

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## A Whale of a Dinner

If lend-leaseless Britain has to eat whale meat, as recent stories have indicated as a possibility, we'll have no trouble squeezing out another tear for our cousins across the sea.

We have in mind a brief, but sufficiently-long, experience when Eureka's whaling station was going full blast not long ago. The northern California coastline was quite excited about its potentiality as a new food center. Great whales were harpooned, dragged ashore, skinned, cut up, by-producted, and put in huge coolers. Meat markets advertised the dark red meat as pointless and cheap. A world-wide news service sent reporters and photographers to record the steps from foam to frying pan.

The photographers talked two pretty girls into having a whale steak—with pictures. The girls, heroes both, toyed with the meat, minced a few bits, finally cleaned up their plates, acted happy, made little comment. Then the photographers and reporters tried it. The result—stresses stressed two factors, the hardness of Eureka girls and the unmitigated fishiness of meat which science calls mammal. There wasn't much heard of whale meat after that. If sold briskly for dogfood, but the argument as to whether it was subject to federal meat inspection promptly died. So did the whaling station.

Proponents cried that "it's fine if soaked in vinegar for eight hours," "you didn't give it a fair trial," "your cook didn't know how to fix it." And such may have been true, too. But having got in on that sample which the Eureka girls ate, we'd still prefer broiled shoe leather garnished with fish oil and garlic. Then again, England might like the stuff, who knows!

## Give Up Hop Control

Give the hopgrowers credit for cutting the apron strings tying them to governmental control. A decade ago hop prices were so low that growers lost money. This was after the initial price spurge on repeal of prohibition. Many jumped into hop-growing, the general depression was on, and growers had a difficult time. Finally crop control was worked out and Senator McNary obtained special legislation to establish it. There is no doubt it speedily cured the ailments of the hop industry.

The war sent prices soaring, since imports were cut off and demand rose. OPA's ceiling was well below the peak set by the market but has been at a profitable level. The growers have agreed now to let crop control legislation expire and will try to stand on their own feet. Strong individualists, the growers have always operated on independent lines except when they got into a tight squeeze. They will be happier if they can get along that way. Come heavy over production or excessive foreign competition they may race for the government shelter tent again. At least they are to be commended for their willingness to cut loose from government leading strings and try to stand on their own feet. One wonders when wheat and cotton growers will develop equal stamina.

Secretary Jimmy Byrnes takes umbrage at the reflection on Secretary Hull in the army-navy report on Pearl Harbor, saying it was the first time the military had ever seen fit to criticize civilian officials. Yes, but it was the first time we ever had a Pearl Harbor. The boards of inquiry would have been delinquent in their duty to the public as well as to their own services if they had ignored the relation of the civil to the military arms in such moments of international crisis.

## Editorial Comment

### SALMON FISHING—AN ART

It might not inspire poetry, but the process of fishing for salmon near Celilo falls with rod, line, sinker and glittering spinner deserves more than passing notice. Fly fishermen of the purist variety who disdain the heavy tackle sport could learn many a lesson from the salmon-seeking fraternity.

When fully understood, salmon fishing is revealed a sport that brings out some of the higher virtues of its followers. Where among fly fishermen could you find a man so devoted to his pastime as to spend hours—or even a full day—perched on a rock above the swirling water, waiting for a strike, all perhaps in vain?

The novice trout fisherman who curses the line that wraps around his neck has mild tribulation compared with that of the man who wields a salmon rod. Accountants of the latter's sport include a bamboo pole 15 feet or thereabouts in length, and an oversize reel containing about 100 yards of stout linen line—to which is attached a piano-wire arrangement that keeps the sinker and bell from fouling. It is a man's job alone to handle the equipment with its pound of lead or iron sinker, but the real test of patience comes when all or part of the bait assembly gets "hung up," as it invariably does, in the rocky crevices of the river floor.

An observer who has sampled the sport might suspect that some anglers sit all day with sinkers and other gear fastened tightly to the bottom of the river. In more than a few instances this conclusion might be correct, since there is a school of opinion that holds it desirable to have the fish, if he's in a striking mood, yank the tackle free. These practical-minded gentlemen reason that it's better to take a chance with a fish than to pull back mightily on the line, probably breaking it with loss of sinker, spinner or both.

Free or "hung up," the fisherman's line is allowed to stay in one place most of the time, permitting the salmon devotee to observe fully the windroving boiling currents and eddies of the Celilo channel. Even if he sometimes returns empty-handed, or perhaps with nothing more than a small steel-head, the patient sportsman has absorbed something beneficial from the outdoors.

Such fishermen thrill to the graceful leap of a large pink-sided salmon just as wilders of fly rods sense a quickened pulse when the big rainbows are rising. The kinship is more than accidental.—The Dallas Chronicle.

## Turning Pages Back

The war is in that stage which corresponds to running the film backwards, Truk and Rabaul, how importantly they loomed in the news of two and three years ago! For over a year they have been forgotten, almost never appearing in the reports of military operations in the Pacific. They had been bypassed, and their garrisons were left to die on the vine. Now the remnant of the Japanese forces are surrendering these outposts, following the surrender in Tokyo bay. We have to brush up our memories to recall how once they seemed formidable barriers to American progress.

It was the leap-frog strategy, which shortened the war. Truk, described as almost invulnerable to capture by assault, was given a side-swipe by fleet and air forces; and effectively immobilized by the seizure of Guam and Saipan. To go back now and mop up these points through the mere formality of accepting their surrender is like turning back the pages of war history but the experience is a most pleasant one, in great contrast to the losses that would have occurred on direct assault.

The little woman is getting back into shape at Rochester, N. Y. Gymnasiums and reducing parlors report that a peaceful battle of the bulge is progressing quite rapidly since V-Day because the gals don't want their soldiers to find a "pleasingly plump" substitute for the size 14s they left behind. And just when rationing is going off, too.

It's getting now so that a housewife can even find the ingredients for those so-called war-time recipes.

## Interpreting The War News

By JAMES D. WHITE  
Associated Press Staff Writer

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 6.—(P)—Japan's special "peace envoy" at the time of Pearl Harbor, Saburo Kurosu, says he didn't know that the sneak attack was being cooked up at the time. He is also "hurt" that Americans put part of the blame on him.

This is reported by Frederick B. Oppen, an American broadcasting company reporter who hunted Kurosu up at his summer home in Karuzawa where he found the retired diplomat living quietly, dressed in natty brown tweed and apparently anxious to talk.

Mr. Kurosu is certainly entitled to his just share of the benefit of the doubt, although he does concede to Oppen that "of course the Japanese government had many plans to cover many possibilities, just as your government has."

Kurosu appears to stick up for General Hideki Tojo, the Japanese premier who is generally credited with master-minding the Pearl Harbor strategy.

When Oppen asked him if Tojo didn't use him and Admiral Nomura as a peace front to cover the attack, Kurosu replied that "I don't think that's quite fair to General Tojo. I know from speaking to him before he left Tokyo that he wanted peace."

(Oppen isn't one, by the way to be taken in. He rotted for many weeks in the infamous Japanese bridge house jail in Shanghai before he was repatriated in 1942. He came out weakened and embittered. He is not likely to swallow Kurosu's story without combing it thoroughly.)

Which means, if you accept Kurosu's story, that Kurosu actually believed Tojo really wanted peace. That is where Kurosu may have made his mistake—assuming you accept his story.

Sure, Tojo wanted peace. Let's be "fair" to him. All Japanese wanted peace. But they also wanted to keep everything they had grabbed in Asia, and to have Carte Blanche to keep on grabbing, too.

That's the catch. The Japanese militarists (including Tojo) would have been all too happy to keep their loot and not fight anybody. Who wouldn't?

For ten years, ever since they saw their aggressive policy in Manchuria was bringing them into direct conflict with western power, their whole policy was one of appeasing those powers to avoid open war, meanwhile moving cautiously to take still more of China and southeast Asia into their economic and political sphere.

By the late fall of 1941 it was apparent to nearly all well-informed people in the orient that, with her axis tie-up with Germany and Italy, Japan was throwing more and more caution overboard and taking bites instead of nibbles out of Asia.

Even so, most observers hardly thought the Japanese would dare open conflict. But there was a general under-estimation of the extent to which the Japanese had convinced themselves that the western powers were "soft democracies" and would not fight back.

That certainly was a big factor in convincing the militarists that they could get away with it. If Mr. Kurosu believed Tojo as he says he did, he may have mistaken a greedy determination to have the cake and eat it, too, for a genuine interest in world peace.

That wouldn't be the first time that Japanese diplomats have been making stalling horses of military aggression. Japanese history is full of that sort of thing. Sometimes it has been obvious they were the victims of military deception. At other times it appears uncomfortably obvious that they were easily "deceived."

There is an absence of hara kiri among Japanese diplomats that is a little difficult to explain otherwise. They would be the first to claim that they are even more patriotic than the military because they have always had to stay around and lose face by cleaning up diplomatic messes which the military provoked.

But I can think of no important Japanese diplomat who ever clearly acknowledged the guilt of his country, or who ever initiated any negotiations to give up the conquests gained by military aggression.

They have given them up, but under pressure.



Open at Last

## The Literary Guidepost

By W. G. ROGERS

THE WHITE TOWER, by James Ramsey Ullman (Lippincott; \$3).

Martin Ordway is piloting a damaged bomber back from a raid on Germany. All his crew is killed, he is completely lost, his motors are failing, so he jumps. He lands right in the narrow Swiss valley where as a youth he once spent a vacation. Even he thinks it's a curious coincidence.

Half a dozen people there, including Martin, are obsessed with the idea of climbing the White Tower, a peak hitherto inaccessible from the side on which they propose to approach. These ambitious folks are a native guide, an Englishman, a Frenchman, a Nazi and Carla, a Viennese.

The rest of the long novel describes their hazardous attempt, and you may, if you wish, read into their individual experiences some idea of their national differences. In sports it's a good tale, especially for mountain-climbing addicts; for the armchair reader it's sometimes pretty steep going.

JANUARY TRAWL, by Bellamy Partridge (Whitlsey House; \$1.15).

Concocted of sugar and spice and everything nice, this story is about an old Colonial house made of "huge," "magnificent" and "stupendous" beams; a beautiful maple that shades it and a wicked old flaw in the tile.

A New York writer and his family fall head over heels in love with the place and buy it, though the "mysterious" couple that once upon a time inhabited it sold to an intermediate party with the understanding they could return to live there if they wished.

The New Yorkers move in, the couple reappears, and there are complications; elegant parties held by the new owners with the ragged couple in the offing.



By Robert Myers

(Substituting for Kenneth L. Dixon) GUAM (P)—Admiral Nimitz humorously calls himself the unofficial one-man chamber of commerce for Guam but even he will have a hard time selling the island to American service men as a post-war playground.

Guam admittedly is a pretty island, as islands go. Green vegetation blankets its rolling terrain. Looking north from Nimitz's hilltop headquarters, the view is not unlike southern California around La Jolla.

Nimitz keeps a small, bound booklet in his desk drawer, which outlines the history of the island and habits of the people—and let it be said that the people are certainly friendly and less avaricious for visitors' spending money than at resort spots in the United States and elsewhere.

Nimitz stresses attractions such as good fishing and hiking.

The service men declare that they prefer hunting—for amusement, refreshments and enough points to get back home. That sort of hunting is, of course, not

chickens and cows getting in the way of smartly dressed people, modern plumbing versus Chic Sales.

Though some people may enjoy it, it seems to me more a washout than a thaw.

THE BOOK FOR JUNIOR WOODSMEN, by Bernard S. Mason; \$3.

This book, illustrated with drawings by Frederic H. Kock and by photographs, is just what the title calls it. The young man on his own in the wilds is taught how to use ax, saw, wedge and other tools; he'd do well to find room for this in his knapsack.

included in post-war plans.

Unquestionably the navy has brought tremendous improvements and the groundwork has been laid for further development. Guam may even continue to be the navy's greatest Pacific base, though no announcement has yet been made on that point.

But as a mecca for tourists—that's another matter. The island will probably remain too remote and surrounded by too much water for travelers in any large numbers.

Guam, say the men who have been here months, sometimes works strange quirks on men. Some call it getting "rock-happy."

Jack Smyth, British correspondent, said he was watching marines drill on the baseball diamonds down the hill from Cincinac. "They were drilling in beautiful formation," he explained; "then, as I looked, they suddenly disappeared at a point just past third base. It was very odd, I thought."

Smyth added that possibly the marines vanished behind a new type of camouflage or that perhaps he was just seeing things—maybe a mirage.

On a walk, I saw a sailor stop. He was talking to a butterfly on a bush. The sailor said his case shouldn't be considered extreme until he heard the butterfly talk back.

IT SEEMS TO ME

(Continued from page 1)

## GRIN AND BEAR IT

By Lichty



"It's loose talk, gentlemen, to say that I'm not familiar with the vital issues of the day! How else would I be able to evade them?"

## News Behind the News

By PAUL MALLON

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WASHINGTON, Sept. 6.—The Pearl Harbor matter has devolved into a semi-subtle political maneuver of the new dealers to prevent exposure of Mr. Roosevelt's responsibility.

Their commentators and congressmen, since the reports, have daily raised the theme that it would be useless to rake those cooled coals further and sully proud official names (rarely mentioning Mr. Roosevelt's). Why not let bygones be bygones and get on with reconversion or whatever it is we are doing? Among themselves, they say: "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," (say nothing but good of the dead), as if the worst of all blows to American arms was now a matter of etiquette.

Hence also, Mr. Truman did what he could for his old chief by blaming the public and congress for the disaster. As the whole departmental administration below Mr. Truman had blamed one another, this drew the blame over every one in the country except Mr. Roosevelt (as Mr. T. was then serving in congress.) All this, of course, represented genuine inner fear of what a full inquiry might do not only to the president but politically to the party.

Seeing this, the Republicans started championing in congress the cause of an investigation. They have insufficient strength alone, to force one, but they are getting quiet helping hands from some non-new-dealing democrats who want justice done. Deeper inside, an invisible impetus for exposure is coming from—of all places—the navy department and to a lesser extent the army.

Mr. Roosevelt, you will recall, recognized his talent for naval strategy, having once told a friend of mine before our war, he believed he could place the fleet in certain positions around the world and win the European war. He got big appropriations for his pet department and is supposed to have been the godfather of the fleet. It can now be related a large part of the navy did not like this. He ran things too much his own way, which was not the way of those admirals who retained independent minds.

He gave away the destroyers to Britain, moved half the fleet into the Atlantic and left only half of it to face Japan, thereby opening the opportunity for the Jap attack. These criticisms have

long been murmured off-stage in congress. Lately there has been another unconfirmed story in circulation that Mr. Roosevelt required the half-fleet in the Pacific to remain largely bottled up in Pearl Harbor for fear of giving Japan an opportunity to start shooting. Admiral Richardson is said to have been relieved of Pearl Harbor because he refused to set the ships up at anchor in that small space, without maneuverability, like ducks on a pond.

A powerful segment within the navy would like to have these matters publicly explored to clear its name, and is quietly pushing the investigation idea along.

In the face of this phalanx, the administration seems coming around to the view that there must be an investigation, and intends to do the next best thing about it—run it themselves. Signs are visible that they intend to take the issue out of the hands of the republicans and carefully choose the investigating committee, not only to protect the fair name of Mr. Roosevelt but themselves politically.

Such is the probable culmination of the current controversy, but in my personal opinion, the administration is making a mistake. The Truman government is now in no discernible political danger. The fair name of Mr. Roosevelt in history will be whatever it will be, whether the Pearl Harbor facts reach full daylight or not. His name is in no danger I can see. But the morale of the navy and the army is in danger from this situation. A sickening condition has been caused in the services by the manner in which the whole Pearl Harbor blunder was covered over all these years, and those deemed responsible were allowed to occupy the most prominent war jobs, or get retirement pay and otherwise were protected.

I understand, for instance, that the two lieutenant colonels at Pearl Harbor, shown in the army board report to have been alert to the danger and wanting to do something about it, have never been promoted throughout this war. A corrupt condition has resulted, harmful to initiative, alertness and efficiency.

An investigation could act like a democratic purge to cleanse this condition, and establish a sounder navy and army morale. I think the Truman administration is running a great political risk in trying to sit on the lid of this internal deterioration, but might gain great prestige by letting the facts fall where they should in a fully free non-political inquiry.

## Celebrities Speak to Guests At Huge U.S. Alderman Picnic

At the annual picnic on his mammoth farm at Dayton Thursday, U. S. Alderman played host to many celebrities, some of which were asked to address his 3000 guests.

Burton Hutton of Portland, KALE farm editor, introduced by Rex Warren, farm production manager, was master of ceremonies.

"The whole world is hungry," said Marshall Dana, editor of the Oregon Journal, as he surveyed the large group facing the new speaker's stand near the beanfields. Dana was not referring to the picnicers, but to the place agriculture will have in postwar work. "If food won the war, then food will win the peace," he insisted, as he urged production to continue at peak as long as the need is so great.

E. L. Peterson, state director of agriculture, and representing Gov. Earl Snell, congratulated the farmers of Oregon upon their great addition to America's food supply, referring to Oregon's \$30,000,000 crop of last year with "almost an equal one being produced this year."

Farmers of Oregon upon their great addition to America's food supply, referring to Oregon's \$30,000,000 crop of last year with "almost an equal one being produced this year."

"This huge project points the way to increased production through irrigation," said Charles A. Sprague, former governor of Oregon and publisher of the Oregon Statesman, urging the increased use of irrigation for Willamette valley agriculture. Rex Putnam, state superintendent of schools, took the opportunity to urge the young pickers to let nothing stop them from returning to school to continue the education which will fit them "to help maintain prosperity and peace."

William L. Teutsch, head of the college extension division, spoke on the freedom acquired through American agriculture and urged farmers, young and old, to "maintain that freedom" by following the improved methods of farming.

Also introduced were E. B. Salmon, Portland banker, Carl Francis, Dayton and "America's youngest mayor," Dr. Harry Dillon, Linfield's "youngest college president in the United States," Mel Dunston, representing Newberg, and W. L. Jackson, Albany editor.

Mrs. Bruce Spaulding was soloist, and additional music was furnished by the Singing Seniors of Portland, groups from Camp Adair and young members

## TRUCKS TO BE SOLD

MEDFORD, Sept. 6.—(P)—Miscellaneous trucks and parts will be disposed of at a spot sale Sept. 17 by the office of surplus property.

## STEVENS

First Choice of Gifts for that boy overseas.



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