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PAGE 4 EUGENE, OREGON, FRIDAY, MAY 30, 1952

Battle Hymn of the Republic

By JULIA WARD HOWE

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword,
His truth is marching on.

Glory! glory! Hallelujah! Glory!
Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! glory! Hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnish'd rows of steel;
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant my fee!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Our Choice for Any Memorial Day

It occurred to us the other night while listening to the Gleemen sing the "Battle Hymn" that there was the "expression" for Memorial Day, just as we have long used certain passages of Scripture for Christmas and Easter and the Declaration for the Fourth of July. You see, we belong to that grayed or graying generation in whose minds Memorial Day is inseparable from memories of the Civil War—or the War Between the States (as one Grandpapa would have us say).

(Memorial Day has always brought back the picture of the little file of "boys" from the village GAR, marching up the hill to the cemetery, with old Squire Garret in the lead. At the turn by the schoolhouse they always got a Bronx cheer from old Pat Murray, who left a leg at Chickamauga, where, says he, "yer Squire hid behind a stump." This was also the day on which old Johnny Mears and Billy Sutton donned their faded gray uniforms and conducted their own private ceremonies over tall and potent juleps on Johnny's back porch. Sometimes Johnny would get on his big red mare and charge up and down the main street, just to remind the — Yanks that the war wasn't over yet.)

In these later years, Memorial Day has been dedicated to all the dead of many great wars. There are only a very few survivors of that great conflict, either North or South. Some of the Southern States still refuse to accept May 30 as the day for observance, but the feelings which were so intense only 50 years ago are cooling out.

(It is still unsafe to sing some of the Yankee songs anywhere south of the Ohio and Potomac rivers, but Julia Ward Howe's magnificent hymn is accepted in the South almost as readily as "Dixie" in the North.)

In our times, men and women of the North and South have been joined in new wars for Freedom and Union. These later wars haven't come quite so close to our hearts as that terrible in-

ternal struggle. They have been fought in far away lands and though millions have suffered, our homelands haven't felt the fire.

(In part, that may account for the decline of public interest and enthusiasm for Memorial Day rituals and the wholesale escape into holiday revels. These later wars have not been so real to us.)

These, however, are times in which we are not quite so sure of ourselves as we were. We are not so sure that we have won any lasting victories either at home or abroad. We are not so sure that these homelands of ours can forever escape the fire. We are challenged again by the words:

"As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free."

When Julia Ward Howe wrote these verses in the winter of 1861, the hopes for freedom and union seemed very low indeed. When they were published in the Atlantic Monthly in February, 1862 they were accepted as a challenge to faith and courage. That challenge is as much needed now as it was then.

That is why we have chosen the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" for Memorial Day, any Memorial Day, North or South. We heard a man say that the words used by Mrs. Howe were "quaint and old fashioned," and we asked him what he meant:

"Where she says 'die to make men free' I'd substitute 'live to make men free'. The fact that millions of men and women have lost their lives fighting for freedom isn't really significant. To my mind what signifies is that millions LIVED for freedom, and of course, died when necessary. If we could all learn to live for freedom, we wouldn't need so much dying for it."

That's a thought! We have an idea Julia Ward Howe herself might accept the amendment.

Will Somebody 'Bound' State of Ethics

Some weeks ago in Washington, we heard President Truman say that he couldn't be a candidate for U. S. Senate when he leaves the presidency because he'd have to run against his old friend Ken in Missouri "and that wouldn't be ethical." Remembering Harry's wide tolerance for mink coats, deep freezes, etc., we puzzled a bit over that one.

Next day in Washington we heard the Hon. Newbold Morris explain that if he hadn't been fired by Attorney General McGrath before McGrath was fired by Truman, he would probably have had to abandon his job as Special Prosecutor of graft in high places, because he couldn't have had a free hand to do his stuff, because of the prevailing "lack of ethical standards" in government.

Now we find a Senate sub-committee recommending rigorous action against the New York law firm of which Newbold Morris is a member because of its part in engineering deals with a muddled Maritime Commission for surplus government oil tankers, and alleging that Mr. Morris himself got a \$30,000 share of his firm's profits, which totalled \$158,000.

(These deals center around one Joseph E. Casey, a Democrat and former member of Congress from Massachusetts, but Mr. Morris is supposed to be a Republican.)

In our school days, we used to have to "bound" states and countries, and

we used to have a heck of a time with Indian Territory (now the state of Oklahoma), because we never could see much difference between Kansas on the north and Arkansas on the west, with Missouri chiselling in on one side and New Mexico on the other and Texas down below.

(Always looked like they might just as well have let Texas keep the darned place.)

We have heard that "bounding" places has gone out of style in the schools, but it might be fun to try to "bound" this thing which they are calling the "State of Ethics" in Washington. Ajax McGurk offers this description:

"The State of Ethics is the lowest point on the American continent, not excepting the Salton Sea in California which is 202 feet below sea level, just how low even Einstein hasn't calculated. The state takes its shape from the silver dollar and it is surrounded on the inside by Democrats and on the outside by Republicans trying to get in. The capital of the state is Political, which sounds like a Mexican name but ain't. It's a fine old Indian name, originally thought up by Tammany Hall. Ever since the Constitution was written there has been talk of admitting the State of Ethics to the Union, but Congress won't let 'er in. The biggest project since WPA will be to elevate the State of Ethics to the approximate level of Mount Whitney, but that would leave a lot of Republicans and Democrats behind because they can't stand high altitudes. The State of Ethics is reported to be rich in resources..."

That's enough, Ajax. You can go to the head of the class. Let Diogenes take his turn.

Marquis Childs

War's Real Cost Can't Be Totaled

WASHINGTON — The war in Korea will soon go into its third year. There is no visible sign of how or when it will end. As these words are written, the hope seems to have gone entirely out of what remains of the truce negotiations.

To compute the cost in treasure is not easy since direct expenditures for Korea are, in part at least, related to the greatly stepped-up rearmament that followed the Communist attack. Certainly, it is many billions.

The score in lives and in blood is kept more closely. The latest total of American casualties available is 108,413. Of this total, 19,096 are deaths. The missing in action are put at 12,489, and since the Communists have reported only 3,198 prisoners, a large proportion of the balance may be considered as dead.

THESE ARE GRIM figures. It often seems as though a kind of conspiracy exists to put out of sight the real burden of the Korean war. Even in the comparative stalemate during the 10 months that the haggling over the truce has gone on, the casualties were nearly 30,000.

In a sense, Korea is only one more chapter in the history of war and revolution of the past four decades. Too often the impulse of most of us is to push out of sight and hearing the true import of that history. The cost of mass warfare is such that no civilization can endure it. That, put as bluntly as possible, is the meaning of the record from 1914 down to the present. And this may be as good a day as any on which to say it.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, the chronicler of the "lost generation" after World War I, has a deeply moving passage in his novel, "Tender Is the Night." It is a description of a visit to a military cemetery in France. He writes of how the best and finest of the youth of the West went marching in endless columns to die on the blood-soaked fields of France and Belgium. When one speaks of leadership, or the lack of it, in the Western democracies, there is one answer.

THE SHADOW of mass warfare that falls athwart our time is also a pretty large answer to much of the easy talk about economy in government. Roughly 85 percent of each dollar spent by government goes to pay for past, present and future wars. Just now in a phase of rapid rearmament the balance of this 85 percent is heavily on the side of future wars.

But the cost of past wars increases, too. The volume of money paid out in pensions increases from year to year. Partly, this results from the pressure of veteran's groups for bigger and bigger benefits distributed to more and more veterans. Another cause for the increase is the breakdown in later life of men who seemed to survive the furnace of war.

Here one comes upon another aspect of the cost of mass conflict which most of us prefer not to think about. The number of veterans in mental hospitals climbs steadily. The total for veterans out of World War I is 27,811. The total for World War II is 25,562. Already out of the Korean War nearly a thousand mental cases have been hospitalized.

THE MONEY COST of this is staggering. For all veterans in mental hospitals the cost of hospitalization in the fiscal year 1951 was \$171,926,322. On top of this is the cost of pensions paid out to neuro-psychiatric veterans of the two World Wars — \$352,937,784 in the same year. The cost in agony of soul cannot be measured by any human means.

To this observer, as has often been said in this space, the tragic neglect of research into mental illness is one of the paradoxes of our time. In relation to the amount spent in studying the cause and cure of diseases which are far less widespread, the money devoted to exploring the mind and its failings is pitifully small.

Some heartening progress has been made. It must be said, however, that unless research is greatly accelerated with a determined and far more extensive effort, this one phase of the cost of mass war can overwhelm a civilization already weakened by four decades of blood letting.

If such research were pressed with even a part of the brains and money that have gone into, say, the development of atomic weapons, it is just possible that there might come to light some knowledge of the causes of war. For, surely, it is evident that when mass war attains its present potential, then it is a form of mass lunacy.

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So They Say—

"I think I'll just go out and get myself a big meal."—Frank Costello, upon hearing he'd have to surrender and go to jail pending hearing on an appeal of his sentence.

I personally believe we need some hard-driving men knocking heads together to get the results from unification that the people were told they could expect.—Sen. Lyndon Johnson, chairman, Senate Preparedness Committee.

Let us make the Pax Atlantica a circle of countries naturally congenial to each other around and ocean of water (to cool their heads if necessary)—having pledged themselves to champion freedom above all.—Queen Juliana of the Netherlands.

It is interesting, if not important, to observe in view of the continued rivalry between the two services, that no admiral has ever been President of the United States.—John P. Marquand, noted novelist.

Though I have some ideas of my own about the matter, I can't tell you now who the presidential candidates will be or who will be their running mates.—Estes Kefauver.

The government in Washington is in such a chaotic state that an honest investigator, no matter how capable, can be made to look like a fool.—Newbold Morris.

Out here in the West where men are supposed to be men, you eat them (claims) cooked.—Eastern Seaboard clam-eating champion Izzy Weintraub.

Editor's Mailbag

THAT CEMETERY
EUGENE—(To the Editor)—The picture on Page 1 of this evening's Register-Guard moves me to write you. When our beloved Pioneers located their cemetery, they could not see the extent of the growth of Eugene City. We, the following generations have let it become an eyesore and a disgrace to their memory. Would it not be a worthwhile project, if the students would devote some of their "springtime exuberance" to a little repair and clean-up work there? Instead of Panty raids, why not take the lead and make this old cemetery the beautiful part of the campus it could become? It doesn't seem any other plan to this has been satisfactory. Think it over, Kids.
ELIZABETH FROST.
(Mrs. Jack Frost).

NOT "HOLY"
SPRINGFIELD—(To the Editor)—Can anyone tell me just how and when a day set aside for honoring and for reverence for the dead has come to be called a "Holiday"? Isn't there anything we can keep holy anymore? At Christmas time, many children know it most as a mad scramble to give someone gifts that have given us gifts, a jumble of phony Santa Claus, once in a great while the parents of children tell them of the wonder of Christmas, that it is Christ's birthday. Please stop calling Memorial Day a holiday.
HELEN PRIDMORE.

VANDALISM!
EUGENE—(To the Editor)—Last Saturday my family and some friends went out to Fernridge Lake for a picnic lunch and swimming. Perkins Point is a lovely spot for just such an outing. What I want to know is why it can't be kept that way? I don't mind people drinking beer but I think they should be considerate enough not to throw their bottles into the lake. Broken bottles on the bed of the lake makes a very "nice" spot for children to wade. We were lucky though only one cut foot in the group. How about a garbage can right next to the edge of the lake painted white with a big sign "For Bottles Only"? Maybe they might put the bottles in the can if they are sober enough to see that far.
Sincerely,
A. Inks
Rt. 5, Box 427 A
Eugene

EDITOR'S NOTE: Franklin Grange did his best to fix up the place. Why not ask sheriff to catch a few vandals? "Skippy" would do his stuff!

ANY MEMORIAL DAY
How rich the world had been "W" shall never know. Their brilliant young minds gone The way of melted snow.
How beautiful, the universe Today and long years after, Had we not throttled at the source A million springs of laughter.
ETHEL ROMIG FULLER.

DEAR OLD DAD

Dear old Dad,
He sits beside a cozy fire,
And smokes and dreams of long ago,
And listens to bygone tones.

A boy beside his Mother's knee Learning the Golden Rule,
An earnest, freckled, barefoot boy,
Bravely starting off to school.

A happy boy, a carefree boy,
Fishing in a babbling brook.
An eager, happy, hungry boy,
Frying fish, a real camp cook.

And later still a teen-age boy Pitching in the newmown hay,
Driving cows from barn to pasture,
Throwing sticks for Shep to play.

A bashful boy, a long legged boy,
Growing to an honest man,
A shy, resourceful, gallant boy,
Courtin' pretty Alice Van.

Bashful still, but still determined,
Walking down the wide church aisle,
Deep his voice, but still it trembled,
Eyes that promised with a smile.

Working, laughing, life together,
Hours of sorrows and of joys,
Raising healthy, happy children,
Blue eyed girls and brown eyed boys.

Now they're grown and all have scattered,
Gone like hours of yesterday,
Leaving Dad to smoke and ponder,
Dream the hours and years away.

Dear old Dad,
He sits beside a cozy fire,
And toasts his aching bones,
And smokes and dreams of long ago,
And listens to bygone tones.

(Original)
Ella E. Copelan,
Rt. 4, Box 345
Eugene, Oregon.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Gosh, t'ain't quite that bad, lady.

WOLF CALL?
MENLO PARK, Calif.—(P)—Police are giving women motorists the eye in this San Francisco Peninsula city this memorial weekend.
At least three of the ladies will love it. One each day will be given an orchid as the best feminine driver.
It's part of a campaign to prevent holiday traffic deaths.



Farmer Reaps Vast Harvest

FAIRFIELD, Calif.—(U.P.)—Farmer A. R. Gonzales learned Thursday that he had reaped a sizeable fortune from a little seed of kindness he showed 16 years ago.

Back in 1936, a woman transient worker he never learned much about, except that her name was Ella Gord and that she once had lived in Idaho, came to him for seasonal work in his peach orchard. He gave her a two-months job thinning out fruit. She looked so down and out in her tattered men's trousers and shirt that Gonzales and his family took pity on her and gave her clothing.

Each year thereafter the woman returned to work in the Gonzales orchard. She showed up right on schedule this year, but fell sick and Gonzales brought her into Solano County Hospital here where she became despondent and hanged herself three weeks ago.

To repay Gonzales, for the friendly treatment he had given her, she left a will giving him her worldly possessions.

Gonzales found out Thursday through his attorney that the estate amounts to possibly \$25,000 and maybe \$50,000.

Secret Maneuvers, Not a Lost Sub

NORFOLK, Va.—(P)—A Coast Guard spokesman said "a highly classified exercise" being conducted off the North Carolina coast was responsible for reports that planes were searching the Atlantic Thursday for a submarine believed in trouble.

The spokesman said no further information could be released on the secret maneuvers.

Reds Recall Ambassador

LONDON—(U.P.)—Soviet Ambassador Georgi Zarubin has been recalled permanently to Moscow, the Russian Embassy announced Thursday.

The surprise recall came in the midst of a new crisis in East-West affairs, but there was no immediate indication whether the Soviet move was intended as a protest.

"I cannot give the reason for his recall," an Embassy spokesman said. He indicated Zarubin would be replaced, but said he did not know who the successor would be.

Zarubin called at the British Foreign Office last Monday and notified Minister of State Sir Lloyd and Permanent Undersecretary Sir William Strang of impending return. The Embassy said Zarubin would leave "in a matter of days."

Zarubin has been Soviet ambassador in London for five years longer than either the senior Soviet envoy in Paris or Washington, has served in those Western capitals.

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It is requested that you register for the 1952 O. S. E. A. Convention on Tuesday, June 3, or by midnight Wednesday, June 4, to make way for visitors.

Thank you,

Tom Kiess,
Exalted Ruler,
BPOE 357