

The Press Editorials

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Help Is Needed

It is no coincidence that man has learned to probe the skies. It is no happenstance that enables him to build rockets, girdle the globe with satellites. It is his thirst for knowledge, his never ending quest for deepened understanding which has brought these things to pass.

Among the millions who thrill to scientific victories are thousands of multiple sclerosis patients whose own outer space lies just beyond the boundaries of chronic disability. They watch desperately for a dawn over that horizon which lies inward, seated in that neurological complex which can be called man's inner space. Here, too, are worlds to be conquered, battles to be won, lives to be made whole again.

There are an estimated 500,000 of these hopeful watchers in the United States—victims of multiple sclerosis and related neurological diseases. Many of them face a future of ever worsening disability. They ask: "When will MS be cured?"

For them, their inner space exploration agency is the research program of the National Multiple Sclerosis Society, their mainstay the society's patient service program. Founded in 1946, to combat a disease for which cause, cure and prevention remain unknown, the society brings hope in its conviction that prevention and cure for multiple sclerosis can be found.

But conviction is not enough. To enlist nationwide support for these programs, the society is currently conducting its 1963 MS Hope Chest fund campaign, which ends Aug. 31. The campaign needs—must have—support from each of us, patients, friends, families, neighbors.

To the MS patient, the conqueror of MS will be a golden, glorious hero. America needs such heroes, too—heroes of inner space.

When will MS be cured? We can say with our contributions to the 1963 MS Hope Chest. We can say when with our dollars.

UNIVERSITY EXPLORER

Thoreau: A Legendary Figure

The University Explorer brings you regularly the views or findings of a University of California authority on a topic of current interest.

Henry Thoreau died of tuberculosis at the age of 44. Although a few of his works—"Walden," "On Civil Disobedience"—are still read, Thoreau himself has become widely regarded as a sort of quaint legendary figure who roamed the New England woods communing with nature and refusing to pay his taxes—a 19th Century eccentric and curiosity piece.

To Dr. Lawrence Wilson, professor of English at the University of California, Santa Barbara, this view does Thoreau a terrible injustice.

Thoreau's life, he said, revolved around a great theme, a theme that dates back to classical antiquity and which Thoreau, through his eloquent writing and austere life, was able to dramatize as few other men in history.

Unlimited Potential

It was Thoreau's belief that all men have an unlimited potential for good and are capable of unlimited self-improvement. "I know of no more encouraging fact," he once wrote, "than the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavor." This high-minded optimism wavered somewhat in the last years of his life, but it formed the core of Thoreau's philosophy and writing, said Dr. Wilson.

Thoreau urged people to stop complaining about their unhappiness and boredom and to proceed instead with the business of living, improving their minds, and sharpening their senses.

Material wealth played no part in his scheme of life. He once wrote, "a man is rich in proportion to the number of things he can let alone." Elsewhere he said, "Our life is frittered away by detail . . . simplify, simplify."

Experience was the only reality to Thoreau, said Dr. Wilson. Action was more meaningful than thought, and the woods—Nature—

represented the best setting for action, for life lived "near the bone."

"I went to the woods," he explained, "because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived."

Nothing 'Escapist'

There was nothing "escapist" in this attitude. Walden Pond, where Thoreau lived alone for two years, was only about a mile beyond the Concord city limits. Thoreau said that if he really had wanted to lose himself in nature he would have travelled to far-off Oregon.

But he enjoyed company, and for most of his life he remained in and around his birthplace, Concord, where he was well liked by his fellow townsmen and particularly by children whom he entertained with stories about adventures in the about adventures in the woods.

Nevertheless, while Thoreau gave first place to experience he never neglected his mind, which was analytical and razor-sharp, said Dr. Wilson.

He was a scholar of Oriental philosophy, an anthropologist, biologist and ecologist. During the last ten years of his life he was busy gathering material for a definitive study of the American Indian, learning several tribal dialects in the process.

He also was an insatiable reader of books, particularly histories, and he translated works from the Classical Greek, Latin and French into English. These are hardly the characteristics of a man who lived only for action and experience.

What Thoreau actually was saying, said Dr. Wilson, was that, in the final analysis, the quality of a man's life outweighed even his best-intentioned words; that no amount of book-reading or writing or talking could substitute for actual living. For this reason, he opposed formal, institutionalized education and considered the Indian, who grew up in nature as a model of the per-

fect educated man because he was continually learning how to live.

Convinced that most people lived lives of "quiet desperation," Thoreau turned his back on the things that are generally considered essential for happiness.

The 'Nearest' Dish

As Emerson pointed out, he lived alone, never married, never went to church, ate no meat, drank no wine, never smoked. When asked at dinner what dish he preferred, he answered, "The nearest."

Such austere independence, said Dr. Wilson, makes it understandable why Thoreau had no patience or sympathy for institutional government. He liked people as individuals but distrusted the masses and even declared his independence of the Constitution.

His theory on civil disobedience is well known. Gandhi quoted Thoreau, and so do American Negroes. When John Brown was arrested for rebellion, Thoreau hired a hall, rang the church bell and gave an eloquent speech in Brown's defense. Thoreau never participated in civic affairs, ran for office, joined a political party or voted.

No National Model

Dr. Wilson admits that a nation of Thoreaus in which every man went his own way would probably cease to exist as a nation, but the important point about Thoreau is that he never intended to serve as anyone's model. One never finds him saying, "live as I live" or "do as I do."

In fact, it would be completely contrary to everything he stood for. "If a man does not keep pace with his companions," he once wrote, "perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however distant or far away."

Thoreau recognized that all lives cannot be lived in the same way, but he believed firmly that all lives can be lived fully and constructively if only the physical and mental effort were made and all the artificial roadblocks were removed.

IT'S AMAZING!



OPINIONS OF OTHERS

The Silent Zone

From B'nai B'rith Messenger

Conde McGinley, publisher of a semi-monthly newspaper called "Common Sense" is dead at the age of 73.

The cause of his death: cancer.

McGinley's newspaper, if we can call it that, once was dubbed by J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, as a "vitriolic hot sheet."

In it, McGinley equated Zionism with Communism, fluoridation with Communism, George C. Marshall with Communism, Catholicism with Communism, Negro rights with Communism,

Judaism with Communism, ad infinitum and ad nauseam.

He saw a Communist under every bed-sheet except those worn by the Ku Klux Klan. He saw conspiracy behind each turned collar and under each yarmulke. He was a man afraid of humanity.

A Great Disservice

Men like the late Conde McGinley and his ilk do a disservice to the cause of anti-Communism. Spewing their venom and their unreasoning hatred, they sow the seeds of distrust in democracy by setting American against American.

In actuality, they aid and abet the Communist conspiracy. So it was that Conde McGinley, consumed by hatred, spent a lifetime baiting Jews in much the same manner as Nikita Khrushchev.

But McGinley's death will not alter the overall picture of hate peddling. Dr. James H. Sheldon, a well-known crusader against bigots, reveals that the hate-publishing field is on its way to becoming a "big business."

Books on Jewish "ritual murder" and the false "Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion" go at bargain rates—and through the United States mails. And these are only a few of the anti-Catholic, anti-Jewish, anti-Negro tracts available from these sellers of poison on pages.

Singular Silence

Loud have been the hue and cry against "The Tropic of Cancer." The anguish over "The Dictionary of American Slang" has poured from front pages of newspapers. Yet, there is a singular silence from the self-proclaimed censors when it comes to sale of hate publications. Perhaps they feel that "smut" is a menace to our youth, but that hatred is

not. Perhaps they feel that "smut will destroy our nation, but that hatred will not. Perhaps they feel that "smut" is part of the Communist conspiracy, but that hatred is not.

The field of censorship is always a difficult one. It is a realm in which we deal with our fundamental rights. But we are not concerned here with censorship. We are concerning ourselves only with the public attitude toward hate books on the shelves of our libraries and our bookstores and those that pass through the mails, subsidized by Americans of all races and creeds.

And here we hear only silence. In that eerie silence, Conde McGinley ground out his message of hate while the Kremlin chortled.

Clown King

August 1 to 7 is National Clown week. We nominated for special honors on that occasion the clown, or clowns, in the federal government who lost 24 million bushels of feed grain, worth \$34 million.

The grain in question was surplus, and had been shipped, presumably, to certain Austrian customers. It never arrived. And nobody knows where it went or who benefited by the theft or the blunder. Nobody in the Department of Agriculture seems to have had any knowledge of it for three years. Only when a State Department foreign assistance officer investigated complains from Austria did the matter come to light.

On second thought, we withdraw our nomination. Clowns may call on pathos and fumbling errors to create laughs. But \$34 million ain't hay, and it ain't funny.

CALIFORNIA SPEAKS

VINCENT GROCOTT, Santa Barbara Elks exec.—"There are more than enough groups and organizations telling the story of the perils of communism but pitifully few who are doing a job of selling patriotism and Americanism."

VIRGINIA CHURCH, S. F. YWCA instructor—"Charm is maturity. It's being poised and relaxed enough to forget yourself and be concerned with others."

JACK PHILLIPS, San Rafael Chamber of Commerce manager, rodeo hobbyist—"My first rodeo ride was on a dare. I got bucked off so fast my head swam, but I liked it."

RENIE RIANO, Broadway actress in Sacramento—"For five years I have been trying to be a bum, but things keep happening to keep me on the go."

WILLIAM FOX, Walnut Creek—"The sure way for a woman to keep her husband home is to suggest he take her out."

The Man at the Keyhole

By Operative WB
Congressional observers the "public accommodations" features of JFK's civil rights program, stemming not from the discrimination issue but from concern that the interstate commerce concepts involved could be the opening gun in a drive for greater federal interference with local businesses.

California politicians are intrigued with the question whether Rockefeller and/or Goldwater supporters will stay out of the state party leaders' comments that an unpledged delegation may be fielded at the San Francisco Convention. Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman is on his way out, according to Capitol insiders who say defeat of Freeman's wheat referendum and subsequent embarrassment to the Administration is the reason.

Hannah's Harpoons

BY HANNAH SAMPSON



HANNAH

There once was a financial tycoon who was impossible to interview. Every experienced reporter on the metropolitan papers had tried in some ingenious way to get in to see him but it was no use. So, whenever a new man came to work on the paper, the standard joke was to assign this rich man to the novice in the hopes of chastening the beginner from the start.

Well, one such young man, right out of school, was assigned the Great Impossibility, but, having heard nothing of the problem, worked it out in his own way: he walked up to the man's home, rang the doorbell, and was of course invited in for the interview.

This simple tale illustrates that sometimes the simplest solutions can escape even the most experienced and complex minds.

Thousand Dollars a Day

Which is my way of leading up to the fact that I have a simple solution to what has become one of the most complex problems of one of our industries: The Industry is Motion Pictures; and the Problem is the casual manner in which an agent asks (and gets) more than a THOUSAND DOLLARS A DAY for the services of one individual to appear in a movie.

The solution is this: Stop production on every American-financed movie. Grind the wheels to a halt. At

IDEA FOR TODAY

Those who more than fulfill their responsibilities operate in freedom. The price of self-government is self-responsibility. We can't have one without the other.

The Art of Living

By RED LOCKWOOD

Let's Talk About It

Once upon a time a young man journeyed to the city in which dwelt the eldest man in the province to seek him out at his home.

"Old man," said the young man, "I have come to share of your wisdom."

"Yes," said the old one, "and what is it that you desire to know?"

"Old man," said the young man, "they teach me many things. They teach me to work metal and to form things of wood. They teach me to add and to cipher. But they teach me not how to live."

"Oh," said the old man, "and is that why you have come to me? To seek the wisdom of how to live? Of Life?"

That is What I Think
"Yes, old man," said the

young one. "That is what I seek."

"It is a pity that you have come so far," sighed he who was full of many, many years, "for I have not learned that secret myself."

His head dropped, chin upon chest. Silent for a moment, the old one raised his eyes to look intently upon those of the young man. "And I wonder if I ever shall."

Down through the ages since life first stirred upon earth, men and women have sought to know how to live.

The search is an inner, intimate one. It is one that people are reluctant to discuss, even husband to wife, or wife to husband.

But why not talk about it? Let's do. Right here.

LIFE IN THE ROAR by KANE

