

Editorial Page

Fitness Council Keeps Busy

The President's Council on Physical Fitness has issued another one of its pamphlets intended to make you healthy. Its title: "Adult Physical Fitness—A Program for Men and Women."

Government Printing Office has published 250,000 copies of this 64-page pocket booklet—which shouldn't go very far among 180 million people. But you can get your copy if you hurry by sending 35 cents to Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D.C., Zip Code 20402.

No author's name appears on this latest government guide to your life, but this is the program that Coach C. B. "Bud" Wilkinson of Oklahoma has been working on for a couple of years as Consultant to the President on Physical Fitness.

The only name that appears in the pamphlet is President Kennedy's.

In an introductory message he says: "Ours is not a regimented society where men are forced to live their lives in the interest of the state . . . But if we are to retain freedom, we must be willing to work for those physical qualities upon which the courage and intelligence and skill of man so largely depend . . . I urge each of you to follow these recommendations . . . The government cannot compel you to act, but freedom demands it."

In other words, this is something you can and should do for your country—get healthy.

Half of the booklet is for women, half for men, with five levels of exercise for each. It is lavishly illustrated with photos, instead of the usual diagrams and sketches.

The models are Gail Tirana of Washington, in leotards and sweater, and Marine Lance Corporal Robert E. Henderson, in tight and sweat shirt, going through all the contortions.

Both appear as though they must have been disgustingly healthy even before they began to exercise.

Henderson poses for one uncaptioned photo showing him fully dressed, looking at

television. This doesn't look like exercise, but it probably shows the correct posture for sitting straight in a chair while watching television. This is the kind of exercise people won't do. He isn't eating, either.

Miss Tirana, fully dressed, poses for another uncaptioned photo showing her in front of a mirror, doctoring her eyebrows with a lot of beauty preparations.

This is also the kind of exercise that too many gals can overdo. But the text explains that you need have no fear of becoming unattractively muscled if you take real exercise.

There are some other unorthodox generalizations which may surprise you.

A heart specialist is quoted as saying, "The best insurance against coronary disease is exercise—lots of it."

You have 600 muscles. You may have been able to count every one when tired. But the booklet states chronic tiredness comes from not taking enough exercise.

Regular exercise, it says, can slow down the physical deterioration that accompanies aging. By delaying the aging process, proper exercise prolongs your life.

Even Harvard is dragged into the act as authority for the statement that "one-half hour of exercise daily can keep off or take off as much as 26 pounds a year."

In addition to the illustrated push-ups and stretches and bends and tortures you inflict on yourself in your own home, the book says you can exercise while at work:

—Don't ride elevators—bound up stairs two at a time.

—Suck in your abdomen, hold taut a few seconds.

—Instead of coffee breaks, take exercises.

—If you lack privacy for this do, "isometrics."

—Isometrics, it says, is pulling or pushing against an immovable object, such as a wall, using various muscles to perform a series of brief exercises, several times a day. Gosh!



HOLMES ALEXANDER . . .

Double Image In Books

By HOLMES ALEXANDER

WASHINGTON, D.C. — How many remember a generation ago when John T. Flynn wrote "Country Squire in the White House," a deflationary biography of President Roosevelt? Or remember Charles A. Beard's "President Roosevelt and the Coming of War in 1911," a bill of indictment which accused FDR of joining a war to lick a domestic depression? They were brave men, Flynn and Beard, driven by conscience to smash what they regarded as the images of a false god-head, knowing that it meant the sacrifice of their careers. Flynn, having been a widely-published writer on serious subjects in the best publications, found himself reduced to seeking inferior publishers and doomed to having no audience except the Roosevelt-haters. Beard, after having been a beloved figure and the most prestigious historian of his age, ended defiant but deserted by his peers, a speaker before small audiences on the isolationist circuit.

Now, in the pre-season warm-up for another presidential campaign, we have two biographies of John F. Kennedy. They are as unlike as two books on the same subject can be. Hugh Sides, a Time correspondent who has covered Mr. Kennedy for five years, goes a way toward disproving the adage that no man can be a hero to his valet. What Sides does prove is that the "valet," which is to say a person who clothes his master in robes of glory, is doing the smart thing when he tells the world what a hero that master is. Sides' book, "John F. Kennedy, President: A Reporter's Inside Story," is not a full-throated panegyric, because the author is careful not to get himself laughed out of town. But whenever he is forced to admit some rip or stain in the royal raiment, he is there with nimble fingers to sew it up or sponge it off.

For instance, there is the matter of the millionaire President's total ignorance of everyday economics, let alone the complexities of national monetary and fiscal affairs. Sides concedes these gaps in his Harvardian's education, but shows Mr. Kennedy after two years in office, and after some

budget-busting in the billions, turning to high-class tutors. Sides has Dr. Walter Heller, head of the Council of Economic Advisors right there with the patch-job: "Walter Heller proudly proclaimed Kennedy 'the best student I ever had.'"

As for the Bay of Pigs, Sides swabs manfully to rub off the stain with bombast, and seeks to change the subject, as a well-trained valet should do. How did Mr. Kennedy emerge as Commander in Chief of that disgrace? "The valiant try which fails," says Sides, "but which is born of heroic intentions often wins from Americans as much admiration as does triumph. Apparently Americans so regarded the Bay of Pigs."

As if not sure of his handiwork, the biographer quickly points elsewhere, and bursts into poetry that would shame a Banana Republic laureate: "Then," he writes, "on May 3th, like a gentle, cooling rain in a drought, came Alan B. Shepard. While the whole world watched, the slender astronaut rode a great, bellowing Atlas missile into space and back again."

Nothing short of a gargle of vinegar could rid the palate of such goo as this, and Victor Laszky's "J.F.K.: The Man and the Myth" is a handy acid for that purpose. The talk of the town is that some timid financiers of the book publishing world tried to suppress this astringent biography for fear of White House reprisals, and that White House operatives also tried a hand at "book burning." Not believing either rumor, but willing to be shown, I did a little foot work and discovered that the author's contract carried the strange clause that he would reply "No comment" when asked if there had been any attempt to scuttle his work. My own observation is that the Kennedys' reputation for banditry in news management is such that they are held guilty till proved innocent, but in this case it's fair to say that the proof is still missing.

Just the same, the Kennedys have met in Victor Laszky one very tough hombre, indeed. He just doesn't believe one word about

the "myth" which is set forth in the valet's story, and I can't find that he has a smidgen of respect for the "man," either. John F. Kennedy emerged from these 633 pages of remorseless debunking as a feckless impostor who bulldozed and bought his way into power and sits like a spoiled princeling playing mumbletypeg with his scepter.

The caricature is as overdrawn as a Herblock cartoon of Barry Goldwater, and it will infuriate one set of partisans as much as it will titivate their opposite numbers. Lasky works out of New York and relies mostly on previously published materials, but he makes the adverse comments (including some skeptical observations from this column) roar like a barrage.

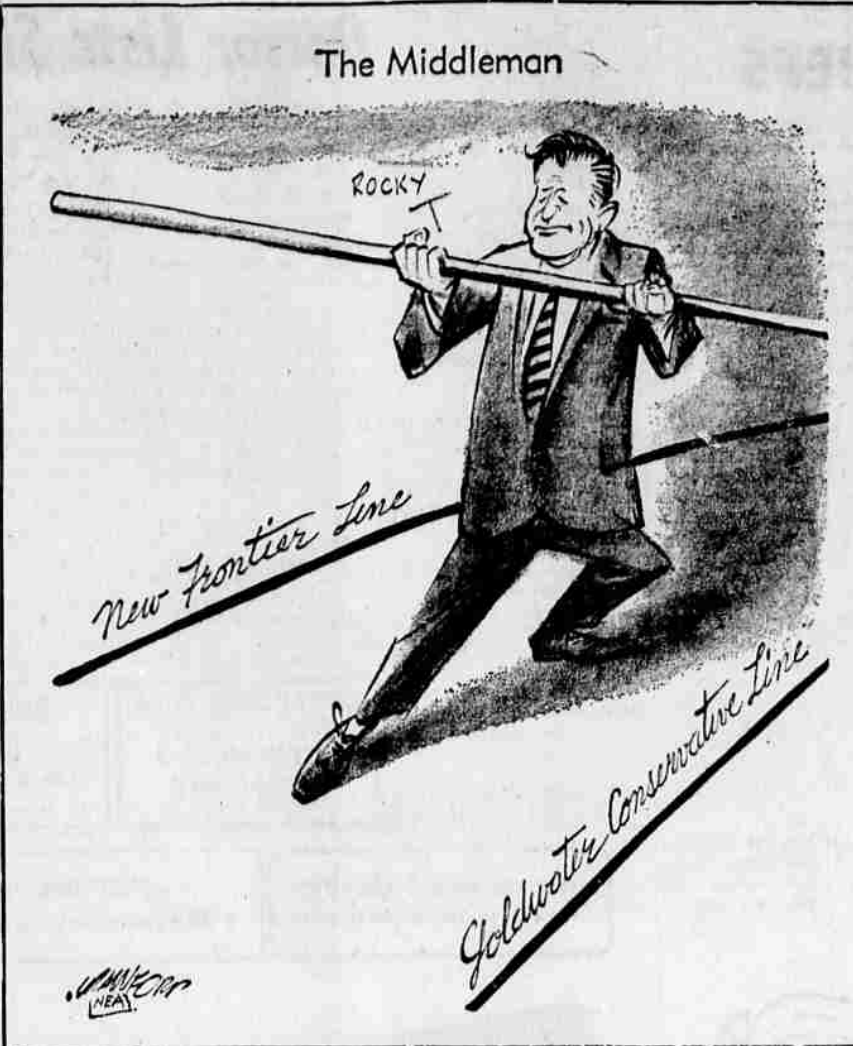
The chief casualty of both these biographies is JFK himself. The valet dressed him too fancy, and the detractor left him in tatters. Too bad—because JFK is a man for all that.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Violence

In reading of the violence and destruction by the young people of our time, are we putting the blame where it belongs . . . how many children are brought up to respect their elders or have compassion on animals and the less fortunate? This was brought to mind the other day when I talked to two youngsters who had been taken on the archers' deer hunt. It seemed both had hit a deer, but not killed it and they made no effort whatsoever to try to follow it nor did it bother them one iota that the deer was wounded and may die a slow death . . . all they thought of was that they had lost an arrow . . . when are we going to put a stop to this sort of thing?

Emma Burk, P.O. Box 882.



THE GLOBAL VIEW . . .

Honor Bogus Alliance?

By LEON DENNEN
Newspaper Enterprise Analyst
UNITED NATIONS, N.Y. (NEA)

—President Tito is expected to stress the "realism" of an East-West nonaggression pact when he meets with President Kennedy during the fall session of the United Nations.

Neutralist diplomats see Yugoslavia's chief emerging in a new role of "independent" negotiator as a result of his latest agreement with Premier Khrushchev.

Yugoslavia, though Communist, remains officially independent of the Soviet bloc of nations. Tito — perhaps more than any other neutralist—appreciates the great economic advantages of "nonalignment." Practically every industrial plant he showed Khrushchev during the Soviet Premier's recent swing through Yugoslavia was built with the help of Western, especially American, funds.

Tito also expects a \$25 million grant and a \$25 million loan in U. S. counterpart funds, promised recently by Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman, to help

rebuild Skopje, destroyed by earthquake. Counterpart funds are Yugoslav currency earned by the U.S. from sale of surplus farm products.

The Yugoslav president, with Khrushchev's agreement, is not likely to forfeit massive U.S. economic aid by becoming a full member of the Moscow-dominated Warsaw Pact military alliance.

But U.N. diplomats now expect Tito to become the diplomatic spokesperson of Russia's brand of peaceful co-existence and especially of Khrushchev's nonaggression pact.

A nonaggression pact between the Warsaw alliance and NATO remains the cornerstone of Moscow's current diplomatic offensive. It thus will be Tito's first major diplomatic assignment as an "independent"—though a Communist friendly to Moscow—to sell President Kennedy the supposed great advantages to peace of an East-West nonaggression pact.

Why is Premier Khrushchev so eager to sign such a pact with the West? In the view of specialists on Russia, the Soviet Premier

aims, among other things, to raise the prestige of the Warsaw Pact alliance by putting it on the same level as NATO.

Khrushchev wants the two alliances to appear as equal. He will then be in a position to tell the West: "Each of us has its own system of alliances. They are equal. Let us, then, sacrifice equally by dissolving our military bonds in the interest of peace."

But the fact is that the Warsaw alliance was never more than a front for putting the armies of Moscow's East European satellites under Russian command.

When the Warsaw Treaty was first signed by the Russians and their East European satellites, including Communist East Germany, in 1955, Khrushchev described it as a counterpart to the Free World's North Atlantic alliance. But the Warsaw alliance never approached even remotely NATO's international significance. Moscow did not succeed in persuading a single independent European nation to sign the Warsaw Treaty.

However, the Soviet premier obviously hopes to isolate West Germany and eventually destroy NATO by dangling the dissolution of the Warsaw Pact alliance as bait at the diplomatic bargaining table.

A nonaggression pact would also give Russia's colonial empire, reaching to the River Elbe, recognition by the West. It would be used by the Reds to convince the Poles, Czechs, East Germans, Hungarians, Romanians and Bulgarians that the Free World considers them in the Russian orbit and is no longer interested in their freedom.

This at a historic moment when the Red empire is cracking due to the bitter quarrel between Khrushchev and Red China's Mao Tse-tung.

It is considered highly unlikely even by neutralist diplomats in the UN that Tito, for all his professed independence, will persuade President Kennedy to fall into Khrushchev's trap. But some members of the Kennedy administration are apparently convinced that a nonaggression pact of the type favored by Khrushchev and his newfound ally Tito would be a logical implementation of the nuclear test ban agreement.



By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

It is pitifully easy, of course, to laugh at crackpots—and nowhere more so than in a newspaper office, which is besieged daily by crackpots of every description — as well as by those defying all description.

When we stop deriding, or despising, those obsessed creatures, and try to analyze their motives, I think we find the same basic drive in all of them: the deep desire to bring order out of chaos. A crackpot is a person who is looking for a guiding principle in life. He wants to be able to put his finger on one wheel in the machinery of life, and say "This is what makes everything turn around."

He may think "the answer" is to be found in the pyramids, or in dietary habits, or in a new kind of currency. Whatever it may be, he thinks the world is all of a piece, and that he has found the key to it.

It is commendable that he looks for a guiding principle in life; most of us are too lazy or too pleasure-and-profit-bent to spend even a few moments thinking about ultimate questions. In one sense, we are not good enough or serious enough to become crackpots.

"A fanatic," it has been said, "is merely a person who seriously practices what we only preach." Society, in one respect, is indebted to its fanatics for achieving what "reasonable" people never thought possible.

Where the crackpot goes wrong, it seems to me, is in failing to recognize the diversity of the world.

One of the wonders of God is His infinite originality. The universe (as scientists are only now beginning to discover) is not a cold, mechanical operation, but an organism of tremendous variety. When we get into the heart of an atom, we find that

STRICTLY PERSONAL

It has more freedom than scientists of the past ever imagined.

Fundamentally, the crackpot is looking for a religion, being unsatisfied with the traditional forms.

Now, it is better to look for a religion than to be unconcerned about the questions it tries to answer; but a religion cannot be something smaller than man—and all the crackpot "solutions" solve only a fraction of man's problems.

"In my Father's house are many mansions" a certain book tells us, as an enduring reminder that diversity, and not uniformity, makes for goodness. Nobody has exclusive possession of the art of living well—otherwise, the Potter would have seen to it that all His pots were cracked in the same way.

BERRY'S WORLD



"Sir, would you share your umbrella? . . . my new boots are getting filled with rain."



EDSON IN WASHINGTON . . .

Candidates Hit The 'Nonpolitical' Trail

By PETER EDSON
Washington Correspondent
Newspaper Enterprise Assn.
WASHINGTON (NEA)—This is going to be a piece about fall tourism and the beauties of nature in autumn.

President Kennedy is going to travel through Pennsylvania and nine western states Sept. 25-29.

Gov. Nelson Rockefeller of New York is visiting five states in early September prior to a swing through Europe Sept. 24-30. Mrs. Rockefeller II is going with him.

Sen. Barry Goldwater so far has accepted invitations to deliver lectures in 10 states—and there may be more later.

Any evil thoughts that there are political implications to all this should be promptly scrubbed from the mind. Because these three tourists say they are nonpolitical tours. The remote fact that there is a presidential election in 1964 is said to be purely coincidental. September and October are simply the perfect months for vacationing.

Flying weather is perfect most days, before the fogs of November and the snows of December set in. And there's a nip in the air that makes every patriotic public official want to get out and inspect the crops after the fall harvest. That's all there is to it, gentle readers.

Why, President Kennedy himself says he is just going out to check up on conservation and reclamation and the recreational facilities behind power dams and government-made lakes.

The White House announcement said the President would inspect national parks, seashores, wilderness areas. So you can see this is just a nature lover's holiday. Anything to get out of Washington for a breath of fresh air.

Anyone who thinks that what the President would really like to conserve and reclaim are six western states he lost in 1960 — North Dakota with four electoral votes, Montana four, Wyoming three, Utah four, Oregon six and California 22 is a meany.

Goldwater isn't even a presidential candidate yet, according to him. The Draft Goldwater head-

quarters in Washington says it is doing nothing to promote his tour or get out the crowds. They still aren't speaking to each other. Nature lover Goldwater is just going to inspect the grass roots.

Two of his appearances will be before Republican women — who are great gardeners—in Chicago Sept. 11 and San Diego Oct. 3.

Four of his appearances will be just to help the Republicans raise funds in Pennsylvania — Gov. William W. Scranton, a potential rival, invited him—Oklahoma, New Jersey and Massachusetts. Goldwater will visit JFK's home town of Boston Oct. 16 to show how much he loves him.

In New York, Goldwater will be fall guy Sept. 17 at a Buffalo Circus Saints and Sinners affair, which is just for fun. In New York City he will attend a Financial World dinner Oct. 31, which is strictly business. And he wouldn't think of trying to take delegates away from Gov. Rockefeller. Or would he?

Goldwater and Rockefeller will both speak at the Western Republican Rally in Eugene, Ore., Oct. 12. They will speak at different times in different halls so nobody will get the crass idea of comparing the two men or their views.

Also, Gov. Mark Hatfield is a GOP presidential nominee possibility and neither Rockefeller nor Goldwater want to undercut Oregon's own favorite son. Or would they?

Rockefeller's real interest is said to be the Republican governors' conference in Denver Sept. 14. His other dates are Oregon, Ill., Sept. 7; Huntington, W. Va., Sept. 21, and Roanoke, Va., the next day.

Of course, there might be some real political significance to Rockefeller's European trip. Vice President Lyndon Johnson is in Europe now, preparing the ground for his possible candidacy for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1968. Rocky can't afford to let Lyndon get ahead of him there, as the two might be rival candidates five years from now. But as for 1964—perish the naughtily thought.



WASHINGTON REPORT . . .

Robeson Believed Victim Of Kidnap

By FULTON LEWIS JR.
WASHINGTON — Reports from London indicate that Paul Robeson, prominent American leftist, may have been spirited behind the Iron Curtain.

For more than a year now, there have been authoritative reports—in the French press and elsewhere—that Robeson was ready to denounce the Communist Party.

It was only a few months ago that the Negro singer's wife shot off angry letters to this country's Worker and National Guardian, denying the reports. The letters were postmarked London where Robeson, who had criticized his American homeland, was receiving treatment for "nervous disorders." Observers found it significant that Robeson's wife, not the fabled singer, had signed the letters.

Robeson left London under circumstances that can only be described as "mysterious." He was hustled aboard an Ilyushin jet for a non-stop flight to East Germany. The Daily Telegraph's David Floyd wrote:

"Paul Robeson's protectors decided to smuggle him out of Britain and behind the Iron Curtain. It was becoming increasingly difficult for them to deny he had changed his opinions on communism, but nevertheless he could not be exposed to the questioning of newsmen. The only way out? Put Robeson completely out of the reach of the free press."

One of those aboard the Polish plane that carried Robeson to the workers' paradise that is East Germany was John Osman, a long-time British newshound. He wrote subsequently:

"Robeson sat in flight like an effigy in his seat next to the plane window. In flight, I introduced myself to Mr. Robeson, who smiled charmingly and seemed about to talk to me. Angriest, his wife, who told me that she knew Paul and would happily use it to keep people away from her 'completely exhausted' husband, demanded I leave Paul and return to my own seat. Paul . . . sat silently as his wife gave orders."

The Robesons, who traveled to East Berlin with a top-ranking Polish diplomat, were met at the Schoenefeld Airport by officials of the East German regime. Soon afterward official reports appeared denying Robeson had been kidnaped. He would receive "medical treatment" in East German hospitals, the Communist reports said.

The House UnAmerican Activi-

ties Committee will hear testimony this week from at least ten youngsters who defied State Department bans on travel to Cuba. Several of those who organized the jaunt are known Communists, according to President Kennedy. Others will be unavailable for HUAC testimony. Two women stayed behind to have babies, their delivery free of charge, thanks to Fidel Castro's system of Medicare.

Several of the travelers are waiting behind in Madrid, Spain. One of these, John Glenn, is a 24-year-old lawyer from Bloomington, Ind. He told Spanish reporters all was rosy in Castro Cuba. Many Communists, he said, wished to side with Mao instead of Khrushchev in the ideological battle raging between the Communist giants. "Cuba's heart is in Peking, but its stomach is in Moscow," Glenn explained.

As Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, Rep. Wilbur Mills has been a major stumbling block to enactment of many New Frontier programs.

The doughty little Democrat has turned thumbs down on Medicare. He has altered considerably the President's tax legislation. Now President Kennedy is reported to have solved the Mills problem: appoint him to the Supreme Court.

The report, widely circulated in Mills' home state of Arkansas, has not gone over well. The reaction of the Arkansas Democrat, (a Little Rock newspaper) is typical: "The appointment of Congressman Mills to the Supreme Court under the present circumstances would set a new precedent for low, cynical and calculating political connivance."

Almanac

By United Press International
Today is Friday, Sept. 13, the 236th day of 1963 with 109 to follow.

The moon is approaching new phase.

The evening star is Jupiter.

The morning stars are Saturn, Mars and Jupiter.

On this day in history:

In 1759, the British defeated the French in the French and Indian War on the plains of Abraham overlooking the city of Quebec.

In 1788, congress authorized the first national election.

In 1943, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek was elected president of the Chinese National Government.

In 1934, Maine elected its first democratic governor in 20 years.