

## NEWSPAPERS

### Spoofing the Despots

One sweltering summer day in 1959, a pedestrian waited impatiently to cross a street in downtown Richmond, Va., while a car blocked the intersection. The driver, busily chatting with a friend out the window, would not move on. His patience exhausted, the pedestrian finally bolted across the hood of the auto. Unfortunately for him, the driver turned out to be an off-duty policeman who promptly haled him to court, where he was charged with malicious mischief and fined \$25.

James Jackson Kilpatrick, the fiercely individualistic editor of the Richmond News Leader, got wind of the arrest, and he was outraged. As Kilpatrick sees it, part of a newspaper's job is to do its community a "very real and special service by poking fun and spoofing the hell out of despots on the bench." He ran an editorial asking for contributions to a Beadle Bumble Fund\*. "The object of this fund," he wrote, "is to deflate an occasional overblown bureaucrat, to unstuff a few stuffed shirts and to promote the repeal of foolish and needless laws. There is entirely too much law and order in the world."

Readers, who had often felt the urge to march across an auto hood, responded generously. Before long, Kilpatrick was dispensing justice right and left. Beadle Bumble paid the fines for:

► A Richmond homeowner convicted of trapping animals inside the city limits. His crime: he had rounded up a few squirrels when they began to overrun his lawn, then deposited them unharmed in the countryside.

► A Charlottesville painter who had been found guilty of violating the Sabbath blue laws. He had been repainting the white lines of a grocery store's parking lot on Sunday, the only day the lot was free of cars.

► A woman who had received a parking ticket for leaving her Volkswagen more than twelve inches from the curb. All the nearby larger cars, which were closer to the curb but extended much farther into the street, were not ticketed.

► A grocer who was found in contempt of court because he refused to raise the price of milk as ordered by the State Milk Commission. Wrote Kilpatrick: "We would happily award him \$500 so that he could buy twice as much contempt for a law that has no place in a free enterprise society."

Last week the Beadle Bumble Fund started defending books as well as people. A school board in suburban Richmond had ordered high school libraries to get rid of all copies of Harper Lee's *To Kill a Mockingbird*, a tender novel of race relations in the South. The board found the book "immoral." "A more moral novel scarcely could be imagined," replied Kilpatrick. In the name of the Beadle, he offered free copies to children who wrote in. By the week's end he had given away 81.

"Off and on," noted Kilpatrick in a News Leader editorial, "we have detected encouraging signs that Virginia was emerging from peckerwood provincialism and ingrown 'morality'—phrases which the late H. L. Mencken used ceaselessly to describe rural America. But after the school board's action, said Kilpatrick, "Mencken's old indictment stands reconfirmed."

\* Named for the portly, garrulous parish beadle of Charles Dickens' *Oliver Twist*, who, upon being told by a judge that a woman is subservient to her husband, asserted: "If the law supposes that, the law is a ass—a idiot."

**RICHMOND, VA.  
NEWS LEADER**

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Front Page    Edit Page    Other Page

Date: MAR 13 1964

## *How Much Is That in Rubles?*

A radio broadcaster out in Minnesota has come up with a rather different approach to the Cold War. In an editorial broadcast, he suggested that an effective Cold War weapon against the Communists might be found in an item costing far less than the ICBM—the catalogs of the big three mail order kings, Spiegel, Sears Roebuck, and Montgomery Ward.

If a few million of these catalogs, printed in Russian, were to be smuggled into Russia, he says, the benefits to the Free West would be of incalculable value. The Russian people, accustomed to many decades of five-year plans, would have an opportunity to see for the first time the many commodities available to those living under dread capitalism. On cold winter nights, they could shop in the "wishbooks" for everything from Lily Dache hats and dressmaker originals to farm implements and living room furniture.

Although the proposal was voiced tongue-in-cheek, it does offer some fine possibilities. Russian women particularly would be vulnerable targets

for "Operation Catalog." After a few months, the CIA could send in a few spies trained in civil rights protests and labor union picketing in this country. These spies could organize Russian consumers into a union. The members of the union could engage in the pressure tactics known so well to Americans: They could schedule sit-ins for the aisles of the government-owned department stores, and arrange picket lines to keep anyone from entering the premises. They could call for a boycott of government-sponsored goods. Then, in a final gesture they could organize a large-scale protest march on Red Square. They could handcuff themselves together around the walls of the Kremlin. They could lie in the streets of Moscow and block traffic. Sears, da! Nicki, nyet!

If history offers any clues at all, there could be no doubt of the outcome of such a battle: Even the Iron Curtain has lace on the edges, and the resourcefulness of any gal who wants new living room furniture will not be daunted by tanks or guns. So, how much is that in rubles?

# Crossroads in Dixie

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

The South a primrose path of dalliance treads,  
 unfaithful to her Democratic spouse, unready  
 to wed her Republican lover

When the 68th Congress convened in March of 1923, Oscar W. Underwood held one of Alabama's seats in the Senate and Tom Heflin held the other. Virginia's senators were Swanson and Glass. Walter George had just arrived from Georgia the year before. These men were individuals in their own right, and rather cantankerous ones at that; but in a larger sense, they were members of a mystic brotherhood, bound together in a bond beyond their party: They were *Southern Senators*. Their opposite numbers from, say, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey, shared no such common identification; they were doubtless able men, but they were discrete particles. Much of the history of the mid-century may be gleaned from reflection upon this fact of congressional life: Since 1923, Virginia, Georgia and Alabama have sent, all told, eighteen men to the Senate; and Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey have sent 41. In the past sixteen years, these three Southern states have sent one new senator, Talmadge of Georgia; the three Northern states have sent eleven.

The parliamentary consequences of this Southern stability are too well known to require more than passing mention. The Senate has sixteen standing committees; Southerners are chairmen of ten of them and ranking members of two others. On Finance and Armed Services, Southerners are lined three deep. On Appropriations, behind the venerable Carl Hayden of Arizona, no fewer than five Southerners stand patiently in queue. The powers of Senate committee chairmen often are exaggerated; it is simply not true that these gentlemen may turn themselves, at will, into bulls, swans, or clouds of golden rain. But these gentlemen are not exactly impotent, either.

Beyond the outward and visible signs of Senate seniority, the Southerners' sticking power has produced some inner and spiritual grace as well. Russell of Georgia is unmatched as parliamentarian and floor general; Byrd of Virginia has explored every thicket of federal finance; McClellan of Arkansas knows where all the bodies are buried. As Joe Clark complained piteously in *The Senate Establishment*, the Southerners generally dominate the house committee by which this most exclusive club is run. In a hundred subtle and inaudible ways, they call the cadence; and the Senate marches, or as the case may be, the Senate stands at rest.

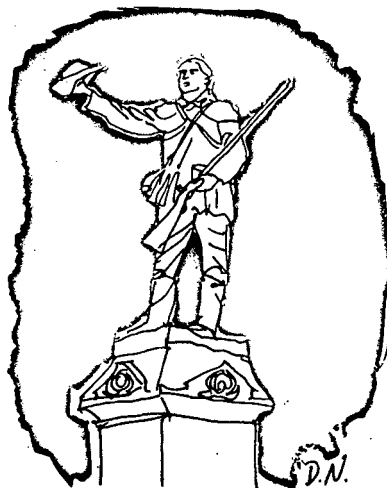
It is no problem to document this image of Southern stability on the Hill. Other popular images are not so fixed. Plainly enough, in Presidential elections the solid South is no longer solid; it probably never will be solid again. Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana have been flirting with the devil since 1948. Virginia, Florida and Tennessee have gone Republican three times hand-running. Texas went for Kennedy in 1960

only by the width of Lyndon's eyelash. South Carolina is ready to wander off the reservation. For three-quarters of a century, from 1868 through 1944, the image of Southern solidarity had meaning in Presidential contests. And the South benefited from this scarcely at all.

## *The Image Re-examined*

Add to the valid image of the Southern senator and to the shaky image of the solid South still a third major factor: This is the legend of "Southern conservatism." It is true that by the usual yardsticks (the CIO's, the ADA's, the ACA's), Southern Democrats as a group are more conservative than non-Southern Democrats as a group, but when civil rights questions are eliminated from the scoring system the ratings tend to even up considerably. Ordinarily, the South is thought of in geographical terms as the eleven states of the late Confederacy; from these states, in recent years, have come such notable "Southern conservatives" as Gore, Kefauver, Yarborough, Fulbright, Sparkman and Hill. The image, I say, requires a closer study than it ordinarily receives.

The tide of Southern Republicanism that rises so dramatically toward the White House has a way of ebbing just as swiftly toward the Southern Statehouse. Legislatures of the eleven Southern states have 1,754 seats combined. Only 78 of these were held by Republicans last year, and 50 of those 78 were in Tennessee and North Carolina. Each of the eleven states has a Democratic Governor. The Democratic solidity of the "solid South" exists at the Statehouse and court house level. There the image does in truth have meaning. I used to believe that on balance, the South has benefited from the stability and



Davy Crockett

experience and continuity of one-party government; today I am not so sure of this. I am not so sure of this at all.

Other factors press upon us:

*Item:* The poll tax still is imposed as a prerequisite to vote in Arkansas, Texas, Alabama, Mississippi and Virginia. There is reason to believe that early in 1964, the pending 24th Amendment to the Constitution, prohibiting the poll tax in federal elections, will become part of the supreme law of the land. Poll tax repeal is bound to have an unsettling effect in these five states, especially if repeal becomes operative in time to swell registrations in a Presidential year.

### *The Negro Vote*

*Item:* The rising Negro vote. As of a year ago, the Southern Regional Council reported 140 Negro registration drives in progress in the South. Many of these drives proved disappointing to the Council, but others, as in Birmingham, proved successful. In 100 Southern counties of special concern to the Civil Rights Commission, only 55,700 of 688,000 voting-age Negroes were registered for 1963 elections. These 100 counties, in the Commission's busy view, were the most critical counties; in most areas, Negro registration is proportionately much higher. Even so, it is clear that vastly more Southern Negroes will be voting in the future than have voted in the past; and this will be true whether or not the pending Civil Rights Bill is passed.

*Item:* Reapportionment. Considered as a group, the Southern states have small reason for pride in the fairness with which their legislative and congressional districts have been marked out. In line with the national pattern, rural areas of the South have been over-represented, and urban areas under-represented; but in the South these discrepancies have been dismayingly severe. A 1962 study by the National Municipal League found only three Southern Senates and only two Southern Houses above what might be termed a "mean level of fairness" among all the states. There has not been time to measure the changes in prevailing political philosophies that reapportionment may bring to Southern legislatures; but there is no question that urban representation will be

significantly increased over the next ten years. "I view great cities as pestilential to the morals, the health, and the liberties of man," Mr. Jefferson once remarked. A good many of his successors in Southern legislatures feel the same way, but this is one political pestilence that will not go away; the trend to city life cannot be mistaken.

There are other familiar factors, of course, that influence Southern politics to some degree. We are as affected as other men by changes in transportation and communication; we are as sensitive to problems of unemployment and industrialization. Personalities, traditions, labels, friendships—all these count. But we are unique in two respects: Woven into the whole fabric of our lives, in ways, statewide, that do not obtain elsewhere, is the presence of the Negro—the Negro as fact, the Negro as symbol. And deep in the marrow of our bones there lies a latent and instinctive conservatism that profoundly affects our political metabolism. These two factors, along with all the others, have created a political schizophrenia unmatched in the Republic. While others are worried about the fruits of a system based upon two parties, we must concern ourselves with the mutations that spring from five or six.

### *Virginia Voting Pattern*

Consider the lunacy that delights us in Virginia. Within the past three years, the typical white Richmonder has voted for a Republican for President, a Democrat for governor, a Democrat for U.S. senator, a Republican for congressman, and for both Democrats and Republicans for the State legislature. The Negroes, meanwhile, have voted for a Democrat for President, a Republican for governor, a Republican for congressman, and for Republicans only for the legislature. In this month's elections, Republican candidates for the Virginia General Assembly fell into new schizophrenias all their own: They bid for both the integrationist Negro vote and the segregationist white vote, and they won a good deal of both. The Republican candidates campaigned furiously against Mr. Kennedy, which pleased the white folks; and they campaigned loudly against the Democrat-dominated State legislature, which pleased

Democratic candidates erected billboards describing themselves as Conservative in very large letters, and as Democrats in very small. The Richmond voters brooded about all this; they felt themselves torn between the party of Mr. Byrd and the party of Mr. Kennedy, loving the one, detesting the other. The Nov. 5 returns told a significant story: Richmond returned six Democratic incumbents to the House, but sent two Republican newcomers with them. Across the state, Republicans ran well.

### *Why Stay a Democrat?*

It will be asked of the white Southerner, why he stays a Democrat, even a Byrd Democrat, when he hates the national party so? Why not become at least a Byrd Republican?

For the time being, this is out of the question for most Southern conservatives whose political life is both active and public. So long as the South is governed by Democratic governors, Democratic State legislators, Democratic tax collectors, court clerks, sheriffs and local councilmen, the great bulk of Southerners actively interested in politics will stay nominally Democratic. All the nicest people, with a few pleasant exceptions, are Democrats. The key political decisions still are made almost universally in Democratic primaries.

*Per contra*, though this situation is changing swiftly, white Southern Republicans, as a class, historically have ranked low on the social scale. Until recent years, they have been mostly hacks, opportunists, has-beens and never-weres, people with no wit or grace or charm, third-rate lawyers and second-rate salesmen. The prospect of making common cause with this gaggle of lackluster *ignorami* has held no appeal. As I say, this picture changes. It is becoming respectable to be a Republican in the South, not merely quadrennially, but as a regular thing.

Put these forces together, and they point to political upheaval. It is coming. If Senator Goldwater gets the nomination next year, we could see some stunning changes in the House. Wherever the Republicans can field a tolerably presentable candidate for the Congress, the less secure Democrats will have a fight on their hands.

There is a hooker in that sentence:

say that wherever the Republicans can field a tolerably presentable candidate, they will have realistic hope of riding a Goldwater boom to victory. The trouble lies in finding tolerably presentable candidates. Somehow, they must be cultivated among fledglings still wet from the nest, or from defectors from Democratic ranks. This is a formidably difficult task anywhere, and when it comes to filling state and local offices, the task is especially difficult in rural counties in which the number of prospective candidates for public office always is quite small.

This problem obtains here in Virginia. The state is fairly panting with suppressed Republican desires. What outlet is there for them? There is not now in sight a single prospective Republican candidate for governor who could command statewide support. Not one. In the Richmond area, eight seats in the state House of Delegates recently were up for grabs; the Republicans searched desperately, but could find five candidates only to seek them. There were six seats to be filled in Norfolk; only two Republicans entered the lists. All told, 100 seats were up for the winning in the Virginia House; the GOP let 63 of them go by default.

Over most of the South, Republicanism is as feeble. Little by little, as in Mississippi and Georgia, headlines exclaim of an occasional Republican who makes it, or almost makes it, into state or federal office. Doubtless there will be some increase in the number of Republicans in Southern state legislatures. But it will take a long, long time; and barring a truly wholesale flip-flop of political labels, the Republican party, as such, will remain a pathetic minority in state and local offices throughout the South.

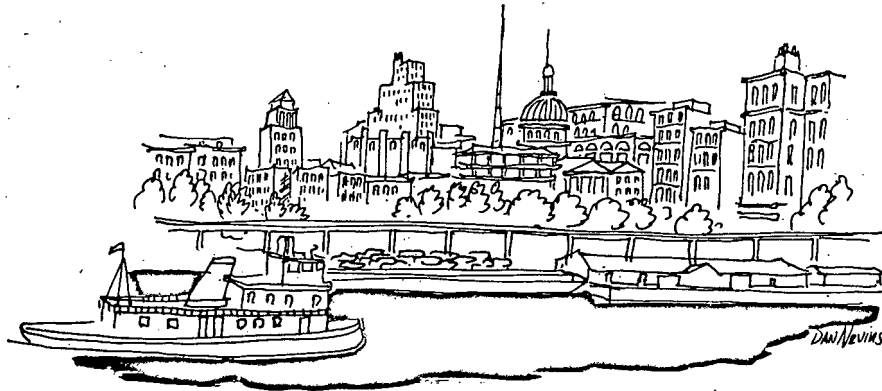
The upheaval, when it comes, will come first at the level of the House of Representatives and the United States Senate. Three factors, among others, make this inevitable: One is the age of many of the South's foremost spokesmen in the Congress. A second is the relative scarcity of first-quality congressional candidates in Democratic ranks. A third is the nature of a seat in the U.S. Congress, identified as it is with national party politics instead of state party politics.

Here in Virginia, a consciousness of the mortality of man weighs heav-

ily upon us. Harry Byrd and Willis Robertson are 76; Judge Howard Smith, guardian of House Rules, is 80. They are in apparent marvelous health; they are assured of election *ad infinitum*. But their deaths or retirement would create some vast political vacuums, and it is a mistake to assume that Democrats automatically will fill them. Whole eras end in a word; such is the breath of kings. Nor is the problem unique to Virginia. Ellender of Louisiana is 73; Holland of Florida is 71; McClellan of Arkansas is 67; Ervin and Jordan

have men talking to themselves. And in the five poll tax states, the prospect is plain that registration rolls are likely to expand sharply next year: and they will not expand with the right sort of people, for the right sort of people—the honest, decent, God-fearing, anti-Kennedy, conservative people—are running things now. The rolls will expand with all the wrong sort of people, and this spells trouble.

Public office in Virginia, and in much of the South, may be different from public office elsewhere, and per-



of North Carolina are 67; Russell of Georgia is 65. I pray for their long lives; I do not see men of their capacity, in either party, groomed to come after them.

This is the big problem for the South. The Democratic organizations, too long entrenched in the easy ruts of a one-party system, are not producing young leaders of outstanding ability. Old-timers, to whom the Democratic label is as sacred as the Baptist church, live in conditions of acute political anguish; they cannot continue to dwell in the house of their fathers, but they cannot bring themselves to quit it either.

### *Growing Pains*

The state Republican parties, quite understandably, are floundering as badly. They ache with the sharp pains of sudden growth. They charge off in all directions. In state elections, they find themselves allied with Negroes who hate the state Democratic organizations; it is a fragile alliance, for the Negroes are as filled with whirligig allegiance as the whites.

Daily, cold winds blow from judicial chambers; the uncertainties of reapportionment and Negro registra-

haps we are naive; but here, by cherished tradition, public office is in fact regarded as a public trust, and somehow, one feels that gentlemen ought not to engage in unseemly hassles for a public trust. The prospect of violently partisan elections, reaching down to the level of local councilmen, seems to us downright appalling. It is not mannerly. It is not Virginian. Primary contests, within the party, are one thing; but real fighting with Republicans in November is something else entirely. Such a prospect is vulgar if not absolutely sinful—yet it holds a giddy fascination. Most dangerous, said Angelo, is that temptation that doth goad us on to sin in loving virtue. Do we dast go Republican on the local level? *Who is looking?*

From time to time, I speculate on the hard truths the North has yet to learn in certain areas of race relations—truths of human behavior the South began to learn three centuries ago. This education won't be easy for the North. But the longer many of us in the South think upon the political future, and shiver a maidenly shiver, the more I reflect that in terms of two-party politics, we have some hard truths to master, too.

### *In This Issue . . .*

→ **James Jackson Kilpatrick**, whose recent essay on Civil Rights and Legal Wrongs [NR Sept. 24] so greatly interested students of the pending civil rights legislation, writes about the South—where it is now, what it is thinking, what are its major unresolved problems, what is its immediate political future. Mr. Kilpatrick, editor of the *Richmond News-Leader*, pens a mood piece about the South, and in his finely wrought treatment the historical, political, and cultural filaments conspire together to throw a brilliant light on the region of the country in so many ways the most interesting, the most endearing, and the most tragic. . . .

## *In This Issue . . .*

→ **Desmond Fennell**, a perceptive Englishman actively curious to experience life in Sweden, where all material cares are the property of the state, reports on his protracted stay there. Do you remember the flap a few years ago when Eisenhower described life in Sweden, and then later (while in Sweden) apologized for what he had said? Well, he was right the first time. . . . **James Jackson Kilpatrick**, the eloquent editor of the *Richmond News Leader*, writes a cool, informed piece about the reasons why the South and Barry Goldwater are on the same wave length, and they have nothing to do with segregation. . . . **Victor Gold**, who works for the public relations firm of Selvage & Lee, writes a memorandum, in the modern mode, on how to deal with the Dillinger mob. . . . **Anthony Harrigan**, another distinguished Southerner, of the *Charleston News and Courier*, is among other things a close student of military affairs. He comes out and says what long has needed saying: that the thing to do in South Vietnam is to use gas. Address complaints to the U.S. Military Hospital, Saigon.

→ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.**, it appears, has violated the privacy of Arthur Schlesinger Jr., which Mr. Schlesinger has been so carefully husbanding all these years, you will have noted. Result? Schlesinger has announced he will sue a) Putnam's (publisher of Buckley's forthcoming *Rumbles Left and Right*), b) NATIONAL REVIEW and c) WFB. He wants us to apologize, ha ha, for quoting Schlesinger's quote about Buckley! You figure it out. . . . **James Burnham** reveals that Walter Lippmann was actually correct in arguing recently that there was no "war party in this country, only a 'War whoop Party'"; and makes a constructive suggestion for anyone desiring to be President of the United States. Mr. Burnham is off to gather material in Europe, and to complete his book on contemporary Liberalism, an extension of a series of lectures he recently delivered at his alma mater, Princeton. . . . **Frank Meyer**, who knows all about the Moulding of a Communist, explores the fantasies we are busy building around the differences, real enough, between Khrushchev and Mao. . . . And **Russell Kirk** discusses the professionalization of athletics in the big colleges, bemoaning the fact that nowadays, to qualify to play a sport at college, you really ought to be a gorilla.

→ Better a gorilla, come to think of it, than such an intellectual as contributed to the book **Garry Wills** here reviews: who, in English that will curl your hair, happily subscribes for a tyrannical society. . . . **Guy Davidson** of Haverford College takes on three novels, and **Luis de Toledano** two important new books about the Cuban disaster. . . . **Fritz Leiber**, a well-known writer on, and editor of, science and science fiction, reviews two recent books. . . . And **W. H. von Dreele** regrets the death of Tennessee Williams' latest play, *The Milk and Honey*. **Stop Here Any More.** →

## *In This Issue*

We continue transcribing pertinent sections of a six dollar book—The Sovereign States by James Jackson Kilpatrick.

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James Jackson Kilpatrick was born of Virginia and Louisiana ancestry in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, in 1920. In 1941 upon his graduation from the University of Missouri School of Journalism, he joined the staff of the *News Leader* as a reporter under the late Douglas Southall Freeman, the distinguished historian. Early demonstrating a capacity for lucid analysis of public affairs, Kilpatrick became the leading political writer for the newspaper and, early in 1949, its associate editor. In June, 1949, he was named Freeman's successor as editor.

Kilpatrick's editorials have since won for him national recognition in the form of awards from the University School of Journalism (for his successful editorial campaign to free a negro prisoner who was sent to prison for a crime he didn't commit) and from Sigma Delta Chi, national journalism fraternity.

Kilpatrick has also contributed to *The Reader's Digest* and *Human Events*. *The Sovereign States* is his first book.



## Katanga Part of Congo, Stevenson Tells Editor

RICHMOND, Dec. 17 (AP).—Adlai Stevenson says the people of Katanga Province "have no more right to self-determination outside the framework of the (Congo) nation than do the people of any State of our Union."

The United States Ambassador to the United Nations adds that the policies of provisional President Moïse Tshombe, rather than serving as a block

against communism, would invite the cold war into the Congo and provide a secessionist government for the Communist countries to support.

Mr. Stevenson made his observations in a letter to James J. Kilpatrick, editor of the Richmond News Leader. Mr. Kilpatrick wrote the U. N. Ambassador asking if the U. N. wasn't violating its own charter by intervention in the internal affairs of Katanga. The editor said also the policy of the United States called for the overthrow "of a stout and friendly anti-Communist, capable of maintaining a stable and prosperous country, in order to replace him with the stooge of a puppet central government heavily infiltrated by Marxists."

In reply, Mr. Stevenson wrote:

"The United Nations is not intervening in the internal affairs of the Congo, since it was invited by the legitimate government of the Congo to

It remains there at the invitation of the central government.

"You are right that our basic policy favors the self-determination of peoples. However, the people of Katanga have no more right to self-determination outside the framework of the nation than do the people of any State of our Union. Katanga is a province of the Congo. I think it is well worth noting that no government in the world has to this date ever recognized Katanga as an independent country. . . .

"Lastly, you state that our

policy calls for the overthrow of a stout and friendly anti-

Communist. You imply that the central government leans toward the Communists. While Tshombe has proclaimed himself anti-Communist, his policy has threatened the very kind of chaos and division which, without the presence of the United Nations in the Congo, would invite the cold war into the unfortunate country and permit the Communist bloc to find a secessionist government of another sort which it could support."



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## KENNEDY'S FIRST YEAR

# 'Let Us Begin Anew...'

How does the nation view President Kennedy's first year in office?

In an effort to find out, the Associated Press polled leading editors and publishers across the land.

The response was varied. The general tone was favorable, yet few were unequivocal either in praise or condemnation.

A sampling of the replies follows:

**Roy A. Roberts, president, Kansas City Star:** Last January I predicted Mr. Kennedy would be a great President, or a bust. The story is yet to be told. Thus far, it is more plus than minus.

The administration fumbled on foreign affairs almost at once—Cuba, Laos, and too much talking. Experience has been a hard teacher. There has been a firming up of policy with wider public acceptance.

**Robert B. Choate, editor and publisher, Boston Herald-Traveler:** In a world changing so fast that today's success may be tomorrow's disaster, I am convinced the Kennedy administration has done—on the whole—an outstanding job in 1961.

**James J. Kilpatrick, editor, Richmond News Leader:** Mr. Kennedy certainly has raised the intellectual tone of the White House. He made a good appointment in McNamara and scored a 10-strike in McCone. In the lovely Jackie, he has the closest thing to a national dream girl since the sweetheart of Sigma Chi.

Otherwise, the picture is bleak. Mr. Kennedy draws in pastels—a pale gray indecisiveness abroad, a pale pink liberalism here at home. He makes some eloquent speeches, but they turn out to

not even full of sound and fury, his record is mainly full of sound alone, but it still signifies nothing and Mr. Khrushchev knows it.

Once the country wearies of Mr. Kennedy's charm, we will see him, with a shock, as the poorest President since Harding, perhaps the poorest since Arthur.

**Erwin D. Canham, editor, Christian Science Monitor:** The Kennedy administration's first year has been more stable, less experimental, than the Democratic campaign platform and pledges would have indicated. Foreign policy differed little from the Eisenhower administration, though its implementation somewhat ran into conflicts between the strong group of advisors in the executive office and elsewhere outside the State Department.

**Palmer Hoyt, editor and publisher, Denver Post:** President Kennedy is steering a realistic course in a period marked by some of the most grave and complex problems the nation has ever faced.

1961

## CONGRESSIONAL RECORD — SENATE

14021

ment has to pay on long-term bonds on the unpaid balance invested in its facilities. TVA should be required to pay a sufficient rate for power purchased from the Corps of Engineers projects to fully liquidate the Federal investment in these projects at interest equivalent to the rate paid by the Government on long-term obligations. TVA should be required to pay into the Federal Treasury an amount, in lieu of Federal income taxes, equivalent to that which would be paid were TVA in private ownership.

If TVA complies with the above requirements and can then cut rates, this adventure in socialism could be more nearly justified.

I thank my distinguished friend from Wisconsin again. He is not attempting to obstruct, although, from the bottom of my heart, I wish he were. In fact, tired as I am, I would be sorely tempted to join him, not in discrediting or speaking against the person he is speaking against in the hope of holding up action on the foreign aid bill until that happy time of the year, Christmas, when we would all be home, and we could not act on it.

Mr. PROXMIRE. I thank the Senator from Arizona.

Mr. MANSFIELD. Madam President, will the Senator yield?

Mr. PROXMIRE. I yield to the Senator from Montana.

Mr. MANSFIELD. After listening to the Senator from Arizona, I should say he should be marked in the "doubtful" column, so far as foreign aid is concerned.

Mr. GOLDWATER. Madam President, I do not know what "doubtful" means in Montana, but in Arizona it means there is some question about which way one is going to jump. There is no question about the way I am going to jump. I have already jumped. I am waiting for the land to come up and hit me.

Mr. KEFAUVER subsequently said: Mr. President, my colleague, the Senator from Arizona [Mr. GOLDWATER], has again waggled his finger at TVA, referring to it as "galloping socialism."

Senator GOLDWATER's finger is not the first which has been waggled at TVA, nor will it be the last.

The same specious arguments have been trotted out again and again and again.

The facts remain the same—that TVA is a living, breathing example of the greatest partnership in the world. Hand in hand with free competitive enterprise, it has brought prosperity and progress to the entire Tennessee Valley.

It has benefited not only the people of my State and the entire region served by its inexpensive power, but it has also benefited industry and people all over the Nation who have found a growing and lively market for their products which never would have come about had it not been for the vision and planning of those who fought for TVA.

TVA has paid its way—in spite of the efforts to disprove this that keep cropping up at the hands of the private power lobby year after year, and even in spite of the efforts of this lobby in-

side our very Government to destroy TVA in the notorious Dixon-Yates deal.

TVA, in addition, is an example to the entire world of how a people, working with their Government, can accomplish the economic development of an entire region and provide power and flood control and the many corollary benefits that follow.

My colleague from Arizona again joins a small group of reactionaries in our Nation who, for one reason or another, would call progress for the people "galloping socialism"—and who would keep our Nation tied up to the dock while the mainstream of civilization flows by.

If it were not for the yardstick that TVA has provided, I assure my colleague that many people in many places in our Nation would be paying prodigious prices for their power in comparison to what they pay today.

Senator GOLDWATER's tune is the same old tired tune. I cannot imagine why he has decided to play it again today.

Mr. GRUENING. Mr. President, will the Senator yield so that I may make a comment on the remarks of the Senator from Tennessee?

Mr. PROXMIRE. I yield.

Mr. GRUENING. Going back to the famous propaganda campaign of Samuel Insull, who was fighting municipal power and any public power, in a meeting of these assembled propagandists, the question was asked, "What would you do with a man who advocated municipal power?" The answer of this expert was, "I would not try to reason with him. I would not try to argue with him. I would merely pin the Bolshevik tag on him."

That is precisely what has been done, as the Senator from Tennessee has mentioned, by our colleague from Arizona in calling it socialistic, denouncing TVA, and putting it beyond the pale.

I have no doubt that if the people of Tennessee, those who have been benefited by the great project, which was originated by George Norris and carried on by Franklin Roosevelt, were to vote on the question, they would vote for its retention. Would that condemn them? Would our colleague put on them the opprobrious label of socialistic? I suspect they are as good Americans as anybody in this Chamber.

Mr. KEFAUVER. I thank the Senator from Alaska, who understands from practical experience the important part the Government must play in the development of our natural resources. Had it not been for TVA, Bonneville, and many other projects in which the Corps of Engineers and our Government have helped, we certainly would not be very far long with the harnessing of our rivers for the benefit of our people. I thank the Senator for his contribution.

#### AMENDMENT OF ACT OF MARCH 8, 1922, PERTAINING TO ISOLATED TRACTS, TO EXTEND ITS PROVISIONS TO PUBLIC SALES

Mr. MANSFIELD. Madam President, Senate bill 799, to amend the act of March 8, 1922, as amended, to extend its provisions to public sales, was passed by the Senate on July 28, 1961. It was

transmitted to the House of Representatives, and on July 31 was referred to the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs.

On August 7, 1961, the House passed H.R. 2925, a companion bill, which has been received by the Senate today. No action was taken on the Senate bill, which, as stated, was referred in the House on July 31.

Notwithstanding the failure of the House to consider the Senate bill, which is customary in such cases, and with a view to getting the matter to the White House for action by the President thereon, I ask unanimous consent that the Senate proceed to the consideration of H.R. 2925, pass it, and send it to the President.

Action on the House bill will avoid further delay in the enactment of the legislation.

Madam President, this bill has been cleared with the minority leader and also the ranking member of the minority on the Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs.

Madam President, I ask unanimous consent that the unfinished business be temporarily laid aside and that the Senate proceed to the consideration of H.R. 2925.

The PRESIDING OFFICER laid before the Senate the bill (H.R. 2925) to amend the act of March 8, 1922, as amended, pertaining to isolated tracts, to extend its provisions to public sales; which was read twice by its title.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Is there objection to the request of the Senator from Montana?

There being no objection, the Senate proceeded to consider the bill (H.R. 2925) to amend the act of March 8, 1922, as amended, pertaining to isolated tracts, to extend its provisions to public sales.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The bill is open to amendment. If there be no amendment to be proposed, the question is on the third reading of the bill.

The bill (H.R. 2925) was ordered to a third reading, was read the third time, and passed.

#### IMPRESSIONS OF RUSSIA—EDITORIALS BY JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK, EDITOR, RICHMOND, VA., NEWS LEADER

Mr. BYRD of Virginia. Mr. President, Mr. James Jackson Kilpatrick, editor of the Richmond News Leader, visited the Soviet Union and published, in the News Leader, very impressive editorials descriptive of Russia and the Soviet people.

Because the editorials speak so strikingly of Russian conditions, I ask unanimous consent that they be printed in the body of the Record.

There being no objection, the editorials were ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

[From the Richmond (Va.) News Leader, May 13, 1961]

#### DATELINE, LENINGRAD—I

LENINGRAD, May 5.—Aeroflot's flight 612 from Helinski to Leningrad departed on the evening of May 3 in typical Soviet fashion:

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It was on time to the split second, and it very nearly left two passengers on the ramp. Before the journalist from Virginia could sit down and fasten his seat belt, the pilot had both engines of the plane fired up and had started taxiing at 50 miles an hour toward the runway. The Russians do nothing by halves. They are the most efficiently inefficient people on earth. They can send Major Gagarin (or someone) spinning around the earth, but they cannot fix the plumbing in room 314 of the Europa Hotel in Leningrad. They have built a jet airliner as fine as anything yet produced at Boeing or Douglas, but a plug for the bathroom sink eludes them. In the Hermitage Museum in Leningrad, they have assembled an unbelievable collection of paintings, and lighted them so poorly that many of the works scarcely can be seen at all. Here in this busy and beautiful city, it is easy to go mad about the Russians; it is equally easy simply to go mad.

It takes only a couple of hours to fly to Leningrad. The plane itself offers a first revealing glimpse of Soviet Russia today. There is no loudspeaker system for the hostess, a rather dumpy blonde of about 28; she advises the passengers to fasten their dirty seat belts, and waves a hand toward the no smoking sign; once aloft, she brings around a tray of oranges and some lemonade of a terribly icky sweetness. That is about the size of her services. The sign stays constantly on, "smoking prohibited," but passengers smoke anyway. There are no ash-trays. The plane easily could catch fire. This is the fatalist Soviet way. Nichevo.

For the American making his first trip behind the Iron Curtain, the flight from Helsinki has elements of high drama. Below, the Gulf of Finland is dirty blue; the horizon is a gray haze, pink-tinted by the setting sun. The land mass of Russia, dark and forbidding, forms gradually from the sea. For miles and miles not a light can be seen. Then the pale glow that is Leningrad appears like phosphorescence on a marsh, and with a long slow turn the plane is down.

## WELCOME TO RUSSIA

Instantly, Soviet officialdom enters the scene: A woman doctor, to check vaccination certificates; a tough little customs inspector to pick up the forms filled out during the flight; a stocky police officer who stands stolidly athwart the cabin door. Everything is in order, and the customs man, who had been speaking in Russian only, abruptly breaks into flawless English: Follow me.

The 18 passengers file obediently into the darkness. The Russians use no more light at night than is absolutely necessary, and the night is filled with apprehensions. Just so, we imagine, the prisoners walked at Buchenwald; it was only for a shower—and then the nozzles were turned on.

These flights of fancy are soon dispelled. Clearing customs in Russia is tedious, not terrifying. The plane had left Helsinki at 8:30 and arrived in Leningrad at 10:10. It was almost midnight before the last passenger had been cleared to the embraces of Intourist, the official Soviet tourist agency, and it was approaching 1 o'clock, after a long drive down the impressively beautiful Muscovy Prospekt, before the visitors finally were assigned to their rooms.

## GRAND RAPIDS ELEGANCE

A guest at the Europa Hotel is simply told to go to his proper floor. There a floor mistress hands him a key, and he is left to fend for himself. This means unlocking a pitch-black room, fumbling for an old-fashioned light switch, and blinking in amazement at his first glimpse of what might have been the bridal suite at the Grand Hotel, Topeka, Kans., 1910. The room is furnished in a sort of early Grand Rapids elegance, with oak veneered breakfast table and chairs, a useless chiffoniere, a divan, a wardrobe and, in a curtained alcove, the bed. Inspection turns

up a bathroom with massive tub, a toilet that runs incessantly, and a sink adorned with a yellowed mirror. Above—or more accurately, in front of—the mirror is an enormous light fixture, complete with 15-watt bulb. Home!

If the American novice in Russia is fortunate, he will have fallen in with a more experienced traveler, fluent in Russian, and willing to help him over the first few days. An English engineer and designer, able to conjure up a bottle of champagne after the cafe has closed for the night, has a way of making one immensely grateful for Anglo-American union. Soviet champagne is quite good, incidentally, and the beer would be excellent cold.

The stranger in Leningrad, having arrived in the middle of the night, cannot have seen much of the city on his trip in from the airport. Drivers use only parking lights in traffic, and the wonder is that the jay-walking pedestrians are not piled up in windrows each morning; miraculously, one is told, such accidents are few. In any event, the stranger awakens to a surpassingly beautiful city. Leningrad is all buff and beige and a light leafy green. Its streets are broad, and the buildings retain much of the elegance of the old imperial day.

This was the city Peter built to provide "a window to the west." But the ruthless exercise of his indomitable will, and by commanding every traveler who came to his new city to bring with him stones for paving roads, he raised a city where prudent engineers would never have launched the task—a city built on a hundred islands, knitted together by 300 bridges—and he built with so lavish a hand that the visitor's first thought evokes the essence of recent Russian history: No wonder they had a revolution.

## DOWN-AT-THE-HEELS GRANDEUR

Along the left bank of the placid Neva River, much of Peter's grandeur survives today, but it is sadly down at the heel. The massive green and white Hermitage, built between 1754 and 1762 as a winter palace for the Czars, is desperately in need of painting and refurbishing. Here one finds, higgledy-piggledy, poorly lighted, a collection of paintings so fabulous that the visitor is left gasping: Not just 8 or 10 Rubens, but 43 Rubens; not a single gallery of impressionists, but a whole floor of impressionists, and the drab walls alive with the bold color of Gauguin and Van Gogh. Every day the Hermitage is jammed with visitors, including a remarkable number of American tourists, all on their best behavior.

The riches of the Hermitage stand in startling contrast to some of the contemporary shortages in Leningrad. The visitor to the city's finest department store finds customers queued up long before the opening hour. They are waiting eagerly to buy second-rate piece goods, the quality poor and the colors drab; children's toys so pathetically poor that an American is embarrassed for his own opulence; electric refrigerators, at \$300 and up, of a general design not seen in the United States in the past 20 years; television sets, at \$140 and up; clumsily fashioned shoes, and ready-to-wear clothes of a cut not really ready to wear.

## GENERALLY HAPPY PEOPLE

But a few editorial comments may be in order. The goods in the Leningrad department store of 1961 ought not to be compared with the goods in a Philadelphia store of 1961, but with the goods available in Leningrad 5 or 10 years ago. By this yardstick, one is told, the improvement is astonishing. The Soviet people, witnessing these rapid gains with their own eyes (and unable to know envy for an American standard of living few have even read about), are wonderfully pleased at the progress being made. These are generally happy people. Anyone who imagines the typical Soviet citizen as

"chafing under the yoke of communism," or "yearning to be free of Communist tyranny," is only deceiving himself. The Russian people want a more comfortable life, to be sure, but in their view—on the only evidence they have to judge by—the Communist system is providing a better life at what to them is commendable speed. Revolution? This is nonsense.

This is not to suggest that reminders of Communist totalitarianism, and of Communist inefficiency, do not abound. They do. Portraits and busts of Lenin are everywhere, though perhaps this is not unusual in a city that looks upon Lenin as Richmond looks upon Father Byrd. On the Nevsky Prospekt, the visitor to Leningrad last week could see an enormous painting, three stories high, of Nikita Khrushchev, and another equally as large depicting the recent space flight as "another great triumph of socialism," which, indeed, it doubtless is.

The intourist guides are carefully drilled in Soviet propaganda. In the hermitage, they will point to parquet floors "restored by our skilled Soviet craftsmen"; emerging from the museum of religion in the old Kazan Cathedral, they will make a distasteful moue: "We do not believe in God, so we are really not much interested in this museum." They have a set speech on the excesses of the czars and the inadequacy of the Kerensky government overthrown that famed October.

One is constantly aware, in short, that this is the second largest city in Communist Russia, Peter is long dead; the children of peasants are skipping rope in his gardens. Along the Neva embankment the name of "Gagarin" is chalked on monuments to vanished czars; and the visitor who returns from the opera at midnight, careening by taxi down darkened streets, suddenly is aware of two companies of Soviet sailors. They are marching in a disciplined close order drill, duffle bags up. God alone knows where they are going.

J.J.K.

[From the Richmond (Va.) News Leader, May 16, 1961]

## DATELINE, LENINGRAD—II

LENINGRAD, May 6.—"There is in this city an incomprehensible mystery," the Marquis de Custine once observed, "but at the same time a prodigious grandeur."

The French traveler and diplomat was writing in 1839 of the Petersburg of that day, but much that he said remains true in 1961. Leningrad still has a prodigious grandeur; one has only to walk for an hour or two along the Neva embankment to sense the boldness, the vision, and the vanity of the czars. They were in their way a cruel and ruthless and degenerate lot; they never paused to reckon price in terms of rubles squandered or peasants sacrificed, but when it came to piling stone on stone, they thought big.

Yet the mystery remains also: The miles of impassive apartment houses, many-windowed, silent, form a vast human apary. There dwell in these hives 2,800,000 persons, and 15 years after the war's end they remain jammed and doubled up. The streets by night are a twilight enigma, and they too are always crowded. The sleepless traveler, walking the Nevsky Prospekt long after midnight, finds countless Russians abroad, bundled in their shapeless, ill-fitting overcoats—a people neither smiling nor unsmiling, but simply intent upon going their way. Perhaps they have trouble sleeping also.

The visitor to Russia who attempts any appraisal after 4 or 5 days is quite likely to fall into foolish error, but a few impressions may be risked nonetheless. There is in this Communist system a drive, a terrible dynamic, that the Western World will underestimate at its peril. To say that this city

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dates from 1703 is to state a truth; to say that it dates from 1917 is to state a truth with greater meaning. With the firing of the signal gun aboard the *Aurora* on the night of October 23, today's Leningrad began. During World War II, the city endured 900 days of siege; much of it was reduced to rubble. If the Communist rebuilding has produced much that is monotonous and drab, it has still produced in this short span a viable city. Ten years hence, one would like to visit Leningrad again.

The zeal for bootstrap progress assuredly is manifested in the schools. The American visitor who insists upon seeing a Leningrad school may be taken to Skola 157, a 100-year-old building on Proletariatsky-Dictator St. in Smolny District. Granted that this must be Leningrad's finest—the one school especially chosen to show the tourist—the fact cannot be blinked away that the Soviets are running an impressive program of public education.

At first glance, the school is much like some of the older elementary schools in Richmond. The wooden floors squeak, the woodwork needs painting. On the walls are framed portraits of the country's great men. Between classes, the corridors offer the same scuffling and chattering to be seen anywhere. But once the bell rings, Skola 157 is all business. It houses 1,200 boys and girls, turned out in neat uniforms of midnight blue with red scarves. The first graders go to school 6 days a week for 4 hours a day; their curriculum is much like ours. At the third-grade level, the classes lengthen from 35 to 45 minutes, and the schedule is stepped up. Fourth graders begin to get some elementary biology and science. Fifth graders go from 9 to 3; their morning begins with Russian language and literature, and goes on to history, mathematics, and biology. The afternoon brings geography and (in this particular school) English. Some days, drawing, music, or shop is substituted. Physics is introduced at the sixth grade level, along with algebra and geometry. The seventh and eighth bring chemistry, higher mathematics, and even anatomy.

The teaching aids appear amazingly good. Many of the classrooms have motion picture and slide projectors. The science laboratories are not modern, perhaps, but they have an air of work performed. The vocational shops offer excellent wood and metal lathes. One laboratory room is devoted to electricity. There is a remarkable collection of stuffed animals, a room of live animals (including an aviary), and for 10th-grade students, using Skola 157 until their new school is complete, a complete automobile machine shop. The home economics rooms, by American standards, seem poor—until it is remembered that this is an elementary school. The auditorium is large and pleasant. A full athletics program is conducted, chiefly in after-school hours; an immense billboard in one corridor honors top athletes, just as special plaques in the auditorium honor top students. There is a library of 32,000 volumes, and though the reading room is small for a school of this size, the books appear well worn.

After a child completes the eighth grade at Skola 157, he has an election: He may go into a technical school, as an apprentice, or he may continue in liberal arts training for 3 more years. About 60 percent make the latter choice. Evidently much depends on rigorous examinations conducted at the seventh and eighth grade levels; the pupil's choice probably is somewhat limited by what the state thinks best for him.

Teachers at Skola 157 start at \$70 to \$80 a month; after 5 years, they get a 10-percent increase; at the end of 10 years, a 15-percent increase; after 15 years, a 20-percent increase; and after 20 years, a final 15-percent increase. At this time they may retire on 40 percent of their salary, or continue teach-

ing with both salary and retirement benefits. All the teachers at Skola 157, one is told, are college graduates.

How good is the teaching? How much Communist doctrine are they given? It is difficult for a stranger to judge. Certainly the teachers have the tools to teach with. One imagines that Communist indoctrination goes on constantly: The school's bulletin board last week featured large posters proclaiming the liberation of Africa from colonial bondage, and the glorious defeat by Castro of the American imperialists.

It might be expected that such indoctrination would produce hostility to an obviously American visitor. The contrary is true. The only unpleasant experience this traveler encountered in Leningrad came on a Saturday afternoon tour of the city's fabulous subway system. To the vast embarrassment of the Intourist guide, a red-faced drunk insisted upon making conversation; some male passengers on the subways, equally embarrassed, dragged him away at once.

The traveler's notebook bulges: it cannot all be put down. One is minded to write of the critical Russian audience refusing to applaud inferior singing at an opera house; of the groceries; of the champagne bars in every downtown block; of the unbelievable number of bookstalls and bookstores of the pervasive presence of Lenin and all his name represents. Some things must wait. The city is busy, constantly busy. Filled with some of the same national dynamism that surged in Peter the Great when he drained these massive swamps, the Leningraders are building a cosmopolitan city by main force of will.

This dispatch is finished at midnight in the Hotel Europa. It has been raining, and the May wind brings through an open window the hiss of passing taxis. In the corridor of the hotel is a strangely familiar sound: The insane Russians, at this hour, are vacuum-cleaning the rugs.—J.J.K.

[From the Richmond (Va.) News Leader, May 18, 1961]

DATELINE: KIEV

KIEV, May 9.—The sleek Soviet jet that carries a traveler from Leningrad to Kiev is a far cry from the shabby two-engined plane that may have brought the visitor in from Helsinki. However inept and slipshod the Soviets may be in other fields—and their crudeness is a source of unending astonishment—in the TU-104 they have excelled. It is a beautiful airplane, and Aeroflot operates its flights on time to the second.

In the same fashion, this capital of the Ukraine is worlds removed from its sophisticated sister on the Baltic. Here in Kiev, the chestnut trees are in full bloom on Kreshchatik Street, and on a spring afternoon the 50-foot sidewalks are jammed with casual strollers and earnest shoppers. Kiev is prettier, but less beautiful, than Leningrad; it is older, but less mature. It occupies a superb site on a bluff above the majestic Dniepr River. From far away, the traveler sees the sun glinting on the gold-tipped domes of the Troitskaya Church and St. Sophia's Cathedral. The church dates from 1740; the cathedral, founded in 1037 and wrecked by the Tartars two centuries later, was restored in 1636. Together, they make the approach to Kiev a fairybook picture.

The reality is somewhat less charming than the illusion. Kiev is a lusty, vital city, and as such things go into the Soviet Union, a ruggedly independent metropolis. The Ukraine regards itself, in relation to the U.S.S.R., somewhat as the American South regards itself in relation to the Central Government: A dutiful member of the Union, to be sure, but a proud entity in itself. Last week, in an extended conversation with the manager of a collective farm just outside the

city, a traveler suggested that the farm's quotas really were set by Moscow and not by the collective's own management. At the word "Moscow," Manager Kratko smacked his fist on the table with an explosive "nyet." It was the only real irritation he showed in the course of a rather trying interview.

The Kiev collective farm, organized in 1930, now comprises nearly 6,200 acres of the lush black chernozem soil of the Ukraine. All told, some 1,700 men, women, and children occupy the 682 houses of the accompanying village. They make up the collective; it is their whole life, and it is not an easy life. The village is a cluster of ancient log and frame cottages; the farm buildings, though they had been carefully spruced up for the inspection of an American delegation, were of a type seen on Virginia farms 30 years ago. The collective has electricity; the 510 cows are electrically milked and regularly tested for tuberculosis and brucellosis, yet one saw no slightest sign of any of the efficient labor-saving machinery now commonplace on American dairy farms of even moderate size.

This is in part because Mr. Kratko, an obviously competent and devoted farm manager, cannot really be interested in saving labor. Willy-nilly, his hundreds of adult members must be kept more or less busy. He is surfeited with dairymaids; they sit much of the day in a drab cottage and watch television, sew, or listen to the radio. He has 1,500 acres in corn, and perhaps 200 farmhands in charge of it. The collective has extensive apple orchards and raises a number of truck crops; plainly, a tenth of the labor force would suffice.

Nevertheless, the Kiev collective appears to be doing well. Mr. Kratko was reminded that in January, Premier Khrushchev sharply criticized the Ukraine for failing to produce at a satisfactory rate. Mr. Kratko responded with spirit that his collective was not at fault; last year his sturdy and weather-beaten farmers produced more milk per cow per acre than any other kholkoze in the Ukraine. However, since the Khrushchev speech, "material incentives" have been stepped up. Each worker now is paid a cash salary of \$55 to \$60 a month, plus a bonus of 3 percent of the amount by which he exceeds his quota; this bonus is paid in kind—i.e., in milk or calves or apples—but the member may then sell his bonus products at the state-fixed price and keep the money. In addition, each family has about an acre and a quarter of its own, on which the industrious farmer may raise his own vegetables and keep a pig or two.

Characteristically, the collective farm abounds with the usual Communist indoctrination. In the meeting hall where the members gather, a large portrait of Lenin looks down. Communist slogans and messages decorate the walls. The children attend two community schools at which the standard Communist program is carried out.

The last question asked Mr. Kratko had to do with how one becomes a member of the collective. "Well," he said genially, "one applies." And suppose a farmer becomes dissatisfied and wants to quit for a better job in town? "Well," he said, not quite so genially, "all the members would vote on whether he could leave." And suppose they voted no? "The question," he said abruptly, "had never come up." And, with that, the visiting American delegation was taken, through a slow, steady rain, to visit the dairy barns. Overhead, a sleek TU-104 streaked away from the nearby airfield.

Living conditions are much better, of course, within the city of Kiev itself. As in every other Soviet city, housing is in desperately short supply, and many of the 1,132,000 people still are woefully cramped for living room. But here, as in Leningrad, new apartment houses are springing from the



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fields as far as the eye can see. These are basically the same five-story, many-balconied structures seen in Leningrad, but some effort has been made toward regional ornamentation. The fortunate residents of these newer buildings pay a monthly rental of 13 kopecks per square meter, plus 40 kopecks a month for gas, which works out to about \$4.30 a month for a two-room apartment. The state subsidizes the rest of the cost. The people, of course, pay for it all through the Soviet's concealed transaction taxes and profits on state-owned industries.

Typical of the Kiev housing projects is a May the first community, now under rapid construction. By next year, 40,000 persons will live in the 200 separate but identical buildings. They will have their own kindergartens, day nurseries, shops, schools, hospital, and the like. The traveler who visits one of the community groceries finds the same high-priced food, the same limited variety, the same obedient clerks computing on the same primitive abacuses that exist throughout the Soviet Union. And if a traveler looks closely at the scaffolding around a building under construction, he will be startled to note that it is formed of rough logs and slab wood. The same sort of scaffolds, he surmises, must have been used when the builders of St. Sophia, a thousand years ago, raised their golden domes to a God the Soviet now rejects.

Contrasts here, as there are contrasts everywhere in this strange and turbulent land: Kindly old women, who smile at a stranger on an early morning walk, and slack-mouthed teen-agers who offer to provide a prostitute by night; swift service and good food in a hotel restaurant, coupled with aboriginal elevators and a hot water system of a diabolical inconsistency. This is Kiev; this is Russia—Bach in the concert hall, Communist books in the sidewalk kiosks, a woman patiently sweeping the Kerschatic esplanade with a twig broom, and the noon jet to Moscow thundering on its way.

J.J.K.

[From the Richmond (Va.) News-Leader,  
May 24, 1961]

DATELINE: MOSCOW

MOSCOW, May 16.—Early in the morning, the anti-line forms: Old women, their heads wrapped in colorful scarves; wind-tanned farmers from the Ukraine; shopworkers, students, young Soviet soldiers, skull-capped travelers from the Uzbek. Patiently they stand, two-abreast, silent, huddled against a cool spring wind that sweeps across Red Square, waiting for the clock in Spasskaya Tower to strike the hour.

At 1 o'clock the bell sounds, the pigeons flutter, and the line trudges forward. They have come, these pilgrims, 10,000 on an afternoon, to visit the granite mausoleum where V. I. Lenin and Joseph Stalin lie in their glass coffins. So, in other lands, do pilgrims go to Mecca, or to Jerusalem, or to Vatican City; this is the holy of holies, the shrine of that perverted, godless, antireligion that functions for religion in the Communist state. And nothing the alien visitor finds in the Soviet Union speaks with greater eloquence of communism, its mystique and its meaning, than the impassive veneration of this never-ending line.

Why have they come, these square-faced, sturdy men and women? What do they seek in the tomb? The visitor who lingers just past the exit, scrutinizing the faces of the emerging pilgrims, can read little in their expressions. A duty has been fulfilled, a ritual has been observed: They have come to Moscow; they have seen the shrine. Some strange obligation of communion has been met.

This much is expected of the Communist who comes to the crossroads of the Com-

munist world, that he visit the tomb; and the alien traveler, come from the United States, finds it at once absorbing and depressing to watch this river of humanity flow by. On the crowded streets one hears the babble of a hundred tongues. The Chinese sit at checkered restaurant tables, blinking like toads behind their steel-rimmed glasses; the sidewalk swarms with North Koreans, Mongols, tartars, swarthy Latins; a pair of Africans, tar-black, gaze into a shop window and saunter away. Presumably these migratory travelers find here in Moscow some atmosphere congenial to their lungs. The American finds Moscow a sealed and stuffy room. After 5 days, he is gasping for freedom.

This vast and sprawling city offers none of the pastel beauty of Leningrad, none of the exuberant greenness of Kiev. Here the drabness, the ugliness, the unrelieved and ordered sameness at first fascinates, then bores, then terrifies. In a meaning of the word too deep for easy explication, Moscow is obscene. Nowhere is the unseen weight of the totalitarian state sensed more oppressively; nowhere is the consciousness of Communist regimentation felt more keenly.

Yet Moscow, in many respects, is by odds the most modern and westernized city of Russia. The women are wearing high heels, lipstick, even eye shadow. Some men still may be observed in the bulky double-breasted suits and pea-green felt hats of 10 years ago, but not many. Here the scaffolding on buildings under construction is better and newer than the scaffolding seen in Kiev, but, predictably, the miles of new apartments offer nothing but the same, dismal facades of men's room tile to be seen in other cities. This is the architectural style of social realism, the Soviet Union's bland insult to the human spirit. To describe this style simply as dreadful is to put a harsh word to a generous use. Soviet design is soul-chilling. It reduces man to the tiny, hexagonal slot of the bee.

Now and then, Soviet builders have sought clumsily to rise above the concrete slab, but set free from prefabricated honeycombs they know not where to go. They have read, it appears, that marble is a luxurious material to build with, and somehow it is thought that gold adds a certain touch of western plushness. From these imitative aspirations there arises a Lenin-gradskaya Hotel, towering 20 stories high—a fake Florentine cathedral, barnacled with crenellations, pinnacles, parapets, and vaulted aisles, the dim corridors paneled in mahogany, the multiple lobbies jammed with unused easy chairs, stuffed fat as sausages. The hotel must have cost a fortune to erect, but how pointlessly was the money spent. This magnificence was intended to impress the Western eye, and in a sense it is impressive: The hotel rises above the dreary and colorless streets like a fat diamond stickpin on a threadbare tie.

So much of Moscow—so much of Russia—presents this same uncomfortable contrast of the shining and the shoddy. Imagine, if you will, a stranger come for dinner. He arrives, rudely dressed, in high good humor. He tears a telephone book apart in a parlor show of strength; he pronounces dogmatic opinions on every political subject; he swaggers, jests, boasts of better cooking elsewhere. But just then he spies the piano; and flawlessly, superbly, this stubby oaf sits down and ripples through the Chopin ballades.

Well, this is Moscow—its boring buildings, and its Bolshoi ballet, its second-rate stores and its marvelous puppet shows, its pedestrian contemporary art and its fabulous museums. One does not comprehend precisely how and why the Soviet Union can send 10 tons of metal spinning into orbit, but cannot lay a level course of bricks. On one day the Russians are catching Major Gagarin, as he falls in some precise trajectory from outer space; on the next, they are

spreading steel-mesh screens to catch the bricks that fall from flimsy walls.

And they are so astonishingly good humored about all this! To be sure, the Russian temperament has its black and brooding aspects, but predominately the Muscovite exhibits the bumpkin cheerfulness of a prospering farmer living it up in town. Sober, the Russian is as kind, as generous, as hospitable as a Kentucky colonel making juleps for his guests. No race of men on earth could be more obliging to a stranger.

This the American traveler discovers in Moscow as he visits a hospital, a court of law, a big department store. Nothing comes easier than denunciation of the Soviet system, its endless frustrations, its exasperating inefficiency, its blighting effect upon the creative mind; yet the individual Muscovite, smiling at a Yankee's poor attempt to speak the Russian tongue, is an appealing human being. He is divorced from his government in a way the politically active American scarcely can comprehend; the outside world seems hardly to exist for him. Tolerantly he stands, forever midway in a slowly moving queue, a million souls in front of him, a million souls behind; he is caught in the ratchets of a political system, and unresistingly his life winds up like plastic film.

Moscow is good for an American. Here a visiting Virginian learns the immutable truth of some comments on Russia set down by the Marquis de Custine more than a century ago: "Genius like heroism must be fearless, it lives on freedom; whereas fear and slavery have a reign and a sphere limited by the mediocrity of which they are the weapons. The Russians are good soldiers but bad sailors. In general they are more resigned than reflective, more religious than philosophical; they have more submissiveness than will, their minds lack energy as their souls lack freedom."

J.J.K.

[From the Richmond (Va.) News-Leader,  
May 30, 1961]

DATELINE: WARSAW

WARSAW, May 19.—There is a poignant scene in Beethoven's "Fidelio," when a group of prisoners, long held captive in dungeon cells, emerge at last into the sunshine of the prison yard. They lift their arms to the light, and sing movingly of freedom. It is not freedom, of course, that they experience; the prison walls remain. But compared to their dark cells, the bright courtyard seems a beautiful new world; they weep for joy at a lessened captivity, for the aviary replacing the cage.

The traveler who emerges into the sunshine of Warsaw after weeks in the oppressive atmosphere of the Soviet Union may find his eyes wet also. Yes, Poland is a satellite of Communist Russia. No, there is nothing to suggest the Poles might escape the political bondage that keeps them firmly chained to Moscow. To be in Warsaw is not to be free. But praise God. How beautiful the sunshine is.

The cities of the Soviet Union abound with bookstalls, but the books are a dreary assemblage of Communist doctrine. Western newspapers and magazines are unknown. Here in Warsaw, a book fair is in progress on Ujazdowskie Avenue. The tents and stalls are as crisp as a row of tulips; book jackets are bright and gay—and there is scarcely a party-line publication to be seen. One finds, instead, some of the most colorful children's picture books ever designed, racks up racks of American and English fiction, books of poetry, books on art, books on photography. One stall is selling phonograph records: From the loudspeaker comes the wall of a familiar horn. It is Louis Armstrong, playing "The St. Louis Blues."

1961

## CONGRESSIONAL RECORD — SENATE

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To walk the streets of Warsaw, shop in the city's crowded stores, relax in the picturesque wine shops, breathe this air of relative freedom, is to undergo a renaissance of the spirit. Here as in Russia, the anti-American posture of the government has not rubbed off on the people. The clerks, students, bus drivers, cabbies, and police exhibit nothing but the most cordial friendliness to a Yankee tourist. Could some minor repairs be made to a camera? Of course, and the offer of payment is smilingly declined. Could a roll of film be developed overnight? Routine will be interrupted, and the film developed on the spot. Is an American passenger on a bus quite visibly lost? Three Poles will come to his rescue in broken English, broken French, and fractured Russian, the better to put him correctly on his way. These are people who have suffered terribly, incredibly, from the agonies of war. Total casualties in Poland amounted to more than 6 million persons. Of every 1,000 human beings in Poland in 1939, 220 were slain by 1945. Here in Warsaw, 85 percent of the buildings were reduced to rubble. In many streets, the debris was piled to the second-story level. The war's end found no electric power, no telephone system, no water lines, no sewage disposal. To look at photographs from that period, and to compare the Warsaw of 1945 with the Warsaw of 1961, is to marvel at man's capacity for recovery. Scars remain, to be sure, and the gaunt skeletons of bombed-out buildings still rear their shocking bones against the sky; the weed-grown ruins of the Warsaw ghetto speak sadly and silently of the inhumanity of the Nazi occupation.

These memories are quite fresh in the Polish recollection. "This was all rebuilt," they remark. "There was nothing at all left in that block." "Here was where I pushed a wheelbarrow 15 years ago." "My mother and two younger brothers died in that house there." The proprietor of a wine shop in the old quarter of the city, dating back to the 14th and 15th centuries, makes a proud gesture toward the restored square. "There were times we thought we never would smile again," he says in French. "But this came first—l'ancienne Varsovie, the old Warsaw—and when the rebuilding task was well along, we knew the city was not dead, that it could live again."

The Poles have not forgotten America's generous contribution toward the postwar work of reconstruction. They are vaguely if not precisely, aware of continuing American aid today. In rural areas especially, one is told, CARE packages and surplus American crops have done much to maintain the tradition of Polish-American friendship that dates from Kosciusko's day. In the key cities, programs of cultural exchange have made American books and magazines widely available. In the book store operated at the ornate Palace of Culture (a white elephant gift to Warsaw from the U.S.S.R.), one may find hundreds of books published in the United States within the past year. Little by little, trade between Poland and the United States is gaining; a new filter cigarette, Carmens, boasts, on its red and white package, that it is blended of "the finest American tobaccos." The Poles make no effort to jam the day-long programs of Radio Free Europe; they trade copies of their own sophisticated and superbly edited Poland Illustrated magazine for a Polish language "Ameryka" put out by the U.S. Information Agency; they import a number of American motion pictures.

These pleasant and encouraging developments should not obscure other facts that are not encouraging at all. In almost every essential characteristic, Poland remains a thoroughly Communist country. Industry is entirely owned and operated by the state. A renewed campaign against the private

ownership even of small shops recently has been observed. Freedom of the press, which appeared to improve with Gomulka's return to party leadership in 1956, once again is declining. Though the Poles retain much freedom in their wholly domestic affairs (86 percent of the farms, for example, are individually owned), every major policy in foreign affairs is dictated absolutely by the Communist line from Moscow. In theory, three parties contend for seats in the Polish Parliament; in fact, the Parliament exerts no more than an ameliorating influence—if that—on public policies imposed by the party. Little publicity is given to shipments of American aid. The Soviet Union continues to maintain life-or-death control of Polish exports.

As a consequence of all this, one senses even in the sunshine of a Warsaw courtyard some of the lingering damp of the prison cell. The tourist who attempts to photograph some ornamental lions on the Nowy Swiat is brusquely stopped by an armed guard; it appears that the lions ornament the local Communist Party headquarters. The traveler who begs a translation of local Polish newspapers finds them filled with the usual Communist line. An anti-American mob can be assembled at the party's command.

This brave and beautiful city is not free, but it does manifest a warmth and a good humor not witnessed at all in Russia. Where else in Europe, one may ask, could the strolling Americans, exploring side streets and alleyways, glance up to find the street sign shown at left? The picture was taken on Winnie the Pooh Street, not far from Marshall Street, in Warsaw, Poland, 1961.  
J.J.K.

## FEDERAL POWER COMMISSION

The Senate resumed the consideration of the nomination of Lawrence J. O'Connor, Jr., to be a member of the Federal Power Commission.

Mr. MANSFIELD. Madam President, for the information of the Senate, there will be no votes tonight.

I thank the Senator from Wisconsin.

Mr. KEATING. Madam President, will the distinguished Senator from Wisconsin yield?

Mr. PROXMIRE. Madam President, I ask unanimous consent that I may yield to the Senator from New York without losing my right to the floor.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Is there objection to the request of the Senator from Wisconsin? The Chair hears none, and it is so ordered.

## SMITH FINE CANCELED

Mr. KEATING. Madam President, from time to time I have endeavored to keep the Senate informed regarding the fortunes, both good and bad, of Mr. William Smith, of Big Flats, N.Y. He will be remembered as the farmer who bought a Cadillac with his feed grain support payments and attached to it a placard thanking the administration for its generosity. His was the sign read round the world.

Mr. PROXMIRE. Madam President, will the Senator from New York yield to me on that subject?

Mr. KEATING. I am happy to yield to my friend, who has been so generous in yielding to me.

Mr. PROXMIRE. The Senator from Wisconsin has done his best to stay with the subject of the O'Connor nomination, but he cannot resist discussing Mr. Smith, particularly since Mr. Smith has been referred to by the Senator from New York as a farmer. I wonder if the Senator from New York can inform the Senate as to whether Mr. Smith has any other business and whether Mr. Smith has a substantial income from his other business?

Mr. KEATING. Yes. Mr. Smith has other businesses. He inherited a farm from his father and has worked it very successfully. He has built up the production of dairy products and other farm products, which has led him also to go into the refreshment business near his farm. He is a successful man.

Always, in all the remarks I have made, I have pointed out—as Mr. Smith readily admitted when he was in Washington—that Mr. Smith is not a typical farmer, in that he has a larger acreage and is probably better off than most operators who raise corn on their farms.

Mr. PROXMIRE. The point the Senator from Wisconsin wished to emphasize is that Mr. Smith is certainly not a typical farmer, inasmuch as he has a great deal of outside income. I think it is admirable that this man is successful, and he deserves much credit for it.

Frankly, literally scores of farmers to whom the Senator from Wisconsin has spoken, in the State of Wisconsin, were quite distressed by the action.

I believe the farmers of New York are primarily dairy farmers.

Mr. KEATING. Poultry farmers, as well as dairy and fruit farmers. I hope the Senator will not forget the poultry farmers, because they are very important.

Mr. PROXMIRE. In the State of New York there are poultry and dairy farmers. The farmers recognize that cheap feed means cheap milk. Cheap feed means cheap eggs and cheap poultry. A policy which permits an overproduction of feed and results in lower and lower feed prices is disastrous to the farmer, because, within a very short time, the farmer finds he is receiving a lower price for his milk and poultry and that he is in great distress.

The simplest equation, or at least the equation which is most common and most widely recognized, is the corn-hog ratio. As the price of corn goes down the price of hogs follows inevitably. This is also true to a considerable extent with respect to milk. It is also true with respect to poultry. Our farmers recognize this. I am sure the farmers of New York do, also.

This is why we are so concerned about the efforts of the administration to do its best to bring order into the feed grain area. We hope it will do its best in a very puzzling, perplexing, complex, and trying area to reduce the surpluses and to provide some kind of floor under feed prices, to make it possible not only for the feed grain farmer—and the corn farmer, but also the dairy farmer and the poultry farmer, to look forward to a period of stability, a period when he can



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## EDITORIAL PAGE

The Richmond News Leader  
Wednesday, May 31, 1961

### The Tractors Are Irrelevant

One of the more common failings of the human race, shared by Americans to a remarkable degree, lies in man's giddy willingness to be diverted from the main theme. The hand is not really quicker than the eye; the eye is merely looking somewhere else. And in political argument, because the irrelevant often is more interesting than the truly significant, we are forever baggling over minor points.

This business of "tractors as tribute" offers just such a diversion. In the long haul, Fidel Castro's amazing offer to trade a thousand captured rebels for 500 bulldozers will amount to no more than a footnote in history. This newspaper believes President Kennedy blundered sadly in endorsing this ransom demand; we cherish a sneaking suspicion that if the ransom-raising campaign goes over the top, \$14 million of the \$15 million will have been contributed surreptitiously in public funds transmitted from the bulging bank account of the Central Intelligence Agency.

But the tractor deal is a side issue. It does not greatly matter. And the more we let public attention be diverted to this ludicrous affair, the less thought will be directed to the main question: What, if anything, is the United States going to do about Communist Cuba? When will we learn to fight Communist imperialism more effectively?

A sound Cuban policy, in our view, demands two aims. The first is to isolate Castro's regime and to bolster friendly governments in Latin America and South America, so that Communist influence in the Caribbean stops where it is. The second, less immediate aim, should be the overthrow of Castro's government and the re-establishment of a free Cuba once again allied to the Western Hemisphere.

How are these aims to be achieved? Not by posing Walter Reuther in the saddle of a tractor, with Eleanor Roosevelt perched larkily on the hood. They can be achieved only by the sort of tough, intensive, political warfare in which the Communist enemy has

shown such remarkable skill. The United States must master the technique of having its own staunch friends at the right place at the right time. Why have we failed so woefully in this regard?

The Kremlin does not fail. All the time Mr. Khrushchev is busy diverting the world's attention with space shots, disarmament delays, exhortations to his farmers, and talks to visiting tourists, the Soviet government quietly presses its well-planned program of international subversion. When the Congo explodes, the Communists have first a Lumumba and then a Gizenga ready to take over. They had Walter Ulbricht, Wilhelm Pieck, Otto Grotewohl and the infamous Hilde Benjamin thoroughly trained to seize positions of power in East Germany. They do not send Cub scouts to Laos or campfire girls to North Korea, they convert susceptible natives into trained Communist agents.

The United States has no counterplan of action. Foreign aid, a Peace Corps; a ransom computed in tractors—these are the inept devices of our foreign policy. Our government is not grooming a cadre of responsible Cubans who might form a reliable government in exile; we are not giving known friends the hard, muscular support the Soviet gives its puppets; we are not planting our own trained agents in key positions. On the contrary, given a good friend—Tshombe in Katanga, Trujillo in the Dominican Republic, Salazar in Portugal—we join in cutting his throat.


If one one-hundredth of the vast sum about to be squandered on "foreign aid" were quietly invested in finding, training, indoctrinating, and rewarding a few key Cubans, Venezuelans, Brazilians, and the like, some realistic steps might be taken toward overcoming the Communist coup in Cuba. The Russians keep working, night and day, along precisely these lines. And we are captivated by a controversy over tractors! No wonder the United States keeps getting licked. We have it coming.

11 April 1961

MEMORANDUM FOR THE DIRECTOR:

1. This memorandum is for information only.
2. The attached RICHMOND TIMES DISPATCH editorial of 6 April 1961 quoting Scotty Reston's article of 5 April 1961 (copy attached) may be of special interest to you.

STAT

  
~~STANLEY J. Grogan~~  
Assistant to the Director

cc: DDCI  
C/WH

# 10 Richmond Times-Dispatch

DAVID LENNANI BRYAN, President and Publisher

VIRGINIUS DABNEY, Editor

JOHN H. COLBURN, Managing Editor

Thursday, April 6, 1961

## Plain Talk by Mr. Kennedy

The Treaty of Paris established Cuba's independence at the turn of the century, but stipulated that its government must not enter into relations with any foreign power which might endanger Cuban independence.

Broad construction of this stipulation is not required to justify President Kennedy's characterization of the Castro government as a Soviet satellite, nor his appeal to Cubans to end this sinister affiliation.

As citizens of a sovereign state, the people of Cuba have a right to a government of their own choosing. Their successful rebellion against the brutal and corrupt Batista dictatorship was widely applauded in this country. The Castro regime, however, merely replaced one kind of dictatorship with another.

The United States government had no legal right to urge revolt against Batista. It would have no legal right to urge revolt against Castro--so long as Cuba remained an independent republic. Cubans have a right to live under a Marxist regime, if they do desire.

But the government of Cuba, as a member of the American family of nations, has no right to align itself with the Moscow-Peking conspiracy.

There may still be a few "liberals" in this country who cling tenaciously to the illusion that FIDEL CASTRO's government has not forfeited its independence by cooperating with Soviet Russia.

JAMES RESTON's column of yesterday should make even these bitter-enders realize the dangers of such wishful thinking.

Central intelligence reports that some 30,000 tons of Communist arms were landed in

Cuba during the past nine months; that "between 100 and 200" Cuban airmen are being trained in Czechoslovakia to fly Soviet MIG fighters, and that an estimated 2,700 Cuban technicians are being schooled in various Communist countries.

Castro's contention that he is being forced to accept Communist military aid in order to defend Cuba against invasion by the United States is patently absurd.

Cuban independence is not threatened by the United States. It has been destroyed by Soviet intervention. The presence of 25,000 Cubans who fled Cuba in that terror and sought refuge in the United States bears witness to that tragic fact.

These Cuban patriots, and the jobless destitute whom they have brought to this country, are a constant reminder of the damage done by Moscow-oriented secrecy.

It may be argued that PRESIDENT KENNEDY's White Paper was a venture in the kind of "brinkmanship" critics deplored and condemned when it was forced upon the late SECRETARY DULLES. The language of that document could have been less blunt.

We are constrained to conclude that Mr. KENNEDY was purposely forthright, and timed the document as he did, because development reported by Central Intelligence called for an end to the mincing of words.

Castro's Cuba does not exist in a vacuum, where irresponsibility might be condoned. His ties to Moscow threaten the peace of the Western hemisphere.

It was high time this was made clear, without beating about the bush.

# Washington

## The Story Behind the Cuban Statement

By JAMES RESTON

WASHINGTON, April 4-- When the Kennedy Administration publicly denounces the Cuban Government as a "Soviet satellite" which confronts the Western Hemisphere with a grave and urgent challenge." It is obvious that the Cuban crisis is entering a new and critical phase.

President Kennedy, who approved the State Department's White Paper on Cuba after consultation with Secretary of State Rusk and the head of the Central Intelligence Agency, Allen Dulles, has heretofore avoided language of this sort.

His public statements on Laos, for example, have dropped the hostile and quarrelsome language of the Cold War, but the tone of the Cuban statement is sharp and even ominous, and this difference is not at all accidental.

The use of the words "grave and urgent challenge" reflects a little-known fact. This is that the Administration has reason to believe that there are now between 100 and 200 Cuban airmen in Czechoslovakia being trained to fly Soviet MIG fighters. So far as is known here, there are as yet no MIG fighters actually in Cuba, though it is not ruled out that some may be there in crates as part of the 80,000 tons of Communist arms which U. S. sources say have been shipped to Cuba in the last nine months.

In any event, it is widely believed in official quarters here that if this training program continues behind the Iron Curtain-- there are 2,700 Cuban technicians of every sort now being trained in Communist countries--the military balance of power in the Caribbean will be such within six months that only a major invasion of Cuba by Western Hemisphere forces, including the United States, could hope to deal with the military situation.

The Kennedy Government does not wish to see such a situation develop. It has no desire to land marines in Cuba and open up the old cries of Yankee imperialism, especially when it is involved in a major effort to discourage the Communists from engaging in military operations in Southeast Asia, Africa and elsewhere.

Accordingly, the State Department's Cuban declaration had three objectives. It wished to make clear before the forthcoming debate in the U. N. that Washington was not opposed to the social revolution in Cuba but to the betrayal of that revolution by Dr. Castro. It wanted to urge the other Latin-American nations to be realistic about Castro's "fateful challenge to the inter-American system." And it wanted to give hope to the anti-Castro forces within Cuba and those training in this country and in Guatemala that the United States would support any genuinely democratic government established in Cuba.

This Administration is not acting on the assumption that the Soviet Union wants to establish a missile or military base in Cuba. Any such attempt would undoubtedly be met directly with military intervention by the United States.

What is afoot is an effort to establish a Communist political base, backed with enough force to exploit the weakness of other governments throughout the Caribbean and Central America and create a serious political diversion for the United States in the Western Hemisphere.

It can be taken for granted that, while the Kennedy Administration does not want to intervene with its own troops in Cuba, it does not intend to stand aside and watch a situation develop which would force such intervention.

Kennedy made this clear enough during the Presidential campaign. "We must," he said on Oct. 20 in New York, "attempt to strengthen the non-Batista democratic anti-Castro forces in exile and in Cuba itself who offer eventual hope of overthrowing Castro."

Castro is well aware of the fact that these forces are being trained in this country and in Guatemala. As a matter of fact, the Cuban radio is daily charging the Central Intelligence Agency with financing and directing invasion units.

Thus a serious situation is developing which this Government does not want but cannot avoid. The President would, no doubt prefer to let time take care of Castro, especially since there are so many other problems piling up on the White House desk, but the training of a Cuban air force behind the Iron Curtain and the prospect of finding Soviet MIGs over the Caribbean inevitably force the Administration to make an urgent review of the whole problem.

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