

The Oregon Statesman

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

Call it Iraq and you conjure up a strictly modern picture of oil derricks in a setting of Asiatic intrigue modified by the map-drawing that was done after World War I. It's an obscure corner of the world, but you mark it as a military objective, because of the oil.

But these are times in which man is searching the records of the past for lamps to light the future. So you look back a little way and call it Mesopotamia, a word the Greeks had for "between the rivers." The rivers are the Tigris and the Euphrates, which unite to form a swampy delta emptying into the Persian Gulf, silted now with the sands of time so that its ancient seaports are discovered far inland.

Mention "Bagdad" and you may draw upon your recollection of school literature and recent supplementary glimpses in the movies for a picture of what it was like in the middle ages under Arab rule; a colorful, mystic land made fertile by the ancient irrigation canals until Genhish Khan laid them waste in 1298 and the land reverted to desert punctuated only by an occasional oasis.

But if you turn the pages of history back all the way you catch a vision of one of the most ancient civilizations. Look on the map for Mosul. About there stood Ninevah, the great city of the region under Assyrian rule. But before that, beside the Euphrates farther down in the delta region stood the ancient city of Babylon. Hilla, if you can find it on your map, is the approximate location. Babylon, capital of Babylonia, home of the Sumerians some 3000 years ago—they are credited with the invention of cuneiform writing—and later of the Semites and then the Hittites prior to the Assyrian invasion when Babylon itself went into eclipse to be restored by the Chaldeans about 600 BC. It was the capital of Chaldea when Nebuchadnezzar brought the Children of Israel there in captivity.

Babylonia was taken over by the Persians some 50 years later and, of course, by Alexander the Great some 300 years BC and by the Romans early in the Christian era. Much of human culture and science developed, and much human blood was spilled from time to time, Sumer, Babylonia, Assyria, Mesopotamia—all more or less the same little spot on the map called Aram in the bible and Al Jazirah by the Arabs.

And now, because oil flows from the ground and through pipelines to Suez and Alexandria, blood is beginning to flow in Iraq, which is still the same country under a new name. Not much in the way of culture is likely to have its beginnings there now. And yet, as the mechanized armies mass there, one may be reminded by all that has gone before, that empires and their emperors do not endure forever. Sooner or later they fall.

Moral Courage

There are few statesmen left in this world who could have made the speech Mr. Churchill made yesterday; there are few remaining peoples whose leaders would still dare to address them in such terms.—New York Herald Tribune.

That Churchill dared to tell his people the whole unvarnished truth was to the Herald Tribune editor's mind the remarkable, the noteworthy point about the prime minister's report upon what had happened in Greece.

Things are moving rapidly for the United States, almost too rapidly for public awareness to keep pace even if it were informed promptly and in straightforward language. There is evidence of some concern over failure of the administration to take the public into its confidence with frankness equal to that employed by Churchill.

Our navy is "patrolling" thousands of miles from our shores. This is an accomplished fact; but news of it came piecemeal in a series of hints, not from the president originally but from Mayor LaGuardia of New York, Secretaries Hull and Knox and Admiral Land.

There is concern too over the use of the word "patrol" coupled with intimation that it means some material aid to Britain on the high seas, without admission that it amounts substantially to "convoy" or, if perchance it doesn't, a clear definition of just what it does mean.

When the "neutrality act" was amended at the opening of the war and again when the lend-lease bill was enacted some weeks ago, there was full and free debate in congress. Some people grew weary of the debate, inasmuch as in each case the outcome was apparent in advance. Yet the debate did help to clarify the situation, did satisfy some reluctant citizens that the democratic processes had functioned and that the decision was the nation's decision.

But when a resolution proposing to forbid conveying of belligerents' merchant ships was brought before congress it was killed in committee so that the general membership has no opportunity for debate. Once again the outcome was apparent. The major decision has been made. The nation will do, though reluctantly, anything "short of war" that is necessary to keep Britain going.

Yet it is unfortunate that congress was not permitted in this instance to proceed in the democratic way to affirm the decision. For as everyone knows, this may be the last decision. At any moment the initiative may be taken from the American people. One unfortunate incident may transfer the initiative to the Old World aggressors. And if this decision was the last, it is unfortunate for the sake of national unity that it could not be made by the proper agency, the people's representatives in congress.

Quality

Legend has it that members of a certain sedate Boston household, having become parties to a newsworthy event, were presently informed by their butler that there awaited outside "two reporters and a gentleman from the Transcript."

Founded in 1830, the Evening Transcript became as famous as Boston itself. It was a newspaper strictly in the Boston tradition of

culture, dignity and reserve. There is another legend that so affectionately did Bostonians regard their newspaper that no one ever threw away a back copy.

But Boston has changed and the Transcript has neglected to change in equal degree. The number of Bostonians who cling to the old traditions has dwindled, for early this year the Transcript's circulation, in a city of some 770,000, had dropped to less than twice that of the Statesman. And on Wednesday the venerable newspaper was scheduled to give up the ghost.

The old maxim about the better mousetrap doesn't seem to apply in this modern age. Seems as though you have to have salesmanship and "oomph" to get a following these days, in addition to or perhaps even regardless of quality.

Socialism

Down in Clatsop county they're arguing about a PUD. The election is next Tuesday.

At a meeting sponsored by the county League of Women Voters at which both sides of the argument were presented, Attorney Allan Smith of Portland who advocated retention of private ownership, "stopped the show" by calling everyone who favored public power "socialists."

Subsequently he backed up and limited the nomenclature to public power advocates connected with the federal administration—including Morton Tompkins and Dr. Carl Thompson, who are on the job for the Bonneville administration in the campaign.

It's strange. Nobody objected when Dick Neuberger called the public power program "socialism" in a national magazine—possibly because Neuberger favored it. And no matter how we look at it, public power looks to us exactly like socialism and nothing else. Maybe someone can show us the difference.

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

(Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc., reproduction in whole or in part strictly prohibited.) WASHINGTON, May 2.—You are not keeping up with the latest military facts if you let yourself become melancholy over Britain's prospective fate in the Mediterranean. A complete revision of popular theories on the war is necessary as a result of recent breaks.

The Mediterranean has been for centuries a vital lifeline of the British empire. Popular pessimism is evident because they are about to lose it. Censorship has foolishly concealed the truth that they lost it weeks ago. Even the Suez has been of little use to the empire for months because of mines laid from planes. No conveying of British commercial shipping since the axis established bombing bases in Sicily. Conquest of Greece will merely give the nazis more bombing bases. The only thing now vital to the British in that area is the large British naval base at Alexandria.

A substitute lifeline for Britain across the North Atlantic to the United States was established before the Mediterranean fell. British tin, rubber, and oil shipments from the far east have been going recently through the Panama canal for transshipment at New York across the new lifeline. The Germans will have to cut this one if they want a victory.

Gibraltar has been regarded as the rock upon which the British empire is built. Developments in the eastern Mediterranean have made it just another rock.

The Germans will testify to this. For more than three months they have been ready to move through Spain to take Gibraltar. It is not the friendly Spanish government that has been holding them back, but the military problem of supplying their troops and the people of that starving country as well. Gibraltar was just not worth that cost.

Whenever the nazis think they can feed fascist Spain, they will knock off Gibraltar as easily as they captured Italy.

Dispel from your mind the common supposition that Hitler does not want Russia. The nazis are likely to be next, if the invasion of England fails or is not attempted. Russia is the raw material storehouse of Europe and Asia. Hitler has been conquering mostly empty breadbaskets so far. If he finds this is going to be a long war, he will arm himself for it by imposing German efficiency upon that treasure house of the world.

The Germans seem very anxious to keep the United States out of the war until the nazi conquest is complete. No attack Hitler could devise would be less distasteful to the United States than invasion of Russia.

The notion that Hitler will not fight on two fronts at the same time has also become dangerous. The German general staff held that view during this war only as long as Germany was a small country. Now Hitler as a world power has 260 divisions under arms (over 3,000,000 men). Armies rot unless used. "You can do anything with a bayonet except sit on it," is an old army saying. The only front on which his troops are now being used is a brief stretch in the Egyptian desert. For the complete conquest of the Greeks, Yugoslavians, and British in the Balkans he used only 40 divisions, leaving 220 to fight elsewhere. Obviously he now has the strength to hold Britain with air and sea attacks while moving against Russia, seizing Gibraltar, and extending his conquests in the near east.

Another cliché that must now be doubted is the one that "Germany must win in 1941 or else." The conquests which the nazis have recently made and those they can easily make will strengthen Hitler materially for a long pull.

Invasion of England is no doubt a temptation to a military strategist but the risk of failure is great, and the psychological reaction would be devastating to Hitler's successes so far.

A better game would be to conquer Russia and the near east and then sue for peace, with some very sweet concessions to Britain and the United States.



Bailing out—as the Ship of State Flies on

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

War as it was fought. 5-3-41 between Union and Rebel fighters compared with the Hitler blitzkriegs of 1941:

As has before been recorded in this column, Dr. L. E. Barrick of Salem, who is Marion county's coroner, has twice visited the Gettysburg battlefield, and plans a third visit, to make a further first hand study of that historic and hallowed vicinity, called "the Mecca of pilgrimage to all lovers of our Union and to tourists the most interesting place in America."

Dr. Barrick brought with him on his last visit a copy of "The Story of Gettysburg in Pictures" and of "The Blue and Gray," the latter a history of the great battle that was the turning point of the Civil war.

That battlefield has become a national park, managed and supported by the United States government, with many millions already invested by many states and organizations, in "many miles of avenues and driveways; imperishable monuments and tablets in granite and bronze, more than 500 in number, and more than 1000 markers, to mark the spots where brave men died and the positions of various units and armies."

There is not, there cannot be, anything like it in America, or the world.

Comparing the Hitler blitzkriegs (mass mechanized murders) of the present with the heroic acts and the feelings of civilized men engaged in the Civil war, it is worthy while to copy an article from the "Blue and Gray" history mentioned above. The article was written by Capt. T. J. Mackey of the Confederate Army near the time

of the events, and afterward copied by McClure's Magazine. It reads:

"Though never a war was fought with more earnestness than our own Civil war between the North and South, never a war was marked by more deeds of noble kindness between men, officers and privates, of the contending sides. Serving at the front during the entire war as a captain of engineers in the Confederate army, many such deeds came under my own personal attention, and many have been related to me by eye-witnesses. Here is one especially worthy of record:

"The advance of General Early's line of battle commenced early on the afternoon of July 1st. The brigade commanded by Major General J. B. Gordon of Georgia was among those attacking the Union right. The daring commander of that corps occupied a position so far advanced beyond the main line of the Federal army that, while it invited attack, it placed him beyond the reach of ready support when the crisis of battle came to him in the rush of charging lines more extended than his own. The Confederate advance was steady, and it was bravely met by the Union troops, who for the first time found themselves engaged in a battle on the soil of the North, which until then had been virgin to the war. It was a 'far cry' from Richmond to Gettysburg, yet Lee was in their front, and they seemed resolved to welcome their Southern visitors 'with bloody hands to hospitable graves.' But the Federal flank rested in the air, and, being turned, the line was badly broken and, despite a bravely resolute defense against the well-ordered attack of the Confederate veterans was forced to fall back.

"General Gordon's brigade was in motion at a double-quick to seize and hold the vantage

ground in their front from which the opposing line had retreated, when GORDON saw lying directly in his path the apparently dead body of a Union officer. He checked his horse, and then observed that the officer was still living.

"He at once dismounted, and seeing the head of his wounded foe man was lying in a depression in the ground, placed under it a nearby knapsack. While raising him at the shoulder for that purpose, he saw that the blood was trickling from a bullet-hole in the back, and then knew that the officer had been shot through the breast. He then gave a drink from a flask of brandy and water, and, as the man revived, said, while leaning over him, 'I am sorry to see you in this condition. I am General Gordon. Please tell me who you are, I wish to aid you all I can.'

"The answer came in feeble tones: 'Thank you, General, I am Brigadier General Barlow of New York. You can do nothing for me; I am dying.' Then, after a pause, he said, 'Yes, you can; my wife is at either the headquarters of General Howard or Meade. If you survive the battle, please let her know I died doing my duty.'

"General Gordon replied: 'Your message, if I live, shall surely be given to your wife. Can I do nothing more for you?' After a brief pause, General Barlow replied: 'May God bless you, only one thing more. Feel in the breast pocket of my coat, the left breast, and take out a pack of letters.'

"As General Gordon unbuttoned the blood-soaked coat and took out the packet, the seemingly dying soldier said: 'Now please read one to me. They are from my wife, and I wish that her words shall be the last I hear in this world.'

(Concluded tomorrow.)

Crowd Sees Indoor Redwood Forest



This is not the depths of a redwood forest, but a view of the California Spring Garden show in Oakland, a redwood forest indoors, heralded as the most impressive bloom display ever held in the west. More than 115,000 persons were expected to attend the four-day event, ending May 2. Above, the falls of the "Rainbow Forest" pictured behind the flower displays.

"Lover Come Back"

By BARRETT WILLOUGHBY

Chapter 10 continued

All through dinner Sondra was divided between wondering what Jean Reynall had to tell her, and assuring herself that she didn't care enough about it to go to the cupola to find out. Today had been the most eventful, the most disillusioning she had ever known; yet, paradoxically, she felt a quickening of the current of life, a stirring anticipation of something thrilling waiting for her in the near future. She wanted to be alone to think about this, but Liane, after dining in her room, had come downstairs. Now, languid and exotic in black velvet, the older girl was trailing Sondra from room to room, smoking and chatting.

"Sitka, ever since I can remember, has always been a dull hole, Sondra. Why, you, with your money, ever came back here to live is a mystery to me. After knowing life in the outside world, too. College, Europe. Everything gay. Certainly, there's never been a man in the place that either you or I would consider marrying. However, this Starbuck has distinct possibilities. His manners are those of a real Southern gent; and he must have money, holding the position he does. I suppose you two are good pals—both being interested in historic stuff and all that?"

"We're good friends," answered Sondra absently. The clock had just struck half past eight. In half an hour Jean Reynall would be out there in the bay, talking across the water. The thought sent her moving restlessly from the library into the spacious old drawing room. She was thoroughly annoyed when Liane tagged after her.

"Who is this other chap who comes to the house?" asked Liane.

"What other chap?" Sondra was at the old square piano sorting music that had already been sorted.

"Don't try to hold out on me, darling. I saw him leaving the house this afternoon—tall, dark, white pull-over, and a high and mighty walk."

"That must have been Captain Jean Reynall."

"Not Miss Jacqueline's boy? What luck! We were in school here together, until Miss Jack sent him out to the States. But how come, Sondra? Aren't your respective families sort of Matague-and-Capuletish?" Liane rested her folded arms on the piano with the air of one set for a long chat.

Sondra answered shortly. "He

came today to see Dynamite on business. He's superintendent of a floating cannery that's just been moored to the Bates dock."

"Um-m-m-m. I must run down tomorrow and renew our childhood friendship. The lad's a complete knockout. But of course you never noticed that. Honestly, darling, you might as well be in a cloister for all the—Hey! Be careful. You've torn that sheet of music in two."

It was true. Liane's patronizing tone, her frank admiration for Jean and what it implied, had irked Sondra beyond control. Moreover, it had resulted in a decision. She would go to the cupola now, come what may. "By the way, Sondra, didn't Kemp say he was coming over tonight to bring you a bronze plaque, or something?"

"Good heavens!" thought Sondra, aghast. She had forgotten that possibility. It was a quarter to nine. He might arrive any moment. She must get away at once. Liane's remark had given her an idea for escape. "Yes," she said aloud. "Would you mind waiting here to receive him, Liane? I want to run upstairs and do a few little things for—Dynamite before he goes to bed. Here—sit in this easy chair. The late magazines are there on the table. . . . There you are."

Sondra forced herself to walk from the room, but once out of Liane's sight, she ran up the stairs as fast as her feet could carry her.

Alone in the cupola she stood looking out through the openings, conscious of the scene of peace which the height and space and sweep of country always brought her.

This was the hour that had always brought romance near to her—that lover she had fashioned from dreams. Daring, wise, gentle, strong. Capable of commanding dangerous men, yet yielding to one woman—herself. Tonight she felt, poignantly, that never again could the magic of twilight bring back that dream. It had died today in the irony and disillusionment of Jean Reynall's return.

The luminous dial of her wrist watch gave her eight minutes to nine. Jean should be coming in sight now. She leaned forward tensely, scanning the dim, shimmering water between the two islands.

The channel was empty. Nothing moved there.

(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.
- 8:30—Sunrise Salute.
 - 9:00—The World This Morning.
 - 9:15—Popular Music.
 - 9:30—Pastor's Call.
 - 9:45—Four Star Melodies.
 - 10:00—The World This Morning.
 - 10:15—Town House Orchestra.
 - 10:30—News.
 - 10:45—The World This Morning.
 - 11:00—Bob Hamilton's Trio.
 - 11:15—Value Parade.
 - 11:30—Consumer News.
 - 11:45—Hillbilly Serenade.
 - 12:00—Willamette Valley Opinions.
 - 12:15—The Tomboyers.
 - 12:30—Hollywood Buckeroos.
 - 12:45—Two Kings and a Queen.
 - 1:00—Saturday Afternoon Varieties.
 - 1:15—Western Serenade.
 - 1:30—Concert Gems.
 - 1:45—News.
 - 2:00—Teatime Tunes.
 - 2:15—The Four Belles.
 - 2:30—Popularity Row.
 - 2:45—The Song Show Melodies.
 - 3:00—Tonight's Headlines.
 - 3:15—War Commentary.
 - 3:30—The Bellini's Orchestra.
 - 3:45—Henry King's Orchestra.
 - 4:00—The Tomboyers.
 - 4:15—Interesting Facts.
 - 4:30—The World Tonight.
 - 4:45—Salem-Tacoma Baseball Game.
 - 5:00—News Tabloid.
 - 5:15—Salem-Tacoma Baseball Game.
 - 5:30—News.
 - 5:45—The World Tonight.
 - 6:00—The World Tonight.
 - 6:15—From New England to You.
 - 6:30—Trail Blazers.
 - 6:45—News.
 - 7:00—Weekend Whimsy.
 - 7:15—Sam Hayes.
 - 7:30—From New England to You.
 - 7:45—News.
 - 8:00—Lincoln Highway.
 - 8:15—News.
 - 8:30—News.
 - 8:45—News.
 - 9:00—Gordon Jenkins' Orchestra.
 - 9:15—Stars of Tomorrow.
 - 9:30—Campus Capers.
 - 9:45—Boy, Girl, and Band.
 - 10:00—The World is Yours.
 - 10:15—Curtis Institute of Music.
 - 10:30—Glen Island Casino Orchestra.
 - 10:45—News.
 - 11:00—Religion in the News.
 - 11:15—News.
 - 11:30—H. V. Kallenborn.
 - 11:45—St. Francis Hotel Orchestra.
 - 12:00—Ballroom Orchestra.
 - 12:15—National Barn Dance.
 - 12:30—Uncle Ezra.
 - 12:45—Grand Old Opry.
 - 1:00—Truth or Consequences.
 - 1:15—Knickerbocker Playhouse.
 - 1:30—News.
 - 1:45—Palace Hotel Orchestra.
 - 2:00—Edgewater Beach Orchestra.
 - 2:15—News.
 - 2:30—Defense of America.
 - 2:45—Sir Francis Drake Orchestra.
 - 3:00—News.
 - 3:15—Hotel Biltmore Orchestra.
 - 3:30—Uptown Ballroom Orchestra.
 - 3:45—News.
 - 4:00—Whisper Bowl Orchestra.
 - 4:15—Florentine Gardens Orchestra.
 - 4:30—News.
 - 4:45—Musical Club.
 - 5:00—News.
 - 5:15—National Favors and Home.
 - 5:30—Luncheon at the Waldorf.
 - 5:45—News.
 - 6:00—Indians Indigo.
 - 6:15—Charmingly We Live.
 - 6:30—Hotel Lexington Orchestra.
 - 6:45—Studio of the Americas.
 - 7:00—Club Matinee.
 - 7:15—News.
 - 7:30—Market Reports.
 - 7:45—Curstons Quiz.
 - 8:00—Sing Before Supper.
 - 8:15—El Chico Spanish Revue.
 - 8:30—News.
 - 8:45—The Vass Family.
 - 9:00—Edward Tomlinson.
 - 9:15—Message of Israel.
 - 9:30—Little Of Hollywood.
 - 9:45—Key Dee Triplet.
 - 10:00—Man and the World.
 - 10:15—The Bishop and the Gargoyles.
 - 10:30—Summer Symphony.
 - 10:45—Hotel Edison Orchestra.
 - 11:00—News.
 - 11:15—Hotel Biltmore Orchestra.
 - 11:30—News.
 - 11:45—Portland Baseball.
 - 12:00—Sir Francis Drake Orchestra.
- 8:30—The Quiet Hour.
- 9:00—War for a Roundup.
- 9:30—NW Farm Reporter.
- 10:00—KODK Klock.
- 10:15—News.
- 10:30—Consumer News.
- 10:45—Country Journal.
- 11:00—Highways to Health.
- 11:15—The World's Best Defense.
- 11:30—Let's Pretend.
- 11:45—Sundance Almanac.
- 12:00—The World's Best Defense.
- 12:15—Hello Again.
- 12:30—Library of Congress Musicals.
- 12:45—News.
- 1:00—Matinee at Meadowbrook.
- 1:15—Derby Preview.
- 1:30—News.
- 1:45—The World's Best Defense.
- 2:00—People's Platform.
- 2:15—Newspaper of the Air.
- 2:30—Kid's Quisaroo.
- 2:45—Saturday Night Serenade.
- 3:00—Public Affairs.
- 3:15—Golden Gate Quartet.
- 3:30—Marriage Club.
- 3:45—Duty's Tavern.
- 4:00—The World's Best Defense.
- 4:15—The World's Best Defense.
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