

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us, No Fear Shall Awe"
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Doctor Loses License

The New Hampshire medical board has revoked the license of Dr. Herman Sander, the physician recently acquitted on a murder charge based on his admitted injection of air in the veins of a woman patient. Originally tagged a "mercy killing" to end the suffering of the cancer-stricken woman, the defense at the trial stood on the claim that the woman was dead when the injection was made, and the evidence was confusing.

But that did not absolve the doctor from charges of unprofessional conduct, and the medical board vigorously condemned his action as "morally reprehensible." It declared:

"It is likewise clear that a physician's moral obligation to his patients and to his profession is to engage only in medical practices which are designed to cure or alleviate disease."

Hence it applied its disciplinary powers on the doctor, though it did leave the way open for him at a later date to apply for restoration of his right to practice.

The medical board could hardly have acted otherwise in view of the published facts. Either Dr. Sander did perform a mercy killing, or if the patient was already dead his injection revealed a mental instability dangerous in a physician.

A lot of sympathy has been expressed for Dr. Sander, and his friends in his home community stood by him loyally. But we cannot let friendship and sympathy blind us to sound judgment. If "mercy killers" are to escape penalty the way is open for more murders under the "mercy" label.

There are arguments for euthanasia—the relief of suffering in hopeless cases by terminating life—but legalized euthanasia is a long way off. If it comes it will only be employed through careful legal process and not through the individual action of a loving daughter, a distracted brother or a doctor.

Dr. Sander gets off lightly with the punishment the medical board has prescribed. Life should not be left to the whim of an individual.

The Servant Problem (Sigh)

Things are tough for the female working stiff, says British Writer Marghanita Laski, in *The (London) Spectator*. Only she says it more elegantly, like this:

"What of the professional middle-class woman? The only answer, I fear, is that her emancipation is over. She can no longer, with rare exceptions, hope to exist once she has children. The home from which she was emancipated in Victorian and Edwardian times was a home staffed with servants. Without them, she must do the job at home herself, for this one cannot be evaded. The loss to her own life will be intolerable; the loss to the community incalculable."

To some extent, English women who want to work outside the home are paying for their mothers' and grandmothers' sins, she admits. That is to say, the domestic servant was treated (should say mistreated) like an inferior creature for so long that English girls won't take domestic work if they can help it. Good professional servants all go to bachelors in luxury flats or big homes where there is a servant's hall.

Virtually the only professional servants a working mother can get are Irish women (and who wants an Irish woman?), Mrs. Laski implies. There are also available women with children of their own who will move in and help with the housework. But this is intolerable because they want to live "as family"; the different social levels provoke awkwardness, and one doesn't want one's children "forced into companionship" with a servant's child, does one?

Of course, it's possible to engage a refugee or displaced person but that's awkward, too, since these people are often capable of far more intelligent work and it's embarrassing to have an intellectual equal peeling potatoes in your kitchen. Sometimes, too, their political attitudes ("as with some of the Poles," the author points out) prevent an easy, natural atmosphere around the home.

There's that troublesome business of forms and permits, but it can be done—importing a foreigner to do your housework. Bringing a girl from abroad, however, is buying a pig in a poke, and there's always the chance she won't like

you and get hired by someone else, bond servants being passe.

In conclusion, Laski has only one suggestion: The employment of coloured girls from the colonies who might welcome the opportunities work in England could offer them."

What opportunities, we might ask. The coloured girls are probably better off at home, or in a country like America where middle-class working women have no bothersome servant problem. They have no servants.

Want Small Mills to Join

The West Coast Lumbermen's association is probably the most important trade association in this territory. Its membership consists of lumber mills, chiefly in Douglas fir, in Western Washington and Oregon. The association assembles statistics of real value covering lumber production of its mills, promotes research in the manufacture and use of lumber, seeks to expand markets, encourages reforestation, and gives responsible representation to the great lumber industry. Now it is working to expand its membership and appeals particularly to the smaller mills, since the bigger mills are already enrolled. The effort should be crowned with success. The small mill has relatively as great a stake in a sound lumber business as the big mill, probably greater because it lacks the latter's diversification. It should make its contribution in dues and in interest for the common good of the great industry whose health is so vital to the economy of the northwest.

Political Letters to Editor

The AFL League Reporter recently suggested that trade unionists write letters to the editors of their daily papers "to answer conservative editorials and commentaries."

In answer, Editor & Publisher, newspaper trade journal, commented, "This is an election year. Editors should be even more on the alert to guard against use of the letters columns for political purposes."

From this, the League Report infers that the American Newspaper Publishers association is warning publishers not to print letters on political issues written by trade unionists, and points out that E & P itself runs letters with (conservative) political bias.

This seems to be a case of misunderstanding all around.

Most editors don't want their letters columns, like *The Statesman's* Safety Valve, to become a tool of any political organization which provides form letters to be signed and sent in by members. Such correspondence is not a spontaneous expression of opinion by an individual, but an organized propaganda campaign masquerading as spontaneous expression. These letters can usually be spotted and are filed in the waste basket.

Occasionally an organization will direct its secretary to express its collective opinion in a letter to the editor. When the letter is represented as just that, and signed, it is usually printed. Letters on political issues, intelligently arguing one side or another or presenting information and opinions of general interest, sent in by individuals are welcomed. We are not interested in personal beefs, however, nor can we publish anything that is libelous, too lengthy or unsigned.

As for the affiliations of the writer—we don't care if he belongs to a labor union or the National Association of Manufacturers, to the GOP or the Progressive party. The only reason our Safety Valve exists is just that: It offers our readers a chance to get it off their chests, whatever it is. And if it's political—well, in an election year, what isn't?

Slowly race barriers are crumbling. Rudolph Bing, new executive of Metropolitan Opera in New York City, says he will give roles to qualified negro singers for appearances with the Met. He'll have many names to consider: Marian Anderson, Dorothy Maynor, Paul Robeson, Roland Hays — though Robeson might want to turn his part into a pro-commie performance.

The state board of control announced that it "accepts" the new state office building. What would it do if it didn't? Ask for double its money back?

President Makes Detailed Appeal to Editors For Mobilization of Newspapers in Cold War

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

WASHINGTON, April 20.—(AP) President Truman has made a detailed appeal for mobilization of the nation's press in the cold war.

The president, addressing the American Society of Newspaper Editors, makes clear his belief that in addition to unifying the American people behind a bipartisan foreign policy, the American press can make its echoes heard abroad.

The things he says about the importance of doing so are the things we have heard all along. That America has truth on her side, and that a careful presentation of it will eventually penetrate to confused and misled people everywhere.

On the government's part, the president announced a new and intensified campaign by the U.S. information service, conducted in connection with diplomatic

outposts abroad, and through the radio.

The importance of this program is attested by the efforts of Russia and her satellites to stop it. Russia has resorted to an extensive effort to jam the incoming radio broadcasts, at heavy expense both in money, equipment, and the sacrifice of some of her own broadcasting facilities.

There has been a pressure campaign against the U. S. information offices in every communist-controlled country. Czechoslovakia being the latest to issue a "cease and desist."

All of this goes to prove the effectiveness of even the comparatively small effort which is now being made. I have told before in this column of watching the Germans flock into the British library amid the heaps of bomb ruins in Essen. People in every communist country where these little lamps burn on the road to liberty have braved official suspicion and even arrest to obtain information about the outside. But gradually, like western diplomatic representatives themselves, the offices are being frozen out. The totalitarian

states cannot stand the glare.

In asking for the conscious support of the American press in this program the president overlooks one of the major problems. That is an adequate presentation of American policy by the government itself.

The American people themselves don't know, with regard to many facets of policy, what it's all about. Policy is frequently apparently in vague outline before it is announced, and later concrete efforts to explain come as "old stuff" and never overtake the vagueness. Much policy has been a reaction to Russian pressure, coming about gradually so that few understand that not one American in a hundred — perhaps not one in a thousand — knows what the idea of "European integration" is. But they get angry because the Europeans don't come across if the U. S. paying the bills, asks them to.

There has been some improvement in this respect recently. But if American newspapers are to do the job the president asks, there has got to be more frankness and more clarity, and better exposures of it at the top, on the everyday steps.

Henry Talks Himself into Liking Fishing

By Henry McLemore

HOMOSSASSA SPRINGS, Fla., April 20.—This comes to you from Homosassa Springs. Running from Homosassa Springs to the Gulf of Mexico are nine miles of the best fishing stream in Florida. It would be my luck to be exactly where I am because if you have ever laid your eyes on a man who hates fishing it is Henry McLemore. I wouldn't know a royal coachman from a hotel doorman. I don't know the difference between a dorsal fin and a salmon. And what do you think I'm surrounded by? People who have dedicated their lives to fishing. I have a room and bath here at the Homosassa Springs hotel but do you know what I sleep in at night—a creel.

As I write this, on my left is an authority on speckled trout. On my right is a man who has spent the last 37 years studying the habits of bass. Directly in front of me is a woman who can tell you the weight of the world's record perch. With her is her husband who can not only tell you the weight of the perch but can give you the name, the middle name, and the street address of the man who caught the perch. What I am trying to tell you in this simple column is this one thing: I am surrounded by probably the greatest group of fanatics in the world and I am wearing myself out trying to talk their language.

You can't tell people who love to fish that you think it's undoubtedly the world's worst pastime. If I stood up and announced that to the group that's here at the Homosassa Springs hotel they wouldn't be satisfied with just cutting my throat or wringing my neck or gouging out the purple which I call my eye. They would have to figure out a new and completely different way of eliminating me from this world. If you don't think their conversation is dull let me quote about three of four paragraphs of it.

"You mean to say you caught that with a wriggler?"

"The best fishing in the world is three miles outside of Chile because that's the only place in the world that I know of today where you can catch a rainbow. And when I say a rainbow I don't mean a trout; you can actually catch a rainbow."

"I know the place you are talking about but what kind of tackle do you use for a rainbow? Will a 13-ounce line hold a rainbow?"

"This is the sort of thing that's going on around here while I'm sitting here listening to it. The awful thing about these fishing fanatics is that they train their young to be fishing fanatics. The 8, 9 and 10-year-old boys and girls speak with complete authority on how high a dotted freshwater cart jump, and when you ask them out of plain politeness where is the best place to fish for dotted freshmen they don't even have to hesitate for an answer. They tell you New Haven, the upper reaches of Cambridge and the back water of Princeton."

In ending this column I would like to end it so that anybody who likes to fish will never read this column again. And when I make that statement I know exactly what I'm doing. I'm alienating most of the men in America, because most of the men in America love to fish and are probably trying a couple of flies while they read this.

Let me repeat what I have just taken 600 words to say—I don't like fish and I don't like people who catch fish, and in case you have missed the point I don't like people who like to fish.

But I'll let you in on a little secret. Let the sailfish run while you count ten and set the hook. Don't do it before that because that's the only way you'll ever get your sailfish. And if you don't think that the feel against the line when a "sail" nails it is not one of the great, lovely feelings in the world, you are plumb crazy. And if you've ever fished for tarpon under a full moon at midnight and seen that game fellow walk on his tail across the water, you know that probably the nicest thing you've ever done in your life is fish. To catch a small-mouth bass.

Shucks, I'm talking myself into liking fishing.

(Distributed by McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Better English

By D. C. Williams

Better English—ed page 1. What is wrong with this sentence? "The war has affected food supplies all over the world."

2. What is the correct pronunciation of "deport"?

3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Believe, relieve, receive, sieve.

4. What does the word "plausibility" mean?

5. What is a word beginning with im that means "very slight, gradual, or subtle"?

ANSWERS
1. Say, "over all the world." 2. Pronounce de-port, a as in acc, second syllable. 3. Receive. 4. The quality of state of seeming likely. "His explanation contained an element of plausibility." 5. Imperceptible.

Gordium, where Alexander cut the gordian knot, is in west-central Turkey.

MODERN DRONE IN THE INDUSTRIAL BEEHIVE



Comes the Dawn

By Jane Eads

WASHINGTON—(P)—The navy's "Operation Fiddler" could be adapted for you and me— heavy weights and lightweights alike. Beginning with the "Battle of the Midriff," advice in its booklet "Feel Alive" could apply to anyone—the "big bass" people and the folks who merely "need tuning."

In plotting a course in weight reduction, the booklet suggests you will be wise to get expert advice from a physician. Your job will be to follow his advice and to "stay on the beam."

"At meal times you don't have to be a martyr or stand out like a sore thumb to be diet-wise. Dieting means calorie restriction—you can eat anything you want providing your daily calorie intake in balanced meals equals your daily energy out-put," the booklet says.

Posted in the navy pamphlet's "Rogue Gallery" is a list of "heavies" you are urged to watch lest they "slay you"—pie "heaping a la mode," "soda pop transfusions . . . by the bucket," candy bar "crunching with calories," wheatcakes "stacked with usual accessories," spaghetti "drooling with sauce and cheese;"

Government engineers this week taking soundings on dangerous gravel bar building up in middle Willamette river at Salem . . . bar causes cross-current creating mean situation at boat landings on Salem side . . . pet dog swept clear under pier . . . boat renting nearly at stand-still.

Engineer dredges, which clear river of bars every spring, now operating at Independence and Newberg; expected at Salem soon . . . bar at Salem raises heck with all river operations—takes three tugs now to herd log raft under bridge . . . one raft broke loose, smashed four boats on shore.

No, that wasn't a British Redcoat or a Royal Guard with that bevy of girls in town Thursday . . . the dolled-up gent was dolled-up to dole out samples of fags . . . his pix was on the packages . . . wot price fame!

Fun at city hall . . . Girl with not-too-bright look in her eye flashed into police station . . . to pay up on overtime parking ticket just awarded . . . "Hurry up with my change," she yodeled . . . "Why?" counter cop shot back . . . "Because," shrilled the flustered female, "I'm now parked in a bus zone."

Marion county election clerks estimate nearly 90 per cent of late comers to poll books were out-of-staters registering for first time here . . . great majority registered as democrats.

Scene on street . . . brand new car pushed by two youths both eating ice cream cones . . . steering boat was girl munching cone . . . running alongside . . . another girl . . . also up to her neck in ice cream tid-bit . . . spectators watching with tongues hanging down their shirt fronts.

Grin and bear it



Ways in Washington

By Gene Handaker

HOLLYWOOD — If you're an Academy award nominee, your applause-getting power will be indicated by how far back you sit at the ceremonies. The farther back, the higher your crowd popularity is rated by planners of the event.

Johnny Green explained the idea to a dozen reporters who showed up the other morning at the Pantages Theatre. The 22nd annual awards presentation, when statuettes called Oscars are handed out for the preceding year's best picture and performances, will be held there March 23. Green, the composer of "Body and Soul," is general director this year of moviedom's biggest annual glam-or-carnival.

Nominees will be seated down front on both sides of the two main-floor aisles. Johnny explained. Most folks are more interested in the star nominees than in candidates for technical awards. Past experience has shown that some of the latter don't get enough applause to last while they're walking to the stage. "It's very embarrassing, regardless of music," Green added. "On the other hand, we know that Olivia de Havilland, for example, can get enough applause to carry her from the tenth row."

Therefore, the bigger the name, the farther back.

Still, an effort will be made for the first time to "humanize" the technical awards, Johnny continued. "If you announce that so-and-so gets an Oscar for 'a high-frequency, double-oscillating megaphone,' it's pretty dull," he said, nibbling picking an imaginary invention out of his thinly thatched dome. "But if you say it enabled Gregory Peck to talk

cream and sugar "with coffee . . . gallon a day;" hot biscuits "battered and jammed by the baker's dozen;" malteds "thick . . . double thick . . . and WOW!" hors d'oeuvres and highballs "beaucoup calories;" "beer and pretzels, "Chubby's choice."

If you are on the slender side and need "toning and tuning up," the high calorie foods would seem more appropriate, the booklet suggests. If you are overweight, the low calorie foods plainly "make good sense." As for exercise, "Feel Alive" warns that pushing yourself away from the table is the only exercise which reduces you permanently.

To lose even one pound of body fat by exercise alone is a tough job. The navy cites a few examples worked out by Dr. Arthur H. Steinhaus, George Williams College, Chicago, of just how hard it is:

Walk 66 1/2 miles (mile in 17 1/2 minutes). Stand for 160 hours. Shovel 114,739 pounds of sand. Run 43.2 miles (mile in six minutes). Climb 48 times to top of Washington Monument. Do 5,714 push-ups from floor.

The navy is ready for your arguments: "You say you'd from four to five hours in a football workout, or three hours of tennis in the hot sun. You lost weight all right—there's no denying it. But that weight was mostly water—not body fat—and in a few days you had it back again. Permanent weight loss is a horse of a different color."

Hollywood on Parade

like an old man, that's interesting.

At one side of the stage there'll be a glass-enclosed booth where Announcer Ken Carpenter, Ronald Reagan and Eve Arden will describe the excitement to a world-wide radio audience. Paul Douglas, radio announcer turned actor, will be master of ceremonies.

Downstairs dressing rooms with long mirrors, a sad reminder of vaudeville's golden era, will be press headquarters. Award winners will be shuttled among newsmen, still photographers and interviewers on an assembly-line basis. The two front rows of balcony seats are being removed to make room for cameramen.

Outside there'll be searchlights sweeping the sky. Grandstands will be jammed with fans shrieking as their miniclad, orchid-adorned favorites step out of chauffeured limousines. Y'ep, it'll be quite a night.

Sitting Pretty
The makers of dining room chairs must think it their bounden duty to subordinate the comfort of man to the whims of structural beauty.

—J.W.S.

Union Bible Class
under the auspices of Salem C.B.M.C.

Friday at 7:45 p.m.
At Bethany Evangelical And Reformed Church
Marion & Capitol
J. R. Turnbull, Teacher
Subject: "Satan, His Origin, History & Destiny"