

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Arctic Seaway

The Berlin dispatch relayed from Stockholm that this summer the Russians would receive quantities of war material shipped by boat through the Arctic ocean from western America may be a correct prediction. Late in 1941 the soviet ice-breaker "Krasnin" arrived in Seattle harbor, having sailed from the White sea over that route which lies north of the Eurasian continent. Depending on the season, boats can sail through those waters for from three to four months each year. With ice-breakers (Russia has 46 of them) the season may be lengthened.

Before the war Russia was working diligently to open up the northern seaway. From Kara sea, an arm of the Arctic lying at the end of the Ural mountain chain, to Bering strait weather stations were set up to observe and report the weather, with particular reference to the movement of the ice-pack. Radio connects these stations with Moscow; and airlines serve the whole northern country.

The fact is, that behind the screen of isolation, vast development has taken place all through Soviet Asia. It is reported in part in a recent book under that title, written by Raymond Arthur Davies and Andrew J. Steiger. Highways are being completed, railroad lines are under construction. Mineral and agricultural wealth is being developed. Once the prison house for convicts and revolutionaries, Siberia is being colonized with the migration of thousands, some still under order of exile, others as volunteers, from districts of western Russia.

Great rivers, flowing north into the Arctic, are the natural avenues of travel: the Ob, Yenisei, Katanga, Lena, Kolyma; and the Amur flowing north into the Sea of Okhotsk, an arm of the Pacific ocean. Use of the northern Arctic route makes the connection between Atlantic ports of Murmansk and Archangel with ports at the mouths of these rivers. Thus, in the book mentioned the writers report seeing ships in Igarka, at the mouth of the Yenisei river, one week out of Murmansk and eleven days from London. They also reported this observation at Igarka:

"In the distance we could see Oregon timber carriers chugging up wooden roadways to lumber yards and rolling down again with load after load of the finest Siberian larch and pine to fill the waiting ships."

The use of this Arctic route will necessarily be limited in wartime: there simply are not enough ships to spare many for this service, where they may be caught in ice and held until the following summer; and the route to Vladivostok is still open. But the opening of the resources of Soviet Asia offers opportunities for post-war commerce which we on the Pacific coast cannot ignore. With anything like decent relations with Soviet Russia there should be a marked expansion in trade between Soviet Asia and western United States.

Unbalanced Teaching

In the day's news is the report of the winning of a prize in an essay contest by a girl in a valley high school. The contest was sponsored by a patriotic organization, as part of a national contest.

Considered of themselves these contests are fruitful of good to all who take part in them. Usually the subjects are important and the study required is profitable. But too much intrusion cripples the school program.

A common practice when many good organizations want to "educate" youth is to bring pressures on the school authorities to have special courses provided in the subject, or to sponsor special contests. The danger is that the school program may become unbalanced by such outside meddling, until the course becomes a hodge-podge, a mixture interrupted with special events and competitions. Then the people stand off and criticize the schools for not doing a thorough job of teaching history or mathematics or English. How can they if the courses laid out by the teachers are interfered with from the outside.

This is not to condemn essay contests or oratorical contests or special prizes. A certain number of these events are stimulative. But we mean to say that the teaching staff should control and be free to reject proposals from the outside if they unbalance the curriculum or give a warped emphasis or consume too much of student time and energy.

We can't hold teachers accountable if the general public keeps butting in with suggestions of what to teach and how to teach it.

Dog-Fights, et al.

Salem has been spared the battle that had been raging in several other Oregon towns between the dog-owners and the victory-gardeners, with city councils the unwilling arbiters. The dog may be man's best friend, but he surely has a lot of enemies of his own. When neighborly wrath and patriotism combine the poor pooch is certainly in the doghouse. But when he looks about him, the dog-lovers are sure to speak up in his behalf, notwithstanding the evidence of ravaged radish beds and scratched out beans. Maybe our Salem dogs are just better behaved; or is it that our victory gardeners are more tolerant?

But there has been some local protest against China pheasants, who are more purposeful in their destruction than dogs. A dog doesn't care to bite an onion; but a China bird does love peas, and knows just how to dig them up. So far the fight against Chinas is confined to trickery; perhaps like the Chinese people these birds fear there is some devil behind fluttering papers and colored rags.

Lacking dog fights, and with China pheasant marauders protected by state law, Salem is resorting to its own brand of trouble; a return engagement of the perennial nuisance battle over pinball machines.

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON
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WASHINGTON, May 3—Only a paltry paragraph or two heralded the news that business has changed its policy and now favors the Hull reciprocal trade program.

At least, that portion of business as represented by the national association of manufacturers and the United States chamber of commerce, made such an announcement through representatives appearing before the house ways and means committee. The public appearance of the NAM was made after its board privately agreed to reverse its policy of three years ago with very little dissent of members.

The business experts did not say so, but apparently they figured world trade must be different after the war. Our manufacturing production capacity has been greatly expanded by the armaments program.

The machines now used for weapons can be changed back to peace-time products much easier than they were changed to war. Replacement of one or two parts and tools are all that will be necessary in many instances, they say, and a better machine tool industry exists to do the job.

This extra production will have to be sold either in a greatly expanded American market (more people able to have radios, bathtubs, refrigerators, etc.) or in a larger foreign market. The world will have little gold or goods with which to buy our surplus manufacturing production.

It would be very foolish of us to "sell" these extensively on credit through any of the old or newly suggested devices. Actually, all we would be doing under such arrangements is to give our products away at expense of our people as a whole.

As long as we export more than we import, we will naturally accumulate world debts which cannot be paid, or gold which is of doubtful value. We already have too much of both.

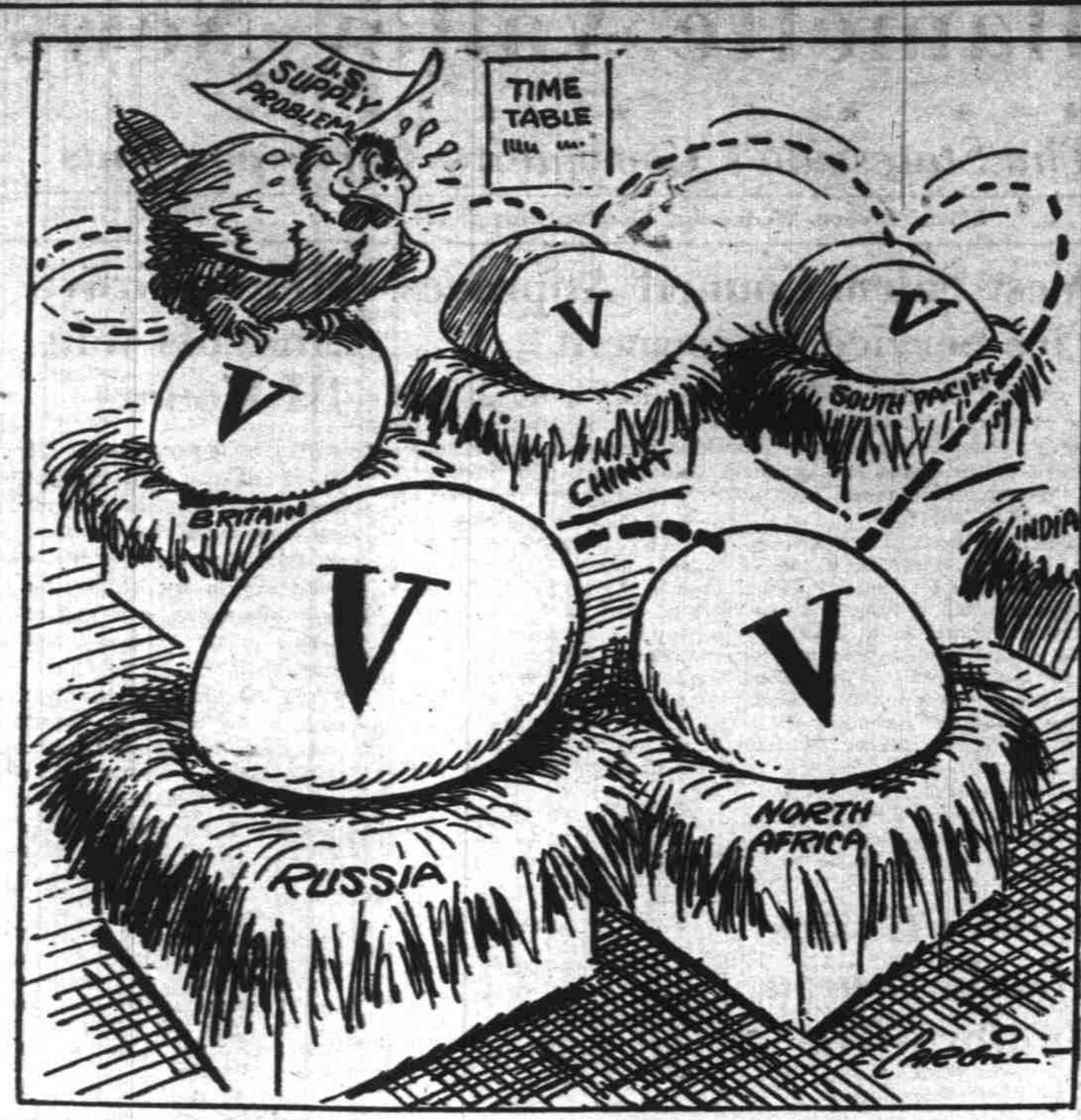
If we establish the Keynes or White systems of international payment, we will merely accumulate all the new international currency, "units" or "banco", which, apparently, is to have only the value which our government underwrites for it. In times of international bankruptcy—and post-war conditions will approximate that—the only way for us to get paid for our products is by importation of goods.

This line of reasoning has brought the business people here around to the idea that 50 per cent reductions of our tariffs, as provided in the Hull program, may help our selling. The old fear of cheap foreign labor and foreign under-selling appears to have diminished.

And, inasmuch as labor has joined in approval through A. F. of L.'s Bill Green, it looks like Mr. Hull has gathered unexpected support.

Nebraska's new republican Senator Wherry was just about right when he said at Pittsburgh that Mr. Roosevelt is already nominated for the fourth term. He is nominated as far as common interpretation in Washington is concerned.

The generally accepted belief in all political camps here is that the war probably will be on at that time and renomination will be arranged as a matter of course.



The Mother Instinct

Today's Radio Programs

KSLM—WEDNESDAY—1300 Ka.
7:30—News in Brief
7:35—The Shine
7:38—News
7:45—Morning Mood
8:00—Stan Kenton's Orchestra
8:30—News Briefs
8:35—Tango Time
9:00—Factorial Call
9:15—Uncle Sara
9:20—Populist Music
9:45—Round-up
10:00—World in Review
10:15—Song and a Dance
10:30—Music
11:15—Gospel
11:30—Wilmette U Chapel
12:30—Organalities
12:35—News
12:45—Populist Serenade
12:50—Matinee
1:00—Meet the Grange
1:15—Mara Hall's Orchestra
1:30—Mildred's Melodias
1:45—Spotlight on Rhythm
2:00—The Paradise
2:15—US Marines
2:30—Radio Concert Hour
3:00—The Aristocrats
4:15—News
4:30—Teatime Tunes
4:45—Felix GI de Jose Navarro
5:15—Let's Reminisce
5:30—Melodias
6:00—Today's Headlines
6:15—War News Commentary
6:30—Evening Serenade
6:45—Populist Music
7:00—News
7:15—Jazz Burnette
7:30—Jazz Karavan
8:00—War Fronts in Review
8:15—Interlude
8:30—Hollywood Round-up
8:45—Treasury Star Parade
9:00—The Sleepy Heads
9:30—News
9:45—American Legion Auxiliary
10:00—Sullivan American Salute
10:30—Let's Dance
10:30—News

KLX—BN—WEDNESDAY—1190 Ka.
6:00—We're Up Too
6:15—National Farm and Home
6:30—Western Agriculture
7:00—Smilin Ed McConnell
7:15—Home Demonstration Agent
7:30—News
7:45—Music of Vienna
8:00—Breakfast Club
8:30—Meet at Sardi's
10:00—Baukhage Talking
10:15—The Coast Slender
10:30—Andy and Virginia
10:45—Funny Money Man
11:00—Woman's World
11:15—Science Byways
11:30—Lawson's Knights
11:45—Year Hollywood News
12:15—News
12:30—Livestock Reporter
12:45—News
1:00—Blue Newsroom
2:00—What's Doing, Ladies
2:30—Uncle Sam
2:45—Labor News
3:00—Music
3:15—Kneess With the News
3:30—Club Matinee
4:00—By True Story
4:30—News
4:45—The Sea Hound
5:00—Terry and the Pirates
5:15—Dick Tracy
5:30—Jack Armstrong
5:45—Captain Midnight
6:00—Hop Harrigan
6:15—News
6:30—Victor Borge
6:45—Spotlight Bands
7:00—Raymond Gram Swing
7:15—Gracie Fields
7:30—Wings Over the World
8:00—News
8:15—Lum and Abner
8:30—Manhattan at Midnight
9:00—John Freedom
9:30—News
9:45—Down Memory Lane
10:00—Broadway Bandwagon
10:15—News
11:30—This Moving World
11:45—Organ Concert
12:00—War News

KLX—CB—WEDNESDAY—970 Ka.
6:00—Northwest Farm Reporter
6:15—Just Plain
6:30—Texas Rangers
6:45—KON Klock
7:00—News
7:15—Consumer News
7:30—Valiant Lady
7:45—Suzanne America Loves
8:00—Aunt Jenny
8:15—Kate Smith Speaks
8:30—Big Sister
8:45—Romance of Helen Trent

KOAC—WEDNESDAY—500 Ka.
10:00—News
10:15—The Homemakers' Hour
11:00—Schoe of the Air
11:25—Music of the Masters
11:50—Noon Farm Hour
1:00—Artists in Recital
1:15—Today's War Commentary
1:30—Variety Time
2:00—Red Cross
2:30—Memory Book of Music
3:00—News
3:15—Concert Hall
4:00—Book of the Week
4:15—Plantation Revival
4:30—Stories for Boys and Girls
5:00—Swing
5:15—On the Campuses
5:30—Coming Vespers
5:45—It's Oregon War
6:15—News
6:30—Evening Farm Hour
7:30—School of Music
8:00—Business Hour
8:30—Higher Education in Wartime
9:00—Independent Colleges
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Today's Garden
By LILLIE L. MADSEN
M. E. reports that she has been sent some seeds which are to be "frozen before planting. As all heavy frosts are now over, am at a loss as to how this should be handled."
Answer: Use the refrigerator. If the seeds are in a package, tear off one corner and add a little water, fold over tightly and put into the freezing compartment of the refrigerator. Seeds can also be planted in a small

'American Bred'

By FRANK MELONEY

Chesler two (continued)
Ann held one of the slippers in her hand; some tourist stopping for the night must have left them. But no. They had, too recently been near perfume, too recently worn. As she slipped them on, she tried to fit this touch of incongruous femininity in the sturdy, old-fashioned house.

"I have to go back upstairs," Paul broke in on her thoughts. "Mom'll take care of you until the storm lets up." He vanished before she could protest.

She rose restlessly, and went to the window, peering out into the darkness. She could see nothing but a steel gray blur, hear nothing except a steady hissing roar as sleet drove against the windowpanes.

Mrs. Freund moved to the sink with the pan of potatoes. "Better you stay here tonight," she suggested.

"Impossible," Ann was about to reply, "I have to get on to New York." But Mrs. Freund was ahead of her. "Maybe it's important for you to be somewhere? Maybe somebody worries about you?" she anticipated gently.

Somebody worrying about her? There was Tom, of course. But Tom wouldn't worry about her. He'd call her apartment, and if she weren't there, he'd call the next day, or rather he'd have his secretary remind him to call. There must be something wonderful about modern business, Ann reflected; it taught men how to put everything into compartments. That was it. She didn't belong in Tom's life, she belonged in one of his compartments, the one he labeled love. He didn't look into it very often, satisfied that she was there, and that, presumably, he held the key to it.

It was a little the same with Helen, who had for years considered Ann in the light of a duty, rather than a younger sister. About once a week, she expected Ann to report her whereabouts, and her prevailing state of being; but inasmuch as they had parted only this morning, after one of those family arguments in which both sides get stiff-lipped and voices grow precise, it was fair to suppose that Helen wouldn't worry if she didn't hear from Ann for a good bit over the allotted lapse of time.

The argument had verged perilously close to open bickering. It had had to do not only with Ann's refusal to marry Tom (of whom Helen most wholeheartedly approved), but Helen had also taken exception to Ann's decision to rid herself of Broadfields to the first feasible buyer. "It passes my comprehension," Helen had said, "how you can bring yourself to sell the farm. It's sacrifice to let it go out of the family. It was our home." She had stressed the "our", and her upper lip had grown straighter, thinner, longer—making her look like the dining room portrait of Aunt Laura.

"What you're trying to say," Ann had countered tersely, "is that you wish I'd keep the place because of the sentiment that you have for it. In that case, why don't you and Arthur buy it?"

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

COMMISSIONER REPLES TO INSURANCE CRITICISM

To the Editor:
The lead editorial in the April 30th edition of The Statesman deals with communications received by the editor from readers and gives prominence to a quotation from one correspondent who admits the truth of four propositions he states.

The first proposition begins with a plain statement of fact that the accumulated legal reserve in a life insurance policy increasingly reduces the amount at risk, but follows with the statement that "the company's obligation is a diminishing one."

The fact is that the company's obligation is constant, only the amount at risk under a policy with increasing legal reserves is a diminishing factor.

The second proposition also begins with a simple statement of fact that dividends on life insurance are premium over-charges, but continues with a false statement that these over-charges "are used primarily as a sales bait." The premium over-charges are used primarily to comply with the minimum provisions required in the premium to provide for the factors involved in the liability assumed under the contract. Inherent in the explanation of this provision is a sales argument which is secondary.

"That's quite out of the question." Helen's attitude became that of dealing with a 12-year-younger sister, hot-headed and irresponsible. "You must realize," she had explained patiently, "that Arthur and I have established our summers at Bar Harbor for far too many years to change the pattern of our lives now. Besides, Father meant you to have Broadfields as a kind of anchorage, and this impulse to be free of it and take a job in New York is just a whim."

How untrue that was, but how futile to argue the point with Helen. Helen couldn't realize that sometimes you relinquish a thing because you loved it, not because you didn't love it.

Ann had been little more than a baby when her father had bought the farm and moved his family there. His friends had called him a fool to give up his law practice. He had called them fools to keep theirs. In the years that followed, when he had leisure from the labors of raising sheep and breeding horses and growing crops, he wrote articles, elaborating his theories of Constitutional law, and in the pine-paneled study that was library and farm office combined, he had written his biographical studies on the supreme court, with his desk piled high with a jumble of legal volumes, breeding records and soil samples. And in that same pine-paneled study, Ann and Helen and two aunts had collected after his death to hear his will.

To Helen he left her mother's jewels and the house in Bar Harbor; a few odds and ends of family furniture to the aunts—and to Ann the farm and a block of income-invested stocks. He left her a letter, also, a very intimate letter, in which he told her of his love of the land, his faith in it, and his hope that Broadfields would always insure for her contentment, keep pleasure, and security.

For a while, his hope had come true. And then things began to tumble. The stocks which had brought in an income of over two hundred a month dwindled in dividends to fifty; and, along with the debacle, the market for her father's Morgan horses and purebred sheep abruptly vanished. Now it was a struggle to feed livestock when there was scarcely enough money to meet her own small bills at the grocer's. It was heartache, too, to see fields growing back into brush, planting programs neglected, and breeding plans interrupted. But Helen, who was not of the land, could not know an obligation to the land. She could only cling stubbornly to a tradition.

Chapter three
"Come. You must eat something. It is dinner time."
Ann stirred, and brought her thoughts back into the warm kitchen. "I really am hungry," she acknowledged. "Can't I help you?"
The old lady shook her head and moved effortlessly from stove to table. "I see better than most people," she said.

(To be continued)