

Thousands Strike By Air, Sea

In
The
Day's
News
By
Frank Jenkins

Washington: The state department reported it had received no word from Prime Minister Fidel Castro on its DEMAND that he return the American airliner one of his bully boys hijacked a few days ago and took to Havana.

Maybe he's waiting for us to offer to trade him tractors for it. Sending hijackers over to a nab our big million-dollar airliners and then selling them back to us (or swapping them for things he needs) could open up a right profitable business for Fidel and his gang.

That brings up something else. There is a new Tractors for Freedom committee. It is called the Families Committee, because most of its 11 members have relatives among the invasion prisoners. Its objective is to trade prisoners for tractors. Not necessarily in one big swap. Piecemeal. A certain number of prisoners for each tractor — or vice versa, if need be.

Who are these prisoners? They are the 2,000-odd poor devils who, relying on our promise of help, laid their lives on the line in the ill-starred invasion to rescue Cuba from communism. They thought we were going to back them with military force sufficient to make their gamble of their lives worth while. We didn't do it. We pulled out at the last minute, for reasons that have never been fully disclosed, leaving them to their fate.

One can't help wondering what Teddy Roosevelt would have said if he were of Tunis in a quite similar situation had offered to trade the American mercenaries, who had been kidnapped by a Tunisian bandit, for say an American warship (they didn't have tractors in those days.) What an explosion there would have been!

It was different in Jefferson's time. As you will recall, the Barbary States pirates had hijacked one of our ships, the Philadelphia. They took it into the harbor of Tripoli. Stephen Decatur, commander of the flagship of our Mediterranean squadron, took a small vessel, the Intrepid, and with a picked band of American sailors crept into the harbor, swarmed onto the Philadelphia's deck, overcame the Tripolitan crew, set fire to the ship and under fierce fire from the Tripolitan batteries made his way back to our fleet.

Not a man was killed and only one was wounded. The Great English admiral, Horatio Nelson, called Decatur's exploit THE MOST BOLD AND DARING ACT OF THE AGE.

Admiral Nelson himself was quite a man.

Off Cape Trafalgar on the coast of Spain back in 1805, he hoisted his famous signal: "England expects every man will do his duty." With only 27 vessels, he attacked the combined French and Spanish fleets and destroyed them, thus making England the Mistress of the Seas.

He was wounded by a sharp-shooter's bullet in his spine and died during the battle. His last words were: "Thank God, I have done my duty."

Getting back to Decatur, a decade after his Philadelphia exploit he led an American fleet against the Barbary States pirates, told them what was what OR ELSE, and they promised to STOP PIRACY against American shipping. It was thus that the young American Republic a century and a half ago cleaned up an outfit of hijackers that all the great nations of Europe had been afraid to tackle.

Ah me!
How times have changed!

Boeing Sales Total Over \$800 Million

SEATTLE (AP) — Boeing Co. sales totaled \$823,629,032 the first six months of this year, compared with \$817,463,735 the same period of 1960, President William M. Allen reported Monday.

Net earnings of \$16,174,546 were equivalent to \$2.03 a share, Allen said. The 1960 six-month earnings were \$10,260,056, or \$1.29 a share.

Second quarter sales were \$498,427,211 with net earnings of \$10,217,726. Allen told the board of directors' quarterly meeting.

He listed the backlog of unfilled orders as of June 30 at \$2,196,000,000, compared with \$2,209,000,000 at the end of the first 1961 quarter.

EDITORIAL PAGE

4 The News-Review, Roseburg Ore. — Tues., Aug. 1, 1961

ABLE CANDIDATES

By Charles V. Stanton

Charlie Porter has announced he will again seek to be a congressman from Oregon's Fourth District. His announcement has created some consternation, particularly in Democratic circles.

No one was happier to get rid of Porter than a number of leading Democrats. Porter's inability to separate his activities between the legislative and executive branches of government, his friendship toward Red China, his personal participation in Castro's revolution, his association with communists, suspected communists and parlor pinks proved extremely embarrassing to the party. Yet, because he had the nomination, Democrats had to accept him on the ticket.

That, in my opinion, is one big fault with Oregon's election laws—a party must accept as a candidate any person who wins nomination, regardless of whether the party may approve of that candidate, his policies and his actions.

Porter suffered a very humiliating defeat. He was a candidate in a district which has a large Democratic majority in registration. Yet his Republican opponent, relatively unknown, was given a substantial margin in the general election. The election of a Republican in a strongly Democratic district was not a desirable experience for a party that swept most other contests. But a lot of Democrats didn't want Porter and were willing to vote for his opponent.

Too Many Candidates

The party again is apt to find itself in an embarrassing position if it doesn't do something in the direction of prevention.

The Democratic Party has too many able prospects for the job.

Robert Duncan, Medford attorney, Speaker of the House of Representatives, is proclaimed as one possible candidate. Two prospects are from Roseburg, Sen. Al Flegel and Rep. W. O. (Bun) Kelsay. Others mentioned include Robert Straub, Lane county legislator and state party chairman, Ed Harms, former Springfield mayor, Clarence Barton, Coquille attorney, active in the Legislature, and others.

If these possible candidates should get in a hassle for the nomination, Porter is apt to get the nod. He has a group of very active and vocal supporters. He's a great favorite with the Socialist crowd. They give him a solid core of votes on which to build.

Then, too, there is no denying his energy, his hand-shaking ability, and his pleasing personality. He won his nomination by vigorously shaking hands and meeting people for several years ahead of his election.

From his school days he has cherished a desire to serve in the Congress. He has ideas — ideas that seem strange to a good many people — concerning peace. He has vowed to promote peace but seems to be promoting the communist type of peace, which certainly is something we don't want.

Decision Needed

The Democratic Party, it seems to me, should be deciding upon a party-approved candidate immediately and should be working on behalf of the candidate named.

One of the tricks of politics is to get a number of good men running for a nomination while a weaker man, with a minority following, sneaks in. That's exactly what can happen next year if the Democrats fail to make a decision at once as to who the candidate shall be.

Porter isn't to be laughed off as a candidate. He can be counted upon to put up a formidable battle. I question that the Democratic Party wants a one-time loser — particularly Porter — for a standard bearer. But they may find themselves again embarrassed by his nomination unless they start building a barrier against him.

Many people will say that Porter should be elected, if he is desired by the majority of voters. And that, unquestionably, is a good argument. But the nomination of a minority candidate because too many more able men split the vote among themselves, isn't good politics.

Democrats, it seems to me, have a heavy responsibility. In a district such as this, where the party is so strongly entrenched, it owes to the voters the duty of putting forth able candidates, not offering more undesirable candidates simply because the party has the votes needed to win an election.

Hal Boyle

Summer Perilous Season; Nature, Gadgets In Wait

NEW YORK (AP) — How is your summer going? Summer is a perilous time, the most dangerous of the seasons, when both nature and the gadgets of man lie in wait to ambush the unwary.

Most people have enough sense to come in out of the cold in winter, but few have enough wisdom to come in out of the heat in summer. They flee to the great outdoors—to a mountain, lake or beach resort—where all kinds of pitfalls await them.

I prefer to flee to the great indoors when the temperature zooms over the 90-degree mark. The best way to survive summer is to pull in your welcome mat, and hole up for the duration in an air-conditioned apartment on the door of which you have hung a sign saying "Do not disturb until autumn."

Our family has followed this policy with fine success. With summer at the half-way mark not one of us has—

Had a bad case of sunburn. Come down with smoke poisoning—or pneumonia poisoning—from helping a suburban pioneer father in a backyard cook-out.

Caught a summer cold, or the mumps, or the measles.

Been stepped on by a horse, or had to run from a bull.

Fallen out of a hammock while trying to read "War and Peace," or other light summer literary fodder.

Been hit on the head by a baseball, horseshoe or tennis racket.

Come home bankrupt from a race track.

Lost a toe in a power lawn-mower.

Been smashed across the stomach by a shovel in the hands of a grave-eyed small child at the seashore.

Had our sleep broken by the noisy chirping of an early bird up at dawn looking for a belated worm.

Sat for fruitless hours in a boat slapping at swarms of mosquitoes while fishing in a lake where nothing bigger than a tadpole has been since 1902.

Had a tent collapse on us in a rainstorm while camping in a public park.

Each day my wife has to venture across the street to the grocery store and announces on her return: "My, it's hot out there!"

"Well," I tell her, "let me know when you see an icicle—then I'll go to the store."

DEAR ABBY

Abigail Van Buren

Same Old Story!

DEAR ABBY: One day last week a very attractive young man came to my door selling magazine subscriptions. I invited him in because I was interested. We talked a few hours and I fixed him coffee. He found him very appealing. He has a wife and children, but is having trouble at home and needed someone to talk to. When he left, he forgot his necktie and a large envelope with some business papers in it. I have his name and telephone number. Should I call him up and tell him to stop by and pick up his belongings? I would like to see him again. I am married, but my husband travels.

TEMPTED
DEAR ABBY: Pile his "belongings" into an envelope and mail them to him. He had no business removing his necktie, and you shouldn't have encouraged him to make himself so much at home. You apparently found each other "appealing," which is the way people who are already "sewed up" become unraveled. Forget him.

DEAR ABBY: I am 12 years old, and my problem is this: My boy friend asked me to kiss him. I told him no because it wasn't a real date—he was just walking me home. Did I do the right thing? I like this boy very much, but am not allowed to date yet.

NOT SURE
DEAR ABBY: You did the right thing. But don't get the idea that when you are on a "real" date, you have to kiss every boy who asks you.

DEAR ABBY: We were married

James Marlow

Almighty Buck May Bring Western Europe Together

WASHINGTON (AP) — That simple symbol of survival—the almighty buck — may do more to bring the people of Western Europe together than all the philosophers, kings, wars and oratory in history.

The latest example: British Prime Minister Macmillan Monday hemmed and hawed and hesitated but managed to murmur he'd like to take Britain into Europe's Common Market.

He wasn't talking out of an impulse toward humanitarianism or nobility. Britain is hurting in the pocketbook. The history behind his wish and the Common Market had its roots in humility and desperation.

For generations the West Europeans lived like tomcats on the prowl for real estate or trade, even if it meant war, which it often did. In the end they fought one war too many, the last one.

It left them broke and second-rate in a new world dominated by the United States and Russia. In their moment of disaster they suddenly showed a common sense which had been unthinkable when they had muscle.

Soon after the war a French economist, Jean Monnet, had an idea. France and West Germany both had coal and iron ore. Why not pool their resources? Besides, it would bridge some of that ancient gulf between them.

It would certainly help economically. The idea appealed, too, to Italy, the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg. The six nations signed a treaty creating the European Coal and Steel Community (ECSC).

Another Frenchman, Premier Rene Pleven, got another thought. Instead of having separate European armies glaring at each other as in the past, why not unify them in one army, including Germany, which then would be an ally and not an enemy?

The French Parliament, still afraid of a rearmaged Germany, killed this notion. But the idea of cooperation among the six—called the Inner Six—was just starting.

In 1957 they signed another treaty, called the European Economic Community or Common Market.

The six would trade freely among themselves, wiping out tariffs on each other's goods. A man in Rome could buy a German car for the same price he'd pay in Bonn.

With this a start, it was thought the Inner Six nations could go on to ever greater cooperation, perhaps some day to a common citizenship. Collectively they would achieve far greater strength in coping with the United States and Russia than they could ever hope for singly.

But Britain, with its long lonely history of staying out of continental entanglements and playing one power off against another, wouldn't join.

It created a rival trading group of its own called the European Free Trade Association (EFTA) in 1960. It had seven members — known as the Outer Seven — Portugal, Sweden, Norway, Denmark.

But while the purpose of the Inner Six was to eliminate tariff barriers against their own goods they also arranged to create a uniform tariff wall against the goods from any other country.

This began to hurt British trade. The Inner Six nations have 160 million people. The Outer Seven have only 85 million. Britain began to see itself squeezed out of many of its traditional markets.

So Macmillan finally came around to the idea that if you can't lick 'em, join 'em, and he is starting to talk of taking Britain into

Editorial Comment

MORE PEOPLE WANTED

Albany Democrat-Herald

Few would take issue with the Oregon State Highway department's travel information division's effort to attract tourists to Oregon by means of nationwide advertising. Tourists spend money and don't cost the state much, aside from the cost of building and maintaining good roads to facilitate travel throughout the state and of providing such attractions as state parks. And in these resort Oregonians share benefits with the tourists.

We don't have to enlarge our school systems to accommodate tourists' children, nor does their presence require provision of additional state and municipal services, such as augmented health programs, extension of sewers and the many other things which permanent residents demand and whose costs pose dilemmas for budget committees.

It is estimated that money tourists spend in the state far more than offsets the money spent to attract them. Thus the tourist industry ranks high on the scale of desirability. Visitors don't have a hard time giving up population growth problems.

In view of this, some have asked, why not limit our advertising to luring of tourists? Why try to induce people to come to Oregon to live? We already have too many people out of work so there's no point in getting more settlers to swell our unemployment total.

Well, those are good questions. Some advertising is of this nature. Latest to come to our attention is an attractive display which will appear in the July 25 issue of Business Week and the August issue of Fortune magazine. Responsible for this publicity is the Portland General Electric Co. The advertisement extolls Oregon's climate, including the rain which keeps forests and grass green, and points to proximity of jobs to outdoor recreation facilities.

That would appeal to tourists primarily but the text goes on to inform that "We work in this Oregon country, too. We're right in the middle of a dynamic, growing market — a natural spot from which to serve the western states and the Far West. You'll find an abundance of raw materials, transportation, trained labor and low-cost electric power."

PEARSON'S CLOCK
Salem Capital Journal

At last we've pinpointed Sen. Walter Pearson's one talent. It's the ability to strike during the split second when effect is achievable and in exactly the correct spot to shatter the best laid plans.

It's no slight achievement. It compares to a diamond cutter's swift sure touch. Pearson's goals, unfortunately, aren't always to produce a gem of beauty or to salvage a life. Sometimes it appears that he acts simply to watch the dismay he causes.

He said this week that if the legislature meets in special session to solve the time mess it also should take up welfare problems. This destroyed any hope of getting the state's clocks back in order for two seasons.

No new facts now are at hand in the welfare field that weren't available to Pearson during the recent regular session—and his committee assignments gave him plenty of influence to correct the flaws he now cites.

Yet this one remark effectively ends all hopes of a special session, for the intent had been a one-day session to handle the time matter alone. Opening the agenda to a second topic—and a massive one at that—could only lead to another full, costly session.

We don't wish Sen. Pearson any real injury because of such tactics. But if we had the power to hex a person we'd see that he went to bed each night on Pacific Daylight Saving Time and arose each morning on Double British Summer Time.

TREATING STUMPAGE
Medford Mail-Tribune

Science Newsletter reports experiments being performed by a Russian forester named P. S. Zakharov in treating trees for various purposes even before they are cut.

With all the forestry research going on in this country, the findings might be of some interest locally.

Briefly, by girdling the tree, then placing a series of canals around the notch to supply chemicals in place of water from the roots, the tree can be chemically treated while still on the stump.

Some of the effects achieved are wood preservation, toughening, tinting, fire-resistance, and pliability, as well as a more rapid drying of the wood than after it is cut.

When the tree is harvested, it is lighter, and ready for immediate processing, with "built-in" features which now require special treatment after milling—E.A.

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