

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us, No Fear Shall Awe"
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Israeli Can Help the Arabs

The World Council of Churches meeting in Amsterdam last month asked Jewish authorities throughout the world to work for the relief of Arab and other refugees in the Palestine area. In a sense, this is asking the Jews to continue what they have been about for the past 20 years. David L. Cohn in the August Atlantic Monthly shows how the Jewish settlers in Palestine have done more in that time than anyone else in 1000 years to relieve the plight of the Arabs.

Continuous warfare among themselves, centuries of Turkish domination and despotic overlords have reduced the once-proud and highly civilized Arabs to a bunch of poverty-stricken, diseased illiterates. Once they were pre-eminent in mathematics, medicine, astronomy. Now their industry consists of handicrafts, their education is limited to memorizing the Koran, and their medicine is exorcism of the evil eye.

The only exceptions are the courts of the fabulously wealthy and selfish rulers, in the American and British oil centers, and in Jewish Palestine.

Here, in environment much like that throughout the entire Middle East, the Israeli have applied western technology and created an oasis in the desert. A high percentage of the population in the Jewish colonies consists of scientists and technicians who fled from hate-infested Europe. They brought along the most advanced methods of agriculture, animal husbandry, fishing, medicine, sanitation and engineering.

The results are amazing. In 20 years, malaria, smallpox and typhus have been almost eradicated in Palestine; the diseases, plus trachoma, are still rampant in the rest of the Middle East and Egypt. Palestine Jews have a life expectancy of 63.5 years. Palestine Arabs 20 years ago could expect to live 37 years; that figure is now past 50. Egyptian Arabs today average 34 years and in Iraq the expectancy is only 27!

In 1918, one half of all Arab children born alive died in infancy; today, in the Jewish-developed districts, Arab infant mortality is down to about 15 per cent. In surrounding areas, Arab children continue to die at the rate of 49 in 100.

Lack of proper food is probably the biggest problem. Arab cows give an average of 800 quarts of milk a year and Arab hens lay about 70 small eggs a year. The Jewish colonists crossed Holsteins and Jerseys with native Syrian and Lebanese cattle and now get 3,500 quarts per cow per year. Leghorn chickens crossed with native varieties net their Jewish breeders 150 large eggs a year.

Once the all-purpose camel, goat and sheep provided most of the Middle Eastern menu. The Israeli have introduced truck gardening, increased honey production, developed tank-cultivation of fish, and improved strains of the native orange so that Palestine is the second biggest citrus exporter in the world.

Reclamation, afforestation and soil improvement projects were underway when the war broke out, and a modern industrial structure was a-building. Social welfare, cultural and educational projects were planned.

The success of this movement to bring Palestine up-to-date is tremendously important. The whole world has a stake in peace in Palestine, and that peace will remain precarious until the two peoples there reach some common ground.

The cultural and time lag between the Arabs and the Israeli makes communication difficult. Somehow the Arabs must make the jump from the 12th century, in which they are still living, to the 20th century. The Israeli, by example, can show them how.

But it is going to be pretty hard for the Israeli to comply with the Council of Churches request to keep up their good work, unless the new Jewish nation is going to get a chance to survive. American refusal to support Israel's admission to the United Nations is not going to help either the Jews or the Arabs.

Red Concept Evidenced in Cruel Deaths

The Story of Peter — 1
By Joseph Stewart Alsop
WASHINGTON, Sept. 6—Everyone knows that there are millions of people—certainly as many as twelve million—in the forced labor camps of the Soviet Union. Yet the very magnitude of this vast system of human slavery makes it somehow difficult for the mind to grasp.

For this reason it is worth telling the story of one of these millions (call him, for convenience, "Peter") who has lived the strange life of a slave laborer in Siberia for the last nine years. Peter's story is entirely authentic, although for obvious reasons it has been necessary to alter certain details.

The story of Peter, who is now out of reach of the dread MVD, begins in the spring of 1939. That was when he was arrested in Moscow by the secret police.

Peter was just 21 and he had just been admitted to the Soviet union with his family. He did not like what he saw, and since he was not a Soviet citizen, he naively decided to go back to his native land. For this purpose, he visited his country's embassy to ask for the proper papers. He was arrested, without his family's knowledge, and thrown into Moscow's grim Lubyanka prison.

Bound for Siberia

The prison was crowded, so crowded that the prisoners had barely room to stand erect. Under constant grilling by the secret police, Peter stoutly protested that he had no interest in politics, and had only wanted to go home. After three months in prison, he was bundled into a railway wagon on a Moscow siding. To his dismay, the other occupants of the crowded wagon told him that it was bound for Siberia.

For six weeks the closed wagon with its human cargo moved east by fits and starts. Never during this time were its occupants allowed to leave it. Inevitably, dysentery soon took hold in the stinking wagon. By the time they reached Magadan, in the Bay of Tausk, half the prisoners had died.

At Magadan, Peter first heard the charge against him—"political crimes against the state." He was put to work in the Kolima gold mines. By the time he was a political prisoner in the Kolima gold mines could look forward only to one end—death: death by freezing, death by starvation or death by a combination of both.

Used Dead Man's Food

Peter shared a shelf-worked plank nalled together — with three other prisoners. Towards the beginning of his imprisonment, one of them died of starvation and cold during the night. Peter wanted to notify the guards, so that the corpse could be disposed of, but the other prisoners angrily prevented him. They hid the dead man, and eagerly divided the extra rations among them, until the corpse was at last discovered.

Death came more frequently by day in the Siberian cold. Indeed, death by freezing was so predictable an occurrence that a regular burial squad was detailed to dispose of the frozen corpses. The burial detail methodically dug a mass grave in the morning, and fired it in again at night, covering with earth the cadavers which had been collected during the day. The burial squad was also charged with a peculiarly gruesome ceremony.

Hands Kept for Prints

During most of the year, the cold was so intense that when a man died his corpse became hard as stone in a matter of minutes. In this condition it was difficult or impossible to take the dead man's fingerprints to complete the official records of the secret police.

Therefore it was part of the duty of the burial squad to cut the hands from each cadaver, and take them to a special hut in which a fire was kept permanently lit. The hands were made soft and pliable by the fire, and a complete set of fingerprints was taken for the record. The hands were then tied together with cord, and looped around the corpse's neck before it was consigned to that day's mass grave. Peter, less than a year out of Siberia, still has a recurrent nightmare. He dreams of an endless succession of dead men marching with their hands tied around their necks.

Food was the only means of averting or delaying the coming of this terrible end, for with enough food it was possible to endure the Siberian cold.

Spying Netted Food

One way to obtain the needed food was to become a spy, a spy was recruited by the secret police with offers of extra rations. There were so many spies in the Kolima camp, that even after many years no prisoner dared speak openly to another.

Peter did not become a spy, but he found a way of obtaining the food which meant the difference between life and death. He had been for a short time, an art student in Moscow. It is part of the strangeness of Peter's strange story that his rather rudimentary art training enabled him to survive. How this happened will be de-



William Tell

Advent of Worldwide Parcel Post Recalls Earlier Service

The advent of speedier nationwide-worldwide air parcel post service September 1 brings back to minds of old-timers the introduction of similar surface operations 35 years ago. It was in 1913, according to Postmaster Al Gragg of Salem, that parcel post first made its appearance in the United States.

The service at that time was established primarily to aid farmers and hamlets, located off the beaten paths, in expediting their products to market and, in turn, receiving sorely needed goods from larger cities. However, small order houses and other establishments were quick to realize its value.

Transportation facilities in those days were still slow and tedious. Motor-driven vehicles were few and the roads which they traversed were frequently impassable. Too, trains were giving off more sparks and smoke than speed. There were no commercial planes in those days, either, and only the foolhardy visioned the rapid approach of this Air Age.

Then it took days to transport parcel post packages across the country. Some parcels were forced to go by virtually every movable conveyance before they reached their destination—particularly to the more remote sectors.

From that modest beginning, parcel post has grown to become an integral cog in the far-flung American postal operations. Its annual poundage, keeping step with the progress of transportation, has soared from a few million to billions of pounds of assorted commodities.

Still determined to employ the fastest means of transportation to move the mails, the Post Office Department will add the link necessary to give the United States the world's most highly specialized doorstep delivery service with the launching of the new nationwide-worldwide air parcel post, said Postmaster Gragg.

Auto Sideswipes Train; Passenger Loses Front Teeth

FOUR CORNERS, Sept. 6.—Mildred Bales, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Homer Bales, 110 Beck ave., arrived home Sunday morning

GRIN AND BEAR IT



"I hope you had a grand vacation . . . I'd hate to think that I was stuck with the children all summer for nothing . . ."

from General Hospital where she was taken earlier Sunday following an accident in which she was involved.

Miss Bales suffered face lacerations and her front teeth were knocked out when the car in which she was riding with Leonard Remington, Portland road, went into a ditch in an attempt to avoid hitting a string of Southern Pacific flat cars crossing Lancaster drive just north of Four Corners. The auto sideswiped the flat cars.

The accident was not discovered until 3 a. m., state police said. Both Remington and Miss Bales received preliminary treatment at Salem General Hospital. Miss Bales will be a senior at Salem High school this fall.



(Continued from page 1)

the foreign aid plan. But that will be lost in the ocean of Chinese currency unless reforms stick. Governor Dewey is a strong friend of China and if elected president may want to pour even billions of American funds into that country, partly as a foil against communism; but that policy is of doubtful wisdom. China must show capacity for self-government to make outside money giving lasting results.

The southward drive of communism in Asia is causing alarm. Burma is flirting with the ideology; revolts in other countries of south Asia and adjacent islands may reflect the penetration of communist influence. If China should fall to the reds our prospect in the Pacific would be grim. (Could that be one reason why we are in no hurry to get out of Japan?) Red Asia would not be a military menace for a considerable period of time, but it would pose an economic threat. We recall the pinch caused when Japan cut off our inflow of rubber, tin, tung oil, tungsten.

There isn't much we can do about it. We cannot prevent Asia from sliding into an amorphous political mass if the leadership there is helpless. It looks now as though the long-held dream of a golden Pacific era is pushed back into the indefinite future.

Texas Man Buys 4 Corners Station

FOUR CORNERS — Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nottingham of McAllen, Texas, have purchased the Mobilgas service station and residence located on the northeast corner at junction of Macleary road and highway 222. Mr. and Mrs. John W. Shepard from whom the Nottinghams bought the station will go to Portland to reside as soon as their residence there is completed.

Butler Buys Service Station at Sublimity

SUBLIMITY — Ray Rauscher has sold the Sublimity service station to Gene Butler of Sublimity, who took over the management there September 4. The station was built in 1923.

State Hospital Graduates Last Nursing Class on Federal Aid

After graduating 800 cadet nurses in Psychiatric nursing since 1944 under a federal aid program, Oregon State hospital announced Monday that the last class under the program is being graduated. At the same time the hospital announced that another group entirely sustained by their own hospitals during their training period will succeed this last federally-aided class.

Courses in psychiatric training under the present program consist of 13 weeks, with 120 hours of class room work practical, clinical and theoretical experience.

Tina Duerksen, director, believes that after 1956 statute will require all graduate nurses to be trained in psychiatric nursing. Nurses receiving the psychiatric training at the state hospital are better qualified to understand and assist mental cases to recovery. The experience, Miss Duerksen believes, gives the nurse self confidence when confronted by patients with mental derangements and tempers the fear most nurses have for mental cases.

Nearly all of the 26 graduate nurses during the 1944-45 period at the state hospital, have received psychiatric training as cadet nurses, Miss Duerksen said.

Assisting Miss Duerksen in the training of cadet nurses is Doris Haid and Mrs. Erma Grace Turner. The superintendent of the graduate nursing staff.

The last graduating class under the government aid program is: Margaret June Berry, Clara Kiefer, Erla Mae Kolbeck, Clara Jean Pubols, Mildred Bingham, Celia Rose Moll, Marie Theresa Powers, Dorothy Rosalie Wheeler, Cecelia Alice Wood, Ruth Anderberg, Miriam Cribbs, Barbara Loring, Patricia van der Hennen, Lola Erickson, Mary Ann Smith, Ciella Mae Masters Wilson, Esther Lawrence Miller, Joyce Marie Williams, Dorothy Ann Selbeck, Kim Dorothea Vahala, Lois Margaret Siddall, Pauline Cloa Vandecar, Monna Fay Bailey, Woodrow Arthur Murphy, Mary Lou White, Ruth Biesecker, Margaret June Dietsch, Pearl Lorraine Waterman, Ethel Mae Buckwalter, Evelyn Schabert, Mary Louise Vecchia, Bonna Vere Beckstead, Ida Jean Weiderman, Mary C. Henry, Yvonne Eleanor Gray, May Belshaw, Joan Caskey, Iris Hailstone, Alma Russell, Anna Mae Ryman, Barbara Schaffer, Alice Youngblood, Delores Chitwood, Kim Niya, Echo Lamoont, Fanchon Lavon Godfrey, Mrs. Maxine De Shazer.

Meat eaters can expect little betterment this winter in the supply of beefsteaks, lamb chops and pork, the agriculture department has announced. This is despite banner livestock feed supplies and a record breaking corn crop.

In fact, the department said, "meat production per capita for the rest of 1948 will run around 10 per cent less than the rate at the same time last year."

Price? The department does not hazard a guess.

The monthly livestock and meat situation in all of 1948 will total approximately 45 per cent compared with 155 pounds in 1947.

But even the 145 pounds for each person is away ahead of pre-war consumption. From 1933 to 1939 meat consumed per person per year averaged only 126.2 pounds. More people eat more meat now because they have more money — and that pushes up the price of steaks, chops and hams.

Wheelbarrow Pusher to Try South America

BALTIMORE, Sept. 6.—(AP)—An ex-Montana cowpuncher walked into town last week pushing a white wheelbarrow sporting a small American flag before him. Larry Hightower, 46, said he left Ellensburg, Wash., July 4, 1946, on a round-the-world trip. He passed through Baltimore two months ago, heading north for a boat crossing to Europe. But he decided things are "too mixed up."

So he's going south this time, bound for the Pan-American highway down the vertebrae of the Americas.

Equipment on his wheelbarrow includes a generator for a headlight, a radio for picking up weather reports, and a jacket with a safety reflector on the back. His first stop here was at a service station. He had his wheelbarrow greased.

Auburn Woman Hostess For Missionary Circle

AUBURN—Mrs. Erwin C. Sunderlin entertained Wednesday for the Missionary Circle of the First Christian church. Mrs. Ronald Hopper was co-hostess. Attending were Mrs. E. A. Steinke, Mrs. A. J. Flint, Mrs. Lloyd Robinson, Mrs. Wayne Murphy and daughter, Mrs. Harold Melcher, Mrs. Katie Elgin, Mrs. Hoppers, Gordon, Steve. Special guests Mrs. Sunderlin's mother, Mrs. Emma Vangren and sister, Mrs. Charles Gillingham, and the hostesses.

Cowhand 'Smoky' Cameron Plods Through City on Long Hike to Panama Sans Horse

A man who is slowly covering America with his footsteps passed through Salem Monday on an 8,000-mile hike to Panama.

Robert (Smoky) Cameron, a wizened little 62-year-old cowhand from Arizona is the man who set out two years ago walking to forget a great personal tragedy.

In mid-1947, after his wife and two small children were killed by stampeding cattle, Smoky swung an 80-pound pack on his 140-pound frame at Nogales, Ariz., and took off for Alaska—walking.

After one year and a series of amazing adventures the little, balding ex-rancher, limped into Anchorage, Alaska. Walking for most of the 4,000 miles, accepting rides when offered, but "never hitchhiking," he traveled through Arizona, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia and Alberta, Canada.

Harried Trip
At Alberta he picked up the Alcan highway and hiked it to Anchorage. He ended up in a hospital twice on the way, once around for five days once living on Copenhagen snuff in a blizzard, trekked through weather 32 degrees below freezing, burnt his feet in a forest fire and was finally rescued by Indians and mounted police.

Quite a fuss was made over him in Alaska. But on the walking bug hit him again and he laid plans for the 8,000-mile walk to Panama. To expedite matters he flew into Seattle.

Works and Walks
"From there on," Smoky says, "it will be a long, hard, maybe a few rides if offered. But when I cross the Texas border I will be strictly on my own two feet, a compass

Oregon's Big Show

Going to the state fair is probably the only spectator sport in which the fan soon becomes an active participant.

The minute the visitor is pushed through the gates by the trampling throng behind him, he is swept up by a current of grass roots, all quinting in the warm September sun and open-mouthed with admiration for the clean new look of the buildings and the fine shape of the grounds.

That minute he becomes part of the show. He doesn't know it, probably, but without him there would be no barkers to bark, no ferris wheels to turn, no popcorn machines to spatter and no slim-ankled flare-nosed horses to wait impatiently for their turn at the post. For this current of spectators is the incentive—the energy that produced the exhibits and necessitated the midway.

It wouldn't be a very good fair without a lot of youngsters, sticky-fingered with pink cotton candy and mustard, to brush through the crowd, or parents, carrying wide-eyed tots, to persevere along from booth to booth, picking up free literature and samples and wistfully eyeing manure spreaders, kitchen ranges and needlework.

It wouldn't be much fun if there weren't kids delicately fingering concrete building block, poking a tentative thumb nail in to prize tomatoes and demanding that Daddy allow them to kick the pop bottles from under the immense tractor balanced upon them. Or if there weren't any price-starved city dwellers licking their gums as they gaze upon the best looking, most tender, succulent pork chops, beef steaks, leg of lamb, fried chicken and roast turkey—on the hoof—the state ever produced.

The state fair is a place where the spectator is on stage—all the time. And the attractions willing to put him through his paces are endless. He can have his weight guessed, he can fill up on hot corn-on-the-cob "dipped in butter" and pink lemonade, he can have his entrails addled by any number of mechanical contraptions with blood-curdling yells for sound effects, he can just sit on the grass and look at the flowers, he can studiously inspect the best efforts of Oregon artisans and institutions, he can find that almost any one of the many spirited racers can most effectively lose his shirt for him.

And all the time—while he is being convinced that this is truly Oregon's greatest fair—he is there, and by his presence and his interest making that assumption a certainty.

Red Faces in Poland

Dr. Albert Einstein not only qualifies as an intellectual of the first water; he is also cagy—like a fox.

When the World Intellectual Congress in Poland asked him to write a paper for their meeting they probably thought that, as one scientist deeply concerned with social issues, Einstein would play into their hands.

Instead, he wrote a long message that indicated all mankind for failure to live peacefully and obviously looked to a strong United Nations to "overcome the horrible obstacles of national frontiers" and "solve all conflicts leading to war."

The intellectuals from behind the iron curtain were evidently unsatisfied with Einstein's essay so they simply rewrote his letter entirely and issued their own statement to the press.

Fortunately, the old professor is not nearly as absentminded as they must have thought him. Dr. Einstein, in New Jersey, released the full text of his own message to the New York Times and that newspaper published both the Polish and Einstein versions simultaneously!