

Changes in Cuba

What will be the outcome in Cuba, now that Fulgencio Batista y Zaldívar has fled after some 25 years in direct or indirect control of that nation's destinies, is anyone's guess.

It is to be hoped the revolutionary regime can succeed in establishing a stable government, a notably difficult thing to do in the volatile and "young" republics of Latin America.

If Fidel Castro's government is able to do this, it will be cause for hope elsewhere in Latin America, for the insurgents appear to take their democracy and their nationalism seriously, drawing neither from the Fascist right nor the Communist left.

IT MAY be possible for the United States to work out a modus vivendi with the revolutionaries, although this might be difficult. New York Times correspondent Herbert Matthews last year described the Castro group this way:

"It is a revolutionary movement that calls itself socialist. It is also nationalistic, which generally in Latin America means anti-Yankee. The program is vague and couched in generalities, but it amounts to a new deal for Cuba, radical, democratic, and therefore anti-Communist. The real core of its strength is that it is fighting against the military dictatorship of President Batista."

It is not enough for a new government to be "against" something; it must also be "for" something. What Castro and his party will be "for" remains to be seen.

DESPITE a slow start, the revolutionaries have gained a substantial following, particularly in the rapidly-growing Cuban middle classes.

It was only a little over two years ago that he and 82 followers landed in Oriente province, and were almost wiped out. Gradually they grew in strength and numbers, and only in the last month gained the military and popular ascendancy which led to Batista's running for his life. We wonder if Trujillo will be next?—E.A.

Rasslin' and Classic Drama

Once upon a time, long ago, this writer was assigned to sports, and in the course of these duties had to cover the wrestling matches in one of the cities in the San Joaquin valley of California.

The "circuit" of the professional wrestlers at that time there also included much of Oregon, and Medford fans of that period probably would recall such names as George Dusette, the Masked Marvel, "Wild Red" Berry, Danny O'Shane, and even the turkey-rancher George Wilson (if we recall correctly), who later let his hair grow long, bleached it blond, and went on to win TV fame as "Gorgeous George."

THE art form which is wrestling (pronounced "rasslin'") never quite caught our enthusiastic fancy, somehow. And we now learn that this is not because of any deficiency in the "sport" itself, but a deficiency in us—the failure to see, recognize and appreciate in rasslin' the elements of classic drama.

Dick Revenaugh, who is now on the staff of the Enterprise-Courier in Oregon City, once wrote publicity for the boys on the circuit, and is therefore in a position to assess things without bias.

He says rasslin' follows closely the true, pure form of drama, and explains:

"There was a meany and a queeny. The queeny, through boyish trust, invariably got himself into an uncompromising situation in which he was about to lose all to the meany, when all of a sudden, through good living and fair play, he wriggled out of the situation and came out smelling like the clean-living young rose he really is. The plot is obvious, the characters are opposites, the ultimate is presumed and the climax and end are purity in itself. No sir, you aren't going to convince the rasslin' fans they are being taken for a bunch of dupes. Almost every one of them knows just which way the whole thing is going to come out, and the miscarriages just make it all the more interesting. Life is simple and complete in this dramatic form. Triumph is sweet and uncomplicated and the art is untrammelled with subtleties and psychoses of today's fast-moving world."

THIS leads to the question of whether rasslin' matches are "fixed."

The question itself is an impertinent one, for they are no more "fixed" than are those other American fairy-tales, the Westerns, where justice triumphs and evil is crushed to earth.

The rasslers, as Revenaugh claims, and as we can also testify from our long-ago personal experience, are nice guys, and are engaged in a business where they have to keep in absolutely top physical condition.

Dick says that they are about the best trained, best coordinated and are among the most intellectually honest of the professional athletes, and that while it is necessary for them to have abundant publicity, their personal lives usually are quiet, "and they must be beyond reproach as far as the law is concerned."

SO THE matches are not fixed, because they are not sports events in the usual sense of the words. They are displays, employing physical prowess not so much in the "who's the best man?" approach as for a symbolic substitute for character in the classic struggle of virtue against evil, bad against good.

They are less tests of strength and agility than they are morality plays, with the contest on a physical, rather than spiritual, plane.

The average fan, in his own soul, knows this to be true. And it is the reason why professional rasslin' is so successful, while the "pure" amateur sport invariably lacks spectators.

After this, we are almost ashamed to admit we didn't much care for wrestling. Maybe we just don't like morality plays.—E.A.

Dennis the Menace



"I GUESS I SHOULD A BEEN A MILKMAN'S LITTLE BOY."

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop
Washington — Who reads the "Wind in the Willows" any longer, now that children's literature, like milk, has been homogenized? And what reader of that wonderful book remembers the wonderful description of the mole's return to his eligible country residence.

Late in the evening, the water rat and the mole are making their way across country, through the dark fields, after their terrible adventure in the Wild Wood. Suddenly the mole, who has left his home so long ago that he has almost forgotten about it, finds his memory jogged by something familiar in the shape and smell of the earth. His friend the water rat, is impatient and even rather rude, but the mole searches hither and yon until he finds the lost front door.

With the joy of the home-comer, with the pride of the householder, the mole shows his friend his house. He racks his cupboards for stores of food and drink. He gets supper on the table. And so the wanderers are warmed and fed and enjoy a cozy evening, and the mole knows all the pleasures of being in his own place, before he starts on his travels again.

THESE reminiscences are certainly a rather peculiar substitute for a serious political report. But this is the New Year. After Baghdad and Cairo, Beirut and Berlin, Amman and Paris, this reporter has just got home again, feeling precisely like the mole in the book. Instead of a grim analysis of the past year's grim events, or a grim forecast of the grim challenges the next year will probably bring, maybe it is permissible to celebrate this New Year by praising familiar, homely things.

A professional wanderer with no wife or child tends to feel like the mole because he really is rather like the mole. Amid the ruins of ancient Jericho, amid the ruins of Western policy in the Arab lands, amid the tragic refugees in menaced Berlin, home is forgotten, and the way there is almost forgotten too. Then quite abruptly and unexpectedly, the memory is jogged. After so many nights in hotel bedrooms, the image of one's own bed springs suddenly to mind; and after that come crowding all the other images of the house long lived-in and too well-remembered.

FREDRIC MARCH and his equally talented wife, Florence Eldridge, starred last year in Eugene O'Neill's tragic-lengthy play, "Long Day's Journey Into Night." March tells about a woman who came to a matinee, and grumbled to her companion on the way out, "Over four hours for a play! We could have flown to Miami in that time!"

One scoop garnered by demon reporter John Straley at the Brussels fair concerned Khrushchev's master plan for the future of the U.S.S.R. In twenty years he expects to land a Soviet expedition on the moon, in thirty years on Mars, and in fifty years, if everything goes just right, every Russian will have a pair of shoes.

At least once every year, notes Allan King, every good taxpayer exercises his power of deduction.

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Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

While the liberal-modern and Old Guard Republicans generally have been breathing polite but genuine malice upon each other here, Bridges has been maintaining a grand and icy detachment in the chill fastnesses of his home State of New Hampshire.

Everybody knows he has been heart and center of the Old Guard's rugged defense against the effort of the liberal-moderns to have a significant voice in the party leadership in the new Senate. But nobody can really prove it by anything Bridges has been saying—or been seen in the act of doing.

THE truth is this: If the liberal-moderns had really intended to shake up the Old Guard leadership where it would count they would have had first of all to dispose of Bridges. The fact that they

have not tried to dispose of him as chairman of the Senate Republican Policy Committee does not indicate, however, that their campaign has been spurious.

It only indicates that they are sensible men. An old saying fits the case: if you strike at a king you must kill (and not merely wing) him. And to this could be added another: you cannot very well strike at a king, in any case, unless he presents some kind of target to you.

Bridges has stayed still, and absent, and thus presented no target—though even if he had, it is not likely that many guns would have been fired at him. The chances are that he will continue to present none. He has contended himself with a solemn statement that, of course, the choice of their leaders is entirely up to all the Senate Republicans. You cannot do a great deal by way of attack upon such an observation, since it is hardly more belittling than a sage comment that Wednesday will usually follow Tuesday.

THUS it increasingly looks that the liberal-moderns will confine themselves in the GOP caucus on Jan. 7 to: 1. A highly doubtful attempt to put Senator John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky as floor leader over the Old Guard choice, Senator Everett Dirksen of Illinois. 2. A probably successful effort (since this one will have Bridges' concurrence) to elect as assistant leader a moderate liberal, Senator Thomas H. Kuchel of California.

Indeed, the net outlook is

Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

THE COLD WAR

Taking stock at the year end, there are those who think that our position in the cold war has improved and that in the end all will be well if we stand firm and persevere. They think that time is on our side. On the other hand, there are those who think that the balance of military power is turning against us, and also that in the underdeveloped regions of Africa, Asia, and South America, the tide is running against us.

They do not think that it is enough to stand firm and persevere. It is necessary also to take bold and costly measures to turn the tide. They think that time is not on our side unless we make a prodigious effort in armaments, in the development of our own economy to support them, and in a demonstration that there is a way other than the Communist way, by which the underdeveloped nations can overcome their weakness and master their poverty.

I SHALL leave to others, who are more expert in these matters, the problem of what should be done to maintain a military balance of power. I should like to define the central reason why, as things are now going, the West is losing and the Communists are winning the contest in the underdeveloped countries.

The central reason is that the advanced and industrialized Western countries of North America and Western Europe and Australasia are growing richer while the underdeveloped countries, outside the Communist orbit, remain in dire poverty and insofar as they are advancing, are moving very slowly.

It is in this factual situation, it is in this soil, that Communism is expanding. For the Soviet Union has succeeded in demonstrating that there is a way, though harsh and cruel, by which a country can be raised by its own bootstraps.

A few figures, which are generally accepted as approximately correct, will make concrete the nature of our problem. There are roughly speaking, about 400 million people in Western Europe, North America, and Australasia, and they have measured in 1949 prices, an average income per capita of not quite \$900 a year. This, let us remember, is an average.

In the underdeveloped countries, excluding Red China, there are about 1,000 million people and they have an average per capita income of about \$60 a year, which is less than one-tenth of the average in the West.

BUT this is only the beginning of the story. It is obvious that Iraq cannot be protected against Communism merely by standing firm in Turkey and Iran.

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Columbus discovered the plumb line when he discovered America in 1492.

that Bridges in the new Congress will have a practical and personal power in the Senate not matched by any GOP member since the high days of the late Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio in the late 'forties and early 'fifties. This is not to say that Bridges will necessarily and openly and always dominate Dirksen—although if one is to be absolutely blunt even this possibility should not for a moment be excluded.

But it is to say, at the very least, that if Dirksen succeeds to the leadership, as almost certainly he will, no one will be unaware that it was Styles Bridges who put him there. In short, it is more than likely that the real and final leadership of the GOP in the Senate—and to some extent in the Administration itself—will center in the chairman of "policy," Bridges.

It did just that after another GOP collapse at the polls in 1948. Then, the actual boss of "policy" became Taft; the floor leadership was quite secondary. Why this seemingly illogical repetition of seemingly illogical history?

Simply because the regular and orthodox Republicans—all Republicans save the liberals—meet election disaster not by changing their ways but rather by clinging all the more fiercely to those very ways. Old guardism, as typified in the public mind by Taft, helped elect President Harry S. Truman in 1948. Did the Old Guardists then rebuke Taft? Certainly not; they elevated him. Old guardism as typified by Bridges and others contributed to the GOP Congressional election disaster in November. What now? Why, up, the Old Guard of course! Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do or die.

Shucks, if we mislay a dollar bill, we get panicky.

POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

Editorial Comment

In the midst of snow flurries Friday afternoon, a friend of ours happened to be leaving the country club after lunch, and, tied to a tree on the lawn, he saw a cheetah. A cheetah is a leopard-like animal, which sometimes is domesticated and used for hunting.

Our friend, who had spent New Year's eve and day in relatively sedate circumstances, took it in stride, but he is of the opinion, which we share, that it's just as well that this vision from Africa didn't appear to certain of his acquaintances late in the evening of New Year's eve.

The cheetah, it turned out, was on legitimate business. It was waiting for its owner, a visitor passing through town, who was guest of a member of the club for lunch. Personnel at the club seemed to take a dim view of having the beast inside the premises for lunch.

Those snow flurries Friday were the first seen in well that for some time, and during parts of the morning snow was falling while the sun was shining.

When rain falls during sunshine, one usually sees a rainbow. We have received no reports of a snowbow, however.

A staff member just returned from a holiday vacation tells of a relative who resorted to strategem to make sure that his brother would return for a family get-together. He simply held his nephew as a "hostage."

Our weekly whisker report, for this first week end in Oregon's Centennial year, is either discouraging or promising, depending on one's point of view.

In the newsroom the whisker situation is static. That is, the number of whiskered faces remain the same, although some of the whiskers are a little longer. The count remains two beards and two mustaches. One of each appears on the same face, and one of each on different faces. (Figure that out.)

The circulation department is now completely clean-shaven, as is the display advertising department.

There is a fine young set of whiskers, however, previously unreported in this space, in the classified advertising department, but the average falls again in the printing and composing rooms—an almost complete blank, except for one set of profligate whiskers, one long-established mustache, and one fine, black new one.

It doesn't seem that the fad is exactly taking the county by storm—although an occasional hairy face is seen. As a matter of fact a red beard about two inches long walked into the office as this was being written. It belonged to a not infrequent correspondent to this page who lives on the Butte Falls Star route.

The jg office philosopher observes that one of the greatest aids for New Year's eve sobriety would be to convert more people into square dancers. You can't drink and square dance at the same time, he maintains—or if you do you sweat it all out before it has a chance to do any serious harm.

It's amazing what reporters have to do for stories, sometimes.

One of our young men got a tip that an Italian engineer was visiting in the county, here to supervise installation of an Italian-built generator at the new Green Springs power plant.

Well, he found the Italian visitor was in an Ashland hotel, and put in a call for him there. Despite the major deficiencies of the hotel's telephone, and the fact that the engineer's English was rudimentary—learned in a two-week period of listening to phonograph record lessons—our reporter succeeded in making an appointment, although he says he wished for television so he could talk sign language. But there was a misunderstanding as to where it was to be.

The reporter showed up in one office, the engineer in another. They finally got together, and with the aid of a young woman who knows Greek, and who rephrased his English into patterns more familiar to one schooled in the Romance languages, they managed to conduct the interview.

One of the things he learned was that gasoline in Italy costs about 120 lira per gallon, and that the average worker makes 200 lira an hour. That's pretty expensive gasoline—but, as in America, a good part of it is taxes.

Farmers in this country may be getting the dirty end of the stick, price-wise, as some of them claim. But we know a tall farmer's tall wife who quite by accident found checks totaling more than \$1,000 in her purse which she'd just plain forgotten to deposit.

Shucks, if we mislay a dollar bill, we get panicky.

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What's Your I.Q.?

Nine or ten correct is superior; seven or eight is excellent; five or six is good.

1. What is a decibel?
2. In what city is the Alhambra?
3. With what European city do you identify this expression: The Left Bank?
4. Which of these is the capital of Louisiana: New Orleans, Baton Rouge, Shreveport?
5. Complete the saying: "March comes in like a lion and..."
6. A preface is the introduction to a book; a prologue is an introduction to a dramatic performance; what is a prelude?
7. From what language does the word "interim" derive?
8. What is the difference between a bridge and a viaduct?
9. Where was Knute Rockne born?
10. How often is a new distribution of Congressional districts made?

Answers: 1. Unit for measuring sound. 2. Granada, Spain. 3. Paris. 4. Baton Rouge. 5. Goes out like a lion. 6. Musical introduction. 7. Latin. 8. Bridge over water, viaduct over land. 9. Norway. 10. Every 10 years.