

THE BEND BULLETIN and CENTRAL OREGON PRESS

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On censorship

Few would disagree that it is desirable to keep obscene literature away from children. When it comes to methods of doing it there is wide disagreement.

A few years ago Bend city fathers became mildly alarmed at the increase of undesirable material on local newstands. Dealers and distributors were consulted and a sort of individual censorship plan was worked out. For a while the situation improved, but girlie magazines, lurid "comics" and other such trash are hard to control and before long they had crept back on many stands.

More recently an attempt was made to stir up interest among parents in a campaign to "clean up the stands" but apparently nothing came of the move.

In Eugene earlier this month an indictment charging a newstand dealer with selling obscene and indecent literature was dismissed by Circuit Judge A. T. Goodwin, who said Oregon law on which the indictment was based was unconstitutional.

Judge Goodwin, who was a newspaperman before he was a judge, said the statute conflicts with the Constitution's guarantees of freedom of speech and press. He added that "one man's literature may be another man's obscenity."

This week a bill designed to censor publications available to children was introduced in the House at Salem. It would prohibit dissemination of obscene matter and prescribe standards for determining obscenity.

One can sympathize with the intent of the measure. Still as Judge Goodwin wisely points out, determination of what's obscene is a thorny issue and subject to various interpretations. Newspapermen have for many years watched various legislative attempts to solve the problem with mixed feelings.

To an American editor steeped in traditions of a free press, the word "censorship" is repugnant.

A far better method of control, certainly, would be for parents to take a greater interest in what their children are reading and where necessary exercise a little parental censorship. No question of press freedom would then be involved.

Perpetual motion

An electric car designed especially for suburbanites that costs \$750, weighs 350 pounds, runs 50 miles a day on one charge and operates on three dollars a month for electricity is in the design stage. This bit of information came in the mail the other day from the publisher of an electronics magazine.

The car, the Shopper-Commuter, is "basically a low platform on three or four small wheels with low-pressure tires. The body—in conventional and convertible models—will be made of reinforced plastic."

Auto batteries will supply the three-to-five horsepower needed for the vehicle's 40-mile-per-hour speed. The batteries will automatically recharge on downhill grades.

(This is perpetual motion, if you hadn't recognized it.)

There is a dandy gadget designed to assist the driver in stopping the car in emergencies. If the driver tromps hard enough on the floor-board accelerator it will act as a brake. Of course there may be a few hundred wrecks until drivers get used to that brain-storm.

Budget-plan revolution?

An American airline has come up with a plan for people who like to watch South American revolutions in progress, but who are short of dough.

The plan is under the guise of "excursion" travel. It offers big savings of \$304.40 from Miami to Buenos Aires; \$289.64 from New York to Buenos Aires and it stresses the fact that these special rates are available throughout the year.

This special trip includes stops in Caracas, Port of Spain, Rio de Janeiro, Sao Paulo, Montevideo, and Porto Alegre.

Although the airline doesn't mention any tips about how to obtain the difference between the saving and the cost of the trip; it is still a handy plan to keep in mind for the next revolution.

Quotable quotes

If only I had had sense enough to stay stupid. We're taking on a man's world and it's hell. —Sunday Dispatch columnist Anne Scott-James, yearning for the good old days when women were women.

I am very happy, very proud to have been able to save my ship. But I am sorry about all that wine. —Capt. Manio Petris, after saving his grounded wine tanker by pumping 250,000 gallons of wine into the sea.

I think we are inexterminable, like flies and bugs. You can't really exterminate them. There will always be some in cracks and crevices and that's us. —Poet Robert Frost, on the theory that man will destroy civilization and himself with his more and more formidable military weapons.

I wouldn't be surprised. They will want to get the data and I shouldn't be surprised but what they will. —Adm. Arleigh Burke, chief of naval operations, on whether he expected Russia to conduct test shots similar to the secret U. S. nuclear blasts in space.

Nothing but bad weather reports, but those big waves kept me awake nicely. —Texas pilot Bill Mullin telling of weather conditions over the Atlantic on his non-stop flight from Houston, Tex., to Yeovilton.

Will you please get off the line!



WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

U. S. seen in middle of next Caribbean tempest

By Drew Pearson

PORT-AU-PRINCE, Haiti. — If you sit on the shore of northwest Haiti and look out across that 50-mile stretch of azure blue Caribbean called the Windward Passage you would never guess that trouble lurked beyond. A native fishing boat meanders by, pushed by a home-made sail. An ocean freighter cuts a slim rift of white in the blue as it follows the route taken by British frigates, Spanish pirates, and Carib revolutionaries since the days of Columbus 450 years ago.

Barely discernible behind a clump of trees, however, and pointing out toward the 50-mile stretch of sea is a French 75 cannon of World War I. Lolling beside it are Haitian soldiers stripped to the waist, enjoying the spring sunshine. They are supposed to be guarding northwest Haiti from the new menace which worries the Caribbean — Castroism.

Just 50 miles across that blue water is Cuba's Oriente Province where Fidel Castro hid and fought. Across that passage thousands of Haitians have sailed seeking work on Oriente sugar plantations. Across that passage, three times a week until recently, have been beamed broadcasts from radio Progreso, exhorting Haitians to rise up against President Duvalier. And from across that passage President Duvalier worries over the Haitian exiles and Haitian sugar workers and Castro's bearded warriors expected to invade his country.

U.S.A. is in the Middle
The invasion might be classified as just another tempest in a country which has been racked by tempestuous revolts ever since Toussaint L'Ouverture kicked the French out of the world's first Negro republic. But for Americans it will be extremely important, for two reasons: 1 — The U.S.A.

will be right in the middle; 2 — Castro has his eyes on the entire Caribbean. His invasion of Haiti would not be aimed at President Francois Duvalier, the Michigan University-educated country doctor who holds uncertain reign over the black republic, but at Generalissimo Rafael Trujillo, who holds tight reign over the Dominican Republic just beyond.

Fidel Castro has sworn "Death to Dictators!" and Haiti is in the path of the No. 1 dictator of the Caribbean.

He also has his eyes on the son of another famous dictator, President Luis Somoza, whose swaggering Marine Corps-trained father so long ruled the tropical Republic of Nicaragua.

In fact, Castro may have even larger aims. He has become an embryo Nasser of the Caribbean with an ambition to cement these strategic islands with Central America into a sort of "United Carib Republic." And just as Nasser electrified the Arab world by taking Suez, some of Castro's cohorts advise him not to stop until he has demanded the Panama Canal be operated for the benefit of Carib countries.

Dictators vs. Democrats
This may be a long time in the making. For the moment, the line-up in the Caribbean is the three democrats versus the three dictators — President Betancourt of Venezuela, Gov. Munoz Marin of Puerto Rico, and Castro, versus Somoza of Nicaragua, Duvalier of Haiti, and Trujillo of the Dominican Republic. The description is not entirely accurate, since Duvalier is elected, and Somoza has inaugurated democracy reforms, while Munoz Marin governs part of the U.S.A. Nevertheless, in a loose way, that is the line-up of Caribbean rivalry with the United States sweating in the middle. Our predicament results from the embarrassing fact that we do not want to back dictators, yet at the same time we can't tolerate war. Under the nonaggression pacts of the Pan American union, the United States is pledged to intervene, with other nations, to protect any member from attack. Yet if we intervened to protect Haiti and the Dominican Republic we are put in the position of defending the No. 1 dictator of the Caribbean — Generalissimo Trujillo. Milton Eisenhower, worried over the unpopularity of dictators, has recommended to his brother that he cut off U.S. support to dictators. He has even scrutinized the fact that we buy \$68,000,000 worth of goods from Dictator Trujillo every year — one-half his exports — and raised the question of whether we shouldn't cut them off. Yet simultaneously we are pledged by Pan American treaties to protect Trujillo if he is invaded. That's our predicament. Meanwhile, the little band of Haitian soldiers lolling in the sun around that French 75 artillery piece looking out over the azure blue of the Windward Passage can no more prevent an invasion from Cuba than a water pistol. They were completely surprised and decidedly miffed to have Bernard Diederich, editor of the Haitian Sun, walk up beyond them the other day while they were asleep. Castro's forces could land at night and hide out just as long in the hills of Haiti as they did in the hills of Cuba's Oriente Province — which was a long time.

Alaska B-girls appear to be thing of past

JUNEAU, Alaska (UPI)—Alaska's B-girls, the "drink up" kids of the 48th state, apparently have reached the end of the trail.

B-girls and their forerunners, the dance hall girls, have been a part of Alaska ever since the first sourdough hit it rich in the gold fields.

In Alaska's gold rush days, dance hall girls flocked to the territory by boat to carve their own pages in Alaska's gaudy history. Miners found in the dance halls an oasis of gaiety and, in the process, often departed poorer but happier.

Many of the dance hall girls found romance in the territory and later became among the most respected citizens in the northland.

In later years, B-girls took over the practice of enticing customers to "drink up" in various Alaska night spots. Many doubted as entertainers.

"It's my turn to entertain the boys, honey, why don't you buy another round?" was a standard bit.

Monday, this bit of Alaskan died forever when the Senate passed an anti B-girl measure by a vote of 19-1. The bill now goes before Acting Gov. Hugh Wade for his signature.

The lone dissenter in the Senate was Senate President William Beltz. He joined with Rep. Robert Sheldon in declaring the lone "nay" in each house.

In debate in the House a week ago, Sheldon made the declaration that a bit of Alaskan would die with the passing of the B-girls. He added that many people respected in the state today famed customers to drink in the saloons of Alaska's roaring past.

Hunt bill back in committee

SALEM (UPI)—A bill allowing establishment of private hunting preserves was back in committee today.

The House voted not to concur in a Senate amendment which would call for the preserves to be open to the public. The action came in opposition to the bill itself, not to the amendment.

House Speaker Robert Duncan ruled out motions by Rep. Katherine Musa (D-The Dalles) and Rep. Keith Skelton (D-Eugene) which would have killed the bill for the session. It finally would go in conference committee.

Opponents said they feared it would put too much Oregon land under private control.

SAGEBRUSHINGS

Ides of March bow out; troubles just started

By Ila S. Grant

Bulletin Staff Writer
Spring arrived right on time. At 12:55 a.m. Saturday, in these parts. At Calico Farm, no one got up to welcome the new season. Except me. I was already up, watching the late-late movie on TV. That is, I hadn't gone to bed yet.

The departure of the Ides of March got me to thinking. The ancient Romans called the period from March 15 to 22 the Ides of March, you know. In that week, dire things always were happening. Like Julius Caesar's murder.

All through the Ides of March, and before that, as a matter of fact, I'd been telling the Chief that the ditch bank needed its spring grooming. Actually, it hadn't been groomed for a number of springs.

How come the ditch bank needs to be groomed? Well, it's this way, Joe.

The irrigation season is from the first of April to the end of September, more or less. The other six months, there is no water in the ditches. At intervals during this dry period, the irrigation company sends a crew with a small tractor out in the hinterland to clean the ditches. Laterals, they're called.

Well, we have sort of a main lateral going through our front yard. It's very pretty to look at, when it's full of water. When it's not full of water, it's sort of ugly. Especially when there's an ac-

cumulation of several years scrapings on the banks. The ditch company dredges the bottom, and scoops the silt up on top. Pretty soon, the bank is so tall you can hardly look over it to see the mountains.

That's what was bothering me. The irritation reaches its peak during the Ides of March. And so far, I hadn't committed any murders.

The first day of Spring, the chief brought a great big bulldozer home from the neighbors. I guess it's a bulldozer. It has a big blade in front, that scrapes like crazy.

Now the ditch bank is as smooth as a salesman's line. The bulldozer, with the Chief at the wheel, pushed all the sod and silt out on the road. It needed filling, anyway. The bulldozer driver got so carried away that he scraped half an acre or so, all the way from the ditch bank to the property line.

Now the road is so level that the Young Man can drive his car into the yard, without tearing off the lake plugs when he crosses the bridge. A bluebird flitted around all day Sunday, picking weed seeds out of the soft earth. The dogs and cats had a fine time, playing in the diggings.

Now the Chief has two more problems. He has to go back over the ground with a garden rake, and fill in the spots where the scoop dug too deep. And he has to build a bluebird house. It's good luck to have bluebirds in your front yard. And when a bluebird hangs around all day, he's looking for a location.

The Chief says that so far as he's concerned, troubles don't cease with the Ides of March.

Bay area hit by light quake

SAN FRANCISCO (UPI) — A light earthquake rattled windows and dishes in parts of the San Francisco Bay area Monday night but there were no reports of damage.

The tremor, first recorded at 6:21 p.m. p.s.t. (9:21 p.m. e.s.t.), was felt as far away as San Jose, 50 miles south of here. The San Jose sheriff's office said it had one call describing the quake as a "light rumble with a gentle rolling motion."

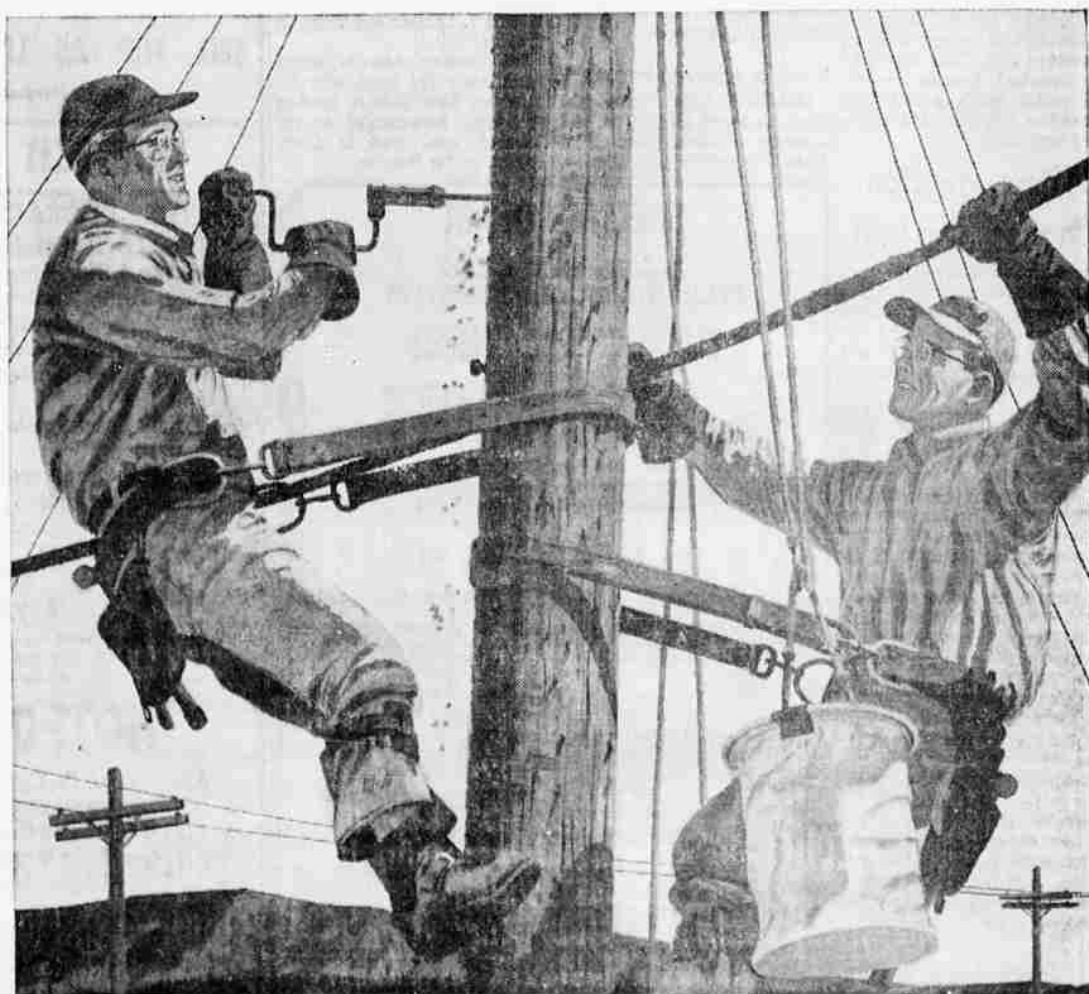
University of California seismologist Don Tocher said the quake registered 4.25 on the Richter scale and was centered 65 miles from Berkeley. He described the quake as "purely local" and not an aftershock of the strong quake that hit the bay area earlier this month.

CONFERENCE SET

WASHINGTON (UPI) — President Eisenhower will hold a news conference Wednesday morning, the White House said today.

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