindly, until she found herself blocked by a red-headed young giant in the gangway.

"Didn't you hear the skipper tell you to wait, Miss?" he said with immense reproach.

"Get out of my way, you— you Filldown Percheron!"

"My name's Lane, Miss. Shadrach Ignatius Lane." He grinned and bowed deeply, without removing his hands from the ropes. "But you can call me Shady. All my friends do."

Sondra was so furious she might have struck him, had not Kemp Starbuck strode up the gangplank at that moment.

"Would you mind letting Miss O'Moore pass old chap?" Kemp courteously addressed Shady's back.

Shady faced about, still barring Sondra's way; Kemp put up an open hand and pushed with stiffened fingers against the engineer's chest just over the heart. The gesture seemed gentle, yet the big fellow, with a grimace of pain, gave way instantly.

Before Sondra had recovered from her amazement at the ease with which Kemp had displaced a man so much larger than himself, Jean Reynall, adjusting the neck of a white pull-over, was beside her.

"Sorry, I kept you waiting, Sondra." He looked inquiringly at Kemp, who returned his regard with cool hostility.

Sondra hastily introduced the two men. "This is the superintendent of the Baranov Packers. Kemp, Captain Reynall—Mr. Starbuck, president of the American Packers."

Kemp bowed stiffly. Reynall nodded. "Sorry I can't invite you aboard at the moment, Mr. Starbuck. I'm just leaving with Miss O'Moore." He was studying Kemp with curious intentness. "Starbuck..." He repeated the name considering. "Haven't we met before? Your face seems familiar, somehow."

An odd light flickered in Kemp's brown eyes. His reply was curt. "I think not."

A moment's silence followed during which Sondra became aware of that bristling of invisible hackles which occurs at the encounter of two men who instinctively dislike each other.

"Grandfather sent me to bring Captain Reynall up to the house, Kemp, on business," Sondra said at last.

"I see," Kemp's voice was suave now—too suave. His glance swept the cannery impediments littering the Glory's deck. "We seem by way of being rivals, Captain. I trust we may be friendly competitors."

"By all means," responded Reynall with equal suavity. "At least—" he smiled—"until I've had a chance to learn more about that little jujitsu jab with which you introduced yourself to my chief engineer."

When Sondra and Jean Reynall entered the upstairs sitting room at Echo House, Captain O'Moore's searching seaman's eyes bored into the visitor; his silence implied an imminent explosion.

"Grandfather, this is—is the superintendent of the Baranov plant." Sondra wondered why she made the presentation that way, since she had no conscious desire to protect the young man, even briefly, from the rage she knew must come at the mention of the name Reynall.

(To be continued)

Radio Programs

KSLM—TUESDAY—1390 Kc.

6:30—Sunrise Salute.
7:00—News in Brief.
7:30—Old Time Music.
7:30—News.
7:45—Campus Freshmen.
8:30—News.
8:45—Tune Tabloid.
9:00—Pastor's Call.
9:15—The Secure.
9:45—Four Notes.
10:00—This Morning.
10:15—Prescription for Happiness.
10:30—Women in the News.
10:45—Singing Strips.
11:00—Emergency Doctor's Office.
11:00—Willamette University Chapel.
11:45—Valley Forge.
12:00—Market Reports.
12:30—Ivan Dittmars.
12:45—News.
12:50—Hillbilly Serenade.
12:55—Sidekick Reporter.
1:00—The Song Shop.
1:00—Jimmy Lunceford Orchestra.
1:15—Isle of Paradise.
1:30—Western Serenade.
2:00—News.
2:15—Salern Art Center.
2:30—John Kirby Orchestra.
3:00—Cross Roads Troubadour.
3:15—Concert Gems.
4:15—News.
4:30—Tea Time Tunes.
4:45—The Elton Boys.
5:00—Popularity Gallery.
5:30—Dinner Hour Melodies.
6:00—News.
6:15—War Commentary.
6:20—Bob Hamilton Trio.
6:45—Bill Day's Hello.
7:00—News in Brief.
7:05—Interesting Facts.
7:15—The Swing Sextette.
7:30—The Tomboys.
8:00—The World Tonight.
8:15—Jessica Dragonette.
8:30—The Brass Hats.
9:00—News.
9:15—Johnny Messner Orchestra.
9:30—South American Nights.
10:00—Hits of the Day.
10:30—News.
10:45—Let's Dance.
11:15—Dream Time.

KGW—NBC—TUESDAY—620 Kc.

6:00—Sunrise Serenade.
6:30—Trail Blazers.
7:00—News.
7:15—On the Mall.
7:30—Novelties.
7:45—David Harum.
8:00—Sam Hayes.
8:15—Arthur Godfrey.
8:30—Stars of Today.
9:15—Bess Johnson.
9:30—Ellen Randolph.
9:45—Dr. Kate.
10:00—Light of the World.
10:15—The Mystery Man.
10:30—Valiant Lady.
10:45—Arnold Grimm's Daughter.
11:00—Story of Mary Martin.
11:15—Ma Perkins.
11:30—Pepper Young's Family.
11:45—Viv and Sade.
12:00—Backstage Wife.
12:15—Stella Dallas.
12:30—Lorenzo Jones.
12:45—Young Wilder Brown.
1:00—Home of the Brave.
1:15—Portia Faces Life.
1:30—Three Romances.
1:45—The Can Be Beautiful.
2:00—The Guiding Light.
2:15—Lone Journey.
2:45—News.
3:00—Hotel Biltmore Orchestra.
3:15—News of the World.
3:45—V. Kallenborn.
4:00—Stars of Today.
4:30—Horace Heidt's Treasure Chest.
5:00—Speaking of Glamour.
5:25—Howard and Shelton.
5:30—Fisher McGee and Molly.
6:00—Bob Hope.
6:30—College Humor.
6:55—Linn Borden.
7:00—Fred Waring Pleasure Time.
7:15—Wardman Park Orchestra.
7:30—Johnny French.
8:00—Palace Hotel Orchestra.
8:30—Battle of the Sexes.
8:45—Calladum Ballroom Orchestra.
9:00—News.
9:15—This is for You.
9:30—Willare Bowl Orchestra.
11:00—News.
11:15—St. Francis Hotel Orchestra.
11:30—Florentine Gardens Orchestra.
11:55—News Bulletin.

KEX—NBC—TUESDAY—1190 Kc.

6:00—Musical Clock.
7:00—Western Agriculture.
7:15—Breakfast Club.
8:30—National Farm and Home.
8:45—Between the Bookends.
9:00—News.
10:15—Geographical Travels.
10:30—Charmingly We Live.
10:45—March Boys.
11:00—Orphans of Divorce.
11:15—Amanda of Honeymoon Hill.
11:30—Johnny French.
11:45—Just Plain Bill.
12:00—Mother of Mine.
12:30—Market Reports.
12:30—News.
1:00—Sidestreet Vignettes.
1:15—Dance a While.
1:45—Curstine Quiz.
2:00—The Quiet Hour.
2:30—Wife Savers.
2:45—Gasoline Alley.
3:00—Count Your Blessings.
3:15—St. Kate's Vesper.
3:30—La Marimba Club Orchestra.
4:15—Irene Wickler.
4:45—The Harlequin.
5:15—Tropical Moods.
5:30—Drama Behind the News.
6:00—New American Music.

KOAC—TUESDAY—430 Kc.

6:00—News.
6:15—The Homemakers' Hour.
6:30—Weather Forecast.
6:45—March Boys.
7:00—School of the Air.
7:15—Music of the Masters.
7:30—News.
7:45—Home Hour.
8:00—Homemakers' Half Hour.
8:15—Monitor Views the News.
8:30—Books and the News.
8:45—News.
9:00—On the Campuses.
9:15—Vespers.
9:30—Farm Hour.
9:45—Checoslovakia Music.
10:00—Consumers Forum.
10:30—School of Music.
11:15—Neighborhood News.
11:45—Book Chat.
12:00—OBC Round Table.
12:30—OBC Cadet Band.
1:00—School of Education.

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.