

Herald and News

Editorial Page

Needs Shoring Up

It is an old story that President Charles de Gaulle of France has his own ideas about his country's relationship to NATO. Unhappily, it is a continuing story, with each succeeding chapter growing grimmer.

Thoughtful statesmen and diplomats, appreciative of France's individual aspirations but deeply wedded to NATO as a barrier to Communist advance, feel that De Gaulle now is going to extremes.

Some even have suggested severely that he has reached the point where he is trying to make NATO serve France's narrow national interest alone, rather than to have France contribute through NATO to the general safety of Western Europe.

Of late years, NATO has been so often in crisis that it has hardly known normalcy. Secretary General Spaak's resignation was at least in big part a protest against member nations, including France, which would not honor their military commitments.

De Gaulle of course has long since withdrawn the French Mediterranean navy from NATO. More recently he has been trying to make the French military command wholly independent of NATO authority.

Certainly De Gaulle has many grave problems of his own. But he has exhibited enough statesmanship in other fields for it to be plain

that he must understand NATO's life and death need for a full co-operative effort.

That he refuses to make this effort can mean either that he allows his best judgment to be blinded occasionally by his devotion to France, or that he really does not believe in NATO's value.

Only the most delicate diplomatic approaches can possibly cure any emotional blindness.

But if the general needs persuading as to NATO's merit, President Kennedy already has begun that process by stoutly reasserting America's faith in the organization and pledging it more, not less, U.S. support.

Inevitably, our assurance of support must lead to settlement of the pending issue whether or not we should give NATO a nuclear striking power. The Eisenhower administration tentatively agreed to that last December, but no final decision has come since.

NATO has lived too long in the half light of inadequate support and weak conviction. Either it must be built up by all concerned as a positive asset for security, or it should be scrapped.

If the intent is to build, the first effort must be to put that old building block, Charles de Gaulle, back into place as a full supporting pillar.

The Boiling Cauldron

Nobody likes to be insulted, either as an individual or as a citizen of a nation. Nobody likes to hear his country attacked or vilified or disparaged by another nation. The instinctive reaction is to reach for a club, and dispassionate reasoning becomes an unpopular attitude.

That is what is happening today. In recent years, months and days, Americans have been amazed again and again at expressions of dislike and distrust for the United States and its allies—in South America, in Cuba, in the Congo, in the United States.

It seems most unfair, for if American history is not a sham, this country has always stood for freedom and the right of the common men of all nations to pursue their individual happiness. This country has fought for those ideals, many Americans have died for them.

All this seems to count for nothing today, as the United States is held up by some as the chief enemy of world peace, the source and symbol of imperialism.

Too often, anti-American or anti-Western riots and revolutions are written off as "Communist inspired," implying that Communists possess some kind of magic, hypnotic charm that can transform quiet, reasonable folk into fanatic anarchists.

Undoubtedly these phenomena of our time are Communist inspired in many, or even most, instances on the surface. But this easy

verdict ignores the fact that there are great undercurrents of unrest in many nations of the world. Even professional Communist agitators must first have the powder of human frustrations to work with before they can set off an explosion.

Americans must realize that Castro is not Cuba, just as Robespierre was not France at the time of that great revolution. Neither can the turmoil in the Congo be simply explained as caused by a man named Lumumba.

Robespierre was eventually guillotined, but that did not end the French Revolution. Neither will the death of Lumumba nor the wished-for downfall of Castro solve the problems of those countries.

There is only one revolution going on in the world today, though it takes different forms in different countries. The question is not how this revolution is to be put down, but how it is to be controlled and channeled into constructive and lasting reforms.

The world is like a nuclear pile today, but one which cannot be shut down. It can either be controlled or let run wild. Its energy is vast, and can be utilized either for good or ill.

In their distaste for petty despots, Americans should not lose sight of the underlying causes which have allowed tyrants to come forward. We had our own revolution, and its magnificent results can still hold out hope for nations striving for national expression.

But we have to prove it to them.



OTHER EDITORS' OPINIONS

Red China's Woes

(EVENING TELEGRAM, SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF.)

The forces of nature struck devastatingly in Communist China last year. Droughts, typhoons and other natural disasters ravaged the giant land mass, excepting only Tibet and Sinkiang Province.

This story was widely distributed several weeks ago. Then the Department of State branded Red China's disaster report as another Communist lie. Our experts on Far East affairs report — and convincingly — that Communist Chinese leaders were attempting to camouflage repeated failures of Mao Tse-Tung's communal system.

The despots in Peking today are silent.

The "great leap ahead" effort, publicized around the globe, by Peking, will be slowed considerably because all present manpower now is being drafted from factories and government offices to increase production.

The most pressing problem for Mao is not to enter the nuclear arms race. Rather, if the Communist utopia is to come in this decade, he'd better be worrying over how to feed China's starving millions.

Where's The Magic

(THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR)

A long history of failure with proposed cures for farm problems naturally arouses skepticism about the administration's new plan for feed grains. A deal of consultation with farm groups and much expert study are reported to have gone into this proposal. But if it holds some magic answer, it is well concealed.

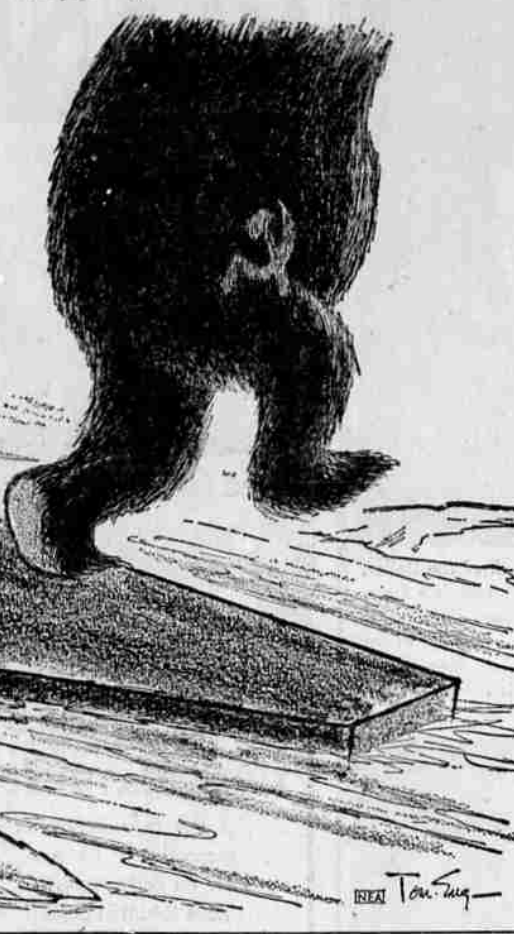
Quite visible, however, are old goals which are on their face contradictory and old gadgets which have never worked. Just how, for instance, can it reconcile these four objectives—raise growers' incomes, cut their acreage, and reduce surplus while not measurably affecting consumer costs? And, in view of continued surplus grains while acreage was being cut, how much hope is there that new acreage limits will succeed?

Incidentally, objections of farmers have apparently led to abandonment of Democratic platform pledges to control production effectively by limiting crop volume rather than acreage planted.

The land-retirement program looks much like the old soil bank. The size of payments and the payment-in-kind feature (also proposed under Secretary Benson) may help balance the higher-price-support inducement to increase production. And jumped supports for soy beans could divert some land to that crop without immediately adding to large surpluses.

The bill contains also an interesting provision for selling government-held surpluses at the market price. Will Congress leave that in? Will grain growers approve the whole plan unless they figure to balance acreage cuts by more intensive production? And if they raise enough to lift their incomes how much are surpluses cut? Where's the magic?

Steppingstone



HAPPY TIMES

Ways To Make Old Age Really Golden

By MARIE DAERR

"One ought to enter old age the way one enters the senior year at a university — in exciting anticipation of the summing-up and consummation."

"Rich in perspective and experienced in failure, the old person is capable of shedding prejudices and the fever of vested interests. He does not see any more in every fellow man a person who stands in his way, and competitiveness may cease to be his way of thinking."

This challenge to consider the later years "an advance, not a retreat" was made by Dr. Abraham J. Heschel in one of the "hit" speeches at the recent White House Conference on Aging. Dr. Heschel is professor of Jewish ethics and mysticism at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, New York City.

Dr. Heschel criticized Americans for treating old age as if it were a disease.

"The fear of being considered old has become a traumatic obsession," Dr. Heschel said. "Only very few people are endowed with the rare and supreme courage to admit their true age without embarrassment."

What this country needs, Dr. Heschel told conference delegates, is senior universities — universities for the aged "where men should teach the potentially wise, where the purpose of learning is not a career but is learning itself."

"The goal is not to keep the old person busy but to remind him that every moment is an opportunity for greatness," he said.

"Inner purification is at least as important as hobbies and recreation. The elimination of residues of bitterness, of jealousies and wrangling, is certainly a goal for which one must strive."

Dr. Heschel believes one of the major sins of old age and one of the roots of the general fear of old age is the fear of time.

"We know what to do with space, but we do not know what to do with time, except to make it subservient to space or to while it away and kill it," he said. "Time is perpetual novelty."

"Just to be alive is a blessing. The moment is the marvel. It is in evading it that boredom begins, ending in despair."

"Old age has the vicious tendency of depriving a person of the present. The old person thinks of himself as belonging to the past. But it is precisely the openness to the present that he must strive for."

Q—I'm wondering how social security payments to widows are figured. It seems to me that the widows of men who worked only a few years under social security sometimes get bigger payments than do the widows of men who paid many years into social security.—Mrs. R. R.

A—Social security payments are based on average monthly earnings. Thus, if the eligibility requirements (based on quarters worked) were satisfied and earnings had been high, benefits would be sizable.

Q—How long must a woman be married to a social security beneficiary before she can qualify for benefits?—L.F.

A—One year.

THE DOCTOR SAYS . . .



By HAROLD T. HYMAN, M.D. Written for NEA

"Is it possible for a man who has never been outside of New Jersey to have Rocky Mountain fever?" asks an overwrought correspondent. "And have you ever heard of 'ricketts' or some such thing that cause this sickness?" I can't find the word in my dictionary.

My correspondent's confusion is easily understood. What we call Rocky Mountain spotted fever is an infection with tiny organisms called rickettsia, named for their discoverer, Dr. H. T. Ricketts of the U. S. Public Health Service.

Rickettsia are about the size of viruses, that is to say they have to be magnified some 40,000 times before they can be seen in the electron microscope.

Fortunately for us, they cannot ooze through our covering membranes, as do viruses. They're unable to infect us, in fact, unless they're injected into our tissues by a biting insect like a louse, mite, tick or fly. And the biting insect carrier can't transmit a rickettsial disease unless it has first dined on the blood of an infected human patient or, more often, a sick rat, mouse, rabbit or deer.

Now, what's called Rocky Mountain spotted fever was first observed in the Snake River and Bitter Root Valleys of Montana. Here it was originally called tick

fever because it occurred only during seasons when ticks are prevalent and, most often, in persons who'd suffered tick bites.

Since its discovery the disease has been observed in eastern states and in distant countries such as South Africa, Italy and France.

Spotted fever, as it's more correctly called, used to be a serious disease. It's featured by chills, high fever and the rash to which it owes its name.

Before its cause was known and isolated and prior to the development of protective vaccines and effective drugs for treatment, it claimed one patient in five. With present methods of treatment, recovery can almost be assured.

Of particular interest to the democracies in this troubled age is the intimate relationship that exists between spotted fever and European typhus fever. The latter is also rickettsial in its origins.

As many veterans of World War I and II will remember it is carried by the body louse. Between 1917 and 1921, while Russia was still suffering the devastations of war and revolution, Prof. Hans Zinsser of Harvard Medical School estimated that "there were probably more than 25 million cases of typhus fever, with 2½ to 3 million deaths, in territories controlled by the Soviet Republics."

Just think of how the history of



NOTHING SPECIAL

(W. B. S.)

While I haven't had too much opportunity to observe, it seems to me that every time I go across Highway 58 to Eugene and points north, there is new evidence of large trees blowing or falling down, and across the highway. Yet, I never see accounts of accidents caused by these blow-downs. There's not too much opportunity to build up high speeds going through the area, but it probably would be quite an experience to have one of those mammoth trees fall down in front of you as you were going down the canyon.

Seems to me, too, that it would be more efficient, cheaper and safer to have some logger go in there and clear those big trees back away from the highway and thin out the old, rotting hulks.

It's that time, so here's one on the IRS: The Department of Internal Revenue received a typed income-tax return from a man who listed 18 dependents. The examiner returned the blank with a penciled notation: "This must be a mistake." The blank was returned promptly with the notation: "I made another mistake, I now have 19 dependents."

The current system of school grading (not necessarily in K. Falls) is designed not to encourage any parent or student. Even though Junior may be dumber than an ox, the idea is to hold out some encouragement. The ultimate in strained encouragement came when one teacher penned this note to what was otherwise a very poor report: "He contributes nicely to the group singing by helpful listening."

I always get a little mad when I see some slighting reference to "farmers." As if they are a group of clods who don't know any better than to run around plowing up the land by hand, or something. The modern farmer has arrived. He doesn't use archaic methods to till and sustain the land, but farms scientifically. He runs his farm like a business. He keeps an authoritative weather eye on economic conditions and on local and national politics. He discourses intelligently on such subjects as parity, farm surpluses, current farm legislation, accounting, soil chemistry and entomology. Nine out of 10 of today's farmers, and their children, have finished high school and probably college. Today, approximately three-quarters of a million farmers and growers earn more than \$10,000 a year.

Girls, there's something I think you should know. A Hindu manual for wives says: "Be her husband deformed, aged, infirm, offensive . . . choleric, debauched, immoral, a drunkard, a gambler, let him frequent places of ill-repute, live in open sin with other women . . . a wife should always look upon him as her god . . . remaining with eyes fixed upon him waiting for his orders."

Ah, yes.

What I'm waiting for is the day when some company will put out a disposable car—one that you can use once and throw away.

One of the returnees from a winter down south stopped in the other day to tell of an incident he ran into down there. He came onto a farmer holding up a hog as it ate its way slowly along a row of corn stretching down a field. "Say," said our astonished friend who is accustomed to seeing hogs eat in the traditional manner, "won't it take a long time to fatten a hog like that?" "Guess so," admitted the southerner, "but what's time to a durned old hog?"

Look at the flag on top of the Treasury Building picture on the back of a \$10 bill. Even with a magnifying glass, it appears to be upside down, a flag in distress. The Bureau of Engraving and Printing has turned out more than \$5 billion of tens since 1928, but nobody who has any sense to worry about the upside down flag. There have been some queries, the Bureau admits, and the an-

swer, from the Secret Service, says that it's all a matter of shading, which appears to make the flag look inverted. It actually is right side up.

For a guy who likes mustard sardines dipped in chocolate fudge, it comes as a pleasant surprise to learn that a research director for a soap manufacturer has discovered that a person can be typed by his taste in food.

After years of experimentation with chemicals, this fellow finds that people fall into four taste categories: bitter-salty; bitter-sweet; tasteless-salty; and bitter-bitter.

You can tell what foods an individual will like, he claims, just by having one put on his tongue a smidgen of phenylthiocarbamide, commonly known as PTC. Your taste reaction to PTC will determine whether you are bitter-sweet; tasteless-salty; bitter-salty; or bitter-bitter; or just plain disgusted.

When I was young and tasteless, I had a girl friend whose favorite breakfast was herring and sour cream with bananas sliced into the mess. I know that she was the bitter type—just like our relationship.

Our second youngest daughter is the tasteless-salty type. She won't touch our plain daily fare which runs to steamed hummingbird's breast, lobster boiled in vin ordinaire, and curried shrimp. The eight-year-old son, on the other hand, defies all of the categories. He is of the "is-this-all-we're-going-to-have-for-supper?" type. He comes to the table directly from the dirt pile, or the outside basketball court, and plunges into his food. Often he yells, "Is the steak all gone?"

Double-E spans all four types, depending upon what the family leaves on the plates. This comes from self-control, self-denial and adding up the grocery bills.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Bloodmobile

What a wonderful privilege, we, the citizens of the Klamath Falls area, have in assisting the Red Cross Bloodmobile Program. Our Klamath Falls hospital has blood or blood derivatives available at all times for public use at no charge for the blood itself. The blood was a gift from a volunteer donor. The small service charge charged to the recipient is to cover a portion of the cost of laboratory testing and processing and the transportation from the main Red Cross Blood Center in Portland.

Just recently I was a recipient of the blood. To make sure that the blood supply would be available for others, my husband and I replaced the blood at the last Bloodmobile visit. This was just a small way of saying, "Thank You" to an anonymous donor from whom I received blood.

To make sure that blood and blood derivatives will continue to be available, I ask you in behalf of the Red Cross to request friends and relatives to replace blood you or friends have received. Have them make an appointment to give a pint of blood at the next Bloodmobile visit which will be in Klamath Falls on Wednesday, March 8. The place is the Elks Lodge Building and the time to give will be from 11 to 1 and again in the evening from 5 to 8 o'clock. The quota for this Klamath Falls area at this visit is 300 pints.

I do hope to see many of my friends at this time as I am a volunteer worker in the Red Cross Bloodmobile Program and see the value and results of this program.

Mrs. Ole N. Lund

Thoughts

And the angel of the Lord appeared to him and said to him, The Lord is with you, you mighty man of valor.—Judges 6:12.

The courage we desire and prize is not the courage to die decently but to live manfully.—Thomas Carlyle.

Better is a poor and wise youth than an old and foolish king, who will no longer take advice.—Ecc. 4:12.

Man's worst ill is stubbornness of heart.—Sophocles.

THEY SAY . . .

I'm going to blow my horn all over that place and maybe it'll do the cats some good.

—Trumpeter Louis (Satchmo) Armstrong, before leaving on goodwill trip to Africa.

If my name were Khrushchev, I would drive a wedge into the NATO alliance. I would split the bloody thing asunder.

—Gen. Sir Richard Gale, retiring as deputy Allied commander in Europe.

BARBS

Get your mind off your troubles and you'll have your troubles off your mind.

A girl can be mighty sweet when she wants to be—or just wants.

Dumb people often land a job that's so soft they lie down on it.

Look out for the fellow who gets to big to ever feel small.

Bible Tale

ACROSS

- 1 Grandmother of Enos
- 2 First Jewish high priest
- 3 Ignited
- 12 Unit of reluctance
- 13 State
- 14 Island (Fr.)
- 15 —Haddon
- 16 Harangue
- 17 Note in Guido's scale
- 18 Moves
- 20 Later
- 22 Comfort
- 23 Mineral spring
- 26 Promontory
- 29 Mosambique district
- 30 Free nation (ab.)
- 31 Suman Indian
- 33 Paving substance
- 34 There was no room in the for the Holy Family
- 35 Light touch
- 37 Lighting device
- 41 Philippine aborigine
- 42 He seated
- 43 Stagger
- 45 Sacred song
- 47 Kind of orange
- 48 Rebel (coll.)
- 49 Blood vessel
- 50 Bushmen
- 54 Greek letter
- 55 Lethargic
- 56 Baseball great
- 57 Salt
- 58 Leader of Israelites from Egypt to Canaan
- 59 Rinceau (comb. form)

DOWN

- 1 Expunge
- 2 Clasp
- 3 Feminine appellation
- 4 Herdsman of Tekoa
- 5 Swiss river
- 6 Narrow inlet
- 7 Canadian province (ab.)
- 8 Require
- 9 Mortgage
- 10 Sickest
- 11 Drops of eye fluid
- 12 Refutation
- 21 Chanters
- 23 Tangles
- 24 Italian stream
- 25 "They"—ed David king
- 28 King of Judah
- 32 Powerful explosive
- 35 Colombian silver coin
- 36 Moorish kettledrum
- 38 Three-toed sloth
- 39 Motive
- 40 Nullify
- 41 After (Fr.)
- 44 Slow (music)
- 46 Mutilate
- 47 Cereal grasses
- 50 Ass (comb. form)
- 51 Legal point
- 52 Cornish town (prefix)

