

Editorial Page

Ready On The Firing Line?

Russia's breaking of the nuclear test moratorium gives urgency to a question most Americans have long ignored. That is, should the ordinary citizen begin thinking seriously about the possibility of a nuclear war? Should he begin building a family fallout shelter, as so many people are urging?

The belief mixed with horror that was produced by Hiroshima and Nagasaki have not yet worn off, despite our living with the atom for 16 years. The feeling that a nuclear war would mean the end of all life or, at least, the end of civilization, still colors our thinking, especially since the advent of even more destructive weapons.

Yet the idea appears to be growing on many sides that a nuclear war may be possible. Destructive, deadly, terrifying beyond anything before, but still "just another war."

The thinking is this: The little data we have upon which to predict indicates that neither side now possesses enough weapons to wipe out ALL cities and ALL life. We do not know if such a thing is even possible. Many who should know scoff at the idea that radioactive fallout would complete the job which the explosions and fires failed to do, as in the book "On the Beach."

Those who adopt this point of view argue that we do not know what cities would be hit, nor how badly they would be hurt. We do not know what areas fallout would be carried to by the winds, but its lethality and long-lasting effects have probably been overstated. We cannot say with certainty that communications and the myriad complexities of civilization upon which we depend would be completely and irrevocably wiped out.

They say we do not know that the world would be polluted, as some others maintain.

The Alternatives

Living within one's means is something of a problem to most of us. But we have to do it if we want to keep out of the bankruptcy courts—even though it means doing without many things we'd like to have.

It's high time the federal government took note of this simple truism.

The government has lived within its income just six times in the last 30 years. It is more than \$200 billion in debt—and that debt is an obligation against every man, woman and child in the country. It works out to more than \$180 per capita now, and more deficits, which will build the debt higher and higher, are foreseen for the future.

What will the results be? There are several alternatives. We can have higher taxes, or more inflation, or both. Or we can abandon the ruinous welfare state philosophy, and cut non-essential government spending to the bone.

A vast increase in necessary defense spending is commonly given as the reason for multi-billion budget deficits, and the prospect

thus assuring starvation for those who were not killed outright. The risk of damage to our and our grandchildren's genes is unproved and probably exaggerated. And freedom is surely worth this risk.

Thus prudence and common sense, they argue, demand that we do what we can, both on a personal and on a governmental level, to minimize as far as humanly possible the consequences of a nuclear war, rather than to throw up our hands in despair and so, in effect, guarantee that war, if it comes, will truly mean our end.

Let's face it, this line of thinking continues, a nuclear war would be madness, but all wars have been madness. We survived them before. We can survive this one. But why must we have war? What could be a greater deterrent to the Communists, they ask, than to have our population sheltered, ready for any eventuality?

The above, briefly, is the argument in favor of fallout shelters. In "practical" terms, the contrary argument is weak. But the reasoning of those who oppose what they call the "shelter psychosis" is, they say, more practical in a larger sense.

For the question concerns more than what percentage of the population can survive a war ("Twenty million dead" is better than 40 million," says one shelter proponent), or how quickly they can bounce back. Those who take this viewpoint assert that it also concerns what values and institutions—the heritage of 10,000 years of struggling history—will be obliterated and what values will survive.

The question, they say, is for how long more survival or destruction of civilization by the Communists.

But that tells only a part of the story—and the smaller part.

The new administration proposes to spend \$15,267,000,000 more during the 1961 and 1962 fiscal years than was recommended by the outgoing administration.

Little more than one third—37 per cent, or \$5,700,000,000—is for defense military functions. Almost two thirds—63 per cent, or \$9,559,000,000—is for other purposes, largely of the "social welfare" or welfare state nature.

Even if one thinks these new and expanded non-defense projects are desirable it must be recognized that we have reached a point where desirability is no longer a valid criteria. The crying need instead is to separate what we can't afford to do from what we must do. Men in high places speak eloquently of coming sacrifices, and call upon the American people to bear them staunchly. So how about a little sacrificing in Washington?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Crossing

Who doesn't the county court or road department fix, or make the Great Northern repair the railroad street crossing at Anderson?

Or, why doesn't the city of Klamath Falls look into it? They seem to want to tell the South Suburban people how to run their affairs. At the same time, however, the city dads have to hire some outsider to come in and run their great city.

Also, the Great Northern blocks the Anderson crossing as much as one hour and 30 minutes nearly every day.

W. M. Jameson,
Just 100 feet
from RR crossing
on Anderson.

Pay Scale

I was amazed that in the city of Klamath Falls waitresses are paid 20 cents an hour less than anywhere else in the state of Oregon.

As a newcomer to your fair city, I was also amazed to see that none of your big organizations tip the waitresses at banquets. We work hard to give them the service they want and demand. Many of us support our families on our wages of \$1.05 an hour. Is it too much to expect these big organizations to tip at least a dime each? Most of the money ends up right back on their own pockets, since we do business with them.

Name Withheld.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q—What is the world's milest river?

A—The Amazon with a length of 3,900 miles. No three other rivers of the world combined equal the amount of water the Amazon pours into the Atlantic, turning the sea from salt to brackish miles from shore.

In the U.S.A.

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|----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 Middlewestern state | 2 Columbus is its capital |
| 3 Combats | 4 Overpowering |
| 5 Grated | 6 State |
| 7 Robert E. | 8 Orgies |
| 9 Girl's nickname | 10 Head support |
| 11 Individuals | 12 Psycho parts |
| 13 Impudent | 22 Clean |
| 23 Where Oregon is located | 24 Song |
| 25 Tears | 37 Peeters |
| 38 Headgear | 27 Where Salt Lake is situated |
| 39 City in Wyoming | 40 Defeats |
| 41 Wide | 42 Destroy |
| 43 Heraldic band | 44 Weather forecast |
| 45 Rare | 46 Earth |
| 47 Blackthorn | 48 Week letter |
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1 Entry in the ledger



YOUR POCKETBOOK

Cooperative Plan Offers Opportunity

By FAYE HONL

More opportunity to earn while you learn; more opportunity to hire skilled personnel, specially trained to operate in your company, would result from more co-operative education programs throughout the nation.

Co-operative education is a plan whereby a college or graduate student spends a stated period—often the first year or two—on campus, and a stated period working for an approved employer earning the regular salary paid for his or her particular job classification.

Currently only about 5 per cent of the nation's colleges offer such programs.

The plan was examined closely during the third Work-Study in Higher Education Conference at Princeton, N.J., sponsored by the Thomas Alva Edison Foundation. Issued at the meeting was a "Report of Co-operative Education" by Ralph W. Tyler, director of the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences.

It is based on interviews with some 5,300 students and graduates and reveals several challenging aspects to the form of education.

While the primary aspect of co-operative education is not the earning opportunity, but the educational value, co-operative students showed earnings during their study period (usually five years) that ranged from \$1,500 to \$7,300. (Cost of college during the period varied from \$3,600 to \$9,000.)

Though a few co-operative students can finance the entire cost of college, they are able in many cases to earn a greater-than-average share of these expenses. For half of all co-operative students, college would have been doubtful or impossible without their own earnings.

Only 37 per cent of regular students reported that without earnings they could not have enjoyed a college education.

About one-third of the co-operative students came from working

class families, contrasted with about one-fifth of regular college students. A majority came from middle income families.

There are too few co-operative programs for women students. Most of the programs are for engineering and business administration majors. However, this type of education makes excellent sense for women, since too many girls graduate with no marketable skills and little acquaintance with the work of work.

With the trend toward early marriage, girls who graduated from "co-op" schools would have greater confidence that they could return to productive employment when their children are grown.

Since not all co-operative students are on campus at the same time, the program could be a great aid to colleges wondering how they can keep pace with the 50 per cent increase in enrollment expected during the '60s.

Q—I've been hearing about a new kind of mutual fund called tax-free exchange fund. What is it? Does it mean I don't have to pay taxes on those dividends?

A—R. R. R. You acquire shares in the fund by exchanging shares of stock you already own for those mutual fund shares. The idea is this:

Suppose you hold stock that is now selling for a great deal higher price than when you bought them. You would like to sell these stocks, but you would have a large capital gains tax to pay. Instead, you exchange these stocks for the same value of the mutual fund shares—the same dollar amount your stocks are selling for on the day of exchange. However, when you go to sell the fund shares, you will have to pay a capital gains tax based on the original cost prices of the stocks you exchanged for fund shares.

Actual exchange merely postpones payment of the capital gains tax, but it might offer greater diversification of your holdings. The possibilities of larger dividends, taxable as income, or faster growth of capital, especially in the cases where the issues you offered for exchange while fast movers once, may no longer offer the hope of such continued growth.

Almanac

By United Press International
Today is Wednesday, September 6, the 249th day of the year with 116 to follow in 1961.

The season is approaching its new phase.

The morning star is Venus.

The evening star is Jupiter and Saturn.

Go this day in history:
In 1620, 149 pilgrims sailed from Plymouth, England, aboard the Mayflower, bound for the New World.

In 1901, President William McKinley was shot and critically wounded while attending the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, N.Y.

In 1940, King Carol II of Rumania abdicated as the Germans prepared to occupy his country.

A thought for today: Italian philosopher St. Thomas Aquinas said: "The nature of virtue requires that one should not only do what is good, but also that we should do it well."



NOTHING SPECIAL

(W. B. S.)

Of all the distasteful and worthless tasks confronting most men every day is that of shaving. Every morning, it's there—that beard. And there's no getting around the simple fact that it has to come off. And the occasional dinner or after-dinner engagement requiring a little spiffiness means that the old face gets whacked at again in the evening.

You homemakers who think you have it tough with a daily routine of washing, ironing, cooking, wiping kids' noses, etc., should contemplate the inflexibility of the spouse's schedule calling for a shave before he hardly gets his bleary eyes open. I read of a man, not long ago, who committed suicide, leaving a note saying that life was "worth living because shaving was such a chore."

Got to thinking about shaving, and hankering for the old days when men did not shave. At least, I thought they didn't. But a little research shows that as far back as 3,000 B.C., men were shaving. People of Mesopotamia devised an efficient knife-like shaver with a slate handle and a blade of obsidian, or volcanic glass. The blade and handle were soldered together with dried pitch.

Through the ages, razors have been made of just about any hard, sharp substance that came to hand—including bits of flint, shell fragments and shark's teeth. Such primitive materials are still used by a few remote people from South Pacific isles to mid-Africa (maybe there's an opportunity here for the Peace Corps). Some men even carry on the heroic practice of plucking out whiskers one by one.

The language coming from a bathroom was explicit and forceful, if not "rude." "What's wrong, William?" called the l.w. sweetly. "It's this blasted razor!" roared our hero. "It doesn't cut at all!" "Oh, don't be silly," answered the l.w. "Your beard can't be tougher than the linoleum!"

And just to wind up this bit of nonsense, a recent estimate placed steel consumption for razor manufacturers at something like 5,500 tons of steel each year. That could put a lot of whiskers down the drain.

It might not ever happen to you, but if you ever called upon to define unlawful and illegal, you are supposed to say that unlawful is against the law, and illegal is a jerk bird.

If you think you've got it tough—consider the hapless teachers who this week start on another nine months of wrestling with the little monsters shovled on them by distraught mothers.

Men may be the smarter sex—but I'll bet you never saw a woman buying a bottle of hair-restorer from a bald barber.



THE DOCTOR SAYS... Hooh Not Best Diet For Infant

By HAROLD T. HYMAN, M.D.

Newspaper Enterprise Assn.

Q—Sometimes, when taking a mixed drink, my daughter-in-law (over 18-month-old baby) has a few sips. Can't this amount of alcohol have a bad effect on a child so young?

A—Although I believe your daughter-in-law is ill-advised to introduce her baby to cocktails at this early age, I cannot in good faith state that this small amount of alcohol will exert any had effects on the youngster's health.

As a matter of fact, the alcoholic content of most cocktails, especially if diluted with ice, is no higher than that of some approved medicinal fluids such as tonics, cough mixtures, vitamin preparations, blood builders (hematinics) and appetizers.

You will note that my comment applies only to the health of the child.

I am not competent to make a judgment as to the effects on character development and the like, although I would direct attention to the fact that in days gone by, the crying baby was often given a rag soaked in whisky or brandy for a soothing effect.

I know of no studies that indicated later harmful effects from this practice.

Q—My wife and I have lost three children as the result of cystic fibrosis. Recently we read of a new drug that cures this terrible disease. As we hope to have more children, I would ap-

Now, hear the sad story of Eustace:

"No sir," said Eustace Coleridge, "it's all wrong. What with the latest medical discoveries and the newest inventions, a man dies just through sheer carelessness, and not taking care of himself. Not for me, I'm going to watch my step and live forever." So he brushed his teeth twice daily with the right kind of toothpaste.

He had a complete physical examination every three months. He always stayed inside when it rained.

He slept with the windows open. He stuck to his diet—with plenty of proteins and fresh vegetables.

He had his tonsils taken out and traded several worn glands.

He played golf, but never more than 18 holes at a time.

He took ocean trips, but only when the weather was good.

He never smoked, drank, or hit his temper.

He wore arch preservers and white socks.

He never worked under a strain or drove himself.

He never worried.

He never married.

The funeral of the late Eustace Coleridge will be held next Saturday afternoon. He survived by 18 specialists, four health institutes, six gymnasiums, and numerous manufacturers of antiseptic appliances and sanitary foods.

Eustace was scanning a health chart when he stepped in front of a truck.

From a very lonely spot a woman wrote to her best friend. "My sister and I aren't really lonely. Here, we have each other to speak to. But we need another man to talk about."

The other day I had a little squib in here about the way the kids monopolize the home telephone 80 per cent of the time. From Malin, a reader asks: Have you ever given any thought to the idea of getting your children and their friends to try mental telepathy? This is in the realm of feasibility, as some colleges and business firms have proven it works.

Well, I hadn't. All I'm at so sure I want to train our little monsters further in this direction. They outguess and outsmart me enough the way it is now.

So often one is reminded that no matter how big some men may deem themselves, it takes the people in the small communities to whittle them down to size. It may take a while, but the result is always the same.

There's something feminine about a tree. It does a strip tease in the fall; goes with bare limbs all winter; puts a new outfit in the spring and lives of the same all summer.

precipitate information about the drug.

A—I believe you are referring to a new and improved extract prepared from pancreatic glands (pancreatic). It is sold as Cotarym and comes in pill form.

However, neither this nor any other drug has a curative effect in cystic fibrosis. But with skillful care, using diet and antibiotics, enormous strides are being taken in the control of this complex disorder.

For detailed information, write the director of the National Institute of Arthritis and Metabolic Diseases, at the Clinical Center of the National Institutes of Health, Bethesda, Maryland.

You may be interested to know, too, that the Institute is presently considering for admission any adult or child suspected of having cystic fibrosis. The request for admission must be made by your physician in writing or by phone.

The telephone number is Oliver 6-4000 Extension 4891. There are, of course, no charges to the patient for services rendered as a necessary part of participation in an investigation project.

Some time ago, several hundreds of my readers located for me a quotation from the "Vision of Sir Launfal" that I was unable to find. Here's another for my literary friends:

"A cup of cold water given to one of Earth's thirsty ones shall reach beyond the stars and touch the lips of Him who said upon the Cross 'I thirst.'"

Does anyone know the source of this one?



JIM BISHOP: REPORTER ...

Matador Goofs Shatter Madrid Bull Fighting

MADRID, Spain—The third matador of the day was good. He had no greatness, but he was a craftsman and he had courage. He worked his second bull up close to the barriers, and we sat behind it. We could see the young dark intent face of Francisco Rodrigo and we could see that, even when he was in trouble, the dark creamy skin did not pale and the eyes showed no fright.

The Plaza de Toros de Madrid is the world's premier bull ring, but it sometimes displays matadors who lack grace and guts. The bull fight is a prescribed ballet of death. Every move, every swing of the cape, even the kill are as precise as the curts of a duchess to a king.

These are not the days of great matadors. There are no Belmontes nor Josellitos nor Manoletes. These are the days of the Eddie Stankys and the Shanty Hogans. There were six bulls today, all of them good in their responses except the last, who had a tendency to rear up off his forelegs as he charged the cape.

There were about 20,000 persons in the bowl. The bull-fights are on Sunday and they start at 5:30 p.m. The cheap seats are in the sun and the true aficionados sit there. They know every poorly executed pass, every graceless veronica. They yell obscenities to the matador; they stomp their feet, whistle, and applaud in unison.

If the bullfighter does not improve, they throw seat cushions down into the ring. The usual program is to have three matadors. Each fights two bulls. Juan Antonio Romero fought the first and the fourth; Francisco Anton

"Pacorro" fought the second and the fifth; Rodrigo, the good one, took the third and the sixth. The band, which sits on the sunny side, is bad. It is always dominated by a trumpet player who knows the calls, but his cracked notes because he spits wine into the valves. The president sat in a high box on the shady side and, when he wanted the proceedings to move, he draped a white handkerchief over the tapestried railing and the trumpet player sounded the call.

The bulls were all black and of good size. They were built almost entirely up front in the neck and forequarters and chest. The belly and loins failed to nothing. They were uniformly fast and eager and, when they came into the ring for the first time, a roar went up from the crowd and the bulls stood, surveying the crowd majestically and then spotting the men with the capes.

Some of the early cape work was good. Much of it appeared to be defensive. Three of the bulls charged the cape men up over the barriers. One caught the cape, stepped on it, and, as the torador ran to safety, shredded the bright cape on one horn.

The work of the picadors was the worst. They sit on a horse who is tightly blindfolded, so that he cannot see the bull, and they use a long rod with a steel point on the end. As the bull charges the heavily quilted horse, the picador thrusts the staff into the bull's withers and leans on it. This is to slow him down and also, when the pain begins, forces him to lower his head for the matador.

Three times a bull got under

the quilting, lifted his head, and the horse and rider rose in air, and both fell over. It took some fancy cape work on the part of others to draw the bull away from the horse and the picador. The banderilleros are the most graceful to watch.

They stand, without cape, in mid ring, poised on their toes, capping to the bull. As he starts his charge, they run diagonally across his path, holding two ribboned knives on staffs high. As man and bull merge, the artist crouches down, planting both banderillas in the big lump on the bull's forehead. This too weakens him, and also infuriates him.

The banderilleros were of the best. They were fast and graceful and one fat one was so good that he got his latin pants ripped with a horn and won a standing ovation from the crowd.

The matadors, with the exception of Rodrigo, missed the kill. They finished their cape work, sighted between the shoulders of the bull with a long slender sword, and made a running lunge. This may be the moment of truth, but most of the time it was an awkward lie.

They missed. Two bulls ran around the ring with swords shivering in their withers. One matador used five swords to make one kill. It was, perhaps, an odd day. It seemed a sham—that, in a choice between the two antagonists, the bull had to die.

A near-sighted American captained sat behind us. When the corrida was over, somebody on the far side tossed two cushions into the ring. "Look," she said to her husband, "they have awarded him both ears."