

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Master of Understatement

Admiral Nomura, the over-size Japanese who was ambassador to the United States when the Japs hit Pearl Harbor, can now classify as a master of understatement. He says Nippon's policy, particularly in regard to China, "wasn't decent." He also says his nation's military movements were "full of blunders." The rest of his statement might well have come off the same press as the statements of other leading Japanese who now voice remorse—rather than repentance.

Nomura has more cause than some, however, to espouse friendship for the United States. Whether there is sincerity behind his words remains to be seen. But he was treated right well in this country, both before and after Pearl Harbor. So was Kurosuo, the "ambassador of peace" who landed at Treasure Island to portray Nippon's desire for continued good will at just about the identical time the treacherous carrier force left the Japan mainland for Hawaii. Both Nomura and Kurosuo, in the war's early years, were quartered at no mean hotel in a southeastern city until their repatriation to their homeland. What 135,000,000 people in this country would have liked to do to them in those days had nothing to do with what actually happened. They went back home in comfort, all in one piece, and Nomura's huge waistline probably hadn't lost an inch.

If our state department has any decided opinion on Nomura's part in the war, it has been kept quiet. And also in regard to Kurosuo. The truth of what these men knew, or did not know, on December 7, 1941 would go a long way toward unearthing the background of war criminality in Japan.

Our Oregon

The battleship Oregon no longer is "an impressive sight," Secretary of the Navy Forrestal tells us, and "has been worn out by her honorable service in three wars." He says so in letters to Senator Cordon and Representative Angell who want the old ship returned to anchorage in Portland. But he'd better write more fully than that if he is to keep in the good graces of this state.

The Oregon is in Guam, taken there to be used for ammunition storage after being stripped to her bare hull, and Forrestal says "the expense of duplicating all the upper works which were removed would be extremely large." But at least he says she is in such condition that she could be towed home. An there the matter rests.

But it can't rest there, Mr. Forrestal. We want to know what you propose doing with the Oregon? If as you indicate it should have a funeral, we want to know all about that, too. The Oregon is Oregon's. We aren't yet satisfied that she has outlived her usefulness. We don't want any mercy killing of that ship yet. And if there is to be one, we want a say in it. We can't stomach the idea, if there is such a one, of the Oregon being left just any old place in the Pacific.

A Welcome Release

Several hundred new homes may be under construction in Salem by the end of this year, with the restrictions being lifted on October 15, and the city certainly needs them. Renting has been almost out of the question for a long time, unless one "knew somebody," and for many months there was but little choice of desirable residences even for sale. Until V-day, what few of the latter were available were generally snapped up fast. Of late weeks, purchasers have appeared more choosy and in less hurry. But the need for new homes, particularly in the moderately priced class, is immediate.

There will be plenty of obstacles in building, despite removal of limitations. In some instances, priorities only amounted to hunting licenses, anyway. And the game ofttimes wasn't there. But at least no license now will be necessary and the race will go to the swiftest. Reasonably priced labor and materials are essential for an orderly meeting of housing needs. It doesn't appear that current home owners will face any great devaluation of their own property, although competitive building probably will lessen the call for older homes, because the demand is too great to be satisfied in saturation in the immediate future.

Editorial Comment

"TO BE MODEST, MANLY, TRUE"
The German financial situation is now better than any time since 1933, reports—guess who—the American officer in charge of German financial matters.

It is probably true enough, but it is a rather startling suggestion of a new style in eulogies. Such as: "A sad and flabby play, but I pulled it through."—Adelbert Matave, matinee idol. "But for superb leadership we would have finished seventh."—Francis J. O'Doul.

Come to think of it, why not? One of the most engaging persons we have ever known—we remember him clearly after all these years—was a rural youth who came to town and became a high school basketball star. He used to cry: "Good shot!" after sinking a long basket. He was laughed out of school and never quite understood why.

It is an ancient and seemingly immutable fact that the author of any accomplishment must wait for others to praise it, then must scuff his toe in the turf and say that anyone could have done it. His eulogists then insist otherwise, but he had better not give in and agree unless he wants to turn hermit. If he belongs to a group, the rule can be broken; that is known as "organization morale" and is acceptable. But a lone performer appears to outrage the rest of us enough by merely being superior; let him hint that he knows it and he's an alumnus of society.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Our Unsung Ships

The smaller ships of the navy usually are dwarfed in the news of the battlewagons and carriers but the history of World War II will never be complete without them. A few have become bywords, such as the Boise and the San Francisco, but many others have had little share in the laudits for a job well done. One of this latter class is the heavy cruiser Pensacola, which the navy now discloses underwent heavy loss in the battle of Iwo Jima.

The navy's oldest heavy cruiser, the Pensacola figured heavily in the early days of war. With its nine 8-inch guns, the vessel and the cruiser Salt Lake City carried more firepower than any other ships in the Pacific—there were no battleships in action the first six months. The Pensacola, at Suva when war struck, once also served as a cargo ship for desperately-needed supplies. It was reported sunk three times in May and June of 1942—by the Japanese radio. It was an escort ship for the ill-fated Yorktown at Midway. It was badly hammered in the last great battle of the Solomons Nov. 30-Dec. 1, 1942. And now it takes it again. But it didn't stop at Iwo Jima—it lost nearly 200 men but emergency repairs were effected and it waded in at Okinawa. Now it's getting a respite at Mare Island and if any unsung ship has earned it, that ship is the Pensacola.

The ships that crash into the headlines aren't the only ones for which this nation need be grateful.

If MacArthur is in the doghouse with the state department, there are a lot of homesick GIs in Japan who would be more than glad to put him in the guest room all the way from Oshkosh to Grundy Center—if he gets them back there.

Interpreting The War News

By JAMES D. WHITE
Associated Press Staff Writer

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 20.—(P)—Cries of American anguish are audible as the Japanese make General Kenji Doihara the commander of the "first Japanese general army."

One newspaper today wonders editorially whether Doihara's army may be used to help police Japan along with the reduced American forces which General MacArthur has announced he anticipates. The paper says it has been under the impression that the Japanese army was to be eliminated. Doihara's career doesn't suggest him as much of a threat today.

He was mayor of the Japanese section of Mukden in 1931, and helped plan and stage the faked incident which gave Japan her excuse to grab Manchuria.

His later career, however, failed to justify the tremendous build-up which foreign newspapers had given him as "the Lawrence of Asia," and it is doubtful if the Japanese themselves ever thought he was such a hot number, even when he kidnaped Henry Pu-yi and took him to "Manchukuo" and set him up as "emperor."

That Old "Let Down" Feeling
After the Manchurian grab, Doihara concentrated on north China. Provincial Chinese governors listened—because they could not help themselves—to his talk of an autonomous regime for north China. Doihara was his own enthusiastic press agent and let it be known that north China would split off from the central Chinese government. At the right moment, the northern Chinese governors declared their loyalty to Chiang Kai-shek in Nanking, and the thud with which Doihara was let down resounded throughout Asia.

Doihara gave his last interview to foreign newspapermen in Peiping in 1938. Stopped, his face lined, dressed in baggy civilian clothes, he looked anything but the tiger of Japanese intrigue he had been painted.

Decided on Military Conquest
When their plot to get north China cheap fizzled out, the Japanese took the alternative—military conquest in 1937.

Doihara turned up with a division which helped capture the rail junction of Hsuechow in 1938 and turned westward toward Kaifeng.

The Chinese waited until his neck was well out, then cut the Yellow river dykes behind him. Asia snickered discreetly as the great Doihara waded back through 30 miles of flooded water, leaving a mechanized brigade in the mud. I flew to Kaifeng to interview him. He was not available.

He didn't get into the news again until shortly before Pearl Harbor, when he was made inspector-general of military aviation in Tokyo, a job which tied him safely to routine desk work.

Made a Commander-in-Chief
In 1943 he was made commander-in-chief of the northeastern army zone in Japan. Now he is appointed commander-in-chief of Japan's general army which General MacArthur announces is already three-fourths demobilized and being mustered out at the rate of 50,000 soldiers daily.

He succeeds chief of staff Marshal Gen Sugiyama, who committed suicide.

While it may be desirable that General MacArthur clarify whether Japan is going to be left an army, the purely Japanese choice of Doihara to supervise the mustering out of Japanese troops now probably is a reflection of the way the Japanese themselves regard him.

To them, he is a military extremist—and a not too successful one.

Shifting Blame to Army
Selecting him for a symbol of the liquidation of Japanese armed might fits in neatly with the great tendency in Tokyo which this column has noted before this—the tendency to shift all of Japan's war guilt to the army's hotheads of the past.

But it takes more than a military clique to wage war on the scale Japan has waged it for half a century. He shouldn't forget that.



These Post-War Tires Cause a Lot of Grief

The Literary Guldepost

By Charles Hance

THE WRONG MAN, by M. C. Bailey (Doubleday, Doran; \$5)

Back about 1924, H. C. Bailey, English novelist, gave over the writing of romantic fictions and started turning out detective stories concerning a roly-poly little sleuth named Reggie Fortune.

His character "look" both in England and in the United States, and Bailey forgot about historical romances and steadily applied himself to Fortune's career. After a flock of short stories he launched an occasional novel about the same individual.

Next, he conceived another detective figure—Joshua Clunk, a shady London lawyer, who continually nibbled sweets, sang hymns, and in spite of his public reputation, did good for his fellowman by solving murder cases and righting horrific wrongs.

Today Clunk appears in a new novel, "The Wrong Man," which brings the total of the Fortune and Clunk books to 28—with no end in sight.

The current item has to do with black market operations in wartime England, with few asserted murders and assaults thrown in. An American army colonel joins the flatfoot ranks as a sort of assistant to Clunk.

Bailey is the type of detective writer who continually reviews the evidence from everybody's viewpoint, and his plots sometimes are pretty complex. This reader, who always has been a Bailey fan, would prefer a little more narrative, and is frank to say that he likes the author's short stores better than his novels.

THE PORTABLE MURDER BOOK, selected and introduced by Joseph Henry Jackson (Viking; \$5)

"It has been observed with some truth that everyone loves a good murder."

That quotation from F. Tennyson Jesse, who has turned out many a good murder tale herself, heads Mr. Jackson's introduction to this latest anthology of real life murder cases.

The authors represented are among the modern classic practitioners of their trade—Edmond Pearson, Alexander Woolcott, William Routhead, William Bolitho, John Rhode, Dorothy Sayers, Christopher Morley, H. B. Irving, et al.



HONOLULU (P)—It seems impossible to believe, but now it can be told. Somehow, America won the war out here without the help of an electroencephalographic specialist.

The details of this accomplishment are not immediately available, but the stark fact remains—once again our boys in the armed services did the impossible and managed to muddle along to victory without one single electroencephalographician to do whatever a guy like that does.

It must be important, because for a long time this electro-whatchamacallit expert had been listed as one of the six most critically needed specialists in the army.

Reporter Tells Secret
According to the official list sent around to the GI's he's so important he couldn't get out of the army for at least six months, even if he had a thousand points.

That's what got Sgt. Joe Fisher interested. To the sergeant, a reporter for the Stars and Stripes, goes the credit for revealing this hitherto top-secret situation.

Naturally, Joe (wouldn't have touched the story with a nine and a half foot pole before the war ended. (We cut half a foot off the pole to keep our copy free of cliché.)

It makes him shudder yet to think what might have happened if the Japanese ever found out we didn't have one of those (you know what I mean).

Lately Joe has been interviewing lots of people going home, liberated prisoners, high-pointers, conquering generals and such-like, and all the time he's been worrying about this poor skunk who can't go home.

Let 'em Have It
So he decided to go interview him, give him a pat on the back and say: "Nice work old boy. Don't know how we would've won the war if it hadn't been for guys like you."

He went over to an army general hospital and let 'em have it. "What's an electroencephalographic specialist?" he asked the pretty receptionist. She blinked, gulped and called a

lieutenant. Joe repeated the question. "Hub!" snorted the lieutenant. Then he recovered, "you come with me," he said gently.

However, a few minutes later he decided Joe was all right so he waved whitecoated attendants away and called the captain.

"Captain, can you answer this man's question?" he said. "Never heard of it," the captain said certainly after Joe had repeated it. "I'm in the medical administration myself. Are you sure it's in the medical department, sergeant?"

Loosing the initiative that way momentarily befuddled Joe but he recovered and said he wasn't sure but it sounded something like encephalitis, which was sleeping sickness. Then, gathering confidence, he cited Rip Van Winkle and Sleeping Beauty as a couple of examples of what he meant.

Attendants with straight jackets raised their eyebrows and moved in again but the captain was not one to take such an easy way out. He waved them back with the nonchalant gesture of a company commander telling his men to take cover while he cleans out a machine-gun nest ahead.

"Follow me," he told Joe bravely. "We will ask the major."

Joe followed, meantime counting on his fingers how many more stops they'd make before they got to the general. He knew that once they got to a general his mission would be finished—one way or another.

Strikes Paydirt
But they struck paydirt in a major. He smiled confidently and said, "Why certainly. An electroencephalographic specialist—well, it's one of those contraptions that—"

He paused and pointed at his head with both hands. "It goes up here and measures psychoses or something. I think it makes marks on a graph. Shows your mind is working."

Then concluded lamely, "Anyway, it runs by electricity."

Boldened by success, Joe immediately requested permission to interview the hospital's electroencephalographic specialist. Once again everybody looked stymied. Suddenly an administration officer grabbed the telephone and called the supply depot. "Say, Corporal," he said, "do we have a machine called an electroencephalo something or other down there? We don't? Good."

He hung up triumphantly, turned to Joe and assured him they would be glad to let him interview their whatchamacallit specialist only they didn't have one. In fact there wasn't one anywhere around here. "Who is This Guy?"

Sadly Joe walked out. It would have been such a good story. Behind officers paused then asked, "Who is that guy? What's his background?"

"Well," they were told, "he comes from Indianapolis—at least his wife lives there. He used to work for the state department himself."

Medical officers looked at one another. In the background two attendants gave each other that "we told you so" nod and regretfully put away their straight jacket.

News Behind the News

By PAUL MALLON
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WASHINGTON, Sept. 20.—(P)—Mr. Truman's nominal political mentor, Robert Hannegan, dropped a few words in Missouri which meant more than they seemed to. He said the president was not trying to go "left" or "right" but is only concerned about being "wrong" or "right."

Hannegan had been rather significantly quiet since Truman made a display of keeping Mr. Ickes in the cabinet. Ickes is a sort of unofficial chairman of a sort of political party of his own. He is a fire-builder. He builds them front or back. If something is being attempted, he has been known to run out and set fire to the CIO, New Dealers, left-wingers and pressure groups in order to smoke the president in to doing what he wants. What Ickes would consider an ideal government is one in which he, Hillman and the leftwing columnists would run Truman. He is no democrat—or republican.

Invitation for the wage strike was newly repudiated. This newly established ground is about where Roosevelt had it—spending and all. Now the winners are saying: "Mr. Truman's trip out to see his home-folks did him some good; he had a chance to talk with some real people." Strangely no one objects to Wallace in the cabinet. Although Wallace is just as leftish as the interior secretary, Wallace, however, does not carry CIO matches, only the torch.

The administration no doubt will continue to be "political." Mr. Truman has a distinct political bent. But the question is whether the backfire builders are in to stay or whether now he will go the Hannegan way, disavowing both "right" and "left" and being guided by what is "right" or "wrong."

Building Up Party
Hannegan had something different in mind for the Truman administration. He wanted to build up the democratic party as the dominant political force of the country, rather than CIO. The coming of peace was a signal for launching a swerving series of events from the White House, thwarting that purpose.

After Ickes' retention, the whole CIO economic program was presented to congress by the president along with a \$81,000,000,000 budget spending program as a starter for the next two years, and the CIO-PAC payroll worker McKeough was nominated to the maritime commission where he could favor the radical unions against AFL. The lone republican was shoved out in the state department reorganization.

Knowing people here winked then and said the government was "going political." Another thing they said was: "Truman is running for re-election before he gets the chair warm." When the economic stabilizer Davis practically invited CIO to demand an economically disruptive 30 or more per cent wage increase, several thinking people here threw up their hands, figuring frankly the inflation snowball was being invited to roll over the country.

New Tack Indicated
These are the factors behind an entirely new series of events presented from the White House last Tuesday. A new tack was indicated.

The supreme court choice for retired, discouraged republican Justice Roberts was a fair and clearminded republican, Senator Burton, who is not yet discouraged. Legally, this preserved the court as was—torn in the same pieces. Politically, Truman swiped a republican senate seat, thereby, because Ohio's democratic governor was expected to supplant Burton with his own man.

War Secretary Stimson went out for age, nothing else. Particularly not for Pearl Harbor. His successor, Patterson, is a republican but not a party man. Patterson has been running the department. No change therefore is implied there. The significance behind the Truman action lies chiefly in what he might have done. Some democrats wanted him to seize the war department politically by putting Sherman Minton in there. But the president contented himself with taking control of the great surplus property treasure, by putting his man Symington in, replacing the three man board.

Action Was Mild
On labor, the action was mild, yet not CIOish. Mr. Truman knocked down all the walls around the Davis office, and by implication, invited him to notice all the free air outside his administration. Soon after, Mr. Davis resigned. The war labor board, which has been inwardly fighting CIOishly against labor secretary Schwelienbach, was blanketed in under its adversary, who was given inestimable power to act in labor disputes—no fear, as he chooses. The Davis

Gold was discovered near Los Angeles in 1842 by a sheep herder who was trying to dig up a few wild onions for his lunch.

relation between the duties of a mayor of New York City and the Jews of Palestine. But as New York is the largest Jewish city in the world, O'Dwyer made this speech in an appeal for Jewish votes.

It remains now only for Goldstein to make an impassioned plea for unity of Ireland—beg pardon, of Eire, doing away with the union of Northern Ireland and Great Britain!

All this is correct, but I wonder what the gossip will be at lower political levels.

Morris is regarded as well qualified and experienced in city affairs, but he lacks the support of the city political machines.

I spent some time today at the offices of the National War Fund. The national campaign is already set up and reports from communities which have begun their campaigns is encouraging.

Large corporations are maintaining and in some cases increasing their gifts. As Howard Strand, who heads up the work for western United States, said: "The people realize that though the fighting is over the work of serving our soldiers and of extending emergency help to foreign countries is not over."

Leaving N.W.F. headquarters, I dropped down two blocks to Wall street. It was just at the noon hour. A patriotic program was in progress in front of the old sub-treasury building, with an army band and a color guard of sailors and marines. I quickly realized it was Constitution Day.

The exercises drew only a small crowd. Lower New York, in fact, was nearly deserted—it was Yom Kippur, Jewish holiday, and a rainy day. When the music of Star Spangled Banner was heard, however, most traffic stopped and people stood at attention.

Going uptown I visited the Associated Press building in Rockefeller Center. This is the news center of the world. Into its great news room pours news from foreign countries, local, state and national news, political, market, sports, science news— to be swiftly appraised and dispatched to member papers—The Oregon Statesman is one of the oldest—all over the United States, and to client radio stations and to foreign newspapers.

While run like a great "city room" on a newspaper, there was little noise and no scurrying about. The system is so well organized that it operates without frenzy. Again like a city room it is "shirt-sleeve" operation—few around who are not working busily.

The little special business I had in New York was soon attended to, but the nasty weather prevented sightseeing or shopping, though I did see the staging on the Empire State building where the wall is being repaired where the army bomber crashed through several weeks ago.

Gold was discovered near Los Angeles in 1842 by a sheep herder who was trying to dig up a few wild onions for his lunch.

GRIN AND BEAR IT

By Lichty



We must face the unemployment situation squarely—who knows how many of the unemployed might decide to run for Congress?

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