

sortment of concurrent diplomatic and military operations took place around the world. President Kennedy met with Prime Minister Macmillan in Key West, and the next day with Andrei Gromyko in Washington, while the American ambassador in Moscow dealt with Khrushchev. American marines moved up to Udon in northern Thailand, taking positions to move into Laos if necessary, and units of the Seventh Fleet were already in the Gulf of Thailand and the waters off South Vietnam.

Simultaneously, Rusk began to adjust to the realities of SEATO in Bangkok. His primary concern now became bargaining for unity that would not hinder military intervention. Thus his efforts were directed more at getting unanimous approval for some potential action than at total agreement for unanimous action. In brief, he was willing to settle for an arrangement similar to the United Nations' participation in the Korean War, with a SEATO flag—like the U.N. flag—that could be used by whichever members were willing to intervene.

Beneath the gilded ceiling of a Thai government conference hall, Rusk put the American position into perspective. He explained how Communist strategy had evolved since the days of Stalin; how it had become more sophisticated, avoiding blunt frontal attacks in favor of infiltration and subtle propaganda. This increased the danger that pacts like NATO, CENTO, and SEATO could be outflanked, and therefore they had to maintain their solidarity. The way the Communists had contrived to subvert a large part of Laos was an obvious and urgent example of what Rusk meant. If SEATO fell apart trying to meet this threat, the Communist success would be all the greater.

The Quiet Achievement

Even as he urged a strong SEATO resolution, Rusk knew full well that for the sake of unity he would have to fall back on something that sounded watery. But to prevent misunderstanding, he resorted to a clever device. Through members of his delegation, he deliberately leaked the essence of the American position to the press, stating in so many words

that the United States wanted—as it always had—a tough SEATO statement. In effect, the press plant said: "This is the firm American intention that can be fitted between the lines of the seemingly mild SEATO resolution."

The final SEATO declaration did seem quite mild. It merely announced that if negotiations with the Russians failed, SEATO members "are prepared, within the terms of the Treaty, to take whatever action may be appropriate in the circumstances."

Correspondents accustomed to the ringing phrases of John Foster Dulles were disappointed; many of them, failing to grasp the real American intention that lay within the banal words, ruthlessly wrote of Rusk's failure. But in fact, those stereotyped terms provided the United States and other interested SEATO members with all the room necessary

for any policy they wished to pursue. Negotiations with the Russians were not precluded. French sensitivities were not ruffled. If military intervention in Laos proved necessary, it could be undertaken without fear of veto by any SEATO member, and a SEATO flag could be flown over the operation. None of this was spelled out, but it was all there. "Read the resolution over thoughtfully," Rusk advised one journalist, "and you'll find that it contains all that is necessary."

The operative word in that advice is "thoughtfully." Considering the military preparations that were quietly accompanying the SEATO resolutions, not much thought was required to get beneath the flatness of its words to their real essence. Perhaps thoughtfulness, paralleled by stiff readiness, was what characterized Rusk's debut in Bangkok.



Where Poverty Is Permanent

WILLIAM FRANCOIS

HUNTINGTON, W. VA.
IN 1948, 125,000 miners in West Virginia produced 168 million tons of coal. During the next ten years, coal operators poured out \$500 million to mechanize their mines, and by 1958, 68,000 miners produced 150 million tons. The industry had performed a truly amazing feat: it had cut the work force nearly in half while almost maintaining production. The 1959 steel strike and a sagging economy both hit the coal industry hard (along with competitive fuels), and by the end of 1960, an average of 36,000 miners had produced about 120 million tons of coal. Within a span of twelve

years, 89,000 miners had lost their jobs or were reduced to working one or two days a week. At least 78,000 of them could find no work of any sort.

This is the basis for the migration of 200,000 West Virginians—a migration as vast and as disruptive as that of the Okies in the years of the depression. Forty thousand are living in the Akron area; other thousands have moved to Cleveland, Mansfield, Detroit, Chicago . . .

Those who have left the coal fields are the lucky ones. An estimated 35,000 jobless miners have stayed behind—hoping against hope. "They should leave," says R. R.

Humphreys of Charleston, secretary-treasurer of District 17, United Mine Workers, "but a great majority won't until it's too late. Then they can't."

THE SAME KIND of problem extends into the coal fields of Pennsylvania, Virginia, eastern Kentucky, and southern Ohio. In Harlan County, Kentucky, for example, there are fewer than five thousand miners now; there were 12,500 in 1950. In seven Virginia mining counties, ten thousand people depend on surplus foods. In central Pennsylvania, seventy-five thousand men worked in the mines twenty years ago; there are fewer than fifteen thousand now. But there, at least, a sizable garment industry has grown up to provide forty thousand jobs—mostly for the wives and daughters of miners.

As Zane Kuzman, for eighteen years a miner in the Coaldale region, puts it: "I just couldn't believe that a healthy, willing guy like me couldn't get a decent job. But at forty-seven I'm reduced to a housekeeper while my wife goes out and earns the bread and butter. After forty, you're done. They just won't talk to you about a job."

One out of every four West Virginians now receives surplus foods. As you might expect, the majority of them are in the coal fields. McDowell County is the worst hit, with thirty-eight thousand people, or forty per cent of the population, on the dole; it is one of the eight localities in the United States where a food-stamp plan will be tried this summer by the Department of Agriculture. There are twenty thousand in Logan County, eighteen thousand each in Mingo and Fayette. It's almost as bad in other coal counties.

Many towns and villages are deserted. New shutdowns and layoffs imperil others. Even before the situation grew worse during the winter, the West Virginia Welfare Council had warned that the "present economic distress in certain areas of the state is causing a breakdown in the health and morals of our citizens."

Welfare officials in these areas are in despair. "The children are the future," one remarked. "It's terrible to think what's happening to many of them." Some welfare workers have quit because, under the present laws,

they cannot help the families of miners who are able to work but can't find jobs.

Thomas Kennedy, who succeeded John L. Lewis last year as president of the United Mine Workers, has urged extension of unemployment compensation and other measures to aid the miners, including efforts to attract new industries to the depressed areas. But the rugged hills of West Virginia may prove too formidable.

"You can't build industrial plants on top of West Virginia's hills," asserts David L. Francis, mayor of Huntington and president of the Princess Coal Company, which employs one thousand men at nine mines. "What's the answer? Export coal and miners—just as we have been doing. The Mayo State Vocational Technical School at Paintsville, Kentucky, has done a terrific job of retraining our boys and putting thousands of them into the Northern states. As I see it, this is the solution."

Lewis, the shaggy-browed union patriarch who fought the coal operators tooth and nail during the bloody 1920's and early 1930's, agrees. "We are not trying to keep men in the mines just to retain jobs," he once said. "The unemployed miner should move on to other jobs."

On the need for mechanization, both coal operators and UMW officials agree, although some union leaders openly question the speed used to accomplish this feat. They are also staggered by the results—and by the switch to competitive fuels.

"But if we hadn't mechanized," Mayor Francis of Huntington points out, "we'd be dead now. We've lost major markets and must compete with other fuels that have tax advantages. The fact that the price of coal at the mine has not gone up in the last ten years—during a period of inflation—is a major accomplishment."

MANY MINERS were old enough to apply for pensions when they were laid off. In UMW's District 17, for example, fifteen per cent of the men cut off are over sixty and eligible for pensions. Pension applications have increased fifty per cent during the past two years. In this one West Virginia district, where

fifteen thousand union miners are now working compared with thirty-five thousand in 1947, 7,500 are now receiving pensions. This upsurge in pensions has forced the UMW to reduce payments to 65,600 retired soft-coal miners from \$100 a month to \$75. Previously the union had cut pension payments to hard-coal miners from \$100 to \$50.

The union paid out \$78 million last year to sixty-five thousand retired bituminous-coal miners. An additional \$57 million was paid out during that same period for hospitalization and medical care, plus another \$37 million in other benefits. All these programs are financed by the forty-cent-a-ton royalty paid by the coal operators to the UMW. "I shudder to think what would happen if it wasn't for the miners' welfare fund," the state mine director says.

In addition to a lowering of pension payments, limitations have been placed on medical care. The welfare fund ran \$18 million in the red last year, and there was a \$15-million deficit the year before. The gap was bridged by dipping into the fund's reserves, which are down to \$116 million compared with \$150 million in 1958.

OIL and natural gas are the prime cause of the coal industry's troubles. In 1900, coal supplied seventy per cent of the nation's energy requirements. Now it's 26.7 per cent. Railroads have switched to oil; the nation's homes are nearly all heated by gas or oil.

The head of the biggest coal company in the state, Raymond Salvati, says the solution is simple. "We have to get people to consume more coal." But Governor Underwood, who relinquished his office to W. W. Barron on January 16, has felt, like many others, that "greater coal production will mean more machines, not more men."

Is there a solution that goes beyond stopgap measures? Most of the people who are closest to the problem feel that the only answer lies in retraining and relocating miners in areas where redevelopment projects, government loans, public works, and other forms of pump priming are more feasible than they are in the rugged terrain of West Virginia.

VIEWS & REVIEWS



Sasha, Vovo, And Natasha

JEREMY and GABRIELLA AZRAEL

CHILDREN, it has frequently been said, are the same the whole world over. Sasha, Vovo, and Natasha, however, could only have been Soviet. Aged thirteen, twelve, and eleven, already trained and formed by their society, they were Soviet adults writ small.

For an American, it is often difficult to judge the age of a Soviet child; and so it was with Sasha. Short, slight, brown-eyed, with thick black hair, he had the physique of an eleven-year-old in this country. But Sasha was almost fourteen. He was in the sixth class at school, where like almost all his classmates he was taking biology and chemistry, mathematics and algebra, Russian language and literature, geography and history, and a foreign language—in his case English. Despite his heavy schedule, he gladly gave up five of his free hours weekly to study with us. English was Sasha's passion, and he had even switched schools because the old one didn't offer it. His reason was as specific as it was Soviet: he had already decided his vocation. He was going to be a translator and interpreter, because this was both "cultured" and "socially useful." In order to learn English "properly,"

as he was fond of putting it, he felt he had to write down a certain number of words and grammatical rules daily. Whenever we tried to coax him into a more casual attitude, we ran up against polite resistance. Learning was a process he knew well (he was a straight-A student), and he was loath to abandon any part of it. But learning was only one part of life, and during the regular breaks he set up, all his childish vitality would bubble forth as he told us in Russian of his stamp and coin collections.

Beneath the red Pioneer's scarf of almost any Soviet child, you are sure to find the heart of a budding numismatist or philatelist. In fact, it is through the difficulty of getting certain stamps that these children often first discover the limits of their world. But if they are lucky, they find a way. Sasha lived in a show-place housing development and managed to use his English to meet Bruce, an American youngster who was being shown around with his parents. Sasha danced with joy when he got his first letter from New York a month later. That American stamp became his most prized possession, and Sasha became a staunch

advocate of cultural exchanges. He wondered what he could send Bruce of equal value, and we finally settled on a few Russian and Chinese stamps from Sasha's own collection. Only after the return letter was mailed did we read in the *New York Times* that United States government agents had broken up a ring of American philatelists trafficking in Chinese stamps in violation of the Trading with the Enemy Act. We never told Sasha, and Bruce was never apprehended.

SASHA frequently asked about the United States. Nothing overshadowed for him the enormous fact that American children go to school only five days a week, instead of the Soviet six. ("Papa, Papa," he shouted into the kitchen, "did you hear that?" But Papa said, "That's why we are catching up with and overtaking the United States," and Sasha looked a little deflated.) He listened to all our answers with rapt attention. We asked him what he already knew about America. "I know that America has good industry, good agriculture, talented people like Paul Robeson and Van Cliburn, that the people don't want war but that your ruling circles do." How do you undo a lesson so thoroughly learned? And dare you try with a child who will always live in the Soviet Union?

On another occasion, Sasha's mother was treating us to her special homemade Ukrainian delicacies when Sasha asked if he could have a taste of wine. His mother quickly said, "No, of course not," and just as quickly poured him some. He raised it Russian fashion, clinked glasses, and said shyly, "May there always be peace and friendship not only between us but between our countries." Only later did we realize that any foreigner would have thought this a monstrous example of indoctrination, or a cynical parody of diplomatic toasting. To us at the time, it seemed neither. It was bright-eyed Sasha talking and we had been in Moscow many months. It sounded normal and we knew he meant every word.

Sasha wasn't simply a parrot. He was a bright, happy little boy who could think on his feet. When he asked why Americans never seemed