

Ronald and Peter

# Editorial Page

## Built-In Defects

Some Britons are declaring over and over that we Americans are "obsessed" with anti-communism.

Most who say this do not mean we are seeing things under the bed, or applying the Communist label to persons and policies which do not deserve it. That is another matter.

What these Britons seem to mean, judging from the detail of their argument which we manage to hear in this country, is that we see too much evil in the Soviet and Chinese brand of communism.

To put their case most sharply, many Britons just do not believe that the Moscow-Peking variety of totalitarianism is in the same league with Hitler's Nazism.

They start with the idea that communism is "perverted" socialism. Since they often favor socialism, they conclude that there is a large kernel of good in communism.

They concede that the "perversions"—repression, brutality, threats of war—must be resisted. But they argue that one day they may pass, leaving only the "good" of socialism.

By contrast, they found Hitler's totalitarianism a naked grab for power, having no justification other than its own inner compulsions.

What can we say to this?

We can argue, with some plausibility, that what these Britons think of as communism's perversions may well be permanent rather than passing.

In the Soviet Union, communism has been in the saddle more than 40 years. Some aspects of its terror have indeed been eased since Stalin's death. But the men who suc-

ceeded him engineered the butchery of Hungary and the cruel walling-in of East Berlin.

Can anyone honestly believe Khrushchev and his associates, who perpetrated these deeds and were earlier linked with Stalin's terror, are on the road to the "softness" of socialism?

Years ago Arthur Koestler, an author who knows from the inside the meaning of communism, gave an answer.

In his book, "Darkness at Noon," an aging Russian has been ruthlessly jailed for clinging to humanitarian, socialistic notions. He puts his hand on the arm of his young, rigid-minded interrogator, a complete totalitarian, and starts a sentence with: "My son..."

The jailer brushes him off and thunders: "I'm not your son."

Responds the victim, who had been in the vanguard of early communism:

"Oh yes you are. That's the horror of it."

Repression, then, is the inevitable offspring of total control. Its force may be deliberately blunted from time to time. But, once having been used, it is always easy to use again.

Far from being better, communism is probably worse than naked Nazism. For it tries to mask its terror and tyranny in the false cloak of concern for humanity.

The "promise" it holds out is a vicious deceit. That deception not only lures the naive and unwary, but many who think themselves alert to any peril to freedom. Our British critics seem to be among them.

They are puzzled by us. We are puzzled that they find potential good in a system that offers repression as an inborn characteristic.

## From An Expert

(Tucson Arizona Star)

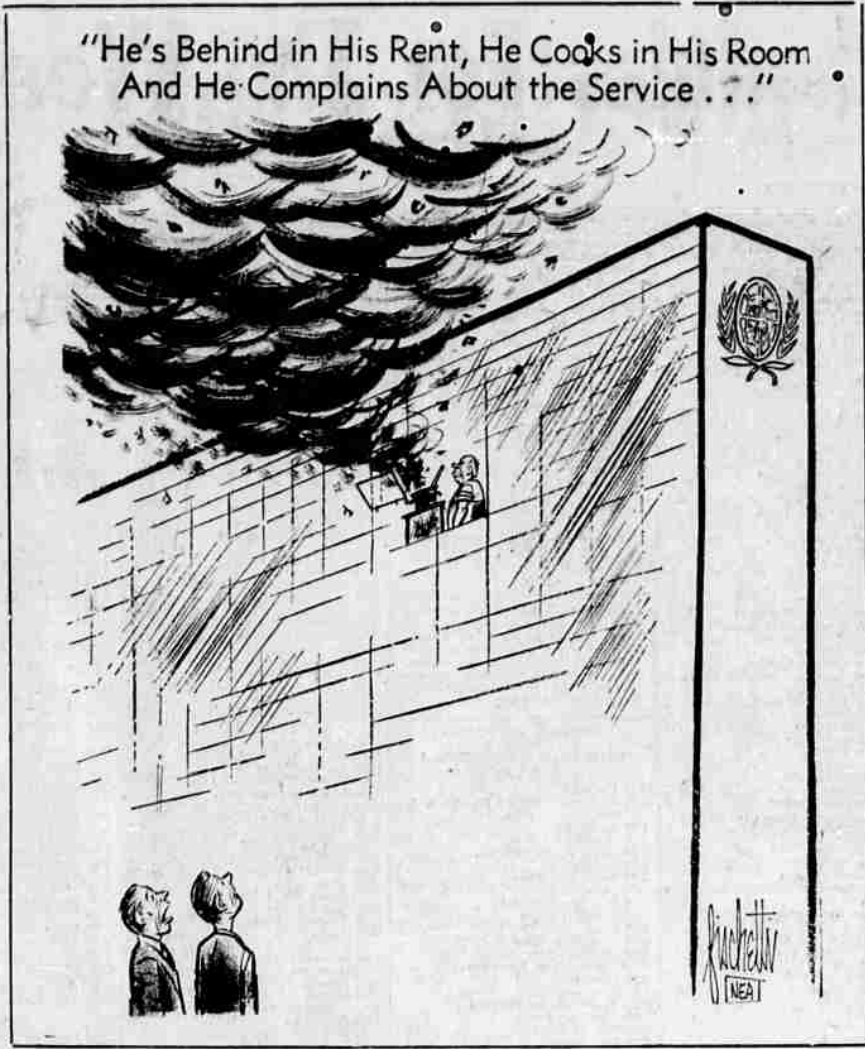
Many editorials on Communism and how to fight it have been written, but probably none any better than is found in the words of J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, in his testimony before a Senate Judiciary Committee subcommittee investigating administration of internal security laws...

sition is obvious. The confusion which is thereby created helps the Communists by diffusing the forces of their opponents.

"Unfortunately, there are those who make the very mistake the Communists are so careful to avoid. These individuals concentrate on the negative instead of the positive. They are merely against Communism without being for any positive measures to eliminate the social, political and economic frictions which the Communists are... exploiting.

"These persons would do well to recall a recent lesson from history. Both Hitler and Mussolini were against Communism. However, it was by what they stood for, not against, that history has judged them."

Those final lines will stand a rereading. Americans engaged in negative campaigns, working... to divide neighbor from neighbor... should remember them especially.



## Letters To The Editor

### Civil Defense

Everyone is talking about them these days—fallout shelters, that is. Our magazines and papers are currently coming out with a rash of articles similar to Life's "How You Can Survive Fallout." We are encouraged to "prepare" for thermonuclear attack with comfy prefabricated shelters which LIFE depicts, complete with happily grinning family and presumably, although not shown, stocked with rifles to fend off less prudent neighbors. For radiation sickness, we are told, one takes tea and aspirin, and supposedly when (and if) we emerge, after a few days or weeks, communism will be eradicated from the earth and we will all pitch in and start over. Things may be tough for a while, what with death and destruction and poisonous radioactivity everywhere, but it will all be worth it, we are led to be-

lieve, if we can preserve our way of life.

The LIFE article (three per cent of the population killed if all were sheltered is based on a very small attack delivering 300 megatons on military targets only. The same study (p. 216, house government operation, civil defense, Aug. 1961) shows a 3000 megaton attack on cities would put inescapable deaths up to 80 per cent of the population. President Kennedy told congressional leaders a new war would cost 70 million dead Americans. (Saturday Evening Post, Sept. 16, Stewart Alsop). It would seem there's really not so much to be gay about as we stock our cozy basement hideaway, despite the constant attempts of the press and the Pentagon and Herman Kahn to condition us otherwise.

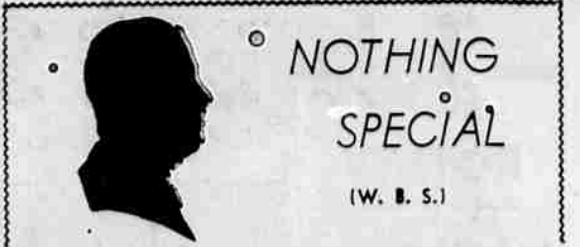
Statements like Governor Meyner's of New Jersey, in which he calls Civil Defense "a cruel hoax" are not widely publicized. Nor were those of George F. Kennan, former chief of the State Department's Policy Planning Division who wrote:

"Are we to flee like haunted creatures from one defensive device to another, each more costly and humiliating than the one before, covering underground one day, breaking up our cities the next, attempting to surround ourselves with elaborate electronic shields on the third, concerned only to prolong the length of our lives while sacrificing all the values for which it might be worthwhile to live at all? If I thought that this was the best the future held for us, I should be tempted to join those who say, 'Let us divest ourselves of this weapon altogether; let us stake our safety on God's grace and our own good consciences and on that measure of common sense and humanity which even our adversaries possess; but then let us at least walk like men, with our heads up, so long as we are permitted to walk at all.'"

Virginia Govedare

defense but on peace. It depends not on futile shelter programs inspired by a cavern complex, but on solid workable international agreements to disarm. Shelter building represents a psychology of fear. We ought to be talking about building homes for our people rather than hoodwinking them with foolish prattle about underground shelter. We should be considering ways to feed the two-thirds of humanity who go to bed hungry every night rather than telling Americans to store away a two-weeks supply of food in useless holes in the ground. Instead of wasting untold billions on a national network of bomb shelters, we should put just a portion of these dollars into forging links of friendship with other peoples. The friendship we shall earn will contribute far more to our safety than shelters to jump into after it is too late. It is interesting to note that many of those who talk the loudest about Civil Defense talk the least about peace. Civil Defense today is a myth. It is based on theories as antiquated as moustache quips, tallow dips, and civil war cannon balls. In the nuclear age there can be no realistic Civil Defense program. We must devote our efforts to the utmost toward finding a peaceful solution to the world's problems. It is our only permanent shelter."

Virginia Govedare



Twice a day, every day, I'm reminded that if I had all the money wasted on postage, I wouldn't have to work for a living. Big business hollers about the wasteful federal government, but I'll bet the money wasted by business on silly mailings is equivalent to many wasteful government programs.

I wonder what in heck fun there is in festooning a boulevard tree with rolls of toilet tissue. The other day, a couple of trees on Pacific Terrace were gaily be-ribboned with green, yellow and white streamers, and the yard in which the tree grew was liberally sprinkled with bits of the stuff. I've noticed it mostly on Pacific, Melrose and Portland Street yards, and it is reasonable to assume that the persons responsible are out to get somebody's goat. Judging from the conversations of those affected, I'd hate to be in the shoes of those responsible for the desecration if any of the property owners ever get their hands on the culprits.

In the mail is a card from Mrs. R. Stombaugh who wonders at the nature of a person who would dump a dead deer on a dirt road just over Riverside hill. The people living in the Abilene Street vicinity wonder, too, why some agency doesn't do something about getting the carcass out of the area. State police, sheriff, game commission, and health department have all been notified, but none will claim responsibility for getting rid of the carcass.

One of the greatest deterrents to progress, it often occurs to mind, is the statement, "Let's appoint a committee."

"Never," sighed a local banker the other day, "have so many people lived so well, so far behind before."

It's a strange thing (and it's worldwide), but a newspaper can go on and on for years running reams of publicity for the many civic organizations, fraternal groups, societies, charities, etc. Hardly ever is a word of commendation or gratitude extended. But let a blopper occur, or permit an omission of a pet contribution by someone in one of the organizations and down comes the meat ax. The hapless editor is berated, reviled and generally banished to Hell at the next organization meeting.

Most of us are well aware of our faults, and would prefer not to be reminded of them.

Well, I guess this won't make me any more popular with the young set, but I would advocate abolition of the silly custom of "Tricks or Treats" on Halloween.

All of this hullabaloo about civil defense and fallout shelters and

what have you has brought to the front a few conclusions, whether we like them or not.

One is that no civil defense program can protect all of the people under all circumstances; another is that fallout shelter protection for all the people would cost upward of \$20 billion and take five years or more to complete; that mass shelters, or community shelters—rather than family shelters—are the only answer to the problem of giving minimum protection to all the people; that governmental (federal and/or state) financing of shelters is the only practical or possible answer; that the problem of ventilation in a shelter is more important than any other, even food and water; that a thermonuclear war would not wipe mankind off the earth, even though it would leave survivors in a more hostile environment than man has ever known.

When it comes right down to it, most of us have a lot of nutty ideas.

The historic joint meeting of the state board of higher education and the legislative emergency board here last week emphasized that there is no person from the Southern Oregon area on the college and university board. I don't know all of the geographic areas represented on the board, but its makeup certainly is lopsided and top heavy with Portland area representatives. I don't say that is bad, because the board of higher education is composed of earnest, sincere citizens who are doing a good job for the state. But it would seem reasonable that this area should have a representative on the board, now that OTI is part of the system of higher education. And the Klamath area is full of good men and women who would do a good job on the board.

I don't know how many readers missed the editorial page last Wednesday. It got shoved out of the paper when we discovered that a large advertisement had not been included in the planning and make-up of the 24 page paper. It was not possible to put the ad on another page (it being eight columns) and the editorial page and the comics page were the only two "clean" pages left in the entire paper. So, out went the edit page. I believe that is the first time, since we started the editorial page that we have had to pull it for any reason.

Incidentally, I'd like to have your ideas on features you think should be included in the editorial page and elsewhere in the paper. If you have a favorite columnist or panel or feature that you'd like to see in the Herald and News, let us know. Not that we can get all of them, but if there is a large degree of interest in some particular feature, it is possible that we can obtain rights to publish it, if economically feasible.

I guess most of us think that our Congressmen just go to Washington to spout off, but that's not so. Most of them are hard-working guys. Last year 33 Senators held membership on five or more Senate committees, with two on seven or more. One was on nine committees. In addition, Senators were members of dozens of sub-committees, where most of the work is actually done. Adding up, there were 60 Senators who had 12 or more assignments and five who had 20 or more in 1960.

## THEY SAY...

These persons would do well to recall a recent lesson from history. Both Hitler and Mussolini were against communism.

—FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, warning against unthinking anti-communism.

It is an odd thing that man's thinking... lags behind man's accomplishments... And so, in this world today, which is a very rapidly changing world, we still think largely on the basis of a world that is passing.

—Indian Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru.

What certain captains of industry do not seem to realize is this... That you cannot praise the free competitive enterprise system on one hand—and mean it—and violate the antitrust laws on the other.

—Sen. Estes Kefauver, D-Tenn.

In the movies they give you a police escort if you're late. Here, they put you in jail.

—Yvonne Toth, 21, of Cleveland, whose fiancé was arrested while speeding in their wedding.

## Almanac

By United Press International Today is Sunday, Oct. 29, the 302nd day of the year with 63 to follow in 1961.

The moon is approaching its last quarter.

The morning star is Venus. The evening stars are Jupiter and Saturn.

On this day in history: In 1785, English poet John Keats was born.

In 1923, Turkey became a republic, and its first president, nationalist leader Mustafa Kemal, announced he would be known as Kemal Ataturk.

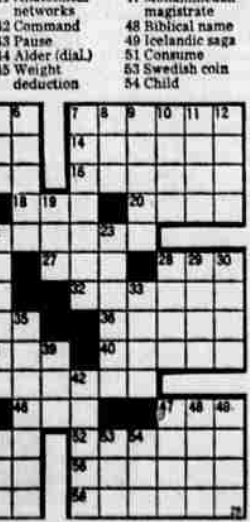
In 1929, pandemonium reigned on the New York Stock Exchange as prices virtually collapsed. Huge blocs of stock were thrown on the market but there were few buyers. The great depression of the 1930's was under way.

A thought for today: American author Mark Twain said: "One of the most striking differences between a cat and a lie is that a cat has only nine lives."

### Colombia

- ACROSS
- 1 Colombia's capital
  - 7 His emerald mines are near Somondoco
  - 13 Papal capes
  - 14 Wilbur
  - 15 Moved smoothly
  - 16 Unexcused
  - 17 Disorder
  - 18 Self-esteem
  - 20 Hidden
  - 21 Is present
  - 24 Unfresh
  - 27 Honey-maker
  - 28 Philippine peasant
  - 31 Helper
  - 32 Storming
  - 34 Liberate
  - 35 Tardier
  - 37 Donkey
  - 38 Point
  - 40 Choice part
  - 41 Reinstated
  - 42 Surt noise
  - 43 Mine shaft hut
  - 45 Cheerer
  - 52 Harbor seal
  - 55 Continued story
  - 56 Raten away
  - 57 Pact
  - 58 Eye membrane
- DOWN
- 1 Quagmire
  - 2 Shield bearing
  - 3 Manner of walking
  - 4 Aged
  - 5 Goller's mound
  - 6 Property item
  - 7 Hammer
  - 8 Informed
  - 9 Ledger entries
  - 10 Honey-suckle, for instance
  - 11 It is rich in mineral
  - 12 Communists
  - 19 Father of Ostris
  - 21 Nautical term
  - 22 Cylindrical
  - 23 Tradesman
  - 24 Girl's name
  - 25 Cravata
  - 26 Annexes
  - 28 Colombian monkey
  - 29 The dill
  - 30 Hideous
  - 31 Liberate
  - 32 Strong wind
  - 33 Niggardly
  - 39 School group (ab.)
  - 41 Anatomical networks
  - 42 Command
  - 43 Pause
  - 44 Aider (dial.)
  - 45 Weight deduction
  - 47 Mohammedan magistrate
  - 48 Biblical name
  - 49 Icelandic saga
  - 51 Consume
  - 53 Swedish coin
  - 54 Child

### Answer to Previous Puzzle



### THE DOCTOR SAYS...

## Ailing School Child Poses Health Issue

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

"To go to school or stay home from school?" That's the question that puzzles the conscientious parent almost as much as "To be or not to be..." puzzled Hamlet.

At one end of the spectrum is the suspected "goldbricker" who puts on an act on Monday morning or on the day of an exam for which he or she is inadequately prepared.

At the other end is the over-conscientious youngster who is fearful of making any complaint lest he or she sacrifice a perfect record of attendance or miss a class with a revered and respected teacher or lecturer.

Dangers lurk in each of these extreme attitudes. And in many intermediate situations. To let the goldbricker get away with his or her act is to establish a precedent that may lead to later and greater exploitations of the "strength of weakness."

To permit the hyperconscientious child to hide or deny distress may result in perforation of an infected appendix that might have been easily and rapidly removed, if the complaint of bellyache had been reported when first noted.

On a broader scale, a school epidemic of an infectious disease might have been averted if a sore throat was called to the parent's attention before the youngster got on the bus or mingled with classmates.

The difficulties of making the on-the-spot decision are by no means lessened by the usual commotion that's prevalent in most households between waking - up time and the mad dash to get to work, school or the office.

School buses, car pools and trains can't be held up while mom and pop go into conference.

Here are a few suggestions that may prove helpful:

After the goldbricker has gotten away with his or her act the first time, waken him or her a few minutes before the usual time each morning thereafter; inquire into existing complaints and while there's still time look for obvious signs of a disease.

That is to say, a rash, especially behind ears (measles); nasal discharge; reddened eyes or throat; elevation of rectal temperature; or a swelling or glandular enlargement, at or near the site of complaint.

Finding nothing, send the youngster off with instructions to report to the school nurse or doctor, on arrival. And phone the school to alert some official to see that the youngster reports before mingling with classmates.

In the case of the hyperconscientious student who won't complain and who refuses to permit examination or temperature recording despite an appearance of illness, phone the school nurse or doctor of your suspicions.

And request that your youngster be looked over before entering class.

I won't guarantee that school officials will cast their ballots for you as "Parent-of-the-Year." But you may perform a valuable health service to your own child and to his or her classmates.

For a copy of Dr. Hyman's leaflet "How to Choose Your Family Doctor" send 10 cents to Dr. Hyman, care Herald and News, Box 429, Dept. B, Radio City Station, New York 19, N.Y.



### JIM BISHOP: REPORTER...

## As Shoppers, Men Hardly Measure Up To Women

Among the harsh realities of life is shopping. I do not like it. Like a visit to the dentist, it is always scheduled for next week. Some husbands like to accompany their wives while the ladies dream their way from one counter to another. Not me. My feet hurt thinking about it.

Yesterday I went shopping. Alone. My method is to compile a list of items I need, rush into each shop with fangs bared, ask for the item, pay for it, and go. If there is a customer ahead of me, especially a lady who knows the clerk well enough to shred a little of the latest gossip, I'm dead. Fin. lashed. Lights out.

My patronage always goes to the local stores, unless I'm in the market for something they do not sell. Then I go to Red Bank or New York. On this flying jaunt, I started in the village. The first order of business was the newspapers and some color movie film, so I headed for Art Katim's store. He was so surprised to see me that he said hello twice.

He had the papers. No film. We talked about our children for a moment and I hurried out and down the street to peep into the barber shop. He had two customers waiting and one in the chair. I pulled out my list and checked off one hair trim. Saw Grace Ryan who, as well as her husband Jack, is an old friend. Stopped in a crouching, on-the-mark position to discuss grand-children, measles, runny noses etc. and hurried on to the Sea Bright Pharmacy for vitamins.

For the children. I was ready to go when Bill, a stout man with a moon smile, started to talk big game fishing. I was lulled. I leaned on the counter and we lied to each other glibly. Deep sea fishing is, to me, what a new hat and shoes are to a woman.

"The best all around fishing," I said, "from big bills to barracuda, is north of the Jack Tar Marine at West End, Grand Bahamas."

"Never heard of it," he said. "The best I ever had was north of Jupiter Inlet, near Stuart, Fla. Ever hear of a sailfish jumping into the boat?" We talked for half an hour. The fish got bigger and bigger. We talked boat captains and I said Steve Hollingsworth was the only man I ever knew who could smell a broad bill in a flat sea.

Fowler fell back into a rack of screwdrivers, and I left. I drove to Red Bank, walked into Reussille's jewelry shop to get a ring smallened. Smallened? Shortened? Talked to Bob about baseball, napkin rings, the weather, and gold earrings.

Time was running out, so I hurried to Anderson's Music Shop to find out if there were any new l.p. records by Ruth Welcome. She plays sentimental songs on a zither. Mr. Anderson said no. He said I had them all, and there were no new ones. So I bought a couple of piano records by George Feyer and Frankie Carle.

Ran around the corner to Kislil's Army and Navy store just to see what bargains he had. Found out Poppa Kislil lost his wife last year, his left leg this year -- both to diabetes. He's tough. He'll

make it. Bought boots for the little ones, some long 22 shells for the rifle, and talked to young Kislil for 40 minutes about business.

Got into the car. Almost home, when I remembered the barber. Drove up and down in front of his shop like a rich picket. He had one waiting customer and one in the chair. I've read his back issues of Playboy, so I gave up the haircut and headed for the barn. Almost home and remembered that I wanted to stop at Shea's Service Station to tell them about the heater that doesn't heat.

Mrs. Shea was there. She heard the story and said she'd tell her boys, Eddie and Walter. Walter would pick the car up and fix the heater. I told her not to forget the anti-freeze. She said it had been taken care of. I went home.

I arrived triumphant and fatigued, being careful not to put the car in the garage for fear it might get bad habits. Remembered that while I was at Shea's, forgot to get gasoline. Forgot to put shoe polish on the list, which was why the shopping was imperative in the first place. No haircut either. Can't remember everything. Can't remember anything.

Kelly met me at the door. The smile of greeting faded, I to puzzlement. "Is that all you got?" she said, pointing to the bundle. This fixed my mood for the rest of the day. "You've been gone since one o'clock," she said. "I mean, it's practically time for dinner."

"So what?" I said defensively. "I'm on time. I made it, didn't I?" She shook her head sadly and turned toward the kitchen. "They talk about women," she said, and disappeared among the pots and pans...