

Editorial Page

People Are Terrific

Day in, day out, life can be drab for patients of the Klamath County Nursing Home. Today it was different. This afternoon Santa Claus paid them his annual visit. He arrived loaded down with artistically-wrapped packages for the folks confined. Almost all of the gifts were essential things like slippers, socks; other items of clothing. But there were some "luxuries" too, like tobacco, shaving lotion, hand lotion and the things ladies always have liked in the cosmetic line. And there were good things to eat, too!

All of these items were contributed by the people of the Klamath area. They, really, were Santa Claus. They responded wholeheartedly to the Herald & News appeal for aid in making the annual party at the home bigger than ever.

None of the patients were forgotten.

And it would make a person's heart feel good to watch the delight in the eyes of the folks at the home as they received their gifts, enjoyed the refreshments and the entertainment which followed.

Donors to the Klamath County Nursing Home party remain anonymous. But there were hundreds of them. And we are grateful to every last person here who had a hand in making the party for residents of the home a tremendously successful one. Our only wish is that the donors could have watched several members of the newspaper staff working hour after hour getting the packages ready and marked for proper distribution so that the old fellow who humbly asked for a can of tobacco wasn't given a gift for a lady. When Santa's helpers' job was done a pick-up truck, loaded to the guards left for the home. It was a sight to contemplate. People had remembered.

Testing Our Defenses

Your chances for survival can depend directly on the speed with which you can mount a defense.

This is a common sense bit of military logic that brooks little argument.

In this world of jet and rocket propelled missiles, a shattering attack can be launched in an instant, and the defense of a nation must rise to the occasion just as quickly or face complete annihilation.

The events of Tuesday of this week proved that Kingsley Field is doing its utmost to maintain the sharpest possible edge on its defensive capabilities.

In a 10 hour period, a total of 101 missions were flown from the field.

A mission is completed when a jet fighter intercepts a simulated enemy aircraft and returns to base.

In the course of 10 hours, 101 jets from the field took off, intercepted a simulated enemy aircraft and returned to base. As they did, they were serviced, fueled and took off again.

This means, on an average, that a jet took off at the field every six minutes, and that another landed every six minutes.

This required the utmost in teamwork, maintenance and precise workmanship. It was a grueling test of men and equipment, but just the fact that it could be done is cause for the highest commendation.

As Colonel Ed Witzemberger commented, there are many new personnel at the field and the successful completion of this simulated defense against air attack welded them together in an efficient working unit.

During one of the operations, a plane landed, ground crews refueled the plane, maintenance crews checked it over and it was ready to go again in just two and one-half minutes.

We can only add that this performance re-assures us that the sounds of jets taking off and landing at Kingsley Field are truly the sounds of defense ready to repulse any attack.



WILLIAM S. WHITE ...

Selection Of VP Is Vital

By WILLIAM S. WHITE. WASHINGTON — Politicking for the Vice Presidency, already softly going on, will move after New Year's Day into the most quietly intense activity seen in this century.

Twice within recent years, even before the death of John F. Kennedy, the importance of the office of Vice President had been so profoundly proved as to make irrelevant and in very bad taste all the old jokes about fifth wheels and Throttletobots.

First, there was the serious illness of President Dwight Eisenhower which thrust Richard Nixon into a far higher place in terms of real power than had ever before been occupied by a second man in the American government.

Then, at the Democratic convention in 1960, Mr. Kennedy took two command decisions of historic political importance. One was that a single "available" for the Vice Presidency, Lyndon Johnson, was nothing less than indispensable, both to the success of the Democratic campaign and to the subsequent conduct of the Kennedy Administration.

The old stereotype that a Vice President was a nobody going nowhere died for good as Mr. Kennedy carried through into the operations of his Administration his full — and unexampled — purpose to make his Vice President a totally informed, fully consulted and working associate holding high rank in actuality as well as in constitutional structure.

President Johnson's success thus far in carrying the country forward without a hitch, in the aftermath of Mr. Kennedy's assassination, was a consequence. For President Johnson had been completely involved, all along and at every step, in the plans, policies and actions of Mr. Kennedy. The lesson that this kind of continuity and competence is absolutely necessary in the world in which we live has been lost on nobody and no party.

So both parties now approach the 1964 campaign year with an attitude of gravity toward their ultimate choices for Vice Presi-

dent never before seen. As always, the Presidential nominee of each party will no doubt have the final say as to the identity of his running-mate.

But President Johnson is already as good as nominated for election in his own right, where as there is a long way to go before the country can know who is to top the Republican ticket. Thus, interest now centers, and for months yet will center, upon the probable Democratic choice for the Vice Presidency.

President Johnson, it goes without saying, has not even begun to make a decision as to his own preference, though many names have been thrown about in speculation, they include Sargent Shriver, head of the Peace Corps and brother-in-law of the late President Kennedy, Ted Kennedy, whose quiet, performance as a freshman Senator from Massachusetts has surprised some of his early critics; Gov. Richard Hughes of New Jersey; Sen. Eugene McCarthy and Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota, and so on.

Teach All Of History

I enjoy the letters to the editor very much, whether I agree with them or not, and this time I felt I must put my say so in.

It seems to me, that someone is taking too much authority on saying what should be kept in history books. After all, it took all of these men and their deeds to make our American Heritage what it is today.

Why bother to teach American History at all, if they are only going to teach the future generations half of it?

OUR AMERICAN HERITAGE
By Gwen Pellinen
It took men like Jones, 'n' Hale 'n' Henry,
As well as others of that genre,
To make our world what it is today.
So who are you to have the say

Now, no presidential list of "must" qualities for Vice President has been drawn up, or even seriously considered, but one factor is undoubtedly in Mr. Johnson's mind. Everything else being equal, it is very probable that he would look with favor on a running-mate who, granted high general capacity, was of the Catholic faith.

The President, himself a Protestant, feels that a special tragedy in the many tragedies surrounding the murder of Mr. Kennedy was the fact that this first Catholic President in history was unable to complete even his first term.

In a broad sense, the President's view of the characteristics necessary for consideration for the Vice Presidential nomination may be expected to stress character and competence much more than such traditional factors as geographic location. He has never liked the sectional approach to politics and is not likely ever to make a man's geography a decisive point either way.

Of what should be in history books.

Where future generations can not look

To see who did, or, who said what.

Do you think that fair? Well, I do not!

American history began way back when

Ladies were LADIES and men were MEN.

And old deeds are important too.

As much as those that are so new.

I s'pose if they should reach the moon

They wouldn't want THAT forgotten soon.

Well! Remember this, so it will last:

"There'd be no future if there were no PAST!"

Mrs. A. H. Pellinen,
112 "D" Street.

Letters To The Editor ...

'Patriotism In Textbooks' Draws Replies

Your editorial "Patriotism In Textbooks" carried Dec. 11, 1963, should be of the utmost concern to every parent, teacher and all others living in the area served by your newspaper.

I believe that all the famed words and deeds of our national heroes should be preserved and taught to our children in our public schools.

Enclosed in my letter is a copy of a speech made by a relatively unknown California educator in 1961 on the very subject of your editorial, and since he expresses so well what most of us think and feel about teaching patriotism, I do hope that you will print his speech on your editorial page.

This California educator stirred up quite a storm in California politics beginning shortly after making this speech. Despite a vicious smear campaign launched against him in the November 1962 elections, hundreds of thousands of California's parents and other informed and responsible citizens elected him the state superintendent of public instruction, for the state of California.

I well remember the wonderful speech by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, "Who Is Tampering With The Soul of America," that you printed on your editorial page. The people of Klamath Falls and Klamath County should be very proud to be served by a newspaper of the high standards of the Herald and News.

Jason R. Burk,
Box 47,
Dunsmair, Calif.

By DR. MAX RAFFERTY

I want to talk to you about a vanishing species — the American patriot. I hope to show you what you and I have done during the last 20 years to make possible — nay, to render inevitable — this dwindling decline of a once noble breed. And, at the end, I shall propose to you a simple question: "Is this what we want?"

First, go back with me in time 185 years. Our country is in a strange sort of undeclared war against the forces of despotism, then as now. A young man volunteers to go behind the enemy lines to collect information. He is captured and tried as a spy and publicly questioned. Surrounded by the jeering foe, cut off beyond all hope of rescue, the rope already knotted around his bared throat and the pallor of approaching death already on his cheek, he breaks his steadfast silence. With the wind of another world cold upon his forehead, he speaks one short sentence, and his words echo down the corridors of time to us today, ringing and lighthearted and magnificent: "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country."

His statue, with the throat still bared, stands today gazing with blind stone eyes across the green park in New York City, where I saw it not too long ago. He was a schoolmaster — God rest his soul — and he did not live to see his 22nd birthday.

What were those blind eyes looking for a few years ago, I wonder, when for the first time in our history a substantial number of young men sold out their fellow American soldiers, and licked the boots of brutal Chinese and North Korean invaders, and made tape recordings praising communists? What do these stone ears make of the other young men and women who seem to spend

every waking moment agitating against ROTC, booing authorized Congressional committees, and parading in support of Fidel Castro?

Whether we like it or not, this is our doing — yours and mine. For the past 20 years, the great mistake has been made by my profession, and by the voters and taxpayers who permitted it.

This sizable minority of spineless, luxury-loving, spiritless characters came right out of our classrooms. They played in our kindergartens, went on field trips to the bakery, and studied things called "social living" and "language arts" in our junior high schools. They were "adjusted to their peer groups." They were taught that competition was bad. They were told little about modern democratic capitalism. They were persuaded that the world was very shortly to become one big, happy family. They were taught to be kind, and democratic and peaceful.

These last are praiseworthy goals. What went wrong? There were two things, you see, that we DIDN'T teach them. And oh! how they needed to learn these.

One was that most of the inhabitants of this big, bad-tempered, battling-planet hate our American insides. This is hard to teach, and unpleasant to learn. It is the simple truth, nevertheless.

The other should have been simpler. It was to teach the children the real meaning of Decatur's great toast: "Our country? In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be right, BUT our country, right or wrong."

Had they been taught these things, they would not now be wondering what all the fuss is about. They would know that their country was in danger, and that would be enough. It was enough in 1806, and 1917, and 1941. It's not enough today. Too many of them neither know nor care.

It's our own fault. What will history have to say of my generation of educators — the generation of the '30s, the '40s, and the '50s? We were so busy educating for "life adjustment" that we forgot that the first duty of a nation's schools is to preserve that nation.

Words that America had treasured as a rich legacy, that had sounded like trumpet calls above the clash of arms and the fury of debate, we allowed to fade from the classrooms and the consciousness of the pupils.

"Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable — We have met the enemy and they are ours ..."

"Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute ..."

Search for these towering phrases in vain today in too many of our schools, in the hearts and minds of too many of our children. The golden words are gone, and in their place brain-numbing projects on the nation's second-class mail service, units on the orange packing industry of Los Angeles County, or accounts of the trucking business on Highway 66. We must all, you see, grow up to be orange packers or mailmen or school administrators. We have no further need of Websters — nor of Nathaniel Hales.

Our sin was greater than this, however. Patriotism feeds upon hero-worship, and we decided to abolish heroes. Even the fairy tales and nursery rhymes,

beloved by generations of children, we pronounced too "violent" and "brutal" for the children to hear until after we had tinkered with them. Hansel and Gretel we neutralized to the status of children on a Sunday School picnic, and Jack the Giant-Killer to a schoolboy awaiting flies. Everything that was fearful and wonderful, we leveled off to the lowest COMMON denominator.

Ulysses and Penelope have been replaced by Dick and Jane in the textbooks of our schools. The text of the Golden Fleece has been crowded out by the visit of Tom and Susan to the Zoo. The deeds of the heroes before Troy are now passe, and the peregrinations of the local milkman as he wends his way among the stodgy streets and littered alleys of Blah City are deemed worthy of numberless pages in our readers. The sterile culture of the Pueblo Indians looms large in our curriculum, but the knightly Crusaders are glossed over.

Bobby and Betty pursue their insipid goal of a ride in the district garbage truck with good old crutchety Mr. Jones, while the deathless ride of Paul Revere goes unwept, unhonored, and unsung. It is interesting and significant, I think, that education has deliberately debunked the hero to make room for the jerk.

Today's hero — if there is one — is fashioned in the blasphemous image of ourselves.

He is "Daddy" in the second reader, who comes mingling home with his eternal briefcase from his meaningless day in his antisepic office just in time to pat Jip the dog and carry blonde little Laurie into the inevitable white bungalow on his stylishly padded shoulders.

He is "Mommy" in the third grade books, always silk-stockinged and impeccable after a day spent over the electric range, with never a cross word on her carefully made-up lips and never an idea in her empty head.

He is all the insufferable non-entities who clutter up the pages of our elementary textbooks with their vapid ditherings about humdrum affairs which could never be of conceivable interest to anybody.

In my right hand I hold one of our California third grade readers. Two of the main characters are Paddyfoot the Indian Boy, and Uncle Will the Cotton-Picker. Harmless they are — and gentle — and as dull as dishwater.

In my left hand I hold a McGuffey third grade reader, published in 1879. It contains a hair-raising description of a trip through the Himalayas to Tibet, a short story illustrating the horrors of drink, a series of fictional tales dramatizing Aesop's Fables, and several poems by Wordsworth and Whittier.

Quite a contrast. Now, please don't quote Max Rafferty as advocating a return to McGuffey. Some of this old-fashioned material we would consider unsuitable for today's children — especially the story of the town drunk who ends a career of crime breaking big ones into little ones at the county rock pile.

But it moves. It sparkles. IT INTERESTS.

The boys and girls who were raised on this fare never forgot it. Even today, some old gaffer is apt to walk up to me after one of these talks and quote McGuffey verbatim — after 60 or 70 years. Which of our

... The Readers Write

'Patriotism In Textbooks' Draws Replies

present-day pupils, I wonder, is going to recall after even one year how Richard Lane and nice Miss Allen planted the flower bulbs in the school window box for 15 pages and 2600 words in today's reader?

No wonder so many of them don't read very well. We haven't given them anything worth reading for almost a generation.

When I think of the doors we've closed upon the children! The wonderful pantheon of youthful gods and goddesses that my generation knew and loved; the great parade of heroes who made old Earth a magic place for boys and girls.

Wilford of Ivanhoe rode stirrup to stirrup with Richard the Lion-Hearted, and the evil hold of Torquillstone burned eternal witness to the power of youth and goodness. Laughing and shouting in the same great company rode Arthur with his Table Round, forever splintering their lances in the cause of Right. Roistering and invincible swaggered Porthos, Athos and Aramis, with the young D'Artagnan, ever ready to draw those magic blades for truth and glory and the Queen.

Remember? The horn of Roland echoed through the pass at Roncevalles, and somehow caught and mingled in our memories with the far-off blast of Robin Hood, calling down the misty years upon his merry men of Sherwood.

Were not these fit heroes for the children?

Apart and in a happy company leaped and played the Child IMMORTALS. Hand in hand with longhaired Alice walked Christopher Robin, bright eyes alert for talking rabbits and greedy little bears. Sturdy Jim Hawkins counted his pieces of eight and chatted with Captain Flint, while young Tom Sawyer kept a wary lookout for the menace that was Injun Joe. A battered raft floated to immortality upon the broad bosom of the Father of Waters, and Huck became the apotheosis of all boys everywhere. Mez, Jo and Beth chattered gaily to Amy, and Dorothy skipped arm and arm with the Scarecrow down the Yellow Brick Road.

Remember? When — in any age — have children had such shining exemplars?

It remained for our generation to turn its back upon the heroes of the children. For Siegfried in the lair of Fafnir, we have substituted Muk — Muk the Eskimo Boy, and we have replaced Horatius at the Bridge with little Pedro from Argentina.

Mark this. Until the coming of Conant a few years ago, most schools on all levels were teaching trivia. Today, too many — especially on the elementary level — are still doing so.

If you doubt this, don't take my word for it. Visit classroom after classroom in widely separated regions of this country, as I have done.

Watch the abler pupils grow dull and apathetic, bored and lackluster, as they yawn over Bill and Tom's trip to the Farm, or Sally's Fun at the Orange Grove. Then, suddenly — as though opening an enchanted window upon a radiant pageant — give them the story of the wrath of Achilles. Let them stand with Casablanca upon the burning deck. Trek with them in spirit to the Yukon, and with glorious Buck let them answer the call of the wild. Place them upon the shot-swept shrouds of the Bonhomme Richard and let them thrill to those words flashing like a rapier out of our past, "I have not yet begun to fight."

Kneel with them behind the cotton bales at New Orleans with Andy Jackson at their side, as the redcoats begin to emerge from the Louisiana mist and the sullen guns of Lafitte begin to pound.

Watch their faces. See their eyes brighten and the spirits ruffle. See the color come, the backs straighten, the arms go up. They dream, they live, they glow. Patriotism will come easily to them now, as it does to all of us who know our nation's past — and love it.

Teach them the grand old songs. How long has it been since California children learned to sing "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean?" And why was it dropped? Probably because someone decided that the lines which end, "The Army and Navy forever! Three cheers for the RED, WHITE, and BLUE!" were hopelessly out of place in our brave new world of foreign aid and peaceful co-existence and collaboration.

I say that we had better thank God for the Army and Navy. And — with half the world at our throats — we had better teach our children that it is not a disgrace, but a priceless privilege, to wear our country's uniform.

The crux of the problem, of course, is this: "Do we believe it ourselves?" I am convinced with all my heart that we do. It's not the fault of teachers that our profession has been brainwashed for 30 years with slogans like: "There are no eternal verities"; "Teach the child, not the subject"; and — worst of all — "Nothing is learned for the sake of learning."

The results are plain for all to see: the worst of our youngsters growing up to become booted, seaburned, ducktailed, unwashed, leatherjacketed slobs, whose favorite sport is ravaging little girls and stomping polio victims to death; the best of our youth coming to maturity for all the world like young people fresh from a dizzy roller-coaster ride, with everything blurred, with nothing clear, with no positive standards, with everything in doubt. No wonder so many of them mope and squal and turn traitor when confronted with the grim reality of Red military force and the crafty cunning of Red psychological warfare.

As a people we have been taunted and reviled and challenged in the last few years as we thought no one would ever challenge us. A soulless thing slavers at us today on all the continents, under all the seas, and out into the void of interplanetary space itself — a rotten, hateful, vicious entity. Our national honor has been first tweaked and then rubbed contemptuously into the dirt. The flag for which our ancestors bled and died has been torn down and unspeakably defiled by a dozen little pipsqueak comic-opera countries emboldened by our spinelessness and encouraged by our sneering Enemy. I don't know when at long last the American people will rise in all the power and majesty of their great tradition to put an end to this role of international doormat which we have assumed of late, and which becomes us so poorly.

But I do know one thing. When that time comes — and it cannot be too far distant — we educators had better not be caught short. We had better not be caught withholding from the nation's children the wonderful, sharp-edged glittering sword of Patriotism.

What is the alternative? You see that all about you now, in all the headlines. Do you like it? As I said in the beginning, "Is this what we want?"

Or rather, do we want our young people informed and disciplined and alert — militant for freedom, cleareyed to the filthy menace of Communist corruption? Do we want them happy in their love of country?

If your answer is "Yes," then go home and get busy. It is to this that I propose that we dedicate ourselves in the years to come. We have not an hour to spare. If Almighty God grants us the time and the will, we may still be able to preserve this lovely land of ours as it once was — please God — will yet be again; a nation fit for heroes — serene in the knowledge of our past — confident and ready for whatever the future may bring — stretching in warmth of heart and unity of purpose "from sea to shining sea."

need to get back to the Constitution.

For several years now sponsors of the proposed Liberty Amendment have attempted to have this amendment brought to a vote in our state legislature. Unfortunately the bureaucrats, using our tax money, are so strong and they have brought so much pressure to bear they have prevented it. This amendment would provide for a return to our Constitution and freedom from excessive taxation. Every citizen and every school child should acquaint themselves with it. Incidentally Mr. Editor, couldn't we have a little more publicity on the subject?

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Rosie Wilkins,
Keno.

