

EDITORIAL PAGE

Bill Williams

Phone 864-3293

Associate Editor

Extension 38

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE

SUN., OCT. 28, 1962—4-D

A Bitter Awakening

What the Red Chinese are doing to India is war, even by Defense Minister Krishna Menon's reluctant definition.

There is a bitter irony in this unhappy conflict.

It is not just that India is discovering painfully how hard it is for any nation to stay clear of the world's cleavage into two great hostile camps.

It is that India is learning how badly it has for many years misjudged the Communist Chinese.

* * *

AT THE TIME of the Korean War and thereafter, you could expect to hear fine words of admiration about the "new China" from India's United Nations representatives, even from Prime Minister Nehru himself.

When India accepted a place on the Korean Armistice Commission, its representative, serving as head, could not bring himself to do the duty he agreed to perform—release those Red Chinese and North Korean U.N.-held prisoners who wished not to return to communism.

This Indian failure, a glaring breach, presumably reflected Nehru's concern that Indian public opinion would not support any move which seemed hostile to Red China.

India always has leaned over backwards to accommodate itself to the "new China." But what it has chosen to look upon as new is in fact only very old.

Nothing is more ancient than tyranny.

After the Chinese seized Tibet, India admittedly had the Reds right on its border. Many have thus forgiven Nehru for treading easy.

Yet, there has run through the Indian at-

titude a persistent blindness to the harsh nature of Chinese communism, even when that nation was set upon an obviously aggressive course in Asia.

Finally, that aggression struck India itself. For a long time, even this was met by soft words. As late as now, Menon keeps saying that if the Reds will just mend their ways, they will not find Nehru "wanting in statesmanship."

He does not seem to understand that words like these, directed to the militant Chinese, are simply an invitation to disaster. As others have been, India is now up against the cruel facts of life about the Communists. Those who do not stoutly resist, both by word and deed, inevitably crumble.

We can have massive sympathy for Nehru's desire not to become involved in war—cold or hot—while his country is engaged in so great a struggle to lift itself up economically.

But, it is difficult to admire blindness that persists when the enemy is within the gates.

* * *

IN THE GREAT economic competition between China and India, it is India that has been slowly winning.

It might be that Peiping's present ruthless assault on India's northern reaches is a way to equalize that competition—disrupting India's efforts on the one hand, distracting the Chinese and others from the Reds' gross failure on the other.

In any event, it should now be obvious to all but perhaps Menon that India's economic future no longer rests in trying to pretend that Red China is an admirable, friendly competitor.

Not only its program of uplift but its very survival may hereafter depend on India recognizing the Communist enemy in its full, blatant horror.

* * *

Back To Books, Arnold

The British historian, Arnold Toynbee, is hardly a household word in the United States, but he is a highly respected, if somewhat controversial, figure in his field.

His pronouncements on the current world scene stir perhaps more dispute than his long views of history. He has recently come up with a new one which can hardly be expected to impress Americans.

Toynbee, before this country acted, says Europeans are inclined to view the Cuban crisis the same way the United States looked upon intervention in Hungary.

Now, we have no ready means of checking the accuracy of Toynbee's reporting, but, it is obvious that he, himself, makes the same judgment since he told a press conference in Texas that we are "twisting the arm of a little nation."

We have nothing but astonishment as a response to this.

* * *

IN THE FIRST PLACE, the analogy with Hungary is absurd. In 1956, a Soviet-controlled Communist government ruled Hungary. Emboldened nationalist leaders in that government sought to break away. They appealed to the free nations for help.

The Russians met this situation by crushing the freedom forces with tanks and guns, reestablishing their iron grip upon the country.

We do not control the government of Cuba, nor have our tanks and guns ever repressed its people.

It is that very same Russian government which, with the connivance of the irresponsible Castro, has asserted its repressive influence over Cuba.

We do have a base at Guantanamo, but it

has been there for historical, strategic reasons having nothing to do with the government or the people of Cuba. It functions as an isolated enclave, almost as if it were on an island apart.

If Toynbee were keeping properly abreast of United States policy, he would know that, at least until recently, our official concern with Cuba has been not as a military threat to us but as a base for subverting the whole of Latin America.

With definite proof that Cuba is becoming a bastion for Red arms and personnel, this country, after having moved with restraint for many months, has now taken action that should have been taken earlier.

* * *

NO, MR. TOYNBEE, we are not "doing violence" to a small country as you assert. We are only exercising the prerogative of a free nation desiring to remain free.

And there is no parallel whatsoever with a freedom-bent Hungary held in check by force of Soviet arms. We are not against but on the side of those in Cuba who want freedom.

Toynbee implies that we should not "twist Cuba's arm" because we have bases in Turkey and elsewhere just as close to Russia as Cuba is to us.

This does not follow. There is no reason we should stand by idly when we can, by virtue of Cuba's island position, affect the flow of trade to the hostile Castro government.

The Russians would do the very same thing to Turkey and others if they could. It is possible they might try it again in Berlin. This is something that only time will determine.

Toynbee, the historian, has not been doing his homework very thoroughly.

Maybe he ought to hit the books.

Who's Stupid?

This is not necessarily a plea—that has been tried before and never seems to work. Call this an argument.

It is, therefore, an argument in favor of voting.

Now, not everybody votes. Some people would say that those people who do not vote are stupid. They would say in the same breath that many stupid people vote.

(Sometimes, they might add, that more stupid people vote than intelligent people—depending, of course, on the outcome of the election.)

Others might say that stupid people vote all the time. They would then point to legislation as authored by lawmakers who the stupid people put in office.

But, of course, we who are voting in this election on November 6 are not stupid.

Actually, no one is stupid who votes. Really.

These are the smart people. They are exercising their right of expression. They are saying it is either all right or all wrong to put a certain person in office.

These people are smart enough to know that what they say at the poll does count. They are smart enough to know that if they vote and if they get their friends to vote and those friends get friends to vote—and all vote the same way—why, this almost has to be the majority opinion.

And this, then, becomes the wish of the people—and the wish of the people then puts the man the people want in office.

So, don't call these people stupid who vote. You're just stupid if you don't.

Stakes Are High; Race Close

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is one of a series of dispatches on the key elections this year from NEA's traveling political reporter.)

—BY BRUCE BLOSSAT—
(Newspaper Enterprise Assn.)
SACRAMENTO (NEA)—
"There's no big emotional jag for Brown." "Nixon's stuff so far is pure alfalfa. I don't think people are buying it."

These two balancing comments strikingly illustrate the unmovable emotions of the huge California electorate in the midst of a governorship race widely viewed as the nation's most important.

And as the final campaign weeks shape up, veteran observers throughout the state insist they see no clear, irreversible trend toward either Democratic Governor Edmund G. (Pat) Brown or his celebrated challenger, Richard M. Nixon.

Many politicians and other appraisers find it ironic that a state on the verge of becoming the country's most populous is choosing between two men who stir such small fires. The stakes, nonetheless, are high. California is now a prize with 40 electoral votes. Both parties urgently wish to hold it in 1964 and beyond.

NIXON'S ENTIRE political fate turns on the outcome. If he loses, it could be the end of

the road for him. If he wins, he will at the very least be a potential president-maker two years hence—and despite all his disclaimers—possibly a candidate again.

Brown, plump, pleasant and smiling, has a good deal working his way—Democratic registration edge of more than a million voters, plus all the advantages that go with incumbency in a wealthy state growing at a still fantastic pace.

Going against him is the picture, part real and part fashioned by his adversaries, of an ineffectual bumbler who is being bowled along by the tide and can never quite get his hands on the oars.

Even the governor himself ruefully conceded some time back that, after various ordeals of indecision in 1960, "they gave me this fatheaded image."

He complains that Nixon people have called him "an ignoramus." Not have his opponents let up. Recently GOP National Committeeman Joseph Martin labeled a Brown statement "another example of his capacity for instant indecision."

For his part, Nixon is helped by the "celebrity value" that goes with having been 1960 Republican presidential nominee and for eight years the vice president. And, as the challenger, he warns once more to the attacker's role he has not had the chance to assume since his 1950 fight for a U. S. Senate seat.



BROWN CAMPAIGNS FROM CABLE CAR

... At close range, he is warm and kindly

"IT IS MR. NIXON!" is a common response to his familiar face as he moves among California voters at shopping centers, street corners, country

fairs. Yet Nixon smarts a little under Brown's charge that after 14 years away from California "he doesn't know the territory." He is having difficulty, too, locating issues with real bite.

His effort to portray the California economy as wobbling has failed off in failure. New gestures in his old garb of anti-Communist fighter are dismissed by one Democrat as "desperation stuff."

The man he seeks to unseat—Pat Brown—is at close range so warm and kindly he appears to shrink from the harsh demands of political combat. At a recent farm country gathering on a balmy evening he said: "It's so beautiful tonight I hate to talk about my opponent."

Addressing a cluster of his workers in a vacant store, he heard a child's cry as he finished. The governor laughed and added:

"I don't blame you, sweet-heart. It was a bum speech anyway."

Once he spotted some Mexican braceros in a farm audience. With a wave he called out: "No habla español. Just 'mi amigos.' They grinned and shouted back: "Viva!"

Brown tells his followers they have a good case. It is indeed not easy to disprove. No scandal tarnishes his government. Adding 200,000 school children a year, the state spends more for education than 43 of the 50 states do for all purposes.

CALIFORNIA'S personal income total exceeds the national average by 23 per cent. Its farm income easily tops the nation. The state's remarkably expanded labor force even features a rising proportion of manufacturing employment in an era when, under automation pressures, the national percentage in this field is declining.

Today California has 24 per cent of prime U. S. defense contracts, 40 per cent of all space research and development contracts. Currently it builds 400 miles of freeway as part of a 12,000-mile system, and already

is under way on a 30-year water project calling for a 700-mile man-made river.

Confronted by the torrent of growth statistics, Nixon no longer talks of a faltering California. He argues instead that development would be more efficiently managed—with less spending and taxes—under his guidance. "He believes a real taxpayers' revolt is in the making." He searches for other, related issues with genuine zip.

But what he really counts on to gain the day is what he considers is his capacity to infuse almost any issue—tame or not—with excitement.

In the end, Nixon thus is relying upon his established political personality—known to millions of voters, proven highly effective in many battles—to carry him into the winner's circle.

HE NEEDS upwards of 700,000 Democratic votes to do it. Some observers calculate there were enough defections from Brown's standard in the June primary to encourage Nixon in his hope.

No one forgets that California is a state which does not follow pattern, and a state in which Nixon has never lost.

Observers agree the Republicans have a well-knit, punchy organization this time, while Democrats are plagued as usual by apathy.

A few Democrats profess not to fear Nixon's vaunted status. Says one:

"If he's relying on personality, he's in real trouble."

But the general Democratic view is etched with fear of the seasoned, unpredictable campaigner. A party leader acknowledged:

"We don't underestimate the man who almost became president."

Brown may set the Democrats in California on a high course of enduring success if he makes Nixon also "the man who almost became governor." But if Nixon wins, he will recapture national influence which he could use with powerful effect for years to come.

Confucius Say: "Never Pet Hungry Dog!"



OUTLOOK BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES

The Genius Of Seattle Works Wonderful Magic

BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES

SEATTLE—This weekend they close the gates to a monument to civic impudence and audacity. Seattle has demonstrated once more its grasp of the science of building its own facilities out of somebody else's money. More power to her.

The Seattle World's Fair was a howling success. In six months it drew nine million paid admissions at two bucks a whack. Only America, whose citizens are the most mobile of any nation, could have sent such numbers to a fiesta lying 2,000 miles from the center of population.

THE ONLY BIG losers were the two old decrepit ships that were anchored offshore as floating hotels. The promoters figured that the city's facilities would be so swamped that weary tourists would be happy to rent cramped cabins at fancy prices. But they underestimated the efficiency of the house bureau. The citizens opened up their spare bedrooms. Sixty thousand beds appeared as if by magic. And the money stayed in Seattle.

The Seattle Fair was a thinly-disguised commercial promotion aimed at making the city a great convention center at a bargain price. Like other cities Seattle had appropriated money for a huge convention hall. The bill was to be \$9 million. But Seattle didn't stop thinking there. Why not, asked its civic leaders, throw a fair? Not one of these dinky fairs with buildings built out of plaster that are shoddy by the fourth month

and collapsing by the sixth. Let's make it a real world's fair and prevail upon the state and the Federal Government to build real fine permanent buildings. Guess you'll get 'em in the end.

Well, it couldn't have worked out better. Seattle businessmen came up with an underwriting pledge of \$4.5 million. This so impressed the International Bureau of Expositions in Paris (which tries to prevent any one country from throwing two "world's fairs" within 10 years) that it gave Seattle its blessing. Mr. Robert Moses, who is preparing New York's much greater fair, is naturally a little irritated.

Uncle Sam agreed to build a magnificent science hall at the Seattle site for \$9.5 million. The disposition of this excellent building has not yet been determined, but if you know Seattle you can make some shrewd guesses. The state of Washington kicked in \$18.5 million for an 18,000-seat Coliseum that will take a national political convention. Seattle will buy it back for \$3 millions.

WHAT WAS once the bare dream of a civic center featuring an opera house and playhouse has now blossomed into a magnificent complex of exhibition halls, malls, fountains and plazas.

But this wasn't all. The Allweg Company of Switzerland, which thinks it has the answer to urban transportation, built a 1.2-mile twin-track monorail from the center of town. The

cost was \$4.2 millions, but the streamlined cars, speeding smoothly and quietly at 60 miles an hour astride the huge concrete beams 50 feet above the traffic, so delighted us yokels that the 75-cent fares have exceeded \$4 millions.

What do you do with a 1.2-mile monorail? Seattle will either have to expand it or blast it down. But the hundreds of feature articles written about it undoubtedly advertised the fair. And the manufacturers are delighted at having achieved such a dramatic demonstration at so little expense.

Finally, there was the privately financed Space Needle soaring 600 feet up to a flaming gasp. It is the tripod of special-alloy steel surmounted by a "sightseers" platform and a 240-seat restaurant that revolves once an hour thanks to a one-horsepower electric motor and a 180,000-to-1 reduction gear.

As you sit down to your oysters you are looking at the snow-sprinkled Cascades. As you finish the soup you are staring at distant Tacoma. The steak course brings the Olympic peninsula into view and at dessert you are absorbing magnificent Puget Sound up Canada-way. Coffee finds you back at the Cascades.

This has been such a rousing success that admissions to the observation platform alone have totaled nearly \$2 millions and for six months people have waited from 30 minutes to five hours for the privilege of buying \$6 dinners. This facility will continue in business and Seattle has its Eiffel Tower for nothing.

HOW DID Seattle get this touch of genius? It goes back to 1906 when she opened the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. This should have been a flop. The Jamestown Exposition and Portland's Lewis and Clark Exposition had both taken a bath. But

Seattle thought of a gimmick.

The state university needed a new campus. How about getting the state government to buy campus land and build some fine college buildings that the exposition could temporarily occupy? There was a bloody battle down at Olympia as the impudence of Seattle's scheme dawned on the legislators.

But Seattle won, even though the last of the requisite money was raised at a midnight civic banquet nine hours before the gates opened. The show drew an astonishing 3,700,000 people.

It ended \$63,000 in the black. The new university plant got a running start with one of the most beautiful campuses in America. And from among the popt-eyed visitors Washington drew thousands of new settlers and investors.

So for the past six months Seattle has been up to her old trick of getting outsiders to build her city. She did it with dash, imagination and charm. Boy, were we taken! And did we love it. (Copyright 1962, General Features Corp.)

