



EDITORIAL PAGE

LA GRANDE OBSERVER

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"Without or with friend or foe, we print your daily world as it goes"—Byron.

RILEY ALLEN, publisher

Grady Pannell, managing editor George Challis, advertising director
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It's A Big Question At Christmas

Every year, about this time, there pops like a thunderclap out of a clear blue sky into the minds of certain youngsters one of the biggest questions of their life. It is not restricted to any group of people or to any class of society. Why or how it arises like a great ogre to trouble a juvenile mind is almost as unanswerable as the question of what makes the stars twinkle. If you are a parent, it will get to you sooner or later and you will have to face up to it. It usually comes without warning and catches you totally unprepared but it will have about this wording: "Mom, is there a real Santa Claus?"

What can be more disturbing? Thoughts whirl madly.

With each passing year the answer is found in more forceful synonyms and the philosophies of a God fearing people.

Though never answered completely or entirely satisfactorily it approaches the truth to say:

My dearest, your mind is so young to bear such a heavy burden. Yet you are old enough to begin to develop the things called character and your ideals.

Santa Claus is an ideal. He is perfection of what just about every child wants his parents to be at Christmas. He is a spirit—a symbol. To Americans he is thought of inseparably with the birth of the Christ Child and the tidings of "Peace on Earth and Good Will toward men" which he brought to earth. To the children of other religious teachings in other lands where Christmas is observed, Santa may be somewhat different—but no less real for the difference.

He is a constant reminder of our early

religious teachings to rekindle the sputtering spark of christianity. A reminder to share the cup of human kindness with those less fortunate, perhaps, than ourselves and to take renewed hope in a world that sometimes seems so hopeless. He is the symbol of all our hopes for lasting peace and love of our fellow man.

Believing in Santa Claus is an embracing of precious ideals, not an escape from reality. Neither is that belief a chasing after rainbows but, rather, a revelation of the things that shape our lives. It helps to refocus the material things and to bring into proper perspective the spiritual side of living.

Who is there to doubt that a generous spirit, such as Santa's had something to do with the prosperity of our nation or our own hearts and consciences and to our freedom to follow the dictation of worship in the church of our choice without fear of reprisal? Perhaps it is also his constant protection that keeps our homes "our castles" and assures us that they will not be invaded by tyrants who know no laws but their own. And that we need have no fear for our person, family or property so long as we keep the rules laid down by society.

It is not impossible that the same benevolent spirit makes it possible for our children to pursue the branch of education equipping them for their destiny—their place in the sun—the place they may choose for themselves.

Yes, these are but a few of the things our faith in the great Christmas Spirit is wrought of. But to Americans wherever they are at Christmas time, Santa is very real.

It's An Old Spanish Custom

Ike said somewhere on his trip that he had seen a lot of strange things on his various travels, but on this trip he is seeing many sights he has never seen before. Reports from those following the presidential tour help us realize how utterly different other parts of the world are from our own. For example, Spain.

In Spain the President was expected to introduce at least temporarily, a new custom—breakfast—when he conferred with the head of state, Gen. Francisco Franco.

The schedule of normal life is such

in Spain that breakfast, such as it is, is usually nothing more than coffee and rolls. But Ike was to breakfast with Franco at 8 a.m. That is an unheard of hour for most Spaniards to be up and about, much less eating a meal.

Spaniards traditionally have a big lunch early in the afternoon, and seldom have dinner before 8 p.m. But Ike is not expected to do in Spain what the Spaniards do. At least not in the morning. But on his first night in Madrid he was the guest at a banquet starting at the "early" hour of 9 p.m.

DREW PEARSON SAYS:

Nationalism Is Blamed For Losing Moroccan Air Bases

EN ROUTE—Two men, both with divided objectives and emotions, sat down, opposite each other recently in the beautiful emerald-tiled throneroom in an ancient Rabat.

King Mohammed V of Morocco, lineal descendant of the Prophet, is divided between his own personal friendship for the United States and the strident demands of his subjects that he push American military bases in to the sea.

President Eisenhower was divided by knowledge that these bases have been the most important in the world for the U.S.A. second to none except that in Thule, Greenland. They have been a pistol at the Kremlin's head, with B-47 bomber crews on night-and-day alert ready to take off Moscow-ward, each with as much explosive power as all the bombs, all the shots detonated in World War II.

These are the bases the White House has referred to when Russia was threatened with immediate retaliation in case of war.

Yet, the president also knows: 1—That the new intercontinental ballistic missile, which fires 5,000 miles, will make these Moroccan bases obsolete; 2—That his better relations with Khrushchev will permit him to save half-a-billion on these bases—if those relations continue.

Nevertheless, as a military man, he would like the right to keep those bases hitherto so vital to American defense.

Picturesque Monarch

When the king granted me an

audience some time ago, he sat in a low golden throne dressed in white flowing robes which left only his hands and face exposed. He had just ridden to prayers on a white mule harnessed in red leather. A golden umbrella was held over him, as black Moroccan troops riding on white horses, with red harnesses and red fezzes, escorted him to the mosque. It was a picturesque and beautiful spectacle of an old world monarch in old world surroundings, in a country where the most modern weapons of war were based for retaliatory attack.

"In the past," the king told me, "my ancestors had excellent relations with the United States. Unfortunately, they were disrupted for a time by certain problems, but I am happy that we are closer together again."

The king spoke with sincerity. But the strident voice of Arab nationalism has become stronger and stronger in Morocco. So has the voice of Morocco for democracy. Both voices cry with a single objective—oust the U.S. Air Force.

Mohammed V is one of the more moderate rulers of North Africa. Times have changed since his ancestor, Sultan Moulay Ismail, practiced the technique of mounting a horse and cutting off a slave's head simultaneously.

Mohammed V still keeps two wives behind veils and under wraps, but his handsome daughters swim in bikinis on the beaches near Rabat, with U.S. air-

men and young Mohammedans fluttering round them. The king is a devoted father, gentle, pious, works hard at the job of ruling Morocco which he loves, but not at the job of shaving which he hates. He likes to drive his own car and on occasion bowls with his cook.

Mohammed V has been working at the job of ruling Morocco—intermittently—ever since he was 18. Intermittent interruptions were caused by the French, who picked him over an elder brother in the first place because they figured he would be easier to handle. They were wrong. They were so wrong that in 1953 they had to banish Mohammed to Madagascar, then bring him back when French rule over Morocco went to pot.

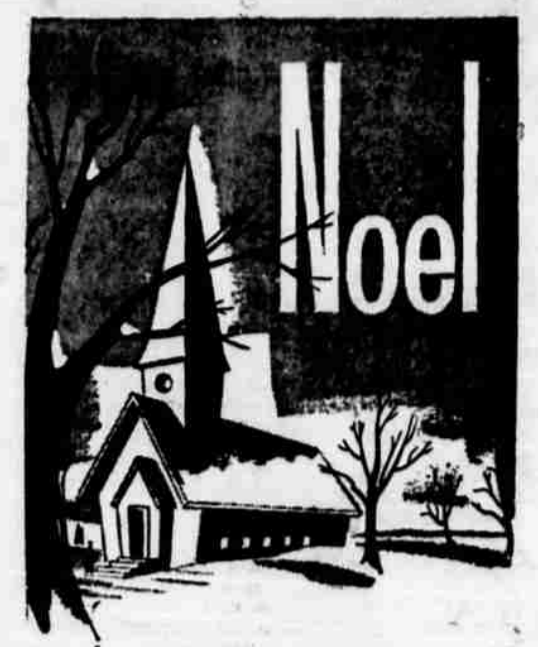
When he came back the independence of Morocco was proclaimed. The French are still here, but on sufferance. Their status is less certain than that of the United States.

Many Moroccans have a soft spot in their hearts for the U.S.A. because it was Franklin D. Roosevelt, meeting with Churchill in Casablanca in 1943, who insisted that Mohammed, then a sultan, be given an audience. And despite Churchill's frowns, FDR therewith gave Morocco a push toward nationalism.

That push has carried so far that Mohammed's own party, the Istiqlal, claim he isn't achieving the "revolution." They want fas-

ter reform and the American Air Force out. The Air Force pumps about \$50,000,000 a year into the Moroccan economy; directly or indirectly employs 10,000 Moroc-

icans; also wins \$40,000,000 of out-right economic aid for Morocco. On the whole American troops are well-behaved and relations excellent.



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Best Wishes
For the Holiday Season!

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REMEMBER WHEN

25 years ago, the piano pupils of the Misses Hilda Anthony and Ida McMeekin here gave a recital. Pupils participating in the program included William Baillie, Kathryn Finlay, Christina Hurley, Betty Emmett, Hildegard Rettig, Harriett Turner, Fredericka Spaeth, Lloyd Cady, Eliza

beth Foley, Wayne Williamson, Robert Hogensen, Lillian Knautz, Kathleen Williamson, Patricia Hail and Francis Clark.

With Christmas due, the white snow mantle hung on, assuring the entire La Grande area the traditional winter wonderland flavor.

15 years ago, tribute was paid to Sgt. Donald Matott, 23,

son of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Matott, former La Grande residents. He was serving overseas with a unit in New Guinea. He attended Central Grade School and La Grande High before entering the service.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Rayburn, 1304 W. Ave., announced the marriage of their daughter, Grace, to Capt. Walter Hinkley, Lancaster, N. H.