

Herald and News

Editorial Page



JIM BISHOP: REPORTER . . .

Nixon Plans To Maintain GOP Titular Spot

LINCOLN, on problems of our time:

DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT I go for all sharing the privileges of government who assist in bearing its burdens.

DEFENSE I think the necessity of being ready increases— Look to it.

CIVIL RIGHTS Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and, under a just God, cannot long retain it.

FREEDOM What constitutes the bulwark of our own liberty and independence? It is not our frowning battlements, our bristling seacoasts, our army and our navy. These are not our reliance against tyranny. All of those may be turned against us without making us weaker in the struggle. Our reliance is in the love of liberty which God has planted in us. Our defense is in the spirit which prized liberty as the heritage of all men, in all lands, everywhere.



LABOR & MANAGEMENT Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration. Capital has its rights, which are as worthy of protection as any other rights.

PEACE ...to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

Fitting And Proper

Nineteen-sixty-one marks the Centennial of the outbreak of the Civil War. As befits the importance of this conflict and its incalculable effect upon the history of the American people, many public gatherings, battle reenactments and other observances have been planned.

to Lincoln, are long since vanished into dust, the principles which impelled them are as alive and vital today as they ever were, and in as great danger.

A Way To Test

The condition of America's youth continues to be a subject for warm debate. Many will argue that the phenomenon of delinquency is considerably exaggerated, and that to the extent it does exist it is at least as much the fault of parents as of their children.

won't make the effort. Even with it, some will not. But the family is always the unit of resistance against any sort of weakening trends. It is the bulwark that must hold out. It is the keeper of tradition, the preserver of strength in any society.

Outdoor Advertising

Whose fault is it that they come now to the labor market so badly prepared? Certainly this is one demonstration of the failure of our school system to meet the demands of the day. But that is not all.

(The Christian Science Monitor) "Bigger than all outdoors" used to be a superlative of general application. The outdoor advertising industry appears bent on having it apply only to billboards.

By JIM BISHOP (Copyright, 1961, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

MIAMI — One of America's unemployed rat in the back seat of a big red Chrysler Imperial talking about the future. His name is Richard Nixon. He has no job, no stocks, no bonds. I am convinced of three things: (1) He will be the fighting head of the Republican Party; (2) he will run for governor of California next year; (3) he will not run for president in 1964.

Since his defeat for the presidency last November, Mr. Nixon has been silent about the future. Pundits have speculated in public, but the man with the dancing eyes and the scowling jewels has said nothing. He has been called a gracious loser. His wife was so sickened by the tight race for the presidency that she has hoped, out loud, that he will be content to go home to Whittier, Calif., and start the private practice of law.

Richard Nixon is not only in love with his wife, he is also her partner in devotion. He listens when she speaks. He took her to the Key Biscayne Hotel in Miami, he took her to Nassau, and back to Miami. The Nixons have a villa on the opposite side of a pitch-and-putt golf course from mine. The former vice president spent a lot of time thinking.

This morning, in company with Bob Neale, managing director of the hotel, he phoned me and asked would I join him on a yachting cruise to Coco Lodo. I declined, with regret. He said he would like to see me for an hour to talk about the tomorrows, all the tomorrows.

I met him in the hotel parking lot. "Hide with me to the boat," he said. "We can talk in the car." His friend C. G. Rozzo drove. In the front seat sat Roger Johnson, of Superior Oil Company, an old friend from Whittier.

Mr. Nixon talked. What he had to say came openly and fully, in a moody monologue. The sky was cloudy, and the breeze warm. He crossed one black shoe over a knee, and put his dark straw hat on top of it.

"My problem is not one of money, Jim. The offers from law firms amount to more than a man would earn as president. Besides, taxes are such that money can not be a factor. My problem is to make a basic decision as to whether I'm going

to commit a majority of my time to private interests. My future must be either private or public."

He squinted in the breeze from the front window and asked Mr. Johnson to roll it up. "I can only look two years ahead at a time. It is impossible to go further than that because situations change. However, I want to write. I want to speak. I want to travel. One of the things I must learn is how to take a vacation. Pat and I spent nine days in Nassau and five at the Key Biscayne and I'm fidgeting."

"I have no staff. I'm on no payroll. Take the mail I receive. It comes to two or three hundred letters a day. It must be answered. I have a fantastic number of requests to make speeches. And I'm telling you right now that I haven't made a final decision on anything yet."

He wiggled the black shoe and studied it. "After 14 years, I'm not in a position to cut off public life. The making of money, in private practice, is not exciting to me. I would"—his face fractured itself in a grin—"be bored. I have a house with a mortgage and a little money in the bank."

"You see, a retiring president gets a pension and a staff. A vice president gets nothing. In two years, I will qualify for a civil service pension." He was silent, studying the pale jade waters of Biscayne Bay as we crossed Rickenbacker Causeway. His mind was moving ahead, and coming back to a common theme.

"I will not be satisfied to retire to private life. I'm not going to be a vegetable. I will not retire from public life."

He was thinking the things he had thought many times, except that now he was thinking them out loud to a man with a dancing pencil. "I have had law offers amounting to \$150,000 and \$250,000 a year with unlimited vacations. I'm going to take a job. So far, I haven't decided which one. I want a job which will give me lots of time for a separate life."

"I must learn how to relax, to have time to read philosophy and history."

"Who is the real head of the Republican Party?" I said. Mr. Nixon shed the role of the nice, polite chad boy at once. He clenched and unclenched his jaws and the mandibular muscle flexed under the blue beard.

"The argument about who is the titular head of the party is silly," he said. "The actual leader is the important person. No one be-

comes a leader by saying: 'I am the leader.' He must command the respect of the people in the party. The contributions I make to the party, their quality as well as their quantity, will make me the actual leader of the Republican Party."

This was an oblique shot at Governor Rockefeller of New York, who has been accused of doing as little as possible for Nixon in the campaign and who lost New York's 45 votes to Kennedy, and Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona, who, according to the Nixon people, aspires to lead the party back to the aloof conservatism of Herbert Hoover. It was also a word to the wise to Senator Everett Dirksen of Illinois and Representative Charles Halleck, of Indiana, who have been looking in mirrors for a new party messiah.

"I'm taking a sabbatical from politics for the next few months," he said, "because I believe that it is fair to permit the new administration time to launch its program, without carping. It will take a few more months before we begin to see the meat of what they have to offer."

"Then I intend to speak out on all big issues. I also plan to reinvigorate the Republican Party in the states. I will assert leadership. I will go where I am asked to go, give ideas and assistance, and I will especially urge young attractive candidates to run for office."

"Suppose others dispute your claims to leadership," I said.

"I am the leader of the party," he said. "I am not going to reply to every man who sticks his head up and says: 'I'm your new leader.' What is more important than those little things is that the Republican Party must stop being the exclusive club it pretends to be. It must open its doors to the young and vigorous, the college students, the big city groups."

"We have a little time, but we are going to have to work on the precinct level, the city level, the county level and on up to the state and national level. There is no short cut. The Republican Party needs work. I have literally tens of thousands of suggestions from young voters for improving the Republican Party. I intend to issue a report about this."

The car stopped in front of a small house. Through an archway, the blue bows of the yacht Alisa V showed. It belongs to Elmer Robst, president of Warner-Lambert. We got out of the car. "Come aboard for a min-

ute," Mr. Nixon said. "We won't shanghai you." Some young children at the dock snapped his picture and he paused to shake hands with them.

On the rail stood Leonard Hall, the man in the moon who used to be Republican national chairman, also General Wilfred Parsons who, I believe, was an assistant to President Eisenhower. There were greetings and Mr. Nixon showed me through the 96-footer. He will cruise around Coco Lodo (Adam Key) for two days. He doesn't care much for fishing.

We talked a little more in a cabin below. From Mr. Nixon, and from those who enjoy his confidence, it is obvious that he is certain that Rockefeller and Goldwater will be candidates for the presidency in 1964. The tentative strategy—subject to change by circumstances—is that 1964 will be a bad year for a Republican to run for president. Mr. Kennedy will have completed one term, and power tends to run to power. It is difficult to unseat a man who has had one term; Hoover was one of the few who proved exempt to this rule, and he lost in 1932 only because the land was deep in the dust of despair.

Nixon, therefore, would prefer to run for governor of California next year. This will do several things for his future. It will bring him back in the national public eye if he beats the incumbent, Pat Brown, and he is known to feel that, at age 48, he can afford to wait eight years for another shot at the presidency. He won

California in a slow countdown last November and, any Republican who can win a state in which there are a million more registered Democrats than Republicans, has a right to feel that the road back is through Sacramento.

The former vice president is also opposed to governors who win one election and then project themselves as possible presidential candidates. He will not comment adversely on Governor Rockefeller, but the animosity is plain. "As leader of the party," he said, "I intend to have considerable to say about who the 1964 candidate will be."

"Under no circumstances," he said, "will I run for governor of California in 1962 and run for president in 1964. If I win, I will serve the complete term." He feels that former President Eisenhower will come out of Gettysburg to help the party whenever he is asked. Ike is expected to start work on his memoirs at once.

"I can wait eight years," he said, studying a painting of two young girls in the dining salon, "but, in that time, I would have to be doing something—publicly. If, on the other hand, I determined that I want to be nominated for the presidency in 1964, I'm pretty sure I could do it."

We said goodbye. He stood at the rail. I looked back and waved. Of one thing I am certain: This man is going to fight for control of his party, and will hang onto it until he gets one more shot at the presidency.



NOTHING SPECIAL

(W. B. S.)

Nelson Reed recently moaned thusly in the weekly Rotary bulletin, and I'm in complete agreement with his gripe:

One of the great disadvantages of traveling in this country is that you have to put up with the public's taste in music—or lack of it. No female feline crying its biological urge over the night air could make the night more hideous than these "hot blues" singers on juke boxes in wayside restaurants. They scream and moan that their hearts will break if they aren't smothered with kisses. You only hope that they'll bust wide open and you don't give a dang what smothers them—just so they shut up. But there is always another moron to add his nickel to the agony, and they go on and on until you scream silently in anguish and dash out without paying for a meal that never was worth all that suffering anyhow.

I guess Nelson hasn't been keeping pace with the times. He will be happy to know, I'm sure, that those stupid recordings cost 10 cents for each wail. Petrillo and ASCAP must have their cut, Nelson dear.

Harold Ashley also penned a few cogent remarks which bear repeating. He said: This might be an appropriate spot to give vent to a pent up gripe against those pests who desecrate our roads and highways with their garbage.

For some reason, a roadside in the woods where the beauties of nature may be enjoyed seems to invite that sort of "animal" to dump his refuse. Come to think of it, most of the "lower" animals are a good deal cleaner in their personal habits than some of the two-legged variety.

An instance comes to mind. Last summer we drove out the Lake of the Woods road for a short Sunday afternoon outing, and stopped for some photographs. An old stump in the snow-brush above the road seemed a likely location for a shot back down the road. But you can guess what was behind the stump—a rotting, stinking mess of garbage in the remains of a cardboard box: cooking oil bottles, empty milk cans, medicine bottles, discarded cooking utensils.

At least this individual had enough decency to hide his refuse.

Another time, shortly after the slickenside at the Geary Canal bridge was uncovered, we stopped there to see some geological wonder. Someone else had beat us to it. For there, among the embers of a fire, were some partly burned orange peels, paper napkins and plates, pop bottles, and other evidence of people enjoying our great out-of-doors. But the most astounding discovery of all was a piece of paper among the litter which turned out to be a page from a song book. The title of the song was "God's Beautiful World."

Warren Bennet furnished me some information for a Progress Edition story the other day. It shows that something more than 500 families were moved into Klamath Falls in 1960, and that about an equal number of families were moved out.

The United States is truly on the move. During the 50's the almost unbelievable proportion of about one out of five families moved each year. California and Florida have been swamped by new residents. On the other hand, 28 states and the District of Columbia lost population. This is a strange new period in history for the United States. In view of the fact that these migrations cause giant headaches for both the areas which gain and the areas which lose, it is something which we will have difficulty in getting accustomed to.

A friend of mine has it all figured out—and he'll make a great efficiency expert. He doesn't do much, he says, because he figures the less he does, the fewer mistakes he'll make.

All this fussing about the Congo reminds me of the time a cannibal was dressed in European fashion and sent to college to grow up in the ways of civilization. While on a transatlantic boat for the first time, he went for a meal in the dining room. The waiter asked him, "Would you like to see the menu?" He hesitated only briefly before he replied: "No, I would like to see the passenger list, though."

And I'm reminded of a cartoon I saw recently. It showed two cannibal-like persons sitting under a jungle tree. One is obviously eating, and the other is stirring the typical big black pot. Says the eater: "He tastes good—like a missionary should."

All this by way of saying that I don't think all of the international do-gooders in the world are going to correct the Congo situation for a long, long time. The Congolese, and the people who demand "equality" and "freedom" for them are doing themselves and the world a disservice. It is a situation that defies solution by some of the world's great leaders. Yet, we have high school groups which consider themselves ready to pass a resolution favoring self-government for a horde of savages.

After weathering a financial crisis, it appears that the Modoc Area Boy Scout Council is on the way to becoming financially solvent by the end of this year. I like the approach the finance committee has taken in one element of providing finances. They're going to emphasize parental participation, and ask the parents of Scouts—Cubs, Scouts, Explorers—to kick in something extra. It's a lot of hard work, but an excellent idea, and one I hope will bear fruit.



THE DOCTOR SAYS . . .

Don't Expose Class To Feverish Child

By HAROLD T. HYMAN, M.D. Written for Newspaper Enterprise Assn.

A distressed mother protests the action of some of her neighbors who send children to school when they have a fever. She says there are times when a working mother has no alternative since there's no one to care for the sick youngster at home.

But most times, according to her experiences, the mother defends her action on the ground that the feverish child "doesn't really feel sick," "hasn't a rash," "didn't want to miss classes or a class play," "would drive her out of her mind if she kept her at home."

Then what happens, says my correspondent, is that most of the class gets really sick, "plus a few others."

The lady couldn't have found a more receptive ear into which to pour her complaint. For it is a fact that contagious diseases are most highly infectious during their period of incubation or in their very earliest stages.

By the time the nose is really running and the whoop is heard at the end of the coughing spell and the rash is seen on the face or body, the damage has been done. And much of what we do thereafter is like locking the stable door after old Dobbin has been stolen.

Now, as my correspondent suggests, there are times when the working mother is desperate, perhaps fearful that she'll lose her job. Then, it's her obligation to instruct the child to go directly to the school nurse or doctor both as a matter of self-interest and for the protection of others.

But there's nothing to excuse the mother who exposes a whole class of children or a group attending a party merely as a matter of her own convenience.

Unfortunately, there is nothing that any one can do officially to prevent such occurrences unless, of course, there's an active PTA whose members would be willing to make representations to the woman in question.

In answer to many questions, there is no danger of stimulating cancerous growth through the use

of simple diagnostic fluoroscopy or an occasional X-ray filming, although even these small exposures should be avoided, if possible, during the first three months of pregnancy.

By the same token, reasonable exposure to sunlight or to a sun lamp is not to be feared.

Dear Reader: Dr. Hyman appreciates your comments and questions but regrets that the heavy volume of his mail doesn't permit him to answer each individual letter or post card. However, he will comment in columns like the above upon matters of general or unusual interest.

For a copy of Dr. Hyman's leaflet "How to Choose Your Family Doctor," send 10 cents to Dr. Hyman, care of Herald and News, Box 489, Dept. B, Radio City Station, New York 19, N.Y.

Almanac

By United Press International Today is Sunday, Feb. 12, the 43rd day of the year with 322 more in 1961.

The moon is approaching its new phase. The evening stars are Venus and Mars.

On this day in history: In 1609, Abraham Lincoln, 16th President of the United States, was born in what was then Hardin County, Ky.

Also in 1809, famed British scientist Charles Darwin, creator of the concept of evolution, was born.

In 1912, Chirra became a republic when the Chinese nationalists, led by Dr. Sun Yat-sen overthrew the Manchukuo dynasty.

In 1924, Paul Whiteman conducted a program of symphonic jazz highlighted by the first public performance of George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue."

Thought for today: Abraham Lincoln said: "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."

Manitoba

ACROSS 1 Manitoba has a total area of 211,775 square miles 5 — is its capital 11 Tux layer 14 Handel's forte 15 Measure of paper 16 Rodents 17 Fruit drink 18 Make a mistake 19 Trains (ab.) 20 Shoshonean Indians 21 Canvas shelter 24 Minkies 25 Indian timber tree 26 Mrs. Truman 27 Faucet 29 Nile 30 Feminine appellation 31 Narrow inlet 32 Female student 33 Upper limb 35 Electrified particles 36 Sacrificial block 38 Miss Harding and others 39 Sun 41 Cognizance 43 Conducted 45 Slight coloring 45 City in Nevada 46 It is a Canadian 48 Worthless table bits 49 Alien 50 Essential being

Answer to Previous Puzzle

STEW PARE CAT ARIA AVEE HIR BERTINENT TDA STE BIG EYELER ALA ALAS SHIP REGALE TINTONE AVEE EREGOT BISE TRIL DOB IAN ENDS PULSATE BLOPE AKA VALIDATES TAU ALEN GITES BLS LEDA HOPE 34 Creators 35 Motionless 36 Change 37 Leases 38 European mountains 39 Warble 40 One time 42 Face part 44 Important metal 45 Fish eggs 47 Virginia (ab.)

DOWN

1 Entice 2 Turn aside 3 Approached