

Monologue



Controversial transplant draws unnecessary protests, criticism

By Shelley Ball
Editor In Chief

California's Loma Linda University Medical Center was the site of an historic event recently. The prematurely-born baby known as "Baby Fae" created worldwide headlines by surviving longer than anyone with an animal-heart transplant. Unfortunately, the medical breakthrough was marred somewhat by protesters who picketed the hospital in the name of animal rights.

The protesters were seen carrying signs outside Loma Linda hospital that read "Stop The Madness," "Ghoulis

Tinkering Is Not Science" and "Christian Barnard Refused to Kill Any More Primates." Their opposition stems from the fact Baby Fae is currently being kept alive with the heart of a baboon.

These animal-rights advocates argue that it was not right to kill an animal for the operation, an act that may be raising false hopes in Baby Fae's parents that she will survive for a substantial amount of time.

Given the fact the previous few animal-to-human heart transplants, called xenografts, have all been failures, some reknown doctors have even spoken out against Baby Fae's transplant, saying not enough knowledge has been gathered to perform such an operation at this time.

There's no question Baby Fae's operation was a risky

one, but there's also no question the operation was justifiable. Baby Fae was diagnosed as having a congenital heart defect called hypoplastic left heart syndrome, a condition that is fatal in nearly every case.

Baby Fae's greatest chances for survival were originally thought to have been with the baboon-heart transplant. She would most likely be dead now had it not been for the courageous step taken by Dr. Leonard L. Bailey, chief of pediatric heart surgery at Loma Linda, and the baby's parents.

It is important to note that without Baby Fae's parents' consent to the operation, it would never have taken place

at all. Her parents, who have also wished to remain anonymous, were given a set of options by Bailey on how to care for the heart defect. Adequately informed of the risks involved, they understandably chose the procedure that they felt held the greatest chances for success. Baby Fae's parents weren't kidding themselves about the outcome of the operation, they were merely making what they considered the best choice for their baby's welfare. Likewise, Bailey himself had to get final permission to perform the operation from Loma Linda's Institutional Review Board (IRB). With such phrases as "ghoulish tinkering" and "madness" being used to describe Bailey's actions, it makes him sound like a mad scientist, when he was only acting with Baby Fae's best interests in mind.

As for the baboon who had to die for the operation, it was not a needless death at all. How else can we advance in science and medicine without taking a risk once in a while? When it comes to trying to save the life of a human being at the cost of an animal's life, then the sacrifice of that life should be considered a justifiable and gallant act.

As of last Monday Baby Fae has been kept alive for one month. But even if she should die in the next few weeks, the death of that baboon would still not be in vain. The knowledge being gathered from Baby Fae's transplant will provide valuable information upon which further research and future transplants can be built.

Christmas rush nearly spoils Thanksgiving spirit, holiday

By Fritz Wenzel
Copy Editor

Christmas in July. What a great idea!

When I was a kid I used to dream about it. All those presents. Eggnog in the fridge. Cinnamon tea rings with red and green sparkles on top of white icing.

Christmas in July. What a great idea!

But now something is wrong. It seems like Fred Meyer and Nordstroms are trying to give me Christmas in July, just one month at a time. (This year it's Christmas in October). I should be happy, but I'm not.

Maybe it's the green packages with bright red ribbon that sit beneath the rack of golf shirts. Maybe it's that I can't find a parking space when I go to shop for a Halloween costume. Maybe it's that I couldn't find any Halloween costumes because the seasonal display tables were stuffed with wreaths and decorative tree lights. The candy bar industry must really be mad about what is happening to their holiday. I'm a little bugged, too.

I have always looked at holidays as being friends that come to visit once a year, en-

joy their stay, then get up and leave when they're done. In my mind, this Christmas guy is getting a little pushy. Not only does he dress loudly, lately he has started talking so loud that it has been hard to hear what my thoughtful, quieter friend Thanksgiving has had to say.

You know Thanksgiving. He's the one that stands around in the kitchen eating Rye-krisp and talking about high school football, the great activities of summer and how much Bobby has grown. An hour or so before dinner he will join us for a game of football in the nearby field. "But no tackling," he'll say, "you have your new sweater on."

Anyway, this guy Christmas is trying to persuade me not to invite Thanksgiving over this year. "He's a bore," he says. "Besides, all he does is make you gain weight. Just invite me instead. That way I can stay longer and I will even bring you presents."

"But your visits are always so expensive. They always cost me more," I said.

"The more, the merrier," he countered.

"Wait a minute," I said. "You used to bring a lot of presents, but now you hardly bring any at all. In fact, you take a lot more than you give."

"You used to be fun to shop for, but now you work people so long that they don't have the energy to smile.

Then I told him, "You used to be fun to share with friends, but now you're so particular that everyone has to spend more time trying to please you. They don't have time to come over anymore.

"You used to bring a beautiful Nobel Fir with you every year, but now you send us out to K-Mart to pick up the latest in aluminum.

"If you're like this in October, I'm not so sure I want Christmas in July," I concluded.

I think he got the message. It isn't that I don't like him. It is that he isn't my only friend.

Now I think I'll call my old pal Thanksgiving to make sure he knows what time we're having dinner. It will be refreshing to talk to someone who knows his place. I can't wait to smell that turkey while we stand around in the kitchen, eat Rye-krisp and talk about high school football, the great activities of summer and how much little Bobby has grown.

Oh, and we'll take no interruptions that day from anyone named Christmas.

THE PRINT, a member of the Oregon Newspaper Publishers Association, aims to be a fair and impartial journalistic medium covering the campus community as thoroughly as possible. Opinions expressed in **THE PRINT** do not necessarily reflect those of the College administration, faculty, Associated Student Government or other members of **THE PRINT**. **THE PRINT** is a weekly publication distributed each Wednesday except for finals week. Clackamas Community College, 19600 S. Molalla Avenue, Oregon City, Oregon 97045.

Office: Trailer B; telephone: 657-8400, ext. 309, 310

Editor In Chief: Shelley Ball

New Editor: Jane Wilcox

Arts Editor: D. Dietrich

Sports Editor: Rodney Fobert

Copy Editor: Fritz Wenzel

Photo Editor: Joel Miller

Advertising Manager: Jack Griffith

Cartoonist: Richard Byington

Advertising Representatives: Gordon Tallman

Staff Writers: M. Ekholm, J. Jason

Amy LaBare, Julie Miller, Chris Warner

Phillip Wenzel, Heather Wright

Staff Photographers: Rodney Fobert, Jeff Meek

Mike Templeton, Daniel Wheeler

Typesetter: Diana Blakley

Advisor: Dana Spielmann

Clackamas Community College

