

EDITORIAL PAGE

La Grande Evening Observer

Frank Schiro, Publisher

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No Wonder the Old Lady Is Flabbergasted!



THOUGHT FOR TODAY

God and the doctor we alike adore
But only when in danger, not before;
The danger o'er, both are alike requited,
God is forgotten, and the doctor
slighted. —John Owen.

The Lend-Lease Bargain

No realistic person is likely to imagine that President Truman's recent action in terminating lend-lease will mean the end of the subject. If it should mean the end of lend-lease, it certainly won't mean the end to its headaches.

It is to be expected that political interests in many nations will be critical and may protest the termination of the assistance that has been given through this medium. They doubtless will do everything they can to obtain continuation of the aid they have been receiving.

Criticisms almost certainly will be heard — as they already have been heard — on the home front because of the manner in which lend-lease has been handled. There will be controversies and probably bitterness of international scope when the time comes to adjust the claims that arise out of this device of trade. No one need be surprised if the time should come after this war — as happened after world war I — when some beneficiaries of Uncle Sam's aid assail him as "Uncle Shylock."

Nor can any realistic person pretend that lend-lease has been perfect in its operation. Even its designers and most ardent supporters — including the late Franklin D. Roosevelt — acknowledged

frankly that mistakes had been made. Aid in various instances went to those who did not deserve it. Others unquestionably abused to opportunity of assistance from this source. Undoubtedly, in some cases, there have been those who deliberately have "played" Uncle Sam "for a sucker."

But, with all its faults, it is difficult to see how anyone can deny that lend-lease has proved a most potent weapon in gaining the war victory which has been achieved at last. Indeed, it is extremely doubtful whether world democracy could have survived without lend-lease.

Certainly, assistance supplied through lend-lease enabled England to fight when, without that aid, she could have fought no longer. The same statement doubtless can be made with equal truth as to Russia. And when the time came for those nations to strike back — particularly Russia — the aid supplied by the United States through lend-lease almost certainly tipped the scales and represented the difference between overwhelming victory and crushing defeat.

True, lend-lease has cost a great deal in terms of money, which is the least of war's costs.

But, beyond honest question, it has saved lives — American lives as well as those of our allies. It enabled those allies to survive and to fight while America assembled and trained the resources which brought the eventual victory.

So, regardless of the cost of lend-lease, present and future, we believe most Americans agree that it was worth the price, many times over.

Funny Business



"I hope you don't mind—we used to do it in the barracks!"

"Occupational disease!"

Washington Merry-Go-Round

By DREW PEARSON

(Note—While Drew Pearson is on vacation, Secretary of Agriculture Clinton P. Anderson contributes a guest column.)

By CLINTON P. ANDERSON
Secretary of Agriculture

WASHINGTON — The first Sunday after V-J day, a friend came by with an automobile to take my family and his for a drive into the country to have dinner with another friend. Nothing like that had happened in years.

But as we started back into Washington, we could not help but notice the roads were filling up. There was a long line of traffic and many folks drove by at speeds which seemed reckless to us. They were perhaps driving 40 or 45 miles an hour and we had become accustomed to the 35-mile gait.

When one speeding car swirled past us, I heard my wife murmur, "my what I wouldn't give to have gasoline rationing back."

I began to wonder how many of the things war had brought to us as sacrifices or privations we would soon come to appreciate as blessings in disguise. I began to wonder how long it would be before people would sometimes sigh for some of the real advantages of the days during the war when we all lived a little closer together, a little more simply, and perhaps a little more in the traditional American pattern.

Real Values of Life

Do you remember back in the years of the depression that Henry Ansley out in Amarillo, Texas, wrote a book entitled, "I Like the Depression?" Frankly, I liked his little book, because he told of the blessings that had come to him with a reversal in his financial situation. He told of the discoveries that he had made as the period of wild prosperity passed and the long months of depression set in. He told of the farmers who had gone back to living on instead of living off their farms. He found the quantity of money a man had is not always a yard-stick to measure his happiness.

Car-Pool Neighbors

I remember my first experience with a car pool. We had two automobiles at our house; our next door neighbor had two automobiles at his place. We were not well acquainted, mostly because it wasn't necessary, until the war came along. Then my next door neighbor and I and two others, who heretofore had gone to our offices by separate means, found ourselves in a car pool. We had to rise at the same time in the

morning, leave at the same hour for work, and return home together in the evening.

I am sure that at first we all resented a little the fact that we lost our freedom of action, but we gained a great lesson in neighborliness.

One day my next door neighbor, Bob McCormick, turned to be and said, "I hate to think about the end of the war coming, because when it comes you and I will quit driving downtown together. You'll have your car, and I'll have mine and we'll only see each other occasionally. That's too bad."

Victory Garden Blessing

How many women improved their figures as they walked to market! And think what victory gardens did for the men!

Like Drew Pearson, I will perhaps be away from Washington when this column is printed, away on a short vacation. While I am gone, someone will be mowing my lawn. During the war I had to mow my own lawn. I couldn't find anyone interested in taking care of my particular little piece of property. And a strange thing happened: I found that I could mow it as well as anyone else, that I could mow it quickly, and that I could learn within a short time exactly how each particular section could be best mowed to develop the best grass. And I found out also that when I mowed it myself, I not only improved the lawn, I improved my own digestion.

As for myself, I shall reflect upon the fact that an automobile salesman used to be able to sell me a new car each year. I thought I must have one. Surely a car that had gone past 15 or 20 thousand miles would no longer be reliable, even if that entire distance had been upon city pavements. But when the war came I learned that automobiles will go 50,000, or 100,000 miles and still be pretty dependable.

Maybe that's typical of the lessons of thrift we needed to learn during the war—Lessons that as a great nation we need to retain as the years roll along. Our children too had a few little lessons in thrift. For example, through the public schools there were great groups of youngsters out gathering up waste paper; sorting it into bundles; carrying it on their backs to a central collecting point.

America has been prodigal with its wealth of resources. As a people we have always been a little wasteful, perhaps because our resources have been so great. All through the war years, for example, we threw away the richest garbage in the world, despite food shortages.

WE, THE WOMEN

By RUTH MILLETT

The odds against getting a steak dinner in a midwest restaurant or hotel are 400-to-1. Carl Roessler of the American Hotel Association says so.

Now that puts dining out on a sporting basis. If a couple goes out in search of a steak dinner, knowing they are bucking the crowds and putting up with slow service, on a 400-to-1 shot, it might make for an exciting evening. Much more exciting than those disappointing times they started out with high hopes for a satisfying meal and came home to raid the ice box.

Wouldn't it help if we had odds on all kinds of shortages these days? For instance: The odds against finding the kids summer pajamas. The odds against being able to buy a pair of sheer rayon stockings. The odds against finding Papa a pair of shorts or a white shirt.

The odds against a dinner hostess' coming through with real meat, instead of something fancy and non-filling whipped up in a casserole.

It would also help if we knew the odds against getting a seat on a train. The odds

against finding a cleaning woman, against getting a suit back from the cleaners on the day it was promised.

We could even use the odds against finding a half pound of breakfast bacon. Or locating a pack of cigarettes in a strange town.

Easier on Tempers

Knowing the odds against our getting the things we want and need would serve a double purpose. If we knew them in advance we might save a lot of precious time, shoe leather, and strain on our naturally sweet dispositions by not bothering to make the rounds in search of things it might be easier to get along without.

But if we did decide to take a chance—we would know exactly where we stood, and we could make a game of it.

"I bet on a 400-to-1 shot," we could boast to our friends, "and won a nice thick steak." Or, "I took a 40-to-1 shot and came home with a pack of my favorite brand of cigars."

We are supposed to be a nation of gamblers, aren't we? Well, here are stakes worth winning.

Behind Scenes in Washington

By DOUGLAS LARSEN

NEA Washington Correspondent

WASHINGTON (NEA) — Women have made permanent inroads in practically every business and profession during the war, except as doctors, according to a report by women's bureau of the department of labor.

It takes about one doctor per thousand civilians to meet average needs. It takes a little more than six to care for the needs of men in uniform. The obvious reason for the doctor shortage during the war is that 10,000,000 of the population need six times as much doctor care.

In spite of this increased opportunity, the number of women who elected to become doctors has remained fairly static. The report shows that in 1941 there were 1146 women students in approved medical schools and in 1944, 1176.

It Takes Too Long, Costs Too Much

Here are some of the reasons given by the report:

"Length of the training program for medicine is compared with other professions is of itself a deterrent to many women since it not only increases the total cost to the student but also postpones the date at which she can begin to earn.

"Before the war, an estimate of \$1,000 a year was considered a conservative allowance for a medical education budget for a single year. \$1,200 is a safer allowance now. Since the war, tuition rates as well as other expenses have increased. The average tuition fee for medical schools in 1943 was \$409 as compared with \$378 in 1940. The charge at the Woman's Medical college in Philadelphia is \$500."

Compared with men, women haven't done too well financially in the medical profession. For all physicians, the average net income in 1941 was \$5,179. Half the physicians netted less than \$4,000 and 13 percent earned more than \$10,000 in that year. Accord-

ing to the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's clubs, the average woman physician among its membership earned \$3,000 in 1942.

Women haven't crashed the lucrative business of becoming specialists as much as men. Five percent of all women physicians are qualified specialists, compared with 8 percent for men. Women tend toward specializing in children's diseases and in psychiatry and neurology. It is easier for women to obtain proper training in these fields than in general surgery, for instance.

Highest ratio of women doctors is in the west. Lowest is in the south. Women had a tough time in convincing the army and navy they could be useful to the service in uniform. In 1944, 75 were commissioned officers in the army, 38 in the navy, and 20 in the public health service.

The report shows more opportunity for medical training is gradually opening up for women. But hospitals, it claims, have been less willing to offer residences to them. The report says more women doctors marry than the average of other professional women. In 1940 half of the women doctors were single, one-third were married, one-seventh were widowed or divorced. In the same year two-thirds of all women in other professional and semi-professional work were reported single.

The average woman physician is younger than men physicians with an average age of 41.3 years, compared with 44.1 for male doctors.

As a result of the stepped-up training of male doctors by army and navy, there has been a fear expressed that the field will be overcrowded and women will be completely ousted. But surveys reveal that there never has been a time when all the medical needs of the population have been met.

Side Glances



"You must have been using the wrong feed, dear—he doesn't like spinach, but he's crazy about this cold wiener I found in the icebox!"

McKENNEY ON BRIDGE

By WILLIAM E. MCKENNEY

America's Card Authority

LEAD IS THE KEY TO WIN OR LOSE

Here is a hand sent to me by a reader in Asheville, N. C., who does not wish to have his name

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appear. I found the point explained in the hand very interesting. Looking at the hand, it would appear that declarer has only a losing spade, a losing diamond

BARBS

Coming soon: that familiar cry at the kitchen door—"Groceries!" The delivery ban will be lifted Nov. 1.

Sugar rationing hasn't stopped peace from making these days mighty sweet ones.

The Tokyo radio reports that the Jap education minister has decided to cut military training out of the education system. Who decided?

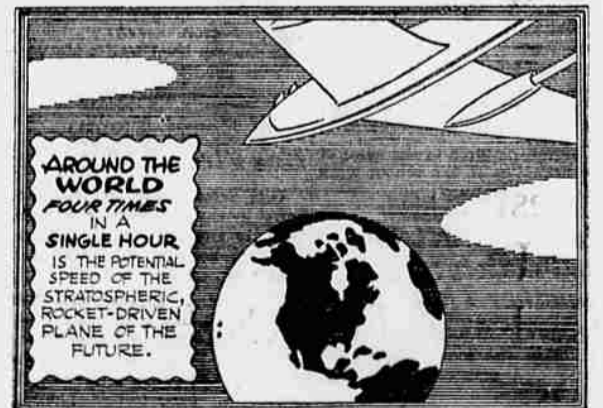
Railroads can now resume regular excursion service to beach and mountain resort spots. So we took our vacation early!

Japan's surrender will be signed aboard the Missouri and General MacArthur's part will be symbolic—Show Me!

PROFESSIONAL SYMBOL

Originally, a chef's hat was fancy, made of embroidered rich materials. It had its beginning in the court of Henry II, of France, when Diane de Poitiers suggested that fine cooks be awarded a distinctive cap similar to the honor accorded respected judges of the court, as a symbol of an honorable profession.

This Curious World



NEXT: How Gandhi got that idea.