

IT SEEMS TO ME

By Charles F. Sprague

BROADWAY LIMITED—Just before boarding the train I heard, at the luncheon of the Chicago Rotary club, one of the finest addresses I have heard in many months. It was by Congressman Walter H. Judd, who served for many years as a missionary surgeon in China. In the period after Japanese invasion of China he returned to this country and did his best in lectures over the country to warn our people of the folly of helping Japan to rearm. Settling in Minneapolis he was elected to congress in 1942, and has proven a valuable member in discussions dealing with the orient.

Dr. Judd is no sentimentalist as far as national policy goes. He insists that our national interest forbids the emergence of a strong power in the orient dominating China—and hence Asia. Our policy has been and must continue to be to preserve China's integrity and to assist it to develop as a democratic nation, avoiding the evils of fascism, communism or dictatorship. If we leave a vacuum in Asia, Russia may move in, which eventually we could not tolerate.

Perhaps the most valuable point of his address was his revelation of the contrast between Chinese and western culture, which makes it very, very difficult for

(Continued on editorial page)

200,000 TROOPS CAN RULE NIPPON, SAYS MacARTHUR

The Oregon Statesman

FOUNDED 1851

NINETY-FIFTH YEAR 12 PAGES

Salem, Oregon, Tuesday Morning, September 18, 1945

At Your Service! We want you to have your STATESMAN not later than 7 a. m. If it arrives later, we'd appreciate knowing about it. And in any event, please notify us before 9 a. m. of any interruption in service. Telephone 9291.

Price 5c No. 150

Halsey to Return to America

Nip Co-operation Commended by Allied Leader

TOKYO, Tuesday, Sept. 18.—(AP)—General MacArthur, foreseeing early and "complete demobilization" of his triumphant Pacific army of draftees, declared today that 200,000 regular troops probably could rule Japan.

(The state department at Washington, surprised by the statement, planned to investigate it. One official said it was feared the impression would spread abroad that the United States was planning to withdraw at an early date, leaving the Japanese largely in charge of their own affairs.)

The navy headquarters at Pearl Harbor disclosed that Admiral Halsey would leave Japan next Thursday for the United States. His Third fleet forces remaining in Japanese waters will be assigned to Adm. Raymond A. Spruance's Fifth fleet.

MacArthur, in his new quarters at Tokyo, said the occupation was so smooth that plans for military rule were junked and those there freed from duty would go home as fast as ships could take them.

The Japanese showed their co-operation by shelling militarist-trained Foreign Minister Namoru Shigenobu and replacing him with Shigeru Yoshida, veteran diplomat once jailed for opposing the war.

Simultaneously MacArthur put into effect a drastic re-education program designed by dint of press, radio and the public schools to lead Japan's millions from militarism to the ways of democracy.

Twenty-nine of the 48 on MacArthur's wanted list now are in custody. Two others were suicides.

Lt. Gen. Yoshito Shinoyuka, classmate of War Dictator Hideki Tojo in Japan's "West Point" and former member of the supreme war council, committed suicide yesterday. He was not on MacArthur's list.

ALUMINUM SPLIT ASKED

WASHINGTON, Sept. 17.—(AP) The justice department recommended today that Aluminum Company of America be split up to promote competition. The company replied that small investors would be hard hit. Attorney General Tom C. Clark made the recommendation in a report to congress.

Animal Crackers

By WARREN GOODRICH



"That's why I like him. He's so dependable—never changes."

Florida Storm Subsides

\$50 Million Toll; New Gale Racing In from North

CHARLESTON, S.C., Sept. 17.—(AP)—A tropical storm which left three dead and \$50,000,000 property damage in Florida spent its fury today in the swamps of coastal South Carolina.

At the same time chilled North Atlantic and New England states braced against an icy northeast storm pointed toward them from Canada. Winds of from 40 to 55 mph accompany the storm.

The southern storm, its force greatly reduced after reaching a velocity of 143 mph, in roaring across the Florida Keys, moved inland near the big marine base at Parris Island, near here, and whipped due northward.

Red Cross Chairman E. L. Taylor at Kingstree, an inland town 70 miles north of here, reported winds demolished a lumber camp near here and killed three persons.

The storm caused negligible damage to Georgia seaports as it swept northward after cutting across Florida, but power service and transportation were interrupted here by heavy rain and high tides.

Council Sells Fairmount Hill Reservoir Site

A business deal which has been in the public eye for more than two months was consummated Monday night when the Salem city council voted to sell the Fairmount Hill site on Fairmount hill to Carl Hogg and Elting Halvorson for \$13,750.

The resolution over minute details of which last night's argument ranged (see page 2), was opposed by Aldermen Albert Gilie, Tom Armstrong, Lloyd Rigdon and Claude Jorgensen.

Without much discussion, the council opened six sets of bids on parking meters and submitted them to the committee on police, traffic and licenses, whose members indicated they would call at least one public hearing. The decision to open the bids Monday night (which had been called for late August and their opening had been postponed so that the city's long range planning commission could make a recommendation) followed reading of a letter in which the planning commission declared the decision as to how parking was to be regulated was an administrative matter and not for its consideration.

Without argument, too, the council voted to have street lights turned on again in pre-war fashion, but with stronger globes. The lights will not be ready until a rewiring job has been done in many of the "arms" at a cost of approximately \$600. Alternative would have been cutting off the "arms" and putting an especially bright globe in the top socket. (Additional details on page 2.)

143-Miles Per Hour Wind



Spray from huge waves beating against Biscayne Bay Breakwater at Miami, Fla., is driven across the shoreline highway by a tropical hurricane, streamlining the palm trees picturesquely. The 200-mile wide hurricane was reported having winds well over 100 miles an hour near the center of the hurricane area. (International Sound-photo)

3013 Students Appear for School on First Day; Rolls Down 13 from Last Year

Salem's public school population, down 13 from last year's first day figure, was almost ideally distributed among the city's 11 school buildings when first fall classes met Monday.

More than the 3013 pupils who put in an appearance Monday will be in classes next week, Supt. Frank B. Bennett said, pointing out that weather when school opened last year was poor and few prune and hop pickers remained in orchards and yards.

But the additional pupils probably will not tax any one building, Bennett indicated. Englewood, Grant and Highland schools, over-crowded on opening day last year, are large enough to handle the smaller students bodies which are theirs now. Much of this adjustment is credited to changes in boundaries. At Richmond an additional teacher has been provided. Capitola pupils went to Washington yesterday as they will continue to do this year. Last year they went to other schools and were shifted to Washington where there was more room.

Only Four Ride East of the fairgrounds, where bus service was provided for an anticipated influx of pupils, only four accepted the ride Monday. Bennett suggested that parents may have taken others to school the first day.

Principal Carl Aschenbrenner of Parrish junior high school, which registered 55 fewer pupils than last year, said that 180 registrations made last spring had not been picked up Monday. Junior high and high school pupils working in the crops have been urged to remain with their jobs this week, so next Monday's attendance will be a better indication of what may be expected this year.

Forty more pupils registered at Sacred Heart academy Monday than were listed there the first day of school last year. Yesterday's registration was 230. At St. Joseph's parochial school, 220, or 50 more than last year, were registered. Increases are anticipated in both schools this week.

Word Received from PFC Moore in Japan

PFC Andrew G. (Gerry) Moore, prisoner of the Japanese since the fall of the Philippines, is "in good shape" and hopes to be at home soon, he has written his mother, Mrs. Katherine Moore, 290 S. 22nd st.

The letter followed by a few hours a telegram from the war department telling Mrs. Moore that he had been released from a camp at Osaka. She had received three form postcards from him since his imprisonment. When Raymond Reves came home he told of having seen Moore in the Bilbadid prison camp.

Officers to Blame

Let me say right here that I hold no grudge against the enlisted men who tortured me. They merely followed orders. But I'd like to have a few minutes alone with some of those officers.

They hoisted me to the chair. I was mad all through now. They stared at me and I stared back and you can stare a Japanese officer down. They can't keep looking you in the eye.

The interpreter asked me if I had anything to say. "I've given you all the information I have," I told him and the chief Jap officer made another sign.

One of the enlisted men took a hexagonal-shaped stick like a pencil and put it between my forefinger and middle finger, pushing it firmly against the thin membrane between the fingers.

CIO BATTLES TO BOOST PAY 30%

Must've Been Fun While It Lasted

TURNER—Two boys going past the Crawford school after collecting their bean money apparently couldn't resist throwing rocks. They broke every last window in the school and did about \$100 damage, officials said. After a consultation of the boys, their parents, school board members and Mrs. Nona White, cost of repairing the damage was paid.

Auto Workers Find Dissention In Own Ranks

DETROIT, Sept. 17.—(AP)—The big United Automobile Workers (CIO) union, beginning a battle for a 30 per cent general wage increase in the face of spreading unemployment in the Detroit area, was troubled tonight by rumblings of dissension within its ranks.

Workers idled by strikes and shut-downs in the area numbered approximately 82,000 in addition to some 220,000 reported jobless due to war contract cancellations. As union officials proceeded with plans for strike votes under the Smith-Connelly act in General Motors, Chrysler corporation and Ford Motor Co., they heard reports of their failure to persuade 4500 Kelsey-Hayes Wheel Co. strikers to end their unauthorized walkout.

Regarding the wage issue, President R. J. Thomas of the UAW-CIO said today that organized labor had a postwar "commitment" from the late President Roosevelt that if labor "went along for the duration of hostilities in Europe with the little steel wage formula freeze" he would "see to it" that hourly wage rates would be increased in the reconversion period.

In Washington, White House sources offered no comment but Chairman George W. Taylor of the war labor board said he never had heard of such a "commitment."

The shooting occurred early Sunday morning, September 9 at a south Salem auto court. Pullman was originally charged with assault being armed with a dangerous weapon.

Grant Resigns Veteran Post; Hurls Charge

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 17.—(AP) Ethan C. Grant, state supervisor of the state veterans employment program unit of the federal employment service, resigned today charging administrative "fingling and bungling" of veterans employment in Oregon.

He charged in a letter of resignation that the job of employing GI's was being "subordinated" and that he had been advised the veterans' service division, of which veterans' employment unit is a part, was being abolished.

Grant, with the federal employment service since March 1941, said he and H. A. Ketterman, chief of the veterans' service division, were notified last Monday there would be "no more publicity" on veterans programs on the USES. Grant credited the statement to E. R. Lovell, acting state director of the USES.

Weather

Table with columns: Max, Min, Rain. Locations: San Francisco, Eugene, Portland, Seattle, Willamette river.

FORECAST (from U. S. weather bureau, McNary field, Salem): Fairly cloudy with warmer afternoon temperature reaching 77 degrees.

Mrs. Pullman Dies, Husband Faces Charge

Nineteen-year-old Dorothy Pullman died at a Salem hospital Monday night, and District Attorney Miller B. Hayden announced he would charge to first degree murder the charge filed against her husband a week ago.

The husband, Robert Theodore Pullman, 21, discharged seaman, is said to have told officers that the shotgun which fatally wounded his young wife went off as he attempted to take it away from her after she carried it with her to bed.

The shooting occurred early Sunday morning, September 9 at a south Salem auto court. Pullman was originally charged with assault being armed with a dangerous weapon.

Oil, Gas Leases Rise at Turner

Approximately 30 oil and gas leases from residents of the Turner area to the Texas company, have been filed in the office of Herman W. Lanke, county recorder.

Due to the fact that so many of the leases are coming in the office, a new book for the recording of leases only has been started, and they will be handled separately from other records. Recording fees have jumped from the average of about \$50 to \$75 per day to around \$230 to \$240, clerks said.

Residents in the area said Monday that the oil company was leasing the lands for 50c per acre per year with the option to continue the leases for five years. If event oil or gas is found in the area, one-eighth of the proceeds go to the land owner. Some test drills have already been made, they said.

The average acreage in each lease is about 100 acres, records show.

PRISONER RELEASED

WASHINGTON, Sept. 17.—(Special)—Sgt. Ray F. Hopper, son of Henry E. Hopper of Marion, Ore., has been released from a Jap prison camp, the war department announced today.

Refusal to Give Information Ends in Execution Sentence

sure on my kneecaps induced by the rod became terrific. I could feel darts of pain shooting through my thoughts and it seemed that my kneecaps were coming loose.

Watch With Smiles

The officers watched me, little smiles on their faces. After a few minutes the pain became so bad that I began to get a little panicky. I thought: "I can't stand this too long."

I heard a noise down, the hall and I figured Hallmark and Meder were getting the same treatment. The sweat was pouring down my face and into my eyes. I felt dizzy and weak. Then one of the soldiers took off his shoes and began methodically to pound on my knees with the heel of his foot.

With each blow it felt as though my kneecap was actually coming loose, but the pain wasn't so great now because my legs had grown numb.

I was on the floor for about ten minutes. Then I was jerked to my feet, but collapsed to the floor

because my legs wouldn't hold me. The officers roared with laughter as I scrambled around trying to get to my feet.

Then he grasped my fingers at the end and squeezed hard. When he had a good hold he nodded to another man and this fellow began to pull the stick slowly back and forth.

I could feel the edges of the membrane and the sides of my fingers. I could feel when the blood started. Nobody spoke as the soldier moved the pencil back and forth. I knew I could stand the pain. I knew they weren't getting any place with me. Finally they stopped. I still have scars between my fingers.

Once more the interpreter asked me if I had anything to say and again I told him I'd given him all the information I had.

"Well," he said, "this is the start of your treatment and you might be interested to know that we have a lot more splendid devices like this. We'll get the information we want if we have to torture you to death."

I was still looking for a chance to get hold of a sabre or a pistol. I think they suspected it because I guard hovered near me all the time wearing what the Japs call a "knife-stick."

In a few minutes one of the officers through the interpreter told me that I was foolish to take any more punishment because my buddies had talked and they knew the whole story.

"Tell it to me and I'll see if you got it right," I said. The officer laughed.

Really Go to 'Work' "Oh, no, you tell it to us," he said and nodded at the enlisted men. Then they began to work me over properly. One would twist my arms, until I went to my knees. Then I'd be jerked to my feet and kicked in the shins.

Every second or two one of the soldiers would haul off and slap me and the Jap officers would laugh. Then my arms would be twisted and the interpreter would

ask in his pleasant voice: "Do you want to say anything now?" I didn't try to resist too much because I soon found out that the soldiers were too strong and that if I didn't resist the blows weren't quite as strong.

That went on for about a half hour and it was pretty bad. I was wet with sweat, pretty weak and boiling mad. About 4:30 the Jap officers seemed to tire. One of them spoke to the interpreter and he turned to me.

"Well," he said, bowing a nod smiling, "if you insist on not telling us anything we might as well finish the job right away. You will face the firing squad for execution immediately.

One of the soldiers put my blindfold back on and I was led from the room. (Copyright 1945 by King Features Syndicate)

(Tomorrow—Captain Nielsen tells how the Japs played one of their trump torture cards and about broke him.)

Capt. Nielsen Tells of Facing Nip Torture...

Editor's Note: This is the second chapter in the series by three recently liberated Doolittle flyers on their 40-month ordeal at the hands of Japanese captors. In the first chapter of the story, Capt. C. Jay Nielsen, 28, of Hyrum, Utah, described the crash of his plane off the China coast. Capt. Nielsen was found by Chinese guerrillas and for a time it looked like he had been saved from the enemy. He continues his story here, describing his capture by the Japs and the inhuman "water torture" to which he was subjected in a vain effort to make him tell the "Shangri-La" take-off point of the Doolittle raiders. Sgt. Jacob Denhauser of Salem, among the three fliers rescued, has his own chapter later in this series.

By Captain C. Jay Nielsen (Chapter 2) (Written exclusively for International News Special Service. World copyright and all rights reserved.)

When the Chinese guerrillas took us under their wing after our crash on the China coast we were pretty much relieved.

But we couldn't understand why they kept us at the garrison overlooking the tiny village into which we'd wandered after we swam ashore from our wrecked B-25. But they fed us well—eggs, pork, steak, potatoes, rice and corn.

Capt. Hallmark, the pilot; Lt. Meder, co-pilot; and I had plenty of time to talk. We were at the garrison three days. We had been thoroughly briefed about what to do if we were captured and the gist of it was not to give any information no matter what the Japs did to us.

We agreed we'd probably be executed if they caught us, but deep in our hearts we did not believe it.

Japanese Come Late in the morning of April 21 we knew we'd waited too long. We heard a great commotion and a ragged, panting Chinese ran in and babbled: "Japanese come. Japanese come."

We slipped out to the gate and saw a force of about 300 Japs armed to the teeth. The Japs and the Chinese conferred a long time. Finally the gates were opened and the Japs marched in. The Chinese led the Jap Captain to us. I can't blame those Chinese too much. They were out-numbered and out-gunned.

The captain was a moon-faced little Jap with a tiny mustache. "You now Japanese prisoner," his interpreter told us. "You no worry. We treat you fine."

They loaded us on collie chairs and carried us over a mountain trail to their garrison a few miles away, nearer the coast.

Taken to Shanghai We arrived about 5:30 p. m. and were given boiled eggs and vegetable sandwiches. At a dock we boarded a small diesel-powered boat and headed toward Shanghai.

We changed boats at Ningpo. It was a long trip, but nobody bothered us. We arrived at Shanghai on April 24 about 2:30 p. m. When we climbed out we were handcuffed and blindfolded and a rope was tied around our waists. In separate automobiles we were taken to the Shanghai airport and put in narrow cells.

That was shortly before 3 o'clock and later a guard led me to a room in which were eight Japanese; six officers, one enlisted man and a civilian.

I was still handcuffed but my blindfolds had been removed. The room was small and hot. I was given a cup of tea which I had to drink handcuffed. It tasted pretty good.

The Japs sat a long table, chatting. The officers seemed cocky and arrogant. One officer, through the civilian interpreter, wanted to know what I was doing in China and where I'd flown from. I gave

my name, serial number and rank and said that's all the information I had.

"We have methods" of the questions continued and I gave the same answer. Then the officer seemed to become impatient. The interpreter turned to me. "We have methods of making you talk," he said in his oily voice. "You understand, nobody in your country know you alive. If we happen to torture you to death young people think you missing in action. You want to talk now?"

That crack about my folks sort of got me, but I was so tired that my feelings didn't register.

I told him I'd given him all the information I had.

Then the Jap officer gave a guttural command.

The door opened and four husky enlisted men walked in. They hauled me to my feet and tossed me on the floor.

One held my handcuffed arms. Two other held my legs. The fourth put a towel over my face, arranging it in a cup-like fashion. Then he began to pour tepid water into my mouth and nostrils. This is the famous Japanese water torture and it is brutal. Every breath I took I sucked water into my lungs.

"Thought I Was Dying" I tried to move my legs and arms, but the guards were too strong. It happened so fast I didn't have time to get frightened before I began to lose consciousness. I thought I was dying, but I felt no particular fear. Just as I was losing consciousness the water stopped and I was jerked to a sitting position.

I got my breath after a spell of coughing and the interpreter asked me if I had anything to say. I shook my head.

The officer snapped his fingers and I was again on the floor. With the water trickling steadily into my mouth and nose I began to go out—quicker this time. Just as a black cloud seemed to be settling over me I was jerked to my feet, slugged in the jaw and shoved into the chair.

"Talk," the interpreter ordered. I shook my head. After a few seconds a soldier leaped toward me and kicked me with his heavy, hob-nailed boot. He aimed for my groin—they always do—but I saw it coming. I took the kick on my left leg. My leg went numb. I still have the scar.

Then another soldier slapped me. It set my ears ringing. I was pretty mad. I was trying to think how I could get into action when a soldier picked up a bamboo rod and walked toward me.

As I sank to the floor the pres-