

When Is It Right To Kill?

Recently a certain physician was charged with murder and publicity swept the nation over a question that is not new—the advisability of “mercy killings”.

This editor has given the question, not only on this occasion but at previous times, considerable thought and meditation. One must admit that those who carry the banner in favor of such killings do have some points. Many persons, after having watched some one they loved in incurable pain, have prayed that the afflicted one might not have long to live, and death's coming brought a type of sweet repose. But, be that as it may, the mortal man with wisdom great enough to decide whether innocent people should live or die has yet to come into existence.

It has been my privilege to know over the years many fine and respectable doctors. Their character has been without question and I have considered their friendship of intrinsic value. As a matter of fact, with many of these men I would entrust my life. However, there must be a line of demarcation and this would be it. Entrusting of life is one thing, but any thing, thought, or principal that would destroy such a sacred trust should not itself be allowed to live.

The law of gravity is at times very severe and there would seem times when it might be convenient to break. However by this time most folk realize that it cannot be broken without the costly consequences. God's laws also at times would seem convenient to break but with parallelism to gravity they cannot be broken.

While the problem of where to begin an appeasement with the mercy killers would be tremendous, the question that would dwarf it into oblivion would be, where would it end.

I am reminded of the wise parent who in reprimanding a disobedient child gave this sage bit of advice. “There are certain things in life we cannot have”. Certainly there is a truth for us. There are certain factors which cross the horizon of our life that cannot be ours. The taking of a human life must fall into that category.

Editors Letter Box

There are times when community problems, personal complaints, constructive suggestions and such become very much like the weather. Everyone talks about it and nothing is done about it.

Sometimes if we talk to the right person something is done about it. May the editor make this suggestion? If you are one of those persons that has such a suggestion why not write to this paper and let us publish it. We would of course, like to know your name, if you should choose to write. Names will be withheld if the writer wishes.

LYONS

By EVA BRESSLER

Old man winter took another bang at the Lyons area, with the telephone company suffering the hardest blow, tearing down the lines which had just been rebuilt from the previous storm. Six inches of snow was dumped onto the already 15, knocking out the power lines leaving the town without electricity most of the day, and again marooning the people on McCully mountain who had just dug out of a ten day hibernation, closing the school for the rest of the week and both saw mills are closed down, but there are two busy companies, the gas heat men and the fuel man, who were going in high then the temperature plunged to 6, below at the Mt. Jefferson mill at 4 a.m. and continued to stay at a low mark throughout the day.

Mr. and Mrs. George Clippell received word of the birth of a daughter

SALEM LAUNDRY

SERVING THE CANYON AREA

PICKUPS AT

Laundry—Nu-Method, Mill City and Stayton
Laundry and Dry Cleaning—

Ken Golliet, Mehama; Mt. Jeff Cafe, Idanha
Dry Cleaning—Santiam Self-Service Laundry, Detroit

163 South High SALEM Phone 3-9125

MILL CITY MEAT MARKET

Quality Meats & Groceries

Frozen Foods

Friday & Saturday Special

Campbells Tomato Soup

3 cans for 25c



It's New!

MEANDER INN

Where Friends Meet

On Highway 222, Linn County Side

MILL CITY

Tony Ziebert

George 'Sparky' Ditter

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

'Too Little for Brains' Idea Is Hindering Research Medicine

By BILLY ROSE

Today, I'd like to tell you about a talk I had with a doctor who is doing research work at one of the New York cancer clinics. He made me promise not to use his name because he was afraid he might be blacklisted by the foundation which pays his salary. I began by asking him to sketch in his pre-research career.

"The usual 10-year grind," he said. "Four years of college, four more at medical school, a year as intern, and a year in residency training."

"What made you go into research?"

"Like a lot of young doctors," he said, "I couldn't get used to sitting by while a patient died simply because I didn't know anything else I could do for him. Every time I looked up into the eyes of relatives gathered around the bed of a man in the last stages of cancer, I told myself that my job wasn't to go on using the hit-or-miss techniques but to get into a laboratory and help find the real cure."

"How did you go about getting started?"

"I made the usual applications," said the M.D., "but I soon found the hospitals and universities had no funds to hire research men, and that I couldn't get a job unless a foundation paid my salary. To complicate things, most foundations won't give you a fellowship unless you first have a job. In addition, it's almost impossible to get a grant until you've published a certain number of scientific papers and, of course, you can't publish such papers until you've worked in a laboratory and had a chance to do research worth writing about."

"It finally boiled down to this—I could work for nothing in a cancer laboratory, or I could take a job paying \$120 a week doing research for a cosmetic outfit. Well, I had just gotten married and was ready to settle for the money, but my wife wouldn't hear of it—she went out and got an office job and made me stick to my test tubes."

"How long did you work for free?"

"About a year," said the doctor, "and then the head of the medical center—a very decent guy—squeezed me onto the payroll at \$28.87 a week."

"You could have earned more washing dishes."

"I managed to get by," said the doctor, "but the following year my wife had a baby and had to quit her job. After that, it was pretty rugged. As, for instance,



Billy Rose

we couldn't afford to buy a crib, and the youngster had to sleep in a donated baby carriage.

"Somehow, though, we pulled our way through, and by the end of the following year I had gotten a couple of research pieces published. With these to back me up, I applied for a fellowship paying \$3,000 a year."

"Minus withholding tax, I presume."

"It may not sound like much, but I felt like John D., Jr. when the grant came through," said the doctor. "Last year, I went through the application rigmarole again—275 typed pages—and this time I got the full \$3,600."

"WHAT DO YOU DO to earn all that money?" I said.

"I'm in charge of three cancer projects and help on half a dozen others. On the side, I run a throat clinic, work in the wards and give seminars."

"Any chance of a raise?"

"I'm afraid not," said the doctor, "and, as far as fellowships are concerned, I'm getting near the end of the line. I'm 29 now, and the foundations don't like to make grants to men over 30."

"There's always the job in the industrial lab," I said.

"It may come to that," said the M.D., "but I hope not. No matter what it pays, I want to keep plugging away on cancer. It seems a lot more important than developing a new shade of face powder."

The day after our talk, I happened to pass the medical sky scraper in which the young doctor works, and I noticed that an additional wing was under construction. Dozens of steel workers, bricklayers and carpenters—all averaging around a hundred a week—were getting in each other's way.

Over the half-finished entrance was a space which looked as if it might eventually be filled with a block of marble on which a fitting inscription would be carved.

"I know what it ought to be," I said to myself. "Too much for bricks, too little for brains."

UNEMPLOYMENT SPIRALS

Unemployment in the State of Oregon has shown a continued increase with a present estimated total of 5700 people out of work, the State Unemployment commission reported this week.

The shutdowns in logging operations and the lay off of sales and service personnel following Christmas made the major contribution to this increase. Although it is expected the woods industries may call back some men relatively soon no great relief can be expected until the opening of agricultural demand in March and April. New unemployment insurance claims filed through this office during December totaled 1,742 showing a considerable increase over the previous month.

Don't Borrow — Subscribe!

IDANHA

By REBA SNYDER

At a meeting of the local firemen Wednesday night Sam Palmerton was re-elected Fire Chief and Warren Stoll was re-elected Sec. Treasure. Other officers elected were president, Jack Haseaman; vice president, Frank New; 1st. Captain, Homer Thacker and 2nd. Captain, Wayne Woodward. Carl Schaffer was named chairman of the committee to finish the interior of the fire hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Girod and sons returned Thursday p.m. from a two week vacation along the west coast, in Vernonia and Lebanon, Oregon.

A horse's kick resulted in a broken leg for John Tucker Saturday. He was immediately taken to a Salem hospital for treatment.

Saturday night Mr. and Mrs. Warren Stoll entertained at their home Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Girod, Mr. and Mrs. Frank New, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Pittam, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Schaffer and Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Synder.

Weekend guests at the Henry Heibert home were Mr. and Mrs. Eldon Haley and sons.

Idanha awoke Tuesday morning to 10 degree sub-zero temperature and frozen pipes. However, things are not always what they seem, as last year was thought to be one of these in seven year winters.

Due to a breakdown the unemployment people were not able to be in Detroit Tuesday to sign up the unemployed as usual. Those wishing to sign up had to drive to Mill City.

JUST ARRIVED—

Ladies and Children's Umbrellas
Bath Towels — Aprons
Handkerchiefs
Sheets — Embroidered Cases
Tablecloths

Hendricson's Store

Balcony Epp's Store

McEWAN

PHOTO SHOP

Next Door

to Jenkin's Hardware

Open Friday Afternoons

PHONE 2243
Mill City

DR. MARK HAMMERICKSEN

REGISTERED OPTOMETRIST



In Jenkins Building

MILL CITY

(Formerly Baker's Jewelry Store)

Telephone 2243 for Appointments

Open Every Thursday 1 to 6 P.M. 6 P. M. to 8 P.M. by appointment
* Eye examination * Glasses fitted.
* Eye glass adjustments * Broken lenses replaced

General offices at TenBrook Jewelers, 313 W. 1st St., ALBANY

HOME AND STORE OWNERS—

EXTRA ROOM

EXTRA DEN

EXTRA BATH

GARAGE APT.

RUMPUS RM.

PATIO OR BARBECUE

WHAT IMPROVEMENTS DO YOU NEED?

NEW FRONT PAINT WORK

NEW INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT

CALL US FOR CONSULTATION NO OBLIGATION

Complete Supply of All Your Building Needs . . .

SHEET ROCK
DOORS and WINDOWS
BOYSEN PAINT

Featuring new low prices on Monotex — the paint with the sand finish.

KELLY LUMBER SALES

OPEN SATURDAYS

Phone 1815

RUSSELL KELLY, Mgr.

ter born to their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Clippell of Mehama, at the Salem general hospital January 28. She has been named Patricia Marie.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Julian and son Thumper returned home the last of the week from Akron, Ohio, where Julian attended a convention, and was joined by Mrs. Julian and Thumper, making the trip home in a new car. They visited his grandmother in Missouri, also relatives in Indiana. They also visited in Indiana. They stopped in Texas, Mexico and California.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Free and sons left the last of the week for Rochester, Minn., where they will spend some time with relatives.

Deo Bridges, small son of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Bridges was brought home the last of the week from the Salem Memorial hospital following an appendectomy.

The B. J. Thrallkill family have moved into the J. H. Johnston house recently vacated by the Chet Grimes family.

Mr. and Mrs. Art Andersen entertained with a canasta party at their home Friday evening. present were Mr. and Mrs. Jack Linglass and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Teagan of Mehama.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Walworth spent several days in Portland where they attended funeral services for his aunt Mrs. Laura McDonald.

Kenneth Johnston of Bremerton, Wash., spent the weekend in Lyons where he was called by the sudden illness and death of his mother Mrs. Daisy Johnston.

Mrs. Catherine Lyon spent the weekend in Portland at the home of her daughter and family.

Little Sandra Duggan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Duggan was brought home from the Dornbecker hospital in Portland, where she had spent some time for treatment of exzema.

Some boys like snow and some don't. There are several in this neighborhood who will be glad to see the ground again. They say it isn't any fun to leave their bicycles at the highway and walk through the snow to deliver their papers, but nevertheless they are right on the job.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kunkle who are pasturing their young stock on the Keith Saichenberger place near Jordan, report extensive damage done by dogs to several young calves.