

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Shows Us; No Fear Shall Ave" From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, President

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Oregon Under Enemy Fire

Friends have been kind enough to inquire though with mock solicitude, as to our safe evacuation from the Seaside battle zone. Needless to say, we got away in time; too soon, dog-gone it, by about ten hours.

Just twelve hours before the shooting started your correspondent was peering through the hotel telescope at the placid Pacific. The enemy submarine may even have been lurking within the range of our artificially-broadened vision but concealed beneath the harmless-appearing waves—which incidentally were not so harmless as they looked even regardless of the sub's possible presence, for on that same weekend they claimed three human victims by drowning.

Candor requires not only of this witness but on behalf of a considerable fraction of Oregon's newspaper fraternity, a disclaimer of any sixth-sense warning that "big local news" was in the making. Among the profession there is a phrase, "a nose for news" which may seem to imply the existence of such a sixth sense. If it does exist it wasn't working. Of course, we were on holiday. As a matter of fact, once or twice while gazing at the ocean the possibility of stealthy enemy approach did occur to us—invariably, since patrol planes sometimes were visible—but only in a detached, abstract sort of way.

In view of our own sincere regret at having departed too soon, we can appreciate the thrill—outweighing any possible trepidation—which the people of Seaside, Astoria and the intervening beach area are now enjoying. Clearly it involves a feeling of pride in which all Oregon may share. Oregon is not, after all, too unimportant to merit enemy attention.

There at the coast some concern has been felt lest vacationers this year might stay away—not because of any danger but because of erroneous reports that use of the beaches had been restricted. It will pay prospective ocean-side holiday-makers to ascertain, now that an attack has occurred, just what restrictions including the dim-out are being imposed, and their practical effect upon recreational facilities. For the rest, we anticipate that the "nuisance shelling" will stimulate more curiosity-inspired patronage of the beaches than it discourages. All we can testify is, that people in great numbers were having fun down there last weekend.

At the Gearhart convention of the Oregon Newspaper Publishers' association more than one speaker admonished the press to combat any remaining feeling among its readers that "it can't happen here," and the enemy shelling put an exclamation point upon the admonition, while rather freeing the editorial department of any urgent duty in the matter. The front page headlines take care of it, and much more effectively and convincingly.

And pondering again our calm inspection of the apparently lonely ocean and its normal-appearing horizon beyond which, we knew, the enemy dwelt and schemed our destruction, we cannot now avoid recollection that not so many months ago some Americans considered that broad expanse of water a barrier for our protection rather than a highway for his facile approach and a cloak for his concealment while approaching.

But on that train of thought one may go too far and too fast. We also have a navy out there, and outpost bases. That ocean likewise is its highway. And now we know that contrary to the fears and questionings some folk indulged for months after Pearl Harbor, that navy is intact, busy and menacingly efficient. Only by underwater stealth—particularly since Midway—can the enemy reach us here; and submarines may kill us but they can't, unaided, conquer us.

One "nuisance raid" must not throw us back into a defensive habit of thought. Out there beyond that horizon, people to whom we owe obligation sweat under the enemy yoke. Out there too, our own young men suffer spiritually if not physically in enemy prison camps. Not our safety here, actually but little imperiled, but the undoing of those great wrongs must be in our thought. We cannot dodge the duty and we must not delay.

An ordinary-looking fellow whose only distinctive item of outward appearance is an extraordinarily inartistic haircut, and who neither by content nor manner of address betrays his significance in the national scheme of things—that is Associate Justice William O. Douglas of the United States supreme court. There was a hotel desk clerk who looked much more impressive and imposing.

Newspapermen generally have the urge to "pull people's legs" to find out what makes them tick. Within the limits of propriety—remembering that Justice Douglas was their guest—they tried. Results, zero. Bill Douglas was on vacation. He would talk about fishing and Oregon scenery and the property he recently acquired in eastern Oregon but he would not talk extemporaneously, on or off the record, about the United States supreme court or broad legal or social principles or the new deal of which he remains a key figure and a typical personification.

From typed manuscript and without slightest trace of oratory he did however deliver an address—about the war and the relation of America's free press to the war. From the newspaperman's standpoint in recognition of the high jurist's position the highlight was his assurance that it is both the right and the duty of the press to criticize government even in wartime; that government in America is no menace to press freedom but that courage to exercise it in defiance of a possibly contrary public opinion is the problem of the press itself. A second point, we judge, impressed most listeners was his declaration that the primary duty of the press today is so to present facts and interpretation that the public will realize the full gravity of the war and avoid the as-

sumption, while it is unwarranted, that victory is in sight.

Comparing notes—that's what trade conventions are for. Comparing notes, newspaper folk agreed that today they are performing a greater public service—not because enhanced desire, but because of broadened opportunity—than ever before in history. So much more of all that goes on is public, joint activity, and the newspapers are coordinating instruments in that activity. But for all the greater service and the greater public need for the press, in company with most "small business" its operation is increasingly difficult, its survival precarious.

The publishers left Gearhart before the enemy sub opened fire. But their newspapers are still, no matter where situated, "within range." Not that they are complaining. One must face in wartime the possibility that one may be a casualty. We are merely reporting on a convention—and this is one of the things that came up. If we are right in assuming that the public needs its newspapers today, perhaps this is one of the things the public ought to know.

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

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WASHINGTON, June 22—In Libya this time, it was not "too little and too late." It was just "too bad."

The British had superiority in the air, on the sea and on the land—in tanks, planes, ships, troops. There was nothing wrong with their battle strategy that could be discerned here, yet Rommel pushed them back.

Official alibis are now pouring forth in volume, but the overall alibi is not being stressed. It is clear that Rommel just outmaneuvered them.

Inferior in overall fighting strength, he picked specific limited objectives. He searched for soft spots in the British line, then hammered these with concentrations of all he could muster.

The British tried to hold everywhere—Bir Achem, Acroma, Sidi Berezeh, after the nazis had cut narrow lanes through their defensive mine fields. They divided their forces, placing the divisions at these and other key places. Rommel went at these key points one by one. Following Napoleon's theory, he hit each point separately, each time mustering a superior force at that chosen spot.

Finally he split the British in half, one part remaining in Tobruk and the other seeking the natural protection of the Egyptian border.

The nazi troops were tougher and better trained than the British, particularly better than the last British reinforcements from Egypt. Then, too, the British were so confident that the intolerable summer heat would prevent any extensive nazi operations, they did not throw their full strength into the battle as soon as the Germans did.

Here again, as at Singapore, it was evident also that some Britishers still indulge themselves in the theory if not in the practice of time out for Scotch and sodas, siestas or cricket. The troops fought hard and thought they had Rommel trapped when they set him back from Bir Achem. Having air superiority, they bombed his thin supply lines running back in the lanes through the mine fields.

This should have won for them, but they then encountered too much Rommel and too much weather. The crafty nazi used every kind of vehicle which would haul water or gas, and his troops went for long stretches without water.

British soldiers, escaping from German prison camps, said that they had gone 48 hours without water, and when they complained, Rommel's officers asserted they had no water for 48 hours either.

A sandstorm came up and Rommel's caravans were able to slip through unobserved by British planes.

If you want a good technical excuse, you may find it in the German 88 millimeter anti-tank and anti-aircraft gun. Most of the tanks in the fight were British. The relatively small number of our General Grants performed well according to all accounts.

But Rommel used his superior gun on self-propelled and towed mounts to devastating effect. That dual purpose gun has an extremely high muzzle velocity and is highly respected.

When Rommel retreated the first time he concentrated them in narrow files in which he trapped many a British tank.

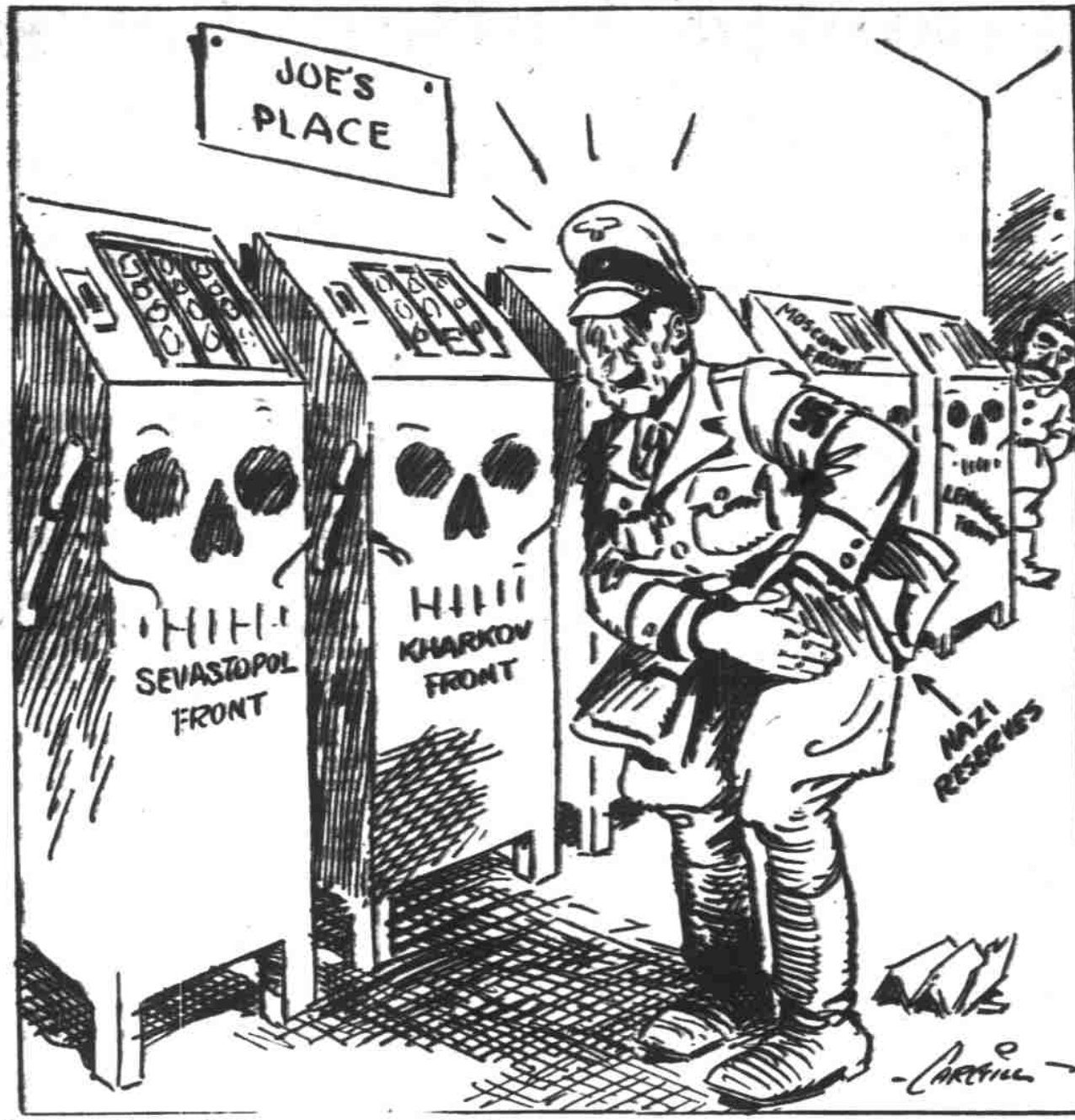
For another thing, Rommel used his planes in close support of his tanks, while the British let the tanks go alone and used their planes mainly to bomb Rommel's supply lines (although this is a choice most generals would have made.)

Despite Rommel's victory, he has lost a lot of tanks and there is every reason to hope he cannot go on into Egypt to break the grasp of the United Nations on the Middle East before fall—and things may be different for our side there by fall. If he can find more soft spots, he might try to crash through, but the British are apparently not demoralized.

Many a congressional authority put this Near East situation and the Russian difficulties at Sevastopol and Kharkov together with Winston Churchill's visit to Mr. Roosevelt.

A glance at the map will show you Hitler attacking points farthest from American aid. Our supplies have been going into Russia at Murmansk, the northern tip of the trans-continental battle line, while Hitler is picking on the southern extremity. We are getting supplies into Egypt but mostly the long way around the Cape of Good Hope.

This would be an ideal subject for a Roosevelt-Churchill conference, whereas the advertised matter of the "second front" is one that is more likely to be decided by American and British military leaders on the single point of when they are ready.



Crimea Doesn't Seem to Pay, Either

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Will be seeing you 6-23-42 about a hundred years from now, if the chemists are correct in their work:

(Concluding from Sunday:)

"When you come to think of this possibility, you cannot help but wonder what the world will be like a century and a half from now. What will the boy born today and destined not to die until 150 years from now see? Will there still be wars, greed and hate in the world in which he shall live? Or will it be the world of Plato and the old philosophers dreamed—Utopia? The world that the Wanderer of Galilee came down upon earth to establish?"

"Perhaps it is a waste of time to indulge in ruminations like these. Better, maybe, to fall in with the cynics who contend that the world always will be the same old world it always has been—human nature the same, man no different from his immortal ancestors—big fish eating the weak—the strong oppressing the weak—one man lying down in death from hunger beside another man dying from indigestion. Will things be no

different 150 years from now or 150,000 years from now?

"The prophets are without honor in their own or any other country, even the self-appointed prophets who seize upon the Bible to foretell future events. The overwhelming majority of men, including those who believe the Bible as the inspired word of God, men who believe there is a God, a Creator who made all things and who holds the destinies of men in the hollow of His hand—even they are loathe to guess at what the future may be like."

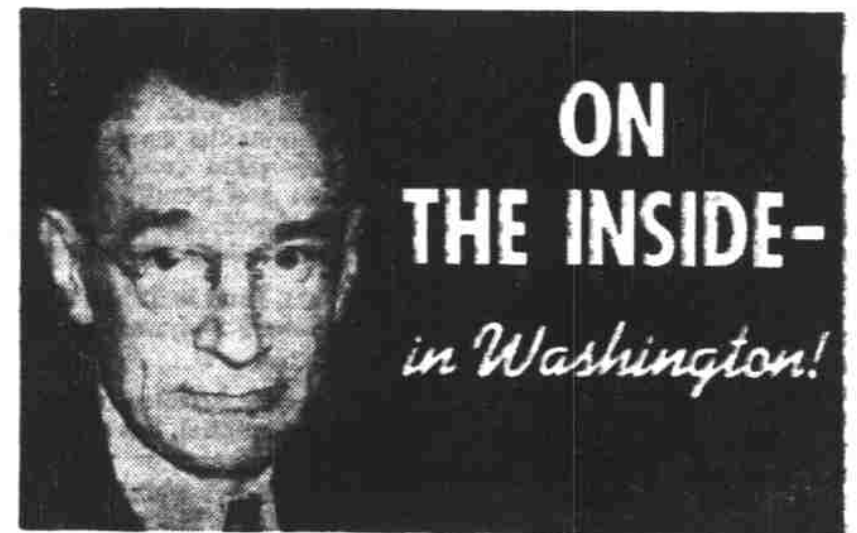
"Yet, all of us can hope and dream. We can hope for a better world than this which we know and a world better than those who have gone before us knew."

"Anyway, it is a happy thought that a time will come when the people of all races and all countries will live together in peace and brotherhood—a time when ships will sail the seas unbarred between continents bearing in friendly trade welcome cargoes—the Orient sending to the Occident needed articles and commodities in return for the things and commodities the Orient needs—a time when

all national boundaries shall be obliterated—when every country shall be every man's country.

"The basis for this hope, if there be a basis, is that already it is no longer a wide but a narrowed world. Science has shrunken this old ball which we call our earth. The conquest of the air has been achieved. It is less than a day's journey now from West to East—a journey that a score of years ago required days and weeks is now easily possible in a matter of hours."

"In short, there is no people any longer unknown to all other peoples. And this is a great step forward. There is less likelihood of hating those we know than there is to hate those we do not know. Universal understanding has a stronger prospect of realization now than it ever has had."



By KIRKE L. SIMPSON, Wide World War Analyst For The Statesman

One year after his first attack on Russia, Hitler's war machine has revitalized its march eastward with a stunning blow at Britain in North Africa and seems on the verge of shattering Russian resistance in the Crimea.

Tobruk, Libyan outpost for the defense of Egypt, has gone down like a house of cards. The Suez canal link in Britain's life lines is more ominously menaced than it ever has been. Overnight, allied control of the eastern Mediterranean has been put in grave jeopardy. The threat to British oil resources in the middle east is real and no longer remote.

In the Crimea, German claims to have virtually overrun the defenses of Sevastopol go all but unchallenged by Moscow. The fall of that naval base seems impending, probably paving the way for a nazi surge against the Caucasus and its oil treasures.

Thus a huge axis vise is yawning in the east to squeeze between its jaws a large part of the allied oil resources, the most vital necessity of modern war. Japanese victories have already stripped the United Nations of the Dutch Indies and Burma oil pools. If the middle eastern and Caspian oil should also be lost, the western hemisphere wells would be practically the only source left to power the whole allied war effort.

Admittedly, that represents a look at the seamiest side of the war picture, it is making the worst, not the best, of a bad situation; but it must form the background of the conferences between Pres. Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill, out of which must stem moves to reverse the unhappy picture quickly.

ON THE INSIDE in Washington!

Tobruk and Sevastopol, important as they have proven to the allied cause in the past, are not decisive in a strategic sense. The main battles in the nazi program of closing in on Egypt and the Caucasus simultaneously are still to be fought.

The sudden fall of Tobruk is the most daunting development, not because the Libyan fort is vital to the defense of Egypt, but for the implication it gives of defeat-bred disorganization in Britain's eighth army. That it has been out-guessed and out-fought by the master desert warrior, General Rommel, cannot be denied. Rome and Berlin claim close to 30,000 British prisoners taken at Tobruk, plus mountains of war gear, including tanks.

There are rumblings in London of utter dissatisfaction with the handling of the Libyan campaign. Calls for the return of Mr. Churchill to face his parliamentary critics are voiced there. He obviously faces a new uprising at home such as followed Crete and Singapore.

For the moment, however, both Churchill and President Roosevelt must be concerned with military measures to offset the defeat in Libya and with political repercussions at home or abroad. The effect of the loss of Tobruk and indicated coming fall of Sevastopol could be very serious, particularly in Turkey and on the pro-nazi Laval regime in France; but even that must give place to purely military exigencies.

Random Harvest

By JAMES HILTON

CHAPTER 1

On the morning of the eleventh of November, 1937, precisely at eleven o'clock, some well-meaning busybody consulted his watch and loudly announced the hour, with the result that all of us in the dining car felt constrained to put aside drinks and newspapers and spend the two minutes' silence in rather embarrassed stares at one another or out of the window. Not that anyone had intended disrespect—merely that in a fast-moving train we knew no rules for correct behavior and would therefore rather not have behaved at all. Anyhow, it was during those tense uneasy seconds that I first took notice of the man opposite. Dark-haired, slim, and sulkily good-looking, he was perhaps in his early or middle forties; he wore an air of prosperous distinction that fitted well with his neat but quiet standardized clothes. I could not guess whether he had originally moved in from a third or a first class compartment. Half a million Englishmen are like that. Their inconspicuous correctness makes almost a display of concealment.

As he looked out of the window I saw something happen to his eyes—a change from a glance to a gaze and then from a gaze to a glare, a sudden sharpening of focus, as when a person thinks he recognizes someone fleetingly in a crowd. Meanwhile a lurch of the train split coffee on the table between us, providing an excuse for apologies as soon as the two minutes were over; I got in with mine first, but by the time he turned to reply the focus was lost, his look of recognition unsure. Only the embarrassment remained, and to ease it I made some comment on the moorland scenery, which was indeed soberly beautiful that morning, for overnight snow lay on the summits, and there was one of them, twin-domed that seemed to keep pace with the train, moving over the intervening valley like a ghostly dromedary. "That's Mickle," I said, pointing at it.

Surprisingly he answered: "Do you know if there's a lake—quite a small lake—between the peaks?"

Two men at the table across the aisle then intervened with the instant garrulousness of those who overhear a question put to someone else. One said there was such a lake, if you

called it a lake, but it was really more of a swamp; and the other said there wasn't any kind of lake at all...

We listened politely to all this and thanked them, glad to let the matter drop. Nothing more was said till they left the train at Leicester; then I leaned across the table and said: "It doesn't pay to argue with local inhabitants, otherwise I'd have answered your question myself—because I was on top of Mickle yesterday."

A gleam reappeared in his eyes. "You were?"

"Yes, I'm one of those mountaineers for fun all the year round."

"So you saw the lake?"

"There wasn't a lake or a swamp or a sign of either."

"Ah..." And the gleam faded. "You sound disappointed?"

"Well no—hardly that. Maybe I was thinking of somewhere else. I'm afraid I've a bad memory."

"For mountains?"

"For names too. Mickle, did you say it was?" He spoke the word as if he were trying the sound of it.

"That's the local name. It isn't important enough to be on maps."

He nodded and then, rather deliberately, held up a newspaper throughout a couple of English counties. The sight of soldiers marching along a Bedfordshire lane gave us our next exchange of remarks—something about Hitler, the European situation, chances of war, and so on. It led to my asking if he had served in the last war.

"Yes."

"Then, there must be things you wish you had forgotten?"

"But I have—even them—to some extent." He added as if to deflect the subject from himself: "I imagine you were too young?"

"Too young for the last, but not for the next, the way things are going."

"Nobody will be either too young or too old for the next." Meanwhile men's voices were uprising further along the car in talk of Ypres and Gallipoli; I called his attention and commented that thousands of other Englishmen were doubtless at that moment reminiscing about their war experiences.

"If you've already forgotten yours, you're probably lucky."

"I didn't say I'd forgotten everything."

(To be continued)

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Radio Programs

Table with columns for station names (e.g., KSLM, KSLM-TV, KALE, KGW), broadcast times, and program titles (e.g., Rise 'N' Shine, News, Music, etc.).