

EDITORIAL PAGE

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And Thus Ends the Tale of the Rapacious Rat



Washington Merry-Go-Round

By DREW PEARSON

WASHINGTON—Having made the decision to work with and through the emperor in governing postwar Japan, our problem now is not to be fooled by him and the court, "moderates" as Ambassador Joe Grew, who up until just before Pearl Harbor kept telling the state department the emperor didn't want war and everything would be all right.

U. S. plans for governing Japan to date chiefly call for taking away its colonies and its raw materials for making war. But what our state and war department planners fail to realize is that many nations, such as Belgium, Portugal, and Holland may have colonies abroad without being aggressive, and that the wiping out of Japanese belligerency is a far deeper problem. It gets down to a democrat change in the whole outlook and philosophy of the Japanese people.

It is doubtful if they can be persuaded to give up the idea Japanese are born to rule the world until they also give up shintoism, the state religion which teaches just exactly that, and which revolves around the person of the emperor.

Hirohito probably is, as Grew maintains, a moderate man, much more moderate than the militarists around him. However, emperors come and go. And it is the system which they represent, a system which teaches all devout and loyal Japanese that war and conquest are an essential part of their life, which stands between us and permanent peace.

Hirohito and Big Business

Most important thing for our military governors to remember about Hirohito is that—(1) He is hog-tied by and is a part of the five big business families of Japan which helped promote Japanese conquest of China and which wax fat on wars; and (2) he is the heart and soul of a state religion which preaches war.

That is what our former ambassador to Japan, Grew, so tragically failed to grasp before Pearl Harbor and what he has continued to ignore.

How charming and ingratiating the Japanese nobility can be (or else how naive our ambassador was) is indicated by Grew's own diary and by some of the telegrams he sent

back to the state department just six weeks before Pearl Harbor.

Not only did he urge that we continue sending oil and scrap iron to Japan, but in late October 1941, after the bloodthirsty General Tojo actually had become prime minister, Grew was so naive and shortsighted as to inform the state department Tojo "would resign" if he failed to iron out U. S.-Japanese troubles.

How to Create Peaceful Japan

The chief problem facing U. S. governors of Japan is how to wean Japanese psychology away from the idea that Japan's future can only be solved through military aggression. Making this conversion with the emperor still on the throne is going to be difficult—because he has been the spearhead of the conquest theory in the past.

However, the emperor has not been such a sacrosanct institution in the past as the Grew school of thought would have us believe. Twice during the reign of Emperor Meiji, grandfather of Hirohito, there was rebellion against him, suppressed only after terrific slaughter. Once there was even an attempt to assassinate Hirohito.

And when the former mayor of Tokyo, Yujiro Ozaki, made a speech against the emperor since Pearl Harbor he was given a two year jail sentence; but public sentiment was such the military did not dare put him in jail. Ozaki, a strong friend of the U. S. A. and a bitter opponent of the military, was even elected to the diet in 1942, after Pearl Harbor.

Shortly after Perry's time the first signs of democracy began to emerge in Japan. The "people's rights movement" started, followed by the organization of the liberal party in 1881.

This threw the feudal aristocracy into a state of jitters and began their careful campaign to win over the Japanese people to shintoism and emperor-worship. For a time all opposition newspapers were suppressed, Japanese history books were rewritten to show that Japanese emperors had ruled in unbroken line since 660 B. C. (which was definitely not the case) and one of the most intensive propaganda campaigns in history

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WE, THE WOMEN

By RUTH MILLETT

Come out of the kitchen, Susie. Just leave the dishes in the sink. Here's a story that ought to sweep you off your feet. The headline says: "One Machine To Do Most of Housework." And this new gadget isn't too far away in the misty postwar world. It's just around the corner—the first of 1946 they say (unless an unexpected material shortage develops).

This machine is going to be a dish washer, butter churn and ice cream freezer, except on wash day when you toss in an extra attachment and it washes, rinses, and damp dries the clothes.

But until that day in 1946 when it is ready to go to work for you, you'll just have to struggle along. Still, the world of tomorrow gadget that is going to step in and take over for you is a pleasant thing to contemplate—especially when you sink your hands into the nail-polish-removing dish washer, when you scrub out your husband's socks in the bathroom basin, when you face a sack of potatoes with nothing to aid you but a paring knife.

You can dream then, can't you, of the glo-

rious day when the gadgets take over your jobs an dell you to run along and play?

You can contemplate the time when you will say to the morning telephone caller's query about what you are doing: "Nothing, just nothing at all. The machine is whirling away though, washing the dishes, and ten it is going to peel te potatoes. And I think after it washes, rinses, and dries the clothes I'll let it take the afternoon off."

What's your hurry, Susie? Why don't you stick around a while and talk about this new machine. After all, to women it is almost as much of a modern miracle as the atomic bomb. "One Machine To Do Most of Housework," they say. And the one machine isn't going to be you, Susie—not much longer.

What did you say? That it's time for you to get back to the dishes—and that you don't expect to have any time for talking about the wonderful postwar gadgets until you own one?

Okay, Susie. See you first of the year. (Unless an unexpected material shortage develops.)

Behind Scenes in Washington

By PETER EDSON, La Grande Evening Observer Washington Correspondent

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17—One of the guys least known publicly, but exerting most influence on the public, is the government press agent. To make it less obnoxious to congress when appropriation for this item appears in the budget, they are called "information men."

Their job, with variations, is to keep John Q. Public convinced the big boss is the only man in the U. S. for his job and everything his agency does is strictly in the best interest of the people. Usually, because most of the dealings are with the press, an ex-newspaperman gets the job.

If he's doing a good job he knows everything that's going on in an agency and is present when top policy is being formed. He's the people's representative at meetings when the big-shots get together to decide what new regulation to throw at the public. It's usually his decision as to whether the public can take it or not.

Keeping the big boss out of trouble with the press frequently becomes a major task for these public relations men. Next to Secretary of Interior Harold Ickes, maybe, who is happy only when he's battling the press, former Attorney General Francis Biddle had the best knack for getting himself in bad in the public eye. If it wasn't taking over a mail order house, it was trying to fire one of his unruly assistants with each maneuver blatantly recorded on page one of every paper in the country.

Rotund, jolly Charles Malcolmson, former Washington correspondent for the Philadelphia Record, had the herculean task of keeping Biddle out of the public frying pan. What he had to do frequently, no city editor would ask a cub reporter to do. With an audible sigh of relief, he decided to take a long rest when the new attorney general took over.

It is well known in inner circles Biddle was dead set against the government taking over Montgomery Ward. But the president and Jimmy Byrnes insisted, so it fell to Biddle to be the fall-guy with Charlie behind to ease the fall. With the situation as it was

it is recognized he did a good job. Such things as Biddle's being snapped in a picture at the last convention in Chicago with a ridiculous paper hat askew on his head doing some kind of a job that gave the appearance of his being tipsy gave Malcolmson many a sleepless night.

Frequently, these information men turn up with something that saves the taxpayer dough and makes everybody around happy. One of the best recent examples was performed by Bob Horton, head of public relations for maritime commission, and one of the best known of his clan in government and newspaper circles.

For many months, the navy had been trying desperately to dispose of a huge batch of life rafts declared surplus. They couldn't get rid of them at \$5 each, and finally in utter disgust turned them over to the maritime.

Horton got his staff together and talked it over. Result was a flood of attractive posters and descriptive material showing how these rafts could be used at summer resorts as beach equipment and their other uses for pleasure. The whole she-bang was sold at \$50 each.

Selling OPA to the public has been the toughest public relations job in government. A steady stream of everything from advertising executives to college professors have tried and thrown up their hands in despair. A former college professor, Bob Brooks, who has been with OPA for a long time is currently trying to do the job, and succeeding better than average.

Office of defense transportation has a tough job. With transportation at its tightest, ODT has no enforcement branch and practically no enforcement power. In spite of this the director of information for that agency, Charles E. V. Prins, who just resigned, succeeded in cutting down civilian travel nine percent during the first three months of 1945, the first drop it took during the war. This was strictly through public relations.

Side Glances



"It's kind of nice that you're back on the five-day week, George—they don't deduct nearly so much for income taxes!"

McKENNEY ON BRIDGE

By WILLIAM E. MCKENNEY America's Card Authority

IF YOU HAVE 'EM, BID 'EM FAST!

Does it bother you when people go into a trance in a bridge game over a bid or a play? If it does, you would enjoy playing with Mrs. Doris Fuller, one of New York's outstanding women players. She is one of the fastest players in the game—in fact,

her opponents never get down to leading diamonds. She won the first trick with dummy's nine and led a heart. When South played low, Mrs. Fuller went up with the king and led back another heart. North won with the jack and led another trump. All Mrs. Fuller lost was the king of spades and a heart.

On the first trump lead, South made the mistake of discarding the deuce of hearts, but I think you will find that as long as declarer is careful to cash all three clubs, four spades cannot be defeated.

| | |
|--|---|
| ♠ K 6 4 3 2 ♥ J 8 ♦ K 9 4 ♣ J 10 8 | ♠ 10 9 5 ♥ 7 3 ♦ Q 10 7 5 ♣ A Q 4 |
| Mrs. Fuller ♠ A Q J 8 ♥ 7 ♦ K 10 9 6 ♣ 4 ♦ None ♠ K 7 5 | Dealer ♠ None ♥ A Q 5 2 ♦ A J 8 6 2 ♣ 9 6 3 2 |
| Duplicate—East-West vul. South West North East 1 ♠ Double Pass 1 N T Pass 2 ♠ Pass 2 N T Pass 3 ♠ Pass 3 ♠ Pass 4 ♠ Double Pass Opening—♠ 2 1L | |

she plays so fast that her opponents sometimes become a little bewildered.

Mrs. Fuller lost no time in making five spades for an over-trick on today's hand, because

BARBS

It's hay fever time—and the nose knows what organ is being played upon the most.

Doing the right thing would be much more popular if it was wrong.

Reports from various sources indicate picnic ants have stored away enough food for a million years.

It's good news to the family when Mom puts up preserves—and they all spread it around.

At last the Nips are where they belong—down on their Japanese!

Opportunity doesn't give a rap if you are asleep all the time.

It won't be long till Johnny can blame cigaret stain on black walnuts.

IN FORMER YEARS

30 Years Ago

No arrests were made last night in the tail light campaign. However, the night did not pass without excitement along that line, for the early morning before, someone, as yet unknown, had stolen the tail lamp and the Eastern Oregon Light and Power company truck.

Personal and factional debate developing into heated controversy was the chief outcome of the Commercial club meeting last evening insofar as the question in initiating a petition to vote on an amendment to the charter that would make it possible to reassess improvement districts where errors creep in and thus avoid a general taxation to pay for improvement in a certain district.

15 Years Ago

The athletic team of the La Grande Union Pacific Athletic club returned home this morning on a special train from Ogden, Utah, where it took seventh place in the system meet, competing against such teams as Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle and Salt Lake City.

The La Grande drum and bugle corps ranked high in the judging at Baker last weekend during the American Legion convention, finishing in fifth place among the 10 competing organizations.

10 Years Ago

The Oregon Wool Growers are holding their annual sale of thoroughbred lambs of various breeds in Pendleton Friday, Aug. 23, at the Round-up grounds.

This Curious World



DOPE: 1945 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Quiz Korner

BENJAMIN F. JOHNSON WAS THE PEN NAME ONCE USED BY

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY
 EDGAR ALLAN POE
 WILLIAM STRICKELBARE

A FOSSIL WASP NEST FOUND IN CRETACEOUS ROCKS IN UTAH BY DR. J. B. REESIDE, IS ESTIMATED TO BE ABOUT SIXTY MILLION YEARS OLD.

ANSWER: James Whitcomb Riley.

NEXT: Parallel thinking.

EVENING OBSERVER'S PROGRESS PROGRAM
IRRIGATION—Complete the Grande Ronde Valley irrigation project.
LA GRANDE — A city of 10,000 — Extend the city limits.

TODAY'S TEXT

I was daily with you in the temple teaching, and ye took me not: but the scriptures must be fulfilled. — Mark 14:49.

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

He who obeys with modesty appears worthy of being some day a commander. — Cicero.

A Radio in Every Pocket

Does the strained silence of an elevator full of strangers embarrass you? Are you ever taken down with drymouthed terror so that you can't even pucker up a whistle while passing a graveyard at night? Do silence and solitude give you the jumps?

If these are your symptoms, fret no more. For it says here in the ad that it will fit into your pocket and cost about \$25. What? Why, the brave new pocket radio of our brave new post-war world, of course.

The radio people are going to fix it so that you never need be alone with your thoughts so long as your battery holds out. You can always be alone with somebody else's thoughts or, if you prefer, somebody else's music. There'll never be a dull moment, or even a quiet one. Wordsworth's lines about wandering lonely as a cloud will be hopelessly

outmoded.

Of course there may be a few minor social problems to iron out. A clash of diverse tastes and interests is conceivable which might lead to hard words and even blows.

For example, a postwar Mary Margaret McBride fan and a devotee of "Life Can Be Beautiful" might find themselves seated side by side in a street car. What happens? One gives a snort and turns on her pocket radio a little louder. The other mutters, "I can't hear a word they're saying," and makes her radio louder still.

Across the aisle a man trying to listen to a newscast gives them both a dark look and fishes in his coat pocket for his radio's volume control. A symphony listener up ahead threatens to complain to the motorman. And what have you got? Incipient chaos.

To meet this we may have to amend the Bill of Rights to include freedom of listening as well as freedom of speech. Or congress might have to legislate headphones back into existence. But a solution surely will be found. We're a great enough nation to tackle the pocket radio problem and lick it.

So let us sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of soap operas and Sinatra. Let us sing of the golden future when we shall have, not only a chicken in every pot, but a radio in every pocket. Let us hail the bright new day when, in every country lane, the singing bird will be drowned out by boogie-woogie, and the noisy drama of the city street will be heightened by the endless emotional dilemmas of John's Other Wife.

Funny Business



"It's the juggler serving again—keeps his opponent guessing which one he's going to hit!"

SO THEY SAY

If America has not lost the spirit of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, her leaders will cease the cruel perfidy of this war against Japan. —Toshioka Kagawa, Japanese social reformer.

Whatever happens to our farm structure is of vital importance to every citizen. —La Grande, Ore., Observer.

It is truly remarkable how ardently gubernatorial candidates support the idea of streamlined government—and how icily they regard any suggestion for reform within six months after taking office. —Henry Steffens, former city comptroller of Detroit.

Do you know that . . . more than 90 percent of the land area of Massachusetts is open rural country, even though this is the third most densely populated state in the union? —Fairhaven, Mass., Star.