

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us, No Fear Shall Awe"
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"Northwest Harvest"

As the Pacific northwest becomes aware that it is increasingly in the national limelight, a subject for conjecture and criticism, its people become more introspective.

One result of such regional stock-taking is "Northwest Harvest," ably edited by V. L. O. Chittick of Reed college (MacMillan, 1948) in which 14 northwest writers discuss their stamping grounds with a minimum of professional shop-talk or tourist-pamphlet ballyhoo. No conclusions are drawn but the writers' commentaries show discernment and acumen which should encourage more soul-searching by northwesterners—whether this region is swept by "the common winds of the country" or autotrophic in heritage and future.

Stewart Holbrook is mainly concerned with the epic of timber:

Our classic symbol is the man with an ax. . . . Not all in the northwest recognize the importance of timber in their lives, while some, often our more elegant old women of both sexes, dislike even the thought of such vulgar influence. . . . (But) the lumberjack (has been) tamed all but out of recognition. . . . He's a husband, a mere ditty-changer, a home-owner, a voter and a proletarian. . . . On the new-style lumberjack—some sort of industrial researcher in chemistry and forestry—depends, in no small part, the pattern of our life and times.

James Stevens finds a new regional folk-lore replacing Paul Bunyan, the thunderbird and wobbly—a folk-say on power, Hanford, Bonneville and Boeing, forgetting the land. He sees the individual surrendering to the organized mass and yielding to the machine. But Ernest Haycox doesn't agree:

The northwest man is a more open and optimistic animal (with) considerable political starch. . . . literacy and individual independence of action make the boss system impossible here. . . . We are not boisterous, bawdy extroverts. Our boiling point is rather low and though we have a strong sense of community spirit we express this spirit quietly. We are, in some respects, split-personality people. . . . It is typical of us that we are not easy about (the money spent for hard liquor) and to save our consciences we assign the money to relief and welfare purposes. . . . We advocate growth, yet we fear this growth. (The region is) spiritually not yet crystallized and physically not yet built.

On the other hand, Harold G. Merriam calls for more independence of thought, deploring an unjustified lack of self-confidence revealed in the turning to the east whenever the northwest needs university presidents or instructors, in transplanted buildings that are "utterly alien to the region," in waiting for eastern approval before we acclaim northwest artists, in semi-colonial dependence on eastern economic backing, etc. Joseph Kinsey Howard expresses similar ideas in sharp words:

The people of the northwest have begun to rid themselves of the destructive colonial tradition that their is a country to which one comes to "clean up and get out." This lives on in the giant corporation wheat ranches which mine the soil with no regard for the next generation; it lives on among timber pirates who spurn "sustained yield" practices. . . . It lives on, worst of all, in the defeatism, the apathy, the downright cowardice of the little Chambers of Commerce which heel to the command of absentee landlords.

So it goes. In "Northwest Harvest" there is much appreciation for the historical heritage and potentialities of "this promised land," but the criticism, though sometimes stinging, continues to be constructive. Joseph B. Harrison rubs our noses in northwest provincialism:

"Only the setting is regional—life is not regional. Let's not dwarf our people with our mountains and rivers. . . . If we merely solace ourselves with regional fiddling while the world burns we shall have, and presently, no regions to fiddle in. . . . There can be no health or freedom for the human race if it does not put itself to the task of assuaging fear and hate and intolerance."

The book is a convincing argument that regionalism is not enough to give perspective and status to northwest culture although there is undoubtedly room for better cultural expression of northwest regionalism. Much of the criticism is valid, some of it is pretty general. But there is unlimited raw material here, the soil is fertile and the men who forged the plowshares have only begun. The northwest's harvest is not yet in from the fields—and, perhaps, our writers are too harsh with themselves.

Closure of Salmon Fishing on Coast

Jim Kelly, former Portland advertising man, now secretary of the North Tillamook county chamber of commerce, called up Sunday hot with indignation over the game commission's order closing the Nehalem, Wilson and Trask rivers to salmon fishing from March 1 to September 15. Resort owners, said Kelly, have \$150,000 invested in boats and moorages and they will be "put out of business" by the order. He threatened an initiative petition to combine the game commission with the fish commission.

A commission spokesman defends the regulation, saying the spring salmon runs in these streams had dwindled almost to the point of extinction, while Tillamook interests counter with the claim the escapement to upper river in 1947 was greater than for 20 years.

People around here like to go down to the coastal streams and catch salmon. They want the opportunity to fish; but they also want fish. If fishing conditions have deteriorated as badly as the game commission believes then closure is the only alternative, giving the surviving stock opportunity to renew the runs.

Unless conservation is practiced commercial interests serving the fishermen have only a short stay of life anyway. Perhaps the commission is too drastic with its order, or it may be that the order is belated.

Winter Trek on Skyline Trail

We've been reading about the recurring blizzards with snow and ice and bitter cold weather in the country east of the Rocky mountains, but out here all the snow we see is that on the crests of the mountains. We are concerned however about how much snow there is piled up in the mountains. So it is a matter of interest to learn that a ground test is to be made all along the Skyline trail of the Cascades under the direction of R. A. Work of Medford, in charge of snow surveys for the department of agriculture.

Mr. Work has kept the records for many years, basing his estimates on reports of observers at spots along the mountains. This year he is undertaking to traverse the backbone of the Cascades, traveling by Sno-Cat. The group will leave Ashland March 19 and expect to reach Hood River April 3. They will measure 35 snow courses en route.

On invitation the National Geographic magazine has assigned a staff writer and photographer to accompany the party, so we should get the story later in that magazine of what they observe.

The Sno-Cat is a motorized sled especially developed for travel in the Crater lake country. This is the first time that travel the length of the Skyline trail in Oregon has been attempted at that season. The scientists will get information about snow conditions; the journalists will get a story of the trip; and the Sno-Cat makers will get a good test of their machine's performance. Mountain lovers will almost envy the snow party their experience—unless blizzards strike in the high altitudes.

In Hollywood Jackie Horner, 15-year-old girl pianist and screen actress, refused to sit in a corner. Instead she went out to see the world and after an eight-day round in San Francisco landed in newspapers and police hands.

GRIN AND BEAR IT

By Lichty



"With most of the television sets in bars, I think it politically wise for me to appear to be just one of the boys."

MATTER OF FACT

Facts of Consequence Needed
To Gain Marshall Plan Support

By Joseph and Stewart Alsop

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26 — In the higher ranks of the administration, a debate of the most far-reaching import is now in quiet progress. Will the real facts of the word situation at last be placed before the country and the congress, with all the almost irresistible weight of Secretary Marshall's authority? Or will the opposition to the European-Recovery program be allowed to have its way, for sheer lack of understanding of the consequences? These are the alternative courses now being discussed.

This debate was precipitated by rather belated preliminary checks, which disclosed a distinctly bleak congressional situation. There is not the slightest sense of urgency in the Capitol Hill today. As of today's action on ERP is likely to be greatly delayed; the program will probably be festooned with unworkable restrictions, and the amount appropriated is expected to be far below the \$16 billion dollar level advocated by former President Hoover.

A final survey is now being made, so that the most dependable data on the outlook in congress may be laid before Secretary Marshall on his return from the south. But the results of this survey are not likely to give new cause for optimism. Therefore the American policy-makers are discussing the choices outlined above. There is only one way to rescue ERP from the effects of congressional indifference. An adequate sense of urgency in congress and the country. Equally, there is only one way to arouse this sense of urgency. Secretary Marshall must at last tell congress and the country what are the real motives of American policy.

Here there appears a strange anomaly, which the American policy-makers are free to confess. In the great American decisions, from the British loan down to ERP, humanitarian and of course economic motives have been given due weight. But the really compelling motives for every one of these decisions have been motives of pure political and strategic self-interest.

"We did all these things," one of the wisest men in the government remarked the other day, "because if we hadn't done them, or had done even a little less, the Soviets would have been able to carry out their program of expansion and domination. If the Soviets ever carry out their program, we shall face Europe and Asia in Soviet hands, and we shall have no choice but to fight or to surrender."

As anyone familiar with the practical working of congress must realize, self-interest is the great congressional persuader. Yet these real motives of American self-interest, which would quickly convince congress, have never been publicly confessed or explained by President Truman or Secretary Byrnes, or Secretary Marshall, or anyone else in authority. They have been hinted at, or suggested by shadow-generalities. But mere hints and suggestions do not pose big issues. In fact, the underlying issues of American policy have never been debated in the congress, because each great American policy decision has always been put forward in elaborate moral, humanitarian or economic fancy dress, with the real motives for it largely suppressed.

Not Realistic
There are no exceptions to this rule. The strong language of the so-called Truman doctrine no doubt passed the Greek-Turkish aid bill. But President Truman's rather grandiloquent defiance of the advance of totalitarianism contained no mention of realistic American interests. When Secretary Marshall insisted upon Greek-Turkish aid, he had in mind only that Greece and Turkey were the keys of the middle east, and that control of the middle east would give the Soviets unchallenged domination of Europe and Asia. These hard facts were rather pointedly not stated by the president. A calmer statement, containing the facts, would have been more effective than the Truman doctrine.

Again, the British loan was presented as a great free-trade gesture until the last moment, when Secretary Byrnes had to make the house of representatives' flesh creep with Soviet horror tales. The device worked. The loan passed in a mood of hysteria. But if it had been presented in sober honesty at the start, the loan could have passed in a mood of clear understanding of American interests.

Fact is Needed
In short, what is now proposed is not to cry "wolf," as is rather loftily asserted by the opponents of plain speaking.

What is proposed is simply for Secretary Marshall to make a full, clear, plain statement of facts, which will only be alarming because the facts of the world situation are intensely alarming.

Those who advocate this course admit that it has not been the previous practice of American diplomacy. But they point out that although parliament is much more responsive than congress, Ernest Bevin's recent magnificent speech to parliament was as strong and straightforward as could be wished. And they argue finally that it is undemocratic to ask congress for great decisions without explaining the reasons for those decisions. Events seem likely to confront Secretary Marshall with a choice between adoption of this theory, or acceptance of a gutted ERP.

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IT SEEMS TO ME

(Continued from page 1)

slight connection with political liberalism. With government now embarking on a broad scheme of subsidizing scientific research in which universities over the country will be used it is easy to see how intolerable conditions may become if government agents are making professors of science political suspects.

You cannot harness the thinking of the questing mind. You can't say to a man, dig deep into the mysteries of the atom or of cosmic energy but stick to that field, ignore the problems in human relationships, pay no attention to current politics. In such an atmosphere the mind becomes sterile. The university must be a place where "the winds of intellectual freedom blow."

We have become more or less victims of a fear-psychosis, which in itself is paralyzing. And if we let that grip our scientific laboratories and our centers of learning we imperil the foundations of our own strength. As Dr. Conant said: "We must be realistic about activities of agents of foreign powers, but at the same time be courageous in our support of the basis of our own creed, the maximum of individual freedom."

The atomic bomb was not exclusively an American invention. First there was a formula by Albert Einstein (who might be unable to get a job in a government laboratory) or economic fancy dress, with the real motives for it largely suppressed.

Not Realistic
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A Russian Journal

By John Steinbeck
Photographs by Robert Capa

Visitors Just About Bog Down With Food

(Editor's Note—The tea factory described here is attached to a Russian state farm near Batum, on the Black Sea coast, which was visited last summer by John Steinbeck and Robert Capa, special correspondents of the New York Herald Tribune. In the Soviet Union, members of a collective farm share in its profits, while those who work on a state farm, owned by the government, are paid wages).

CHAPTER XII

The director, a handsome woman of about forty-five, was a graduate of an agricultural school in her specialty. And her factory put out many grades of tea, from the finest small top leaves, to the bricks of tea which are sent out to Siberia. And since tea is the most important beverage of the Russian people, the tea-gardens and the tea factories of the south are considered one of the most important industries of the region.

This factory was worked entirely by automatic machinery. Macerators bruise the tea and let it oxidize, and endless belts go through the drying ovens. When we left, the director gave each of us a large package of the finest product of the region, and it was excellent tea. We had long since given up coffee, because what coffee there is is not good. We had taken to drinking tea, and from now on we made our own tea for breakfast, and ours was much better than any we could have bought.

Camera Brings Tears

We stopped at a little creche where fifty or sixty tiny children were dancing on the green grass—the children of the women who were working in the tea field. And Capa found a most beautiful little girl with long curls and huge eyes, and he wanted to photograph her, but she became embarrassed, and cried, and would not be touched. He photographed a little boy who cried too. Capa is the children's friend.

The teacher said that the girl was hard to comfort because she was not a Georgian child, she was a Ukrainian orphan who had been adopted by Georgian family, and she felt strange because she could not speak the language yet. And many of the Georgian families had adopted children from the destroyed areas, for this country was not touched and the people feel a responsibility toward the rest of the nation. Here and there we stopped at little houses to visit, and I suppose one might say to snoop at the little houses of collective farms, as opposed to the state farms. And they had their own life, and they were not touched. And in every place we ate, but we ate constantly: here a handful of hazelnuts, and here some country cheese and fresh black bread.

The Safety Valve

S. Valve
"Aunt We Got Fun?"
To the Editor:

I wish to express my corroborative viewpoint with that of Ethel Bowes in last Friday's paper. I have been embarrassed more times than I can recall by new comers to Salem, stating that Salem was made up of cliques, a "satisfied tight little unit," so to speak. I even met an acquaintance in Los Angeles during the years I resided there that "freely" expressed a viewpoint about Salem's social inactivity. This last was almost more than I could take. But nevertheless I knew it was true. I am writing this purely in a spirit of constructive criticism. I sincerely wish that some of the burned up energy within Salem could join forces toward making Salem a "spot" on the Pacific coast known for its friendliness and social cooperation.

Even in a big city you can be made to feel at home and have the opportunity to meet fine groups of people where many lasting friendships are made. This is how: A public playground (or groups of them as in a big city) could indeed be a dismal pretense if good instruction and management were not employed and if they didn't have a large community house with many rooms with opportunity for free instruction and advancement in the many activities in which people are interested: namely, crafts, esthetic and ballroom dancing and dances, well supervised gymnasium, basketball, volleyball, badminton, indoor and outdoor baseball, music groups where old men down to 8 year olds sign up for orchestra.

applied by government bureaucrats or the FBI or military intelligence or the house committee on subversive activities are far too narrow to fit the climate of the research laboratory or the university campus. We ourselves will find greater gain from the liberal interchange of results of scientific research than by erecting sound-proof curtains about our laboratories.

Sincerely,
Alma Watt Chessman

Much natural gas is odorless and has to be supplied with an odor before being used by the public because of the leakage dangers.

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After dinner the hosts dance Georgian dances.

and here a pear just picked from the tree over the house, and there a bunch of grapes, and here a glass of wine.

Eating Constantly

We seemed to be eating constantly, and we could not refuse. And we tasted Georgian vodka, which we do not recommend to anyone, for it has a fuse in its tail. It is a veritable rocket of a drink, and our stomachs just couldn't take it. Actually it is not vodka at all, but what we used to call grapa, that is distilled wine. That was much too violent for us.

When our stomachs were beginning to bulge with food, the manager of the farm caught up with us. He was a tall, straight, spare man, in a partisan uniform and a stiff cap. He asked us to stop by his house for a bite to eat. God help us! We explained through Chmursky, and another interpreter, that about one more bite to eat, and we would explode. It was returned to us that it was only a token bite, and that we would take it as a great courtesy if we would visit his house and have a glass of wine with him.

We had just about begun to believe that Russia's secret weapon, towards guests at least, is food. But we surely could not refuse to have a bite to eat, and a glass of wine. And so we went with him to his

house, a neat little house on a hill.

Still More Food

And we should have known. There were more people standing about on the neat clipped grass of his door-yard than were justified by a simple bite to eat and a glass of wine. Two handsome girls came out of the house with jugs of water. They poured it over our hands, we washed our faces and hands, and the girls laid out white towels embroidered in red for us to dry ourselves.

And then we were invited to step into the house. Through a hall-way we went, and into a large room. The room was hung with woven materials in brilliant colors, some of the designs reminding us almost of Indian blankets. The floor was covered with a kind of matting, rather like Mexican petate. It was the vision of the table that nearly killed us. It was about fourteen feet long, and it was loaded with food, and there were about twenty guests. I think it is the only meal or dinner we ever attended where fried chicken was an hors-d'oeuvre, and where each hors-d'oeuvre was half a chicken. It went from there to a cold boiled chicken over which was poured a cold green sauce, which was delicious with spices, and sour cream.

Variety Limitless

And then there were cheese sticks and tomato salads and Georgian pickles. And then there was a savory stew of lamb, with a thick, delicious sauce. And then there was a kind of fried country cheese. There were loaves of the first Georgian rye bread piled up like poker-chips, and the center of the table was loaded with fruit, with grapes, and pears, and apples. And the frightful thing about it was that everything was delicious. The flavors were all new, and we wanted to taste all of them. And we were nearly dying of over-eating. A Russian Journal noted eating. Capa who prides himself on a thirty-two inch waist, and who will not let out his belt, no matter what happens, was getting a puffed look under the chin, and his eyes were slightly popped and blood-shot. And I felt that if I could just go two or three days without eating anything, I might return to normal.

Problem Really Started

We were introduced to the twenty guests, and we sat down. And here our problem began. If we did not eat, we were urged to eat, and if we did eat our plates were replenished instantly. And meanwhile the decanters of local wine were passed, and it was a delicious wine, light and full of flavor, and it probably saved our lives. After a few glasses of wine, the manager, our host, stood up, and his wife came from the kitchen and stood beside him, a black-eyed handsome woman with a strong face. The manager drank our health, and drank the health of the United States. And then he appointed his best friend table-master, and this we are told is an old Georgian custom, that the host appoints his friend the master of speeches. And from then on no

toast may be made by anyone at the table. If he wishes to propose a toast, he must pass the word to the table-master, who is usually chosen because of his ability to make speeches. Then the toast is made by the table-master. This saves the guests a great deal of speaking.

Translation Confusing

The new table-master made quite a long speech. And it must be remembered that even a short speech was long the way it had to be here, for every sentence had to be translated from Georgian to Russian, and from Russian to English. And God knows what ideas were lost or confused on the way, particularly as this dinner progressed. The table-master was a local farm economist, and after the usual courteous remarks in his first speech, he got into his own hobby. He deplored the accidents and the misunderstandings that were forcing the Americans and the Russians apart, and he had, he said, an answer to this and his answer was trade. He said that a trade treaty should be established between Russia and America, for Russia needed desperately the things that America could manufacture—the farm machinery, the tractors, the trucks, the locomotives. And he suggested that the United States might need some of the things that Russia produces, and he mentioned precious stones, and gold, and wood pulp, and chrome, and tungsten. He had apparently been thinking and brooding on this problem for a long time. It is very probable that he did not know many of the difficulties which stood in the way of such an understanding, and we must admit that we do not know them either.

Permitted to Answer

Since we were foreigners, and could not pass a written note to the table-master, we were permitted to answer his toast. And we proposed a toast to the abolishment of curtains of all kinds—of iron curtains, and nylon curtains, and political curtains, and curtains of falsehood, and curtains of superstition. We suggested that curtains were a prelude to war, and that if war should come it could be for only one of two reasons—either through accident, or through intent, and if it was through intent on the part of any leaders, then those leaders should be removed, and if it was through stupidity, then the causes should be more closely inspected. And we proposed that since no one, even the most stupid and belligerent of men, could imagine that a modern war could be won by anyone, then any leader on any side who seriously proposed war should be hunted down as an insane criminal, and taken out of circulation. Capa has seen a great deal of war, and I have seen a little, and both of us feel very strongly on the subject.

John Steinbeck will report here tomorrow on what the Kremlin looks like, and also on his final meeting last summer with Soviet writers and how they accepted an official's challenge to tell him how to write about Russia.

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