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"No Favor Sways Us, No Fear Shall Awe"
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Communication in Society

How shapeless and motley are the problems of humanity! And how pale the knowledge that illumines them.

In his review for 1948 Chester I. Barnard, president of the Rockefeller Foundation notes the need of a clear-cut reclassification of the problems of modern society under three headings: population, communication and cooperation. Last year the Foundation appropriated over $14,000,000 to studies which have some bearing on those three.

Since world-wide over-population underlies many critical national, class and racial conflicts, the Foundation is sponsoring demographical research. When science reduces death rates and high birth rates are no longer necessary, do sexual drives thus become one of the major maladjustments of society? What about the relation of human populations to their environment? How can more efficient use of natural resources and more effective cooperation in production be brought about? Is "social engineering" — any deliberate attempt to bring population into satisfactory relation to resources and vice versa—feasible?

People who misunderstand each other don't get along very well. Hence, the Foundation's interest in the faults and limitations of communication that are fundamental to the ills of society. Projects in languages, political science, history and the arts are underway.

The importance of cooperation is obvious but little is known about men's capacity for collaboration. Some questions: What is the bearing of endocrinology or pathology on the moral assessment of human behavior? What is the relevancy or the application of ancient codes of individual behavior to modern corporate action? What should guide the conduct of those who represent others, such representation being a dominant characteristic of western civilization? How often are supposedly fundamental conflicts of interest considered to be problems of justice and ethocs when the root of the difficulty is actually ignorance of facts?

Other questions in which the public will be greatly interested are those involving individual loyalty in a democracy. Can the United States safeguard national security (with loyalty tests) without restricting individual rights and freedoms? And those involving normalcy. What makes some people strikingly happy, healthy and successful? Long concerned chiefly with disease and its causes, doctors now want to find the factors essential to effective and happy living.

Such challenging and vital questions as these indicate the extent and importance of Rockefeller Foundation-sponsored research. But President Barnard adds a final remark that might well become a guide to other seekers after knowledge.

"Inherent in our systematic efforts to promote the welfare of mankind there may be an assumption . . . that by reason and science we may govern the future of unborn generations in ways that we know are right. Can we hope to annul the biological factors of inheritance by manipulating the environment? Some such hope is implicit, if not explicit, in socialist doctrine, but it is implied also in the dominant attitudes of American society. "Planning" and "control" are the common coin of American politics, American business, American education and American science, despite the current emphasis on liberty, individualism and democracy.

"The bombastic phrase "control of nature" is a byword of the literature of the day. Do we mean that because we have learned to navigate the tides we shall also control them? Because we have learned to clothe ourselves and to provide shelter we shall also control the winds? We have already begun the attempts to regulate local weather. Where do we think we shall stop—with the control of the speed of rotation of the earth, of its revolution about the sun? Shall we also learn to control the chain reaction in the sun whence comes all our life and power? Pride goeth before a fall. All our efforts will promote only disaster if they are not done in the humility appropriate to our ignorance, never forgetting that we have not made the earth or the heavens above it."

A New Detroit

Residents of Detroit in the North Santiam country want a replacement for their community which will be flooded out when the reservoir back of Detroit dam fills. They will be compensated of course for their property losses, but they want the assurance of a new Detroit, above the waterline.

And why not? There are good sites available in the vicinity and a settlement is needed near the forks of the North Santiam and the Breitenbush. Highway traffic will be heavy when the road is completed; the forests will provide occupation indefinitely, so a town is needed.

Local people have petitioned the army engineers to lay out a new town. Whether the corps will undertake this assignment is uncertain; but community leaders can do the job if the engineers will not, selecting a desirable area, acquiring land and platting it for town purposes. A new Detroit can be designed to be a lovely spot in the valley, with the great pool of the dam in front and the green-clad mountains all around.

Portland drew the long straw on weather for Rose Festival week, this year — assuming that the perfect weather of the last few days continues. Home-grown roses are in full profusion, so the floral shows will be excellent. The grand parade Friday morning is sure to attract many thousands of people. The Rose Festival is one of the great attractions of the whole country. We who live nearby should appreciate it more than we do.

Dr. Charles Durden is not only an effective minister, but an all-round good citizen. Salem will miss him as he retires from the pastorate of Calvary Baptist church to undertake statewide work for the Northern Baptist convention. Fortunately he will remove no farther than Waldport, so his friends may expect occasional calls as he goes about the state.

Visual evidence of violating game laws was offered in Monday's Statesman with a picture of a dead doe and dying fawn that had been shot by night-riding "spotlighters." These game hogs cruise the roads in the mountain areas (this one was up the Elkhorn road), throw spotlights along the road to pick up the reflection of deer's eyes. They shoot without knowing whether it is buck, doe, dawn—or cow. Tightening of enforcement is clearly in order.

A missing vial with some uranium 235 has been found with waste material at the Argonne laboratory, Chicago. It wasn't pulled out of a pumpkin shell either.

Twenty billion pounds of potatoes went into potato chips last year—and still there was a spud surplus to the government's financial embarrassment.

Senator Morse says he is for "scientific economy." Some of the rest of us will take economy plain.

"Liquor by the Drink Law Is Now Legal" runs a newspaper headline. When was a law "illegal"?

KNEE DEEP IN JUNE

Hank Needs Gamble Cure By the Barrel

By Henry McLemore

It was during the running of the fifth at Belmont that I read of the Los Angeles grandmother who is taking shots in the arm to cure her of gambling fever.

(I can always read during the running of a race because a second after the ponies have broken from the gate it becomes obvious that my selection couldn't out-run a setting hen, and so I am able to relax.)

McLemore

It seems that the California grandmother started to care more for the poker table than the dinner table, and was losing so much trying to fill straights that her husband had to ask the court to prescribe the drug treatment.

I am very anxious to find out the name of the drug that Granny is taking, and whether or not it is available on the market. If it is, I want to place an order for five or six barrels of the stuff, and a hypodermic needle the size of a fire hose nozzle. Then I will start giving myself a gallon or two a day, with or without a doctor's order. As a matter of fact, I will drink the mixture, with or without a chaser, before meals and just before retiring.

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Not that I am a chronic gambler, mind you, but I happen to be a man who can't win at any game of chance. The marbles I lost shooting for "keeps" as a kid should have taught me to lay off, but it didn't, and through the years I have had my pride and pocketbook beaten to a pulp.

The most classic example of my being unable to win came years ago when I was a sportswriter and was in a celebrated far-western town to make an address. The sheriff of this wide-open city took a liking to me and said that if I cared to risk a little money he could almost guarantee that I would win.

This seemed a smart and sporting proposition, so I jumped at the chance like a weasel for a pullet. We made the rounds, and the more rounds we made the worse luck I enjoyed, even though the sheriff gave me a nice introduction in each place and always whispered something in the proprietor's ear.

I tried blackjack, roulette, birdcage, poker, and the crap table, and always came up empty.

Finally, the sheriff told me that, by gum and by golly, he knew a game I could win at and would see to it that I did. I said something like, "Lead me to it, brother," and we wound up in an establishment that featured a game where you bet on which hole a mouse would run into when released.

The sheriff had a talk with the manager, and then told me that for my benefit the game was going to be fixed when I played.

I told the sheriff that I couldn't go for such a thing—that it was unfair. He said no, it wasn't unfair, because no one else would be playing the game but myself.

I asked how the game would be fixed.

"One of the holes has been baited with Liederkranz cheese," he told me. "Any mouse is bound to run for that one instead of the cheeseless holes. So play all you have on hole No. 6, which is the Liederkranz one."

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I went for all I had. Out came the mouse, full of mouseful energy. He circled the cage, sniffing. He came to No. 6, and if I have ever seen a look of disgust on a mouse's face, it was on that mouse's as he got a whiff of the Liederkranz. His whiskers dropped, his ears sagged, his tail straightened, and he reared up on his hind legs. Then he darted for hole No. 1, on the opposite side of the cage and disappeared.

"Sheriff," I said, "I don't want to hurt your feelings, but that most have been a house mouse. Either that, or I am so unlucky I drew the one mouse in the world who doesn't like cheese."

If the drug doesn't work on the Los Angeles granny, I have a sure cure for her. Let her bet along with me for a while, and she'll have to give it up—she won't have anything left to bet with.

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The Safety Valve

SCOLDING FOR CITY BUSINESS

To the Editor:

I read in your paper the manager of the city busses is trying for another increase in bus fares he now wants 35 cents for two rides, just how long does he think the public is going to be "gypped" by him. Why doesn't he charge 50 cents and be through with raising fares — that's what he will charge before he is through. When he got Mr. Wyatt's buses pushed out everyone knew the city buses would raise their prices, but I and lots of others think they are going too far. It just shows what the big shots can do to the little fellow that is trying to get ahead. 90 per cent of the bus riders where quite content with Mr. Wyatt's buses. There's one thing, you could always depend on him coming on schedule, but the city buses change their schedules so much no one knows when they are coming, and while I am on the subject of buses why don't they get some courteous drivers for a change? I was riding on the bus one day last week and a young woman with a baby in her arms was hurrying to catch the bus but do you think the driver would wait for her? No sir, and she wasn't 100 feet away, and that often happens. They won't wait a second for anyone unless of course it was the manager of the buses. Hasn't he noticed since he raised the fare 15 cents one way he hasn't had near the riders he used to have; what does he expect when he raises the fare again? I sincerely hope no one rides unless they just have to, until they drop the fares instead of raising them. I sincerely advise anyone living near the Silverton road to ride the Silverton-Salem bus into town which is much cheaper and you get there lots quicker.

Yours for giving the little guy a break.

MRS. AMELIA F. LAWS,
4150 Silverton road

Branks or scolding bridles were contrivances once used in the British Isles to punish "scolding women". It was a headpiece with a piece of iron that fitted the mouth and depressed the tongue.

$20,000 Accident Damage Suit Dismissed by Supreme Court

A $20,000 auto accident damage suit by Merton C. Dunning of Vancouver, Wash., against the Northwestern Electric company was dismissed Tuesday when the state supreme court reversed an earlier decision on the case.

The court originally upheld a Multnomah county circuit court verdict by Judge Martin W. Hawkins which awarded damages to Dunning.

Dunning said he was injured Dec. 21, 1945, on the Mill Plain road near Vancouver when the car he was driving struck a fallen power pole owned by the company. Northwestern Electric claimed Dunning knocked the pole down with his car.

The supreme court upheld a $5,881 damage suit by Peggy L. Doty against the Southern Pacific railroad in another decision Tuesday.

Miss Doty's automobile was struck by a Southern Pacific train in Grants Pass Nov. 28, 1945. She said she failed to see the train because, although it was dark, the company had no warning signals and because another engine was smoking and making noise.

Although Justice James T. Brand dissented, saying Miss Doty also was negligent, Justice J. O. Bailey wrote the majority opinion upholding Circuit Judge H. K. Hanna of Josephine county who ruled in her favor.

A new trial was ordered in the $21,000 Lincoln county damage suit against Dan Haight by Frederick M. Neal. Neal, struck by a truck owned by Haight, lost his case in the circuit court of Judge Carl E. Wimberly but was granted a new trial by the judge. Haight appealed, but the supreme court upheld the decision for the new trial.

French Returns From Washington School Teaching

C. F. French, retired Salem school teacher, returned home Tuesday from Tahloh, an Indian village at the mouth of the Quinault river in Washington, where he taught grade school during the past year.

Mr. and Mrs. French live at 1745 S. Church st. He was an instructor in Salem junior high schools for 19 years, and was principal at Woodburn junior high for two years.

French, who retired because of state requirement laws, said he would probably return to teach in Washington next term.

Descendants of 2 Red Heroes Attend School Together

MOSCOW, June 7 —(AP)— Degcendants of two famous Russian military heroes are to be found in one Soviet aviation school.

They are: Boris Prokofiev, a great great grandson of Fieldmarshall Kutuzov, the Russian general who defeated Napoleon and drove him out of Russia, and Valentine Chapaev, a grandson of V. I. Chapaev, one of the greatest military leaders and heroes of the Russian civil war.

The picture-magazine "Ogonek" recently carried a photo of these two heirs of Russian military tradition at their studies in aviation school on its cover.

Red Duck Hunter Shoots Own Decoy

MOSCOW, June 7 —(AP)— It's better to be an otter than a decoy duck. "Evening Moscow" related the facts of the case.

A hunter was sitting in his duck blind the other dawn. His live decoy was in the water nearby quacking its Judas call to the morning sky. Suddenly the quacking ceased. The decoy disappeared under the water only to come up struggling. An otter had sunk its teeth into the decoy.

The hunter fired into the water near the commotion. He didn't touch the otter (for it's against the law to shoot them) but he banged up the decoy so badly she died.

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Moral Warfare Gaining Supporters

By J. M. Roberts, Jr.
AP Foreign Affairs Analyst

I went to Caux, Switzerland, last year to see what a committee of congressmen is seeing today at the world assembly of the moral rearmament movement.

I had heard criticism of Dr. Frank Buchman and his movement from the time he first came to the United States nearly 30 years ago. Selfish promotion, opposition to established churches, and Fascism were some of the charges.

But the movement was emerging as a concentrated effort to establish better understanding between people and peoples in the cause of peace and I wanted to see what it was all about.

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I have at my desk a large file tabbed "moral warfare." It covers the activities of many sectarian and non-sectarian groups throughout the world which believe that ultimately peace must depend upon morals, rather than merely upon economic, political and geographical bases.

At Caux I found people from all over the world — generals admirals, highly placed politicians and diplomats, millionaires, big oil operators, coal miners and just plain people — dedicated to this idea.

They were promoting the idea among selected groups of visitors, such as the congressional committee, that map must change; that the end of individual selfishness and other causes of individual conflict will bring an end to the evils of nationalism and the cause of international conflict.

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There are prayer and testimonial sessions at Caux which carry some overtones of an old fashioned revival meeting. But there is very practical work going forward, too. The active workers are frank to say that the time for peace is short, and that they are working at top levels where initiative begins, rather than attempting a mass movement at this time.

The immediate practical effect was demonstrated by three formerly bitter enemies talking about what they could do for long-range relations between their nations. One was a former British member of Moscow's comintern. One the finance minister of a German state in the western zone. The third was a french woman socialist leader whose two children had been killed by the Germans.

It is impossible to tell how far the Eddies caused by such contracts may go. Congressional junkets have long attracted suspicion. This controversial trip could turn out to be no more than that.

Republican House Leader Joe Martin asks, "If you can get a little better understanding among the people of the world and do a little toward bringing them closer together, for only $5,000, what's wrong with that?"

GRIN AND BEAR IT — By Lichty

"Here, properly filled out, is fine example of perfect file record . . . is Capitalistic small loan application blank . . ."

Better English

By D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "You may blame it on me if you wish."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "cohere"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Malefactor, malaria, malleable.
4. What does the word "consummation" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with **op** that means "timely"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "You may blame me for it if you wish." 2. Pronunce **ko-her**, **o** as in **obey**, **e** as in **he** (not as in **her**), accent second syllable. 3. Malaria. 4. Completion. "The consummation of peace between the two nations was the result." 5. Opportune.

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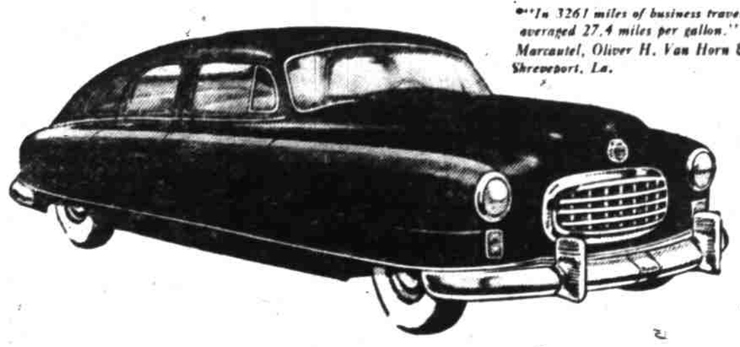

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