

## Tax Money Misuse

It would take a lot of space to point out the dismaying fact that the role of taxation (Dictionary definition: a compulsory contribution levied upon persons, property or business for the support of government) is being extended by many influential people.

Many of the current crop of planners in our federal and state government seem to hold to the dangerous concept that taxation should be used as an instrument to bring about the social revolution.

This is not new; in fact, government in the United States already has extended itself into so many facets of American life that only a few more steps need to be taken to socialize the American republican form of government.

As a recent visitor to Russia and the Iron Curtain countries, this writer can attest to the fact that State Socialism is the real culprit leading to the iron clad control of the Communists who represent only a small percentage of the people of those unhappy countries. Presently, Marxism is being stressed more than at any time since the bloody revolutions. It would be less than realistic for any American not to see this as a new tack by the dictators to present a softer facade for the rather ugly Communist front which will exist for a long time to come.

The development of bureaucracy to maintain Communist control costs a lot of money and it must come out of the people in direct and hidden taxation. New taxation always can be employed wherever there is accomplishment through private enterprises. Taxes in Russia and the bloc countries always are handy instruments to manipulate the political rule of the party in power.

Under the American system taxes in principle cannot properly be used as a control measure as they have been and are being used in such fields as agriculture. Yes, even the withholding of federal funds from Alabama or any other state.

When taxing power is abused or used in any way to control our energies or punish non conformity then we have lost the freedom we claim to have and are already in state socialism which is the foot-in-the-door for communism or any other form of dictatorship.

## Beating the Heat

Want to beat the heat? An article in the July issue of The Reader's Digest suggests nine ways to do it. Written by William R. Vath, it is condensed from Today's Health.

Rule number one, Mr. Vath tells us, is to "Keep up your normal diet"—you burn as much energy working in the heat as in the cold. He also states that "Meats—cold if you like—are recommended to maintain energy and nutrition." He amplifies this: "If you feel like eating a hot meal of meat and potatoes on a hot day, go ahead."

There are any number of old wives' tales concerning hot weather diets, and most of them are totally without scientific substance. They can't do any good, and they may do considerable damage. Meat has long been one of the main victims in this case. Yet meat, as the dietitians tell us, is an essential food, in hot weather and cold, in illness (unless a doctor says otherwise) and health, and for persons of all ages.

The diet problem can be summed up pretty well in a phrase: "Don't be a food faddist."

## A Small World

The jet plane brought about a revolution in international transportation, by providing passenger service between far corners of the world at fractions of the times previously possible.

That revolution has entered its second stage with the introduction of all-cargo Jet Clippers by Pan American Airways.

These cargo jets, by slashing time, challenge traditional concepts of marketing and merchandising, making once-distant markets a jet hop away from the manufacturer's base. They are adding a new element, so that the shipper can choose the means of transport which best suits his needs and the desires of his customers, no matter where they are.

The Jet Clipper made the inaugural crossing of the Atlantic in 1958—a mere five years ago. Since that time the globe has shrunk to half the size of it was when piston-engined aircraft dominated the skies. A gauge of the impact of this revolution is that nearly twice as many passengers will cross the Atlantic by air this year as crossed it five years ago.

A common saying when you run into someone in an unexpected place is, "It's a small world, isn't it?" It sure is!

Accidental death, as a result of swallowing poison, is increasing each year. You may not realize it, but more than 600,000 children—each year—swallow some kind of poison. This should make every parent think twice and carry out a routine check of bathroom cabinets, kitchen, etc.—Suero (Tex.) Record.

## Morning Report:

Sin does not pay. And everybody should know that—especially if you're a man. I guess that's the moral in that big London trial.

The jury found Dr. Stephen Ward guilty. And the girls will now have a court verdict to prove that they are as naughty as they said they were. I figure this should double the price they will get for their next set of newspaper memoirs. For the readers will now know they are getting the genuine article.

The verdict will also place a great burden in Prime Minister Macmillan in his re-election. He sounds like a fellow who can't spell a three-letter word like sex, let alone discuss it at campaign rallies.

Abe Mellinkoff

## Crystal Ballsmanship



ROYCE BRIER

## Russians Firing Dialectics In Letters to Chinese

We come again to the Soviet letter to the Red Chinese, one of the most important international documents of this century.

The Red Chinese, who advocate a sooner-the-better war on "imperialism," recently said, "On the ruins of destroyed imperialism, we will build a bright future."

It must be noted offhand that the Red Chinese will not for some time have the means of "destroying" imperialism, so-called. First, they must have a nuclear bomb, then a huge stock of them. So the war they are panting for can only devolve on the Soviet Union.

But the Soviet Union is not about to wage war to materialize the "bright future" of the Red Chinese. On the contrary, the Soviet letter interposed a rather sly answer: "... the atomic bomb does not adhere to the class principle; it destroys everybody within range of its devastating force."

The Soviet letter goes on:

"Apparently the people who refer to the thermonuclear weapon as a 'paper tiger' are not fully aware of the destructive force of the weapon... We have soberly considered this; we have manufactured it. We know its destructive force full well."

"We would like to ask the Chinese comrades if they have consulted the working class of the countries where imperialism dominates?... It is not a fact the imperialists, the monopolists, are only a small group, while the bulk of the population of the capitalist countries consists of the working class?... therefore, millions of workers would be destroyed for every monopolist."

The Soviet letter raises a "well-justified suspicion" that the Red Chinese have abandoned the Marxist exhortation, "Workers of the world, unite!" for a slogan "devoid of any class meaning: 'The wind from the East prevails over the wind from the West.'"

The general Soviet answer to the "war now" thesis is a diametric "no war now" thesis. The Russians are positive and clear that they have elected for peaceful coexistence, unless attacked. In the letter they support this course in thousands of words, pursued over scores of avenues. Enmeshed in the argument is their own faith that communism will overcome capitalism by peaceful means.

The letter says flatly that "a revolutionary situation" does exist in the bourgeois capitalist countries at present, and consequently that the Red Chinese are in opposition to both Marx and Lenin. The Soviet letter is not sly when it says that behind Red Chinese militancy is a "lack of faith in the forces of the working class, its revolutionary capabilities."

Superficially much of the letter appears to be exhaustively dialectic, but the human forces it deals with are no abstraction.

## A Bookman's Notebook

### 'The Funnies' a New Book Of American Folklore

William Hogan

As a former connoisseur of comic strips whose delights go back to the dark ages of "Little Nemo" and "Buster Brown," I was stirred by the appearance of a book titled "The Funnies: An American Idiom." This is a collection of

pieces, several of which have seen the light of print before, by critics, cartoonists and scholars. Most seek to analyze the impact of comic strips in American culture.

The impresarios on hand are David Manning White, a professor of journalism at Boston University and Robert H. Abel, columnist for the satirical magazine The Realist. Their enterprise is less a sentimental record for the fan than it is a sociological jam session on an enormously influential branch of American folklore. But as an observer whose dedication to comic strips has (with the exception of "Peanuts") long vanished, I found the book to be generally flat and unrewarding.

It is good to have Gilbert Sedles' piece on "Krazy Kat" available again; it appeared originally in 1926, in Sedles' book "The Lively Arts." And Al Capp's delightful essay on Charlie Chaplin's comedy (The Atlantic, 1949) is a welcome reprise, as is Heywood Brown's Vanity Fair piece of 1935, "Fifty Million Readers."

While it is always dangerous to over-analyze one's delight in anything, including the funnies, this essentially scholarly probing of the art does look over the psychology behind the line drawings and into the mind of the mass audience that responds to them with so much warmth and loyalty. Too much so, it seems to me, in a somber entry by Francis E. Baracus.

## Mailbox

### THANKS TO DORIAS

Wish to thank you and Mr. James Dorias for an article on the Conservatives in the Aug. 4 paper.

The Liberal Left in my opinion has been showing its real self in attacks on the anti-Communists and Conservatives. Their statements are completely untrue, very often and the persons making the statements know it.

One thing they do is place the Nazi racists over in the irth of center and smear all the right with the Nazi crimes. Hitler and his bunch were all socialists and about as close to the Communists as two peas in a pod. The Nazis belong in the extreme left.

I have written to many of the persons who were sure the extreme right was worse than the Communists to find out just what was the matter with the right. I have never received an answer that had one true criticism about the true right and the anti-Communists.

Yours very truly  
Davis C. Attridge

## Rumanians Display Happy Side to the Visitor

Editor's Note: This is another of a series of comments on an extended trip taken with a group of American publishers and their wives in Russia and its allied countries by the co-publisher of The Herald.

By KING WILLIAMS  
It was a beautiful June day as our Russian turbo-prop set down at Bucharest, Rumania, on our flight out of Russia from Kiev.

We had been warned not to expect too much from this close neighbor and ally of the USSR. We were to be pleasantly surprised, alternately impressed and confused and, finally, aware that here was a country whose likable citizens evidently were very well a mask of freedom.

Representatives of Carpathian National Tourist Office and government officials greeted us with smiles and cameras and conducted us to customs in the quite modern airport admission building where we began filling out the usual forms for the police department and the currency controls. In the midst of the hubbub, an announcement came over the loudspeaker notifying the customs officers to dispense with proceedings so that "the American newspaper group could proceed at once to busses for their welcome to Rumania."

On the trip into the Capital we learned why Bucharest for generations has been known as a "garden city." Row after row of carefully attended roses and other flowers were in full bloom with every street and boulevard a vista of beautiful parkways. Near the outskirts of a residential section stood an immense building with elaborately landscaped grounds. It was the Palace of Printing, headquarters for Scintila, the country's largest daily newspaper and other publications and propaganda center for the Rumanian People's Republic.

Bucharest has a population of 1,300,000 living in elaborate old residences now split into numerous one- and two-room apartments and scores of new high rise apartment buildings constructed since the abdication of King Mihai in 1947.

The Romans have left their mark indelibly impressed upon the temperament and appearance of the Rumanians. It is distinctly latin and these traits set the people of the country apart from their allies in the Communist bloc countries. At any rate, this latin temperament paid off for "we innocents" who were overdue for some light-hearted tourism after a week of relatively hard going in Russia.

It is more pleasant to write about the beauties of a country and the niceties of the people. Rumania has a superabundance of natural and man made magnificence and authentic staging for its traditional romanticism and care-free abandon of the gypsies more than 100,000 of whom still live as freely as they dare in a collectivized society composed of 15 million ethnic Rumanians, 1.6 million Hungarians, 400,000 Germans, 140,000 Jews and smaller numbers of Ukrainians, Russians, Serbs, Turks, Bulgars, Czechs and Slovaks.

Our several receptions and interviews with Rumanian and American legation officials will be considered later. These interviews proved of value not only as informative but aided importantly in restraining many of our group from being carried away on the red carpet laid out so pleasantly by the well organized Rumanian tourist agency.

The Athenee Palace hotel was in such contrast to what we had in Russia that we had the feeling of suddenly being transported into Paris. The hotel staff had know-how rarely approached by the Russians who on the whole seemed to have been taken off the farms to jobs ranging from waitresses to hotel executives. Most of the peasants were striving mightily, but they were about as accomplished in their separate tasks as a blind man trying to operate an automobile on the Harbor freeway.

Most important to our guides seemed to be the good times in store for us, outstanding of which was to be a trip through farm country

to visit Brasov in the Carpathian mountains, a city with 500 years of history.

A medieval trade center, because of a strategic location, Brasov is regaining importance as a center for the highly socialized industrial development.

On the 80 mile trip by bus we passed numerous farms where women of all ages were at work in the fields or asleep in the shade trees along the highway. At various checkpoints we noted guards carefully taking the numbers of all vehicles as drivers were required to slow down for identification.

We were established in a modern hotel with a swimming pool on the ninth story roof and were served in one of many dining rooms that would have been patronized any place in America.

A trip into the country in late afternoon gave us an interesting inspection of a collective farm where we were a center of attraction for scores of pleasant people and squadrons of children bearing gifts of flowers for the women.

The elected head of the farm and his assistants sat for an interview in a small office the walls of which were decorated with pictures and slogans and the names and photos of individuals who had received awards for contributions to the communal effort.

He told of the growth and development of the farm to its present 6,000 acres and impressed his listeners with an earnestness comparable to many American farm leaders active in 4-H club work.

An escorted tour through barns, where milking by hand was in progress, revealed little modern equipment. A research project in vegetable and hybrid feed crop experiment was impressive, especially when we were told that the farmers themselves had built the glass and steel buildings with materials purchased

on time from the government. Horse drawn ancient wagons were neatly drawn up for the night after a day in the fields that appeared to be well kept and irrigated.

On our way back into the city we were taken to the famous "Black Church," so named because its limestone portals and walls were marked by fire set centuries ago by the Turks.

The church had been closed for the day but a knock on the ancient door of the rectory brought the pastor who hurriedly opened up. Just as we entered the magnificent tones of a thousand pipes playing a Lutheran anthem, filled the Cathedral.

The restored interior had many of the original wood pews with movable backs to permit worshippers to face the choir loft or the chancel. We caught one of our women Communist guides in a poignant moment. She was crying.

It was graduation time and our dinner turned into a gala party with the boys and girls, looking just like their American counterparts and as fashionably attired, leaving their own dining hall to join us in an immense room where two orchestras played constantly. Latest American tunes (popular all over the Communist countries) were mixed with traditional numbers from a crack Gypsy orchestra.

The dinner was elaborate to the climax of flaming desert. Service was impeccable and the altogether jovial atmosphere was so impressive that we agreed no one back home would ever believe.

That was the side of the coin many American tourists see and like and can be deluded by. There is a grimmer side, a face that looks over the shoulder of every Rumanian and every other human who happens to have his feet behind the iron curtain even though his heart may be in the West.

## Around the World With

### DELAPLANE

"Am a widow of middle age, going in September to Europe. Several questions: Can I drink ice water in hotels and good restaurants?"

I don't drink tap water in France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, I do the British Isles, Germany, Austria, Switzerland—but I ask first. It is not resented if you ask, "Is the water all right to drink?"

Best bottled water in France is Evian; Spain it's Solares; I forget Portugal but they have one; and the BEST is Fiuggi in Italy. (If you read the label, you'll find one of the endorsements is from Michelangelo.)

Look at other tables in the restaurant. You'll see Europeans ordering bottled water—though most of them will drink only wine.

No. 2, I am used to regular hours. How can I get used to later meals?"

I guess you get used to them because you have to. The latest is Spain. Dinner seldom starts until 11. And dining rooms don't even open until 10. However, I have discovered the Spanish go to hotels or little restaurants about 6 and stoke up on the meal they call the "merienda"—sandwiches and snacks. This holds you until evening dinner.

In other countries—not Portugal—dinners are usually 8 and 9.

"Do I have to have typhoid shots?"

No, but I do, and all my family. I also keep everybody up on the three polio sugar cube vaccine, and tetanus. You have to have a smallpox vaccination within the past three years to get back in the U. S. and into some other countries.

Be sure to have your doctor sign the yellow card with the record of shots. And then have it certified by a city or U. S. Public Health department. Some countries will shoot you all over again if it isn't stamped.

I seem to misplace my yellow card a lot. Consequently, I've been pulled out of line and bayoneted in back rooms of airports all over the world. All health departments are afraid jet travel will spread something before they can catch up with it.

"And No. 3, I am going one way by boat, home by Plane. How do you change your money in this case?"

The purser has foreign currency to change for your dollars. By planes, there's always an airport bank. If you arrive when it's closed, tip in small American money—the porter can change it.

But don't tip hotel maids and other people in American coin. They can't change it. Only airport banks will accept coin—usually.