

Herald and News

Editorial Page

Anti-Business Attitude Seen

Steel companies have to increase their wages, come October 1st. They had a previous wage increase about a year ago, under the terms of their last contract. There was talk then about a price increase, but the decline in demand led to price chiseling, not price increases. Facing the next wage increase, steel executives are heard telling the need for a price increase. But President Kennedy tells them not to raise their prices because it might touch off an inflationary spiral. He gives the same advice to auto manufacturers who can settle with the UAW only by giving a generous wage increase.

President Kennedy says nothing to the UAW about tempering their demands for higher wages. Apparently he sees no cause and effect relation between wage raises and price increases. Of course he knows better. And how can he prevent more inflation if he

indulges in deficit financing for the government and encourages (if only by silence) liberal wage increases?

Business can prevent inflation if it can reduce its unit costs of production. That usually comes with added capital investment for new and more efficient plants. Companies obtain the capital from two sources; retained earnings or sale of bonds and stocks. In either case there must be earnings either to be ploughed back in the business, or as a basis for credit. Every live business needs to have substantial earnings, not merely to pay dividends, but also to finance expansion and improvement which makes possible higher wages and lower costs.

President Kennedy's appeal for no price increases is one-sided, and will be taken by the business community as reflecting his anti-business attitude.

Summer Gone

Though fall doesn't officially begin for a few more days, and the fine September weather behaves like there's no tomorrow, anyone who has school-age children or has passed a school recently knows that one more summer is long gone.

The companies, regiments, armies of kids trooping back to books and classes are a surer sign of summer's end than anything you can read in Mother Nature. (Incidentally, need any motorist be reminded that extra special alertness is called for now when children, school buses and schools are near?)

Where did summer go? It seemed as if it had hardly arrived. The passing of summer always seems sad somehow, yet that feeling doesn't last. A peculiar excitement, an anticipation of fall soon takes its place. The weather's still sunny, but there's a nip in the night air that calls for a little extra covering. All kinds of activities get going once more—football, club meetings, theater and concert seasons.

The summer hiatus was nice, but it's good to watch the leaves turn again. Perhaps it's because we know it has to end that we like summer so much.

More Space Delays

A recent issue of the Readers' Digest documented the case against labor for countless delays in the nation's space program.

It listed numerous instances where vital programs were delayed because of petty differences.

The latest instance comes at Denver at the Titan missile base where a wildcat strike now has spread into its second day.

About a dozen men walked off their jobs following Friday's walkout of 120 construction workers at another site. Only skeleton crews remained at work during the weekend.

While the strike was labeled a "wildcat" strike, officials of the Northern Colorado Building and Trades Council expressed sympathy with its members protest over erection of a fence at one of the sites.

We're not attempting to adjudicate the dispute, nor are we attempting to take sides

in these disputes, but it would seem to us that something could be done to prevent these so-called wildcat strikes.

There has been talk of barring workers who participate in unauthorized strikes from further work on defense contracts. While this may seem drastic, it remains one of the few avenues open to the government to speed up its space program in the face of so-called wildcat walkouts which have plagued it from almost the beginning.

These walkouts have cost us time in the vital race for space, particularly with the Titan missile which is our big hope for survival in the event of a future nuclear holocaust.

Even in the face of possible national annihilation it seems some people still sacrifice sense for dollars.



Almanac Article Hits System For Teaching Failure

By United Press International Today is Wednesday, Sept. 13, the 256th day of the year with 109 more to follow in 1961.

The moon is approaching its first quarter. The morning star is Venus. The evening stars are Jupiter and Saturn.

On this day in history:

In 1788, the U.S. Congress authorized the first national election, to be held the "first Wednesday in January next (1789)."

In 1943, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek was elected president of the Chinese National government. In 1953, the Federated German Republic (West Germany) and the Soviet Union established diplomatic relations, the first since the end of World War II.

A thought for today: Greek biographer Plutarch said: "The wise man knows nothing who cannot profit by his wisdom."

THEY SAY...

Whenever men take the law into their own hands, the loser is the law—and when the law loses, freedom languishes. . . . The smallest county courthouse in Alabama and the august chambers of the Supreme Court of the United States must be dedicated to the same purpose—to maintain the individual's fundamental rights. —Atty. Gen. Robert F. Kennedy.

By LYLE C. WILSON WASHINGTON (UPI) — If this essay were a filly or a colt, its blood lines could be stated like this:

By the Saturday Review out of the Saturday Evening Post.

In their current editions these periodicals deal with a tragedy of the modern United States. This tragedy is the dictatorship of an educational system that blindly refused to teach Johnny how to read, spell, or write.

Thomas M. Cooley II is dean of the University of Pittsburgh Law School. His article in the Sept. 12 Saturday Review begins like this:

"A major and malignant disease has taken hold of the body of American education. The graduates of our colleges, including the best ones, cannot write the English language."

Dean Cooley's article is captioned: "A Law School Fights Illiteracy."

The article relates that this shocking illiteracy among college graduates is not limited to graduate schools of law. The deans of engineering, medicine—you name it—all complain that the bachelors of art or of science with whom they contend are illiterates.

Dean Cooley does not believe that faulty elementary school

teaching of reading is the cause of this alarming condition. Instead he lays the blame on the failure of high school and college teachers to compel their students to learn to write by writing. The dean recommends that high schools and colleges bear down hard in their English courses on composition and expository writing.

Maybe so. But how can they write if they cannot read, or spell? Frances W. Rummell writes in the current (Sept. 9) Saturday Evening Post of the catastrophe which has overtaken children in this country in the past 30 years. It was about 30 years ago that Columbia Teachers College went overboard for progressive education and in the process abandoned the phonetic system of teaching reading to first and early grade elementary school children.

Columbia Teachers College is the brood mare of U.S. education. Its prestige is great; its influence national. Its achievement seems to have been devastating. The teaching methods adopted by Columbia and now imposed on the U.S. school system become more serious each year. Miss Rummell states:

"In city after city, surveys reveal, almost half of senior high school pupils cannot read or spell beyond fourth or fifth-grade levels. Seven out of ten young people entering college these days must be groomed in remedial spelling and reading—which is to say, taught sixth-grade work."

Miss Rummell cites names and places where a return to the phonetic method of teaching reading has had amazingly good results without, however, budgeting the progressive educators and the mahatmas of Columbia Teachers College to lift the ban against it.

A test between students in a suburban Denver school and a school at Garwood, N.J., had these results: The phonetically taught Garwood students misspelled slightly more than 7 per cent of the words; the suburban Denver pupils botched 63 per cent. Columbia Teachers College methods prevail at suburban Denver.

Q—I am interested in starting a business of my own and would appreciate some information. The businesses I have in mind are a baby sitting agency and independent milk delivery. Please send me particulars.—E. C.

Dear E. C.: Anyone thinking of going into business on his own should check with his state's department of commerce or local chamber or commerce.

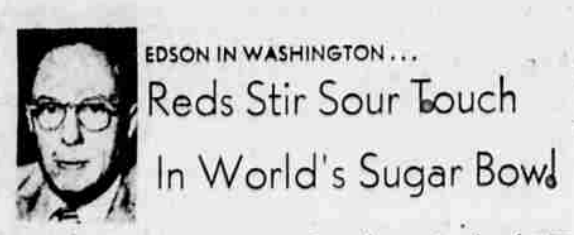
The first thing to determine is whether there is a need in your area for the service you wish to sell or a market for the product.

Ask how much money you'll need in order to get started. If you need labor or raw materials, find out about sources and costs.

Above all, get advice on pricing your product. Many a person goes into business on his own fails to evaluate his time properly.

Q—I am 69 but have not been able to get social security benefits because I have not worked long enough under social security. Will the recent change in the law help me get benefits now?—A.K.

Dear A.K.: Very likely. Under the recent change in the law a person of 69 or older can get benefits if he has as little as one-and-a-half years of work under social security.



EDSON IN WASHINGTON... Reds Stir Sour Touch In World's Sugar Bowl

By PETER EDSON Washington Correspondent Newspaper Enterprise Assn. WASHINGTON (NEA) — Soviet Russia is now believed to have moved into the position of being able to conduct an international trade war in sugar, controlling world prices and markets. The situation is being closely watched by U.S. sugar interests.

The development arises through Russia's barter purchase of four million tons of Cuban production and through the still more important fact that Russia is now the world's largest sugar producer. Its output this year is believed to be seven million tons. Cuba will be second with six million tons.

Accurate figures are not available, but there are industry reports that Russia built 50 refineries last year and has plans to build another 100. This indicates a growth potential.

Sugar is a high heat and energy food considered desirable in cold Russia. Sugar is not rationed, except by government control of prices. These have run as high as 50 cents to \$1 a pound. This yields a nice capitalistic profit to the Communists, particularly on the sugar Russia gets from Cuba.

There has been some speculation that Russia finances much of its agricultural expansion on sugar profits. Any oversupply it can dump on world markets at ruinous prices.

In what is unquestionably one of the worst deals the Castro-Guevara regime has made, Cuba gets paid in cash for only 20 per cent of the sugar Russia gets. For the other 80 per cent, Cuba must take in barter whatever Russia wants to supply—jet planes or caviar—at prices determined by Russia.

The ineffectiveness of this deal may be shown by Castro's desire to trade prisoners for U.S. tractors. It was an open admission Russia wasn't supplying what Cuba wants most.

One other sore spot for Cuba is that some of the sugar Russia takes may be leaking to the world market through Czechoslovakia at reduced prices. This violates the agreement. Cuban white sugar is now obtainable in Europe at prices below Cuba's raw sugar price.

If the Russians are thus double-crossing Cuba, it would explain Castro's and Guevara's repeated overtures to the United States for a resumption of sugar sales.

Just what's going on in this tremendously complicated business may be revealed in part at the forthcoming International Sugar Council meeting which opens in Geneva, Switzerland, Sept. 12. U.S. government and industry representatives will attend. ISC is a U.N. commodity subsidiary of 29 exporting and nine importing countries or with many observers.

Exporting and importing countries have relatively equal votes and its decisions are usually unanimous. Russia with 95 votes, Hungary with 15, and Czechoslovakia with 245 have been exporter members for 12 years. They have been generally cooperative though they haven't given much information on their own production and consumption.

The United States and Britain are principal importing countries, with 245 votes each. Russia, importing four million tons this year, could qualify as the biggest importer, but prefers to be designated an exporter.

ISC negotiated a five-year agreement in 1958 but provided that it could be reviewed after three years. This job will be complicated by world market changes resulting from the Cuban situation, new high levels of world sugar production, currently depressed prices and uncertainty over future U.S. sugar policy.

Existing U.S. sugar law expires June 30, 1962. Before that time, Congress must determine what to do with the three-million-ton allotment formerly given to Cuba but now distributed to 21 other producing countries.

A further complication is that the community stabilization program of the new Inter-American Alliance for Progress may produce some recommendations of its own on how the U.S. sugar market is to be supplied and what price it pays.

Also, there must be a determination of whether U.S. sugar beet and cane growers will be subjected to acreage limitations next year because of increased production and imports. A hearing on this was held in Denver not long ago. The domestic industry is divided on what to do to get its prices higher, but Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman must make recommendations to Congress early next year.

Secretary of State Howell Appling Jr. and former state treasurer Sig Unander, besides Hatfield, the two most prominent Republicans touted as possible Morse opponents.

Appling, despite initial pressure from the Republican National Committee, has so far refused to lend an ear. Sen. John Tower, R-Texas, on his recent visit to Oregon urged Appling to take on Morse, but Appling was firm.

Appling insists that he will not cave in at a later date. Unander is getting more and more attention, especially since leaving the door wide open in recent statements. His feelers are far afield, with Ralph Emmons, legislative lobbyist from Salem, doing much of the tickling.

Before Morse's trip to Oregon this week for the state fair, United Press International wrote the senator, asking three questions. They were:

1. "Whom do you think your Republican opponent will be for the U.S. Senate next year?"

2. "At this point who, in your estimation, would run you the hardest race: Hatfield? Appling? Someone else?"

3. "Who would you personally like to run against?"

Back came this bland—and non-committal—reply: "The only comment I shall make about the questions you raised is that I shall look forward with pleasure to talking to the people of Oregon in the 1962 Senate campaign my record of 18 years of service to the state of Oregon. My campaign of standing on that record will be the same, irrespective of who the Republican candidate may be."

Thoughts The Lord will save me, and we will sing to stringed instruments all the days of our life, at the house of the Lord.—Isaiah 38:20.

And grant that when I face the grisly thing, My song may trumpet down the gray Perhaps Let me be as a turbaned fiddling That fields the Master Melody—and snaps. —John G. Nehardt.

JIM BISHOP: REPORTER . . .

Mom-In-Law Night Out Ends On Toothy Note



No one believes the story of the teeth. Telling it again won't help. But it happened. My father stopped in one evening and asked my mother-in-law, Maggy if she would like an evening out. My mother was going to a shower and it left Big John with little to do. He liked Maggy. So he took her to dinner. It required a little time and work to get her into whatever medieval harness she wore. Maggy was exactly 5 feet tall and weighed 150. By the time she got into the silk print dress with the lavender flowers and the hem of the slip had been yanked up on one side with a knot in the shoulder strap, Maggy was in a mad sweat.

She wore her brown hair parted in the middle with two big dips over the temples. She was a loud, hearty woman who loved good food and a highball. Big John took her to the dance bar in the downtown area. It was a both amusing and noisy scene.

The waiter it got, the waiter frequently my father thought the waiter. Big John was a huge man with snowy hair. He's a good talker and a good listener. Maggy was giving him a ruffdown on how grand life was when he Frank was alive. He had known Frank Dunning at Lodge 211, Elks Club and the two of them laughed and almost wept. He called the waiter for another round.

Maggy was peering at him through her glasses. He was a pink and white blur. She bought her glasses off a counter in the five-and-ten. They were great, she maintained, but sometimes she used them and, as an additional optical crutch, a magnifying glass. Maggy wasn't cheap. She was the best poverty-stricken sport I ever met.

She always put a \$5 bill on the bar and it was always her last. She didn't drink often, but when she drank, she liked to be serious about it. This is one of the things Big John admired about her. The glasses came off, and she squinted at my father through a hanging tear in the left eye. He told her a funny story and they got to laughing and couldn't stop. She reached across the booth and gave him a slap on the shoulder that almost drove him out of the booth.

They ordered dinner and agreed that the roast beef was delicious. Maggy moved onto an ear of corn and her bridge came out standing in the kernels. This struck them funny and they laughed some more and called the waiter for another cool transfusion.

Maggy put the teeth in her purse. There were three of them, with bits of wire curling off both sides. They were upper front and they too looked as though they came off a counter in the five-and-ten. The heck with appearances, Maggy said, a girl has to relax and enjoy herself.

Big John agreed and sent for a second piece of apple pie. After awhile, Maggy said that her shoe-button Irish nose must be shiny, and to please excuse her. She was in the powder room 10 minutes and, when she came out, she looked worried.

"John," she said, "I think I lost the d-- teeth." He looked up out of his happy mist. "What teeth?" he said. She seemed on the verge of tears. "The little front bridge. I think it went down the drain."

"A!" he said, waving an arm. "forget it. I'll get them for you in the morning." Maggy was brought home toothless that night.

When she breathed, the upper lip flapped. Her shame was so deep that she remained in bed all the next day.

However, Big John was never a man to forget a promise. He went back to the Banjo Bar and spoke to the German who owned the place. "The stout lady who was with me last night lost her teeth," he said, displaying the shield of a lieutenant of police.

"This is an honest place," the German said. "No one would steal a lady's teeth, lieutenant." Dad put his knuckles on his hips. "I didn't say anybody stole the teeth," he said. "She lost them in the rest room. Those teeth happened to cost \$1,000. You don't want to be sued for a thing like that."

"Sued?" the owner said. "I didn't do anything wrong. Why would I?"

"Be a good boy," John said. "Get the teeth."

By afternoon, a plumber and his helper were taking the drains apart. By evening, they were digging in the yard. They found the teeth. Big John thanked the man, who kept looking at the three choppers and numbing. "How much did you say?" and Dad took them home and sterilized them.

My mother went into the kitchen, took a look at the boiling pot, and went back to sit beside my sister. "Don't say anything," she said. "He's in the kitchen boiling teeth. Don't say anything. Let keep quiet. This might be a breakthrough."

The Bugs Bunnies were sneaked back to Maggy by 11 p.m. Nothing was ever said about it. Later, Maggy said to me: "I should have met your father 40 years ago. . . ."



YOUR POCKETBOOK

Make Careful Study In Any Land Buying

By FAYE HENLE

My wife and I, city dwellers in our 40s, are thinking about buying land in the country with a view to building a house in 10 years or so, possibly as a retirement home. Would this be a good long-term investment? How can we finance it?—R. F.

Dear R. F.: Values have gone up and you may strike a piece of land that could triple in value in a decade. Remember, however, to take taxes into account.

Keep abreast of news of the area which interests you, such as housing developments, all of which can affect values.

Whether you can finance land, depends on the area. If you're able to finance, a down payment of 50 per cent is most likely.

Before you start building, remember Mr. Blandings and his dream house. Costs have a way of soaring beyond estimates.

A suggestion: Why not buy a house and rent it out until you are ready to occupy it?

Q—How can you figure the amount of return a stock pays to the shareholder?—B.J.

Dear B.J.: Divide the number of dollars paid the shareholder during the past year—the dividend—by the current price of the stock. A stock selling at \$20 that paid its shareholders one dollar last year yields five per cent.

Q—I have been buying savings bonds through the payroll deduction plan. They are registered in my name and/or my mother's. My mother is 80 years old. If she should pass away, would I have

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q—What English author was called the Wasp of Twickenham? A—Alexander Pope.

PLAYTIME

- ACROSS 1 Baseball tools 5 Device used on links 8 Popular sport 12 Wings 13 Fosses 14 State 15 Foot or base 16 Marry 17 Unaspirated 18 Explosives 20 Strung point 21 Fish 22 Spinning toy 23 Horse 26 Girdles 30 Poems 31 Father 32 Constid 33 Encountered 34 Clay 35 Spanglo (her.) 36 Sport 37 Beverages 38 Fruit drink 40 Bread spread 41 Fence crossing 44 Mathematical functions 48 Rabbit 49 Tibetan ox 50 Vein of metal 51 Spartan king 52 Exit 53 Landlord 54 Nuts 55 Middle (prefix) 56 Rodents

Grid for crossword puzzle with numbers 1-56.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

Grid for previous puzzle with numbers 1-49.

Thoughts The Lord will save me, and we will sing to stringed instruments all the days of our life, at the house of the Lord.—Isaiah 38:20. And grant that when I face the grisly thing, My song may trumpet down the gray Perhaps Let me be as a turbaned fiddling That fields the Master Melody—and snaps. —John G. Nehardt.