

Herald and News

Editorial Page

The Pattern Is Distinct

Cheddi Jagan, newly elected prime minister of British Guiana, entertains Americans these days with some quite fantastic notions about the Soviet Union and its European satellites.

Jagan, a dedicated Marxist intellectual who says now he is not a Communist, is a strangely tantalizing figure. Charming, articulate, well versed in American and other history, he has the major attributes of an attractive political personality.

But when he is pressed by curious United States newsmen to apply his obviously sharp intelligence to the nature and workings of Soviet communism, he suddenly pleads lack of information, or stresses limited aspects of the situation.

He made plain, for instance, that he considers traditional imperialist colonialism to mean holding subject territories in a kind of bondage which prevents their industrialization, keeps them primitively agricultural, extracts their raw materials and siphons off their capital.

Aware of Western charges that Moscow's satellites are in truth Soviet colonies, Jagan questions the idea on this main ground:

Most of the captive East European lands have enjoyed substantial industrial advances since World War II. This being so, they cannot be "colonies" as he understands the term. Let's have a look at one of these satellite

nations, tiny Estonia, which has since 1944 been incorporated in the Soviet Union itself.

A survey just released by Estonian exiles in the United States shows that from 1939 to 1959 the little country shifted from a 60-40 agriculture-industry ratio to an 80-20 industry-agriculture setup. By 1959, too, combined farm and factory production had climbed to two and a half times the 1939 level.

Yet, as this change and expansion occurred, who benefited?

Certainly not the poor Estonian, whom Jagan would publicly presume to be the gainer from "industrial advances." For in 1959 the real purchasing power of Estonian wage and salary earners was less than half what it was in 1939.

The explanation, of course, is that Russia has systematically sucked Estonia dry for more than 15 years, diverting huge amounts of the country's output to Russia's own needs as an aggressive world power.

It is well known that this ruthless exploitation has been pursued in every Soviet satellite.

Estonia is just one small, glazed tile in the vast Soviet mosaic.

Alert, inquiring free men have long since detected the sinister colonial pattern in that mosaic.

Prime Minister Jagan can see it, too, if he really wants to look.

Mongolia And Mauritania

(The Christian Science Monitor)

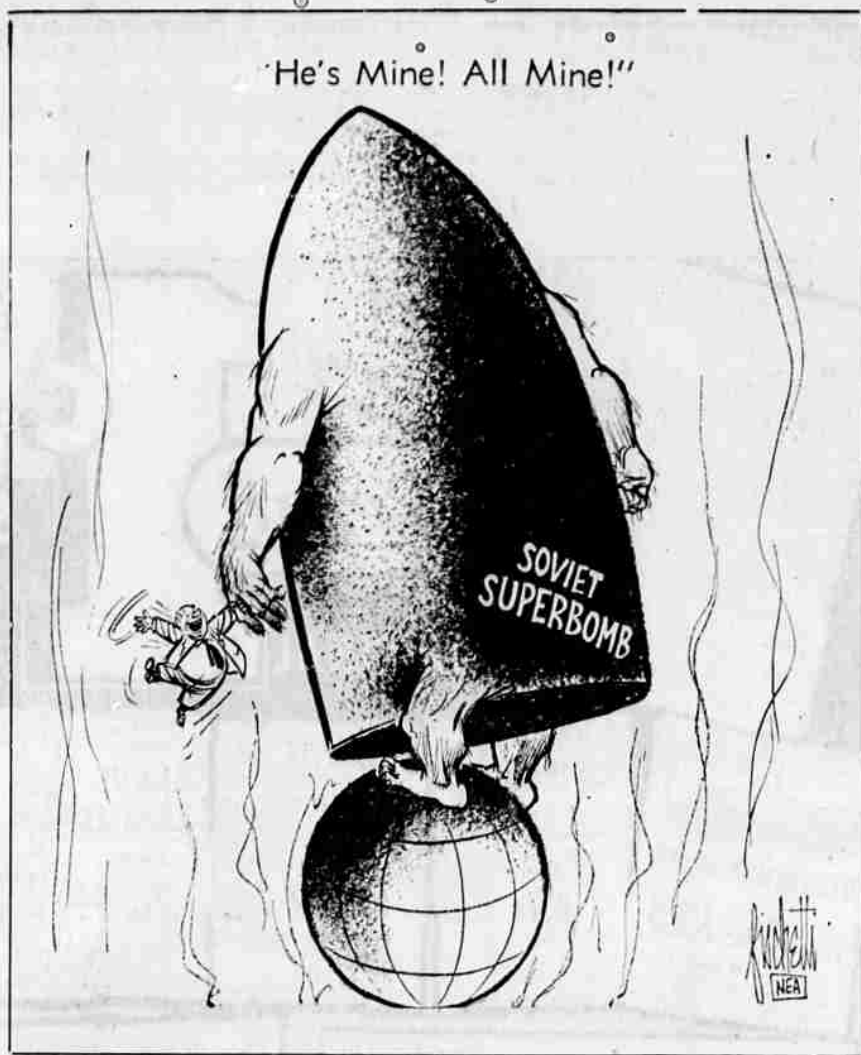
More than meets the eye is involved in the Security Council vote approving United Nations membership for two more small countries. The Assembly is expected to complete action which will make Outer Mongolia and Mauritania the 102d and 103d members of the UN—an outcome obtained by a "package deal" not sanctioned in the UN Charter.

But this process, long familiar in the back-scratching, log-rolling practices of national Legislatures, had, in this case, an unusual chain of causes and potential consequences. For instance, it may block a move to qualify Peking as the rightful representative of China in the UN. Several former French colonies which favored Mauritania's admission had privately threatened to back Peking's claim if their sister African state

were barred. And the Soviet Union would bar Mauritania unless Mongolia was admitted.

This danger persuaded Nationalist China to refrain from vetoing Outer Mongolia's application in the Security Council. The Formosa regime still maintains that the Mongol state (at present largely dominated by Moscow) is an integral part of China. Morocco makes the same claim regarding Mauritania. UN membership may give both states more chance to develop a larger measure of independence.

No one should blink at the fact that Outer Mongolia represents another Communist vote in the Assembly. Yet the West may find some compensations if the Mongolians' reported desire for contacts with the outside world is confirmed and their country becomes a strategic "listening post" in central Asia.



A Birthday, But Not Happy!

(From The Chico, Calif., Enterprise-Record)

Today is United Nations Day. It is a day set aside for commemoration of the 16th anniversary of the peace organization established under hopeful conditions in 1945 as the world was still reeling from the disasters of the bloodiest war in world history.

It is the desire of United Nations Day committees throughout the nation and the world to use the occasion of today's observance to laud the U.N. and sing the praises of its accomplishments and its hope for the future.

That would be the easiest way to celebrate the day, of course. Delving into clipping files to bring forth praiseworthy platitudes of past years would be a simple job and would satisfy those who are continuing to blow loud the horn of the performances and promises of the United Nations.

But, for our money, that easy way would not exactly be the honest way.

In our opinion, the time for platitudes is past. In our opinion, the time for realistic appraisal has arrived. The time has come for the United States of America—and all other nations and people truly interested in real world peace and progress—to take off their rose-colored glasses and start looking at the real picture.

There is no question that the U.N. at the moment stands as the world's best hope for peace with honor.

But it is only sensible to admit that, even so, it stands as a very sorry and unpromising hope.

We maintain that the real flaw in the U.N. picture dates back to its birth in San Francisco at the end of World War II.

That flaw was the starry-eyed supposition—held by this country and most of the others in the world—that Russia was going to be a responsible member of the community of nations and was going to be genuinely interested in world peace.

But long ago that supposition proved to be a gigantic fantasy of illusion. Long ago it was clearly evident to all but the blindest of

observers that the Russian view of the U.N. was the same as the Russian view of everything else in the world today: Its value as another instrument in tune with the Russian plan for world conquest.

As such, the United Nations has been reduced to nothing more than just another launching platform for Red propaganda . . . and a sounding board and marketing place for shifty "neutrals" to put on their beggar act for just a few more millions in Western aid before blowing the horn again for the Red cause.

A recent example of this sort of attitude and action was the over-dramatic and practically unanimous blasting of little South Africa over its policies of suppression against coloreds. Though the volume of the anti-South Africa outcry was great, it was hollow indeed when matched against the great silence of the U.N. in failing to take any similar action against the Soviet Union, which self-admittedly is holding millions of East European and Asian peoples in bloody chains.

But that is the function of the double standard in the operational procedures of the U.N. And the inherent use of the double standard is, we maintain, the chief example of the self-defeating nature of the U.N. as an effective peace organization.

Discussion of similar and related philosophical and moral flaws in the U.N. structure could be extended to cover this page. But no worthwhile purpose would be served. Suffice it to say that the U.N. today stands as an organization designed to deal with philosophical and moral problems, but entirely lacking in philosophical and moral principle.

These flaws would not, of course, in themselves bring about a collapse of the U.N. in a short period. On the contrary, they possibly would contribute to its longevity by way of setting up endless rounds of argument on pointless and meaningless issues with high-sounding titles. That could go on for years and years, with the Reds continuing to eat away.

Nevertheless, the U.N. at pres-

ent is suffering a severe loss of blood which very possibly could prove fatal in a relatively short period.

That ailment lies not in the philosophical nor moral realms but in that most realistic and hard-nosed realm of all: the realm of economics, the realm of the hard dollar.

As such, the last day of this month—one week from today's observance of United Nations Day—may add up to the key crisis.

Summed up, the situation is: If the member countries by then do not come up with a plan to provide the means of support for the U.N.'s emergency military efforts in the Congo and the Middle East, then the agency will more rapidly proceed along its route of becoming a mere debating society.

Oct. 31 is the expiration date for the authority granted the late Secretary - General Hammarskjold to shift other U.N. funds in support of its field force operations. This power was the frail bone that enabled the U.N. under Hammarskjold's guidance to become an active, armed presence in key world trouble spots.

Either that authority must be extended, or else those members of the U.N. who are delinquent in their payments must make good the \$41 million they owe to the Congo and Middle East special accounts for the 1958-60 period.

In the case of the Congo, for example, only 26 of the 100 U.N. members have paid anything at all (some of them as little as \$50,000).

The big delinquent, of course, has been Russia, which owes the two funds \$30 million.

The big sucker, of course, has been the U.S. taxpayer, who has been forced to carry the multiple load of all the dead-beat countries of the world.

The Communist behavior here is in keeping with the general Red plan to starve the U.N.'s peace-making efforts financially, and thus eliminate the U.N. as an actual or potential presence standing in the way of Red aggression.

As such, the U.N. faces what could be a fatal crisis next week. Will the hard dollars be forthcoming, or will the fund-shifting authority be extended, or will the United States taxpayer be called upon again to bail out the weakened and ineffective U.N.?

The free riders have been doing all the talking in the U.N.

Talk is cheap. But it doesn't stop aggression or bring peace. It appears that shortly we may find out whether the talkers are going to put their dollars alongside their words and give the U.N. a chance to become something better than it has been, or whether they are going to let it die in the vine.

That is the situation on this day of Oct. 24, 1961, United Nations Day.

The United Nations is weak and troubled and is growing more so day by day. Major changes for the good will have to be wrought before any honest words of praise and optimism can be voiced regarding its chances to bring about world peace with honor.



CROMLEY IN WASHINGTON . . . Jagan Is Hot Potato For State Department

By RAY CROMLEY Washington Correspondent Newspaper Enterprise Assn. WASHINGTON (NEA) — Visiting left wing Premier Cheddi B. Jagan of British Guiana is giving the U.S. Government and its high officials the jitters.

They're not sure what to do about him.

For one thing, top administration officials are trying to get themselves off a hook.

They're trying to think of some way to call Cheddi Jagan officially "not a Communist" so they can give his government U.S. aid—help in his five-year plan and in a series of agricultural and industrial ventures he is promoting.

They're embarrassed in this attempt by an official State Department ruling laid down some time ago that anyone belonging to the British Guiana People's Progressive party will not even be allowed to visit the United States because the party is Communist-dominated. Jagan is the head of the People's Progressive party.

There was no trouble letting Jagan into the U.S. As a premier, he has diplomatic privileges.

A waiver had to be issued to let in some of his aides. But it is downright difficult for officials to figure out some way to call Jagan a non-Communist. Jagan calls himself a Marxist. The British once jailed him for attempting to set up a Communist government in Guiana. His wife Janet was once a member of the Young Communist League in Chicago.

Jagan and his wife and associates have set up a series of Communist-associated youth and women's groups in Guiana.

His party paper follows the Moscow line word for word. Like Castro, he once attempted to set up "people's courts" and "people's police."

The State Department itself in an official document called Jagan

a Communist earlier this year. To get itself off the hook, the State Department is working on a new definition of "Communist." It's a man the U.S. government can prove is subject to the orders and the discipline of the international Communist movement.

The theory now is that the U.S. cannot absolutely "prove" that Jagan takes orders and is subject to discipline. Some people hold that maybe he's just fuzzy-headed.

Therefore, the talk runs, Jagan can be officially called not a Communist.

If this seems a little complicated, consider the problem the U.S. government now faces vis-a-vis Jagan.

Some key government officials have about sold the administration on the idea that aid and friendship must be proffered to Jagan and his government.

These men reason that if the U.S. doesn't give aid to Jagan he assuredly will turn to the Soviet Union and absolutely take his government down the road to complete communism.

They hold that there is a possibility—a slight one to be sure, but still a possibility—that if the U.S. does proffer Jagan a little aid and friendship that maybe he will keep his country neutral and not allow Castro or Khrushchev to set up a strong base there.

The situation is much the same as it was in Yugoslavia a number of years ago. It was argued then that aid might keep the Yugoslavs out of the Moscow circle, even if they were avowed Reds.

Since then, over \$2 billion have been put into Yugoslavia. The Yugoslavs come to Khrushchev's aid when the chips are down.

The men who believe the Jagan loan is worth the gamble know this Yugoslav failure. They admit the risk is not good. They hold the U.S. has nothing to lose.



THE DOCTOR SAYS . . . Let Doctor-Patient Team Solve Trouble

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

Q—How does a person go about changing doctors? My husband has a heart condition. He is getting along pretty well, but every once in a while he has a slump.

He has confidence in his doctor but I'm wondering if two heads aren't better than one. How can a patient say to a doctor who is good that he would like a consultation?

I'm afraid he'd get mad and then my husband would be out the doctor he likes.

A—Dear madam, I'm sure you mean well. But does it occur to you that you are grievously underrating your husband and his doctor? And you may be seriously underrating what appears to be a fine doctor-patient relationship?

Don't you think your husband has enough sense to change doctors or request a consultation if he thinks either step necessary? And don't you think a doctor you classify as "good" has the intelligence to agree to and perhaps welcome a consultation that might prove in the best interests both of the patient and himself?

And what makes you think that two heads are necessarily better than one? May the pair not lead to the same type of confusion that would arise if I stood at home plate with Roger Maris in an attempt to beat Babe Ruth's record?

Q—I am 72, 5 feet 8, and weigh only 110 pounds though I feel all right. Can you tell me how I can gain weight and maybe put a little more flesh on my bones?

A—I'd suggest you feel all right, at least in part, because you weigh only 110 pounds. Unless you plan to visit cannibal country, I

can't see why you should need more flesh on your bones.

Q—My 11-year-old daughter cracks her knuckles when she sits at a table and her knees when she bends. Will this cause arthritis?

A—I've been a knuckle-cracker since I was a boy. I remember how I was warned that I'd end up with deformed joints.

Whenever a person with the marled fingers of what I now know to be osteoarthritis came into sight, I was told that was how I'd probably be in later years.

Well, the later years have come and some of them have already gone, but the knuckles still look pretty good. And the fingers and hands still do everything I ask of them.

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

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

Almanac

By United Press International Today is Wednesday, Nov. 1, the 293rd day of the year with 60 to follow in 1961. This is National Authors' Day.

The moon is approaching its new phase.

The morning stars are Mercury and Venus.

The evening stars are Jupiter and Saturn.

On this day in history: In 1765, the Stamp Act levied by the British crown to raise revenue in the colonies went into effect.

In 1918, the Hapsburg monarchy of Austria-Hungary was dissolved as Budapest became the capital of the Hungarian Republic and Vienna the capital of Austria.

In 1948, political pollsters agreed that Gov. Thomas Dewey would defeat President Truman by a landslide in the national elections.

In 1960, John F. Kennedy, then a senator, denied that he was downgrading America in his campaign speeches.

A thought for today: Former President Truman said: "The responsibility of the great states is to serve and not to dominate the world."



JIM BISHOP: REPORTER . . .

Gratitude Often Is A Word We Forget About

The cold rain slanted through the night and walked noisily across the porch windows. Rocky barked. The bell rang. I left a book open on a chair and switched the front lights on. Through the jalousia I could see a dark face. A stranger. I leaned against the night wood opening the door. "Yes?" I said.

The man was young and slender. He had two arms cupped with packages. "Meester Bishop," he said. It was not a question. His suit jacket was soaked. He wore no topcoat. "Davila," he said. "Miguel Davila." The face beamed. A gold tooth flashed in the smile.

"Yes?" I said. He hid his disappointment. He fumbled for the proper word. "Tampico," he said. The smile began to die. "Come in," I said. The wind slammed the door behind him. He walked into the dining room hesitating, trying to revive the smile. He realized now that I did not know him and I was showing irritation.

He had troc'le with words which I might understand. I asked him to sit. "Now . . ." I said. He appeared to be bewildered. "Meester Bishop," he said again, and pulled out a card on which was written 610 W. 132nd Street, Apt. 22, New York 31, N.Y. It meant nothing to me. I returned it.

"Tampico," he said. I repeated the word. So what? Tampico is Mexico. The man must be a Mexican. He struggled to make himself understood. The precise words required time. "Estados Unidos," he said. Then he pointed to his chest with what appeared to be pride. "Me," he said.

Suddenly, out of what recesses of memory I know not, I understood him and his story. Miguel

Davila had written to me over a year ago. It was a letter from a stranger. He said something about working as a tailor for his mother and father. There were many sisters—all older than he. He was—what did he say?—23.

The letter—what did the letter say? It said he wanted to come to the United States. He had become acquainted with me through columns translated into Spanish and published in Tampico. He could make mucho dinero in America if I would help him. A touch. I threw the letter away.

Weeks later, another arrived. If I helped him, he would not be a burden to me. He promised. He would get work and send many money to his mother. I wrote a crisp note that there was nothing I could do, because I didn't know the rules for admission of an alien. Senor Davila was patient with me.

I would have to fill out a form. He had gone to the U.S. Consulate and asked. I would have to be responsible for him for six months. I needed this like I needed one more unemployed relative. I should have thrown the letter away. I didn't. It was put aside next to the typewriter. Every morning the note stared at me.

In time I wrote to the U.S. Consulate in Tampico, Mexico. I asked them to inquire about one Senor Miguel Davila and to find out what kind of young man he was. I hoped he would turn out to be a juvenile delinquent. That would make it easy to forget him. The officials wrote back that he was a young man of character who supported his parents. He earned \$18 a week. I wrote back that I would be responsible for him. The forms were filled out and then, last spring, I wiped Mi-

quel Davila out of my mind. Now he was sitting before me.

I looked at my wife. She looked at me. I thought: Now he's going to move in. He wasn't. The young man was smiling again. I kept pointing at him and saying: "Si! Si!" He knew that I understood. Senor Davila stood and began to open his packages.

There were two bottles of tequila and a bottle of reddish liquid called Salsa Sangrita de la Vida. I said thank you. Muchos gracias. He opened another package. It was a huge, colorful sarsaparilla. For me. A third package had a hand-tooled wallet. A fourth held a big statue of the Sacred Heart. At this point, I said no. It was too much. He was poor. He had to have a job. He laughed, for the first time. "For you," he said, pointing. "For . . . ninos. Senora." What could I do? I began to feel smaller and smaller.

When had he arrived in New York? Yesterday. Only yesterday? Yes, he felt he should hurry to me to tell me that his whole family prays for me.

It was late and rainy and his coat was thin. I asked would he like to stay. No, he would not. He had a hard time with the word "bus" but he finally got it and said he must get back to his room in New York. He must find work. I tried to give him some money. He said no. Senor Davila frowned. He did not like this. My wife came out of the bedroom. She gave him some folded bills. "The law," she said. "You must take this. Otherwise, policia send you back to Tampico." He didn't believe it. He took it reluctantly. And he went out into the rain thanking us. It is I who thank him for teaching me a new word: gratitude.

School Days

- ACROSS 1 School test 2 Science room (tool) 3 Arithmetic (ab.) 12 Great Lakes 13 Before 14 Region 15 Otherwise 16 Perform in drama class 17 Perform in art class 18 High school year 19 Harbingers 20 Finish 24 Schoolboy 25 Geology term 29 North and South 33 Mr. Baba 34 Good 36 Rat 37 Ravellers 39 Legal wrong 41 Content 42 Enclosures 44 Teachers' colleges 46 Musical direction 48 Made in home economics 49 The alphabet 53 Men 57 Soviet mountains 58 Pronoun 60 Entrance in a fence 61 Caution 62 Enervate 63 Bacchanale city 64 Impediment 65 Age 66 Tour DOWN 1 Vegetable 2 Hilarious band

Answer to Previous Puzzle

DRIVER AIRBORNE LEONINE PARADE MORALE ASSASSIN FILE DOLE MEDIAN CONSENT ALA WARS ROSE LEFT PLATE BITS DELPENS LINLIN STONED RAINBOW HAVEN ARS LEAS AVENUE PREPARES MARTY REBENDS 32 Bishops' jurisdictions 35 Let fall 38 Giving an examination 40 Decorate 43 Salsita (ab.) 45 Scanty 47 Get up 49 Statutes 50 Daah 51 Fabled Irish castle 52 Asterisk 54 Wash 55 British school 56 Plant 59 Health resort

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q—Why did no likeness of George Washington appear on early U.S. coins? A—Washington would not allow it while he was alive.