

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sweeps Us, No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## Nature Wrathful at '51

The raw elements of nature, in the fading hours of the Old Year, provided a reminder that man with all his know-how can't kick up as widespread a rumpus overnight as the weather itself.

Shipping in the North Atlantic took a terrific beating, from the tiny British steamer St. Kieran, which was literally tossed on the shores of Western Scotland, to the giant Queen Mary, disabled on its trip home to pick up Winston Churchill for his call on President Truman. Many ships remained off-shore to weather it out; others were in dire trouble, and still others were unable to take to the sea at all. Deaths ran into the scores. Trans-Atlantic plane schedules were all but nil.

Mist, fog and rain shrouded the fate of several missing domestic planes; Southern California had its heaviest and most damaging precipitation in years; record snows brought suffering and disrupted holiday traffic in many parts of the northern and central states.

It was a fitting close to a fitful year. But most of the violence appeared on the wane New Year's Eve—except for auto fatalities. Perhaps there was something of a good omen in the tremendous upheavals of nature as 1951 faded out. Short of all-out war, there wasn't much of a bruising that mankind didn't take the last 12 months. Tension, taxes and temerity rose to new heights. Patience, poise and politics went to new lows.

But there was no surcease from the eternal quest for the Good Life. Selfishness gained new ascendancy over selflessness. There were more goods, more food, more conveniences, more comforts than ever before in history—for part of the world. And in that same part, there was more bickering, more stubbornness, more intrigue, more complaining, more fears than in any peace-time year on record. In the other part of the world, excluding the Red Shroud, hope still flickered fitfully against the prejudices of nationalism but at least the hope lived and can grow strong over despair in the fateful months ahead. Behind the Iron Curtain of corrupted might, cracks of hesitancy, the snarling of the unsure and the mounting of the Big Lie may or may not be portentous for world peace.

But the constant search for the common good of mankind, unwearying perseverance in the face of setbacks and evil, and an eternal faith in a Just God seem to have as good a chance to triumph in 1952 as at any time in history. The year 1951 was not a total loss—the solidity of free nations remains. Nature has a right to be wrathful at our stumblings. But at least we're on course. And all things considered, 1951 was a pretty good year.

## Doctors Should Co-operate

A La Crosse doctor has refused to accept an appointment to a commission on the nation's health needs, set up by President Truman. He gives as his reason the belief that the commission is "an instrument of practical politics."

He would be in better standing with the public if he had waited to see what developed with the commission. If it did appear to be working into a political tool of any kind, then the doctor could resign with cause. As it is, he acts on an assumption.

The public may feel that the whole profession

## America Likened to Gulliver, Caught in A Web of Threads Made by Little Men

By JOSEPH and STEWART  
ALSO

WASHINGTON — Who remembers the old edition of "Gulliver's Travels," with the splendid first illustration of Lemuel Gulliver prostrate on the shore of Lilliput, tethered to the earth by a thousand tiny threads? The Lilliputians swarm over the giant like a multitude of ants. Their king stands boldly on one of Gulliver's waistcoat buttons, crowing his triumph over the invader. And poor Gulliver, this captured while he slept, strains hopelessly against his trivial, innumerable bonds.



Joseph Alsop

This can serve, alas, as the image of America at the new year of 1952, when one depressing twelvemonth closes, and another, one hopes less dispiriting, opens before us. For the time being at least, a tribe of midges seems to have mastered this great nation, and all its strength and promise are hampered and confined by the webs that they have spun.

There are still some big men, to be sure, who ornament our public life; but they are being shouted down, at the moment, by the midge majority, who can not or will not measure up to the nation that they serve. These midges' small ambitions, little squabbles, equal misdeeds, and tiny, shrill opinions fill our front pages, so that each morning's newspaper is a perfect midges' carnival. Our

politics have become a Tom Thumb sideshow, where our citizens pay five cents to gaze and be astonished that anything can be so petty.

Yet the half-amused and half-indignant gapers are still normal men and women—the splendid American crowd, cheerful and shrewd, curious and companionable, full, above all, of a wonderful, inexhaustible life and vitality. The public faces life contorted miniatures, but there is nothing undersized about the people who work the farms and man the factories and ride the lonely range, who crowd the county fairs and jam the city subways and keep up with the Joneses in the suburbs. These are a great people, known by their works.

In the narrow Korean valley night comes on, and an American Infantry battalion awaits the enemy's attack. A captain, making the rounds of his company's position, stops at a forward outpost to ask an almost beardless corporal how things are with him. "Well, captain," he says, "I guess they're likely to keep coming for quite a while, but if we just keep staying, we'll be O.K."

Or in a cafe in Rome, an Italian intellectual discourses with irritated cleverness on the queer relationship between America and Europe. Your ways, he says, are not the ways of Europe. What Europe knows, he adds, Americans often do not understand. Why, he demands, must these Americans always hanker to be liked by Europeans, who feel for them the double distaste all must feel for foreigners and rich relations? "But then," he adds with a wry smile, "I must admit that disliking you Americans is a luxury you have made possible for us Europeans. For if you had just left Europe to the Soviets, all Europe would long for America today."

Or at the Guildhall in Lon-

is hostile to any study of the nation's health needs. That is not true, and doctors should be ready to serve on a commission set up for the purpose by the President of the United States. Unless the doctors co-operate with "politicians" the latter may write the ticket for the doctors as well as for their patients.

## Fruit-Growing Problems

According to the Hood River News high shipping rates are threatening the very profitable fruit gift-box business. The gift package of pears and apples and nuts has been a means of disposing of no inconsiderable quantity of Northwest products at profitable prices. The business has provided a great deal of employment in the weeks before Christmas. When the higher shipping rates are added to the local costs for the products, the packing materials and the labor involved the total is apt to go beyond what the traffic will bear.

The News also reports that low prices of citrus fruits offer sharp competition to Northwest apples, which makes things tougher for the apple-grower.

Fruit-growing in the Northwest has been both prince and pauper. Loss of export markets was bad for Hood River apples. Last year quality deteriorated during storage and many apples were dumped. The industry however has shown good power of survival, and may be able to adjust itself to its new difficulties.

## Ingratitude

Recall the San Francisco woman who tried to commit suicide and was brought back to life after a faint breath was detected at the city morgue? She is asking the city for \$533 as damages. She claims she suffered back burns during her stay in the City Hospital.

This arouses the ire of Dr. Geiger, the city health director, who points out that she received eight days' care at the hospital, the attention of four doctors and three nurses, received several transfusions of blood and plasma as well as intravenous and glucose feedings. He says: "It is an extraordinary thing that one should be sued for saving a life." He could well quote from Shakespeare:

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
Thou dost not bite so night  
As benefits forgot."

The Commodity Credit Corporation has lost over a billion dollars through its dealings in farm products. Nearly half that loss was chalked up on its potato deal. The result of its buying program has been to hold up the income of farmers—and the prices paid by consumers of farm products. Judgment on whether the program has been good or bad will depend in large measure on what one's personal interest is; but prosperous farmers are good buyers of city-made goods.

Loyola University of Los Angeles and the University of San Francisco have abandoned football indefinitely. These are the fourth and fifth Catholic schools in the West to cancel this sport. The University of Portland made its announcement to that effect months ago. Trying to keep up with the athletic process is an expensive luxury. These schools have courage to maintain themselves primarily as educational institutions.

don, the General rises, smiling, erect, and somehow, for all his five stars, looking more stalwart citizen than professional brass hat. In his plain, flat Kansas voice, he paints a picture of new hope for the free world. And the applause bursts out for the American who has raised the spits of the Continent, and is building the defense of freedom.

By such remembered glimpses, the traveler learns to recognize America's work in the world in these past six grim, beleaguering years. Yet these United States are the real, the major work of the American generations. They came from many shores, from many nations, to build a nation bold in its liberty, wealthy from its energy, splendid in its broad expanse. These Americans and this land together seem, somehow, undefeatable. Take the people and the country together, with all their faults and all their virtues. Consider their strength and hopefulness, their vast resources, their liberality and ingenuity and humane sympathy. They will not be beaten either by any foe abroad or by the little men at home.

These people have, in truth, a funny habit. They are tolerant. They are easy-going. They let the little men bother them for a while. And then, like Gulliver himself, they remember who is master, and the little men are cast aside, and greatness is resumed. That is what can happen in this coming year. If it does not happen, the future may be dark indeed, for this country and the world. Yet if America resumes her greatness, recalls her old self-confidence, finds again leaders worthy of the nation, the time of fear and of frustration may be shorter than we think. This is an era when greatness, and greatness alone, holds the promise of peace and plenty; and America, capable of greatness, can realize that promise.

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## YOUNG MAN WITH A FUTURE



## Comes the Dawn

Once upon a time there was a man who decided to Turn Over a New Leaf for the New Year. Personally he felt himself without serious blemish—on the other hand he knew he was not as the driven snow, so . . . As soon as his new halo stopped tickling he trotted into the kitchen to tell his wife about it. He found her under the kitchen sink doing some repair work on the plumbing. As he watched he filled his pipe, scattering tobacco all over the floor. He was careful, however, to break the match in two before he tossed it on the rug.

"Dear," he said to his wife, "here we stand on the edge of an old December peering uncertainly into a cold new January. Now is the time of year for all good men to resolve to improve themselves. So I have decided to Turn Over a New Leaf. Furthermore . . ." His wife crawled out of the sink cabinet. "Well, well, that's fine, Buster," she said. She shook his hand, patted him on the head and gave him a stick of chewing gum. Shyly she led him through the kitchen into the utility room.

Silently she handed him a yard rake and a pair of over-shoes and pointed out the window. "There is a whole yard full of leaves just aching to be turned over—and here is a dandy turning instrument." Feeling a little trapped, the man said: "No, you've got the wrong idea, again. By Turning Over a New Leaf, I mean that I intend to improve myself—if necessary. And I intend to help you and family more—if possible. He followed her down the basement steps.

"Do you mean," she asked as he stood by watching her expertly fill the sawdust hopper, "that I won't have to repair the plumbing anymore, or do all the painting or keep up the yard or take the kids to the dentist all the time or do all the garden work or . . . ?" "Now let's not get hysterical about this," said the man as he followed his wife upstairs—where she began to nail up some shelving in the hall closet. "I just mean that I intend to sort of make myself more available—I think."

"I suppose then," said his wife, sawing through a two-by-four with practiced ease, "that you'll take us all out more and help with the shopping a little and drive the kids to school once in a while and fix their toys and . . ." Her husband, wore out by now, eased himself onto the living room couch. As his wife sawed through three more boards, she thought she heard him saying something more about the turning of the leaves. Some minutes later, when she came out of the closet, her helpmate was snoring easily . . .

## Quote for the Day

It is by the goodness of God that in our country, we have

these three unspeakably precious things: Freedom of speech, freedom of conscious, and the prudence never to practice either.

Mark Twain

## GRIN AND BEAR IT

by Lichty



"... We could ask my Civilian Defense unit over . . . It might be good practice cleaning up atomic bomb damage . . ."

## Chimney Perch Not for Suicide

EAST NEWARK, N. J. (AP)—A man who teetered perilously from atop a 365-foot chimney for an hour Sunday told police, "I'm Irish and I just wanted to prove it." Almost overcome by smoke, Clarence Gillen, 31, was led away to jail for investigation after clambering down from his perch. At one point, Police Sgt. Joseph Duffy shouted to him: "Are you going to jump?" The chimney sitter peered down and replied: "Do you think I'm that crazy?" He finally came down when smoke began pouring from the chimney.

## Better English

By D. C. WILLIAMS

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "I feel badly about the fact that the company has deserted the project."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "allopathy" (system of medical practice)?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Adolescent, adherence, adhesive, ad infinitum.
4. What does the word "nescience" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with ag that means "to make great, as in size, power and honor?"

## ANSWERS

1. Say: "I feel bad about the fact that the company has abandoned the project." 2. Pronounce second syllable lop, o as in on, and accent second syllable. 3. Adherence. 4. Total ignorance; lack of knowledge. (Pronounce nesh-i-ens, both e's as in net, accent first syllable). \*You have exhibited nescience in this matter."
5. Aggrandize.

## BECKE and WADSWORTH

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## CORRECTION

In yesterday's ad, the price of cigarettes was incorrect. Below is the correct price.

Reg. 17c CIGARETTES Ctn. 200 \$1.59

**Fred Meyer Drugs**  
FOR THRIFTY BUYERS

## No—Belief in God Is NOT Enough!

Many people are risking their eternal salvation on a "religion" of their own . . . which is actually no religion at all.

"Oh, I believe in God," they say, "but I don't go to church. I'm just not the religious type."

Almost everybody, of course, believes that there is a God. Common sense tells us that this is so. But if we actually believe there is a God, should not this same common sense tell us we must do something about it? And how can we give expression to our belief in God if not through religion?

Religion is simply the consequence of our realization of Who God is. It is our striving to be honest and consistent with this knowledge—to learn and fulfill our duties to our Creator.

Catholics believe that God created us for a definite purpose . . . that He gave us the intelligence to recognize what that purpose is—and the means to fulfill it. It is through our religion that we give evidence of our desire to honor and serve God. It is through religion that we approach God in faith, repentance, love and gratitude.

If you are living in the belief that you don't need religion . . . that all you have to do is to believe in



God and live a moral life . . . we urge you to ask yourself these questions—NOW: "Why am I living? Why did God create Me?" The most elementary common sense answer is that you are living because God created you . . . and that God has a purpose in doing so. Catholics believe it is our duty to find out what God's plan is for our lives—and do our best to live it.

**Free**  
If you have been living without any deep religious convictions . . . it will pay you to read a specially-prepared pamphlet which we will send you without cost or obligation. It discusses such questions as: Can the truth of Christianity be proved? Is it honest to ignore religion? Is science, ethics or education a substitute for the Church? Also other topics that should concern you deeply. For free copy write today . . . ask for Pamphlet No. KC-18.

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