

Reds Spoil Old-Style Diplomacy

By JAMES MARLOW
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WASHINGTON (AP)—Guerrilla wars used to be fought by toughs in jungles while diplomacy was the province of well-dressed and solemn gentlemen who discoursed on a high level and issued opaque communiques.

Then the Russians, as usual, had to come along and spoil things. Now Premier Khrushchev is using guerrilla tactics for diplomacy and diplomacy for guerrilla tactics.

It's simple, too. Guerrillas hit and run, do some damage, bewilder the opposition which does not know what to expect next, disappear for a while, and strike again somewhere else.

At times this seemed too simple for Western statesmen, who for years have acted like villagers huddled in a rain forest, wondering what next but to used to their old ways to try new ways of their own to strike back.

Khrushchev would belt them with an unadorned blackjack and then, just to confuse them, beat them with a blackjack dressed in Christmas wrappings. One minute he'd be the bad guy talking war, the next the good guy yearning for peace.

Stalin used guerrilla tactics, too. Khrushchev has gone beyond him and added a public relations touch that makes Madison Avenue look as old-fashioned as a pitchman at a circus.

For instance: in the midst of all his rumpus about Berlin—perhaps because of it—in the past few months he has given three distinguished and widely read American newspapermen lengthy, separate interviews.

They reported what he said in great detail, and much length. So he reached millions of Americans repeatedly with his views on a host of issues.

It seems that almost daily—this is an exaggeration, but not much—peace, disarmament, or nuclear testing.

All of this not only gets duly reported over the air and in the press of America but in Western Europe and around the world. In short, he has made top news with whatever tactic he wanted to use for months.

By contrast the Western leaders have seemed hush-mouthed. President Kennedy, for instance, could but didn't make broad use of TV to talk to the people. He falls far short of making maximum use of other news media either to answer Khrushchev or turn the tables on him by putting him on the defensive.

What Khrushchev has been doing apparently finally sank in on the Kennedy administration. Last week the White House revealed Kennedy has set up a group of advisers on psychological and political warfare. It has met eight times.

The most recent example of how Khrushchev day by day tries to keep the West guessing and off balance came Tuesday at the United Nations when Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko talked to reporters.

Russia has long insisted that U. N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold—killed this week in a plane crash—should be replaced by three secretaries-general, one of whom would represent the Communist world and could veto anything the other two wanted to do in any emergency anywhere around the world.

This would in effect paralyze the United Nations. Gromyko repeated the Russian demand for three secretaries. But now he managed to couple this with an old Soviet demand that Red China be admitted to the United Nations.

If Russia sticks to this, it will turn this U. N. session into chaos. Gromyko got in his lick before the world organization even had a chance to consider a successor to Hammarskjold.

No Separation For Siamese

READING, Pa. (AP)—Siamese twin daughters born Monday to Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Schappell of nearby Hamburg cannot be separated by surgery, doctors report.

X-rays disclosed the babies have "only one skull and brain," physicians said. The twins are joined almost at right angles with the forehead of one resting near the back of the other.

Reading hospital reported the twins are in fair condition and are taking food. They have been in incubators since birth.

Osceola, near Cooperstown, N. D. is the "Glimmerglass" of James Fenimore Cooper's famed Indian stories.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

ARGUING ABOUT YOUR DAFFY INVENTIONS—I'VE HEARD ENOUGH OF IT! YOU TWO WINDY WIZARDS CAN COMBINE YOUR TALENTS TO CLEAN UP THE CELLAR! AND NO READING OLD MAGAZINES, OR I'LL STEAM DOWN THERE WITH THIS BROOM HANDLE AND LARRUP THE BOTH OF YOU INTO A PAIR OF BOOK-ENDS FOR THE MAGAZINES!

A DOCTOR OF ARTS AND SCIENCE CLEANING UP A BASEMENT! USUALLY GO UP EM, INTO A PADDY WAGON!

OH, WAIT A MINUTE—I MADE A MISTAKE

I CAN'T INVENT A WAY OUT OF THIS!

OUR MOTHERS GET GRAY

OH, I ACCIDENTALLY KICKED OVER HIS PAN OF MILK WHEN I CAME IN, BUT EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL—HE'LL LICK IT UP, SO YOU CAN GO BACK TO WHATEVER YOU WERE DOING!

NO THANKS—I'LL JUST STICK AROUND TO MAKE SURE THE GRAND PAIRLE TO THE PRODUCTION INCLUDES A BUCKET AND MOP, AND YOU!

BLONDIE

THIS HAT IS \$5 AND THE OTHER \$10—WHICH DO YOU LIKE BETTER?

I LIKE THE \$5 HAT

OH, WAIT A MINUTE—I MADE A MISTAKE

IT'S THIS ONE THAT'S \$5 AND THE OTHER \$10

I STILL LIKE THE \$5 HAT BETTER

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

KNOW, YOU SHOULD NEVER BE AFRAID OF ANYBODY BEFORE HE FIGHTS YOU—IT'S TOO EARLY.

YEP... AN' YOU CAN'T BE AFRAID WHILE YOU'RE FIGHTIN'—YOU'RE TOO BUSY.

YEP... AN' NATURALLY YOU'RE NOT GONNA BE AFRAID OF HIM AFTER HE'S BEATEN YOU UP.

COURSE NOT—HE'S YOUR NEW PAL.

POCK

NOW IF YOU HAD ONLY THE BONES OF A CHICKEN TO WORK WITH, HOW COULD YOU DETERMINE THE COLOR ITS FEATHERS HAD BEEN?

YOU JUST COULDN'T DO IT...

...HOW, THEN, DO YOU SUPPOSE I CAN TELL YOU THAT OL' TYRANNO SAURUS HAD A RED SKIN?

EXACTLY... AN' CONCLUDING THAT YOUR PROF IS A LIAR IS A VERY GOOD WAY TO FLUNK THIS COURSE!

BUGS BUNNY

CARE TO DONATE A COIN OR TWO, GUV'NOR?

SORRY, DOC! I ONLY GOT TWO HANDS... I CAN'T GET AT MY DOUGH!

THINK NOTHING OF IT...

SLEUP! SLEUP! SLEUP!

MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING!

ALLEY OOP

WE ARE HONORING YOU, EX-DETECTIVE FOSDICK...

EX-DETECTIVE?

DON'T INTERRUPT THE MAYOR! HE'S BEEN REHEARSING ALL NIGHT—

—FOR YOUR GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT! REACHING THE AGE OF 65!!

POST! MAYOR!! I'M ONLY 38 1/2!!

TELL THE GUEST OF HONOR TO SHUT HIS FAT YAP—

—OR I'LL BEND THIS NIGHT STICK OVER HIS SKULL!!

—AND NOW, DEAR FRIEND, ACCORDING TO THE UNBREAKABLE RULES— YOU MUST RETIRE!! GO!!

BUT, I'VE GOT 26 2/3 GLORIOUS YEARS' LEFT TO GO!!

MORTY MEKLE

DID YOU HAVE A GOOD TIME AT CINDY'S PARTY, DEAR?

I'LL SAY! I WON THE BIGGEST PRIZE OF ALL.

CINDY'S MOTHER GAVE IT TO ME FOR MAKING THE BEST SPEECH.

YOU MADE A SPEECH? WHAT DID YOU SAY?

I SAID "WHY DON'T WE ALL GO HOME?"

SHUFFY SMITH

I HEAR YORE MAN SNUFFY SENT YE A PASSES FROM TH' FLATLANDS, LOWEZEY

YEP... PAW NEVER FERGITS ME WHEN HE GOES OFF FER A WEEK OR TWO

THIS TIME HE SENT ME A WHOLE CARDBOARD BOX FULL OF CLOTHES?

WHAT SORTA CLOTHES?

HIS'N

MARTHA WAYNE

MRS. WAYNE, IT SURE IS SWELL OF YOU AND BILLY TO LET MOM AND ME STAY HERE!

NEVER MIND THAT! YOU TWO GET A MOVE ON OR YOU'LL BE LATE FOR SCHOOL!

HEY, HERE COMES BILLY AND HIS GANGSTER FRIEND!

YEAH, TIM, I HEAR YOUR OLD MAN IS A RACKETEER! THAT'S WHY YOUR HOUSE GOT BLOWN UP!

TIM, DON'T...

DICK TRACY

OKAY, THEN IT'S AGREED. I GET ONE-THIRD OF THE CASH, EH, BOYS?

OH, SURE.

GOOD! HERE ARE YOUR ENVELOPES. YOU'LL HAVE SORE SPOTS FOR A WHILE BUT ONLY IN THE OUTER SKIN.

ONE-THIRD OF A MILLION—WOW! BUT I DESERVE IT.

"SPREADY"—!! WHAT ARE YOU GUYS DOING?? NO—NO

HENRY

THERE WILL BE EXTRA HOMEWORK FOR TOMORROW

BEETLE BAILEY

WHAT'S BARGE SO HAPPY ABOUT?

OH, THERE WAS A FOUL-UP AT HEADQUARTERS

WHY SHOULD THAT MAKE HIM HAPPY?

YEAH, I SHOULD SEE WHAT THEY MAILED HIM!

A DRAFT NOTICE

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

THAT ALDERMAN "POLECAT" FEW! I HEARD HIM IN HERE SUNDAY— AN' YESTERDAY, ON TH' STREET! HE'S CROOKED AS A CORNSCREW!

YEP! BUT CORNSCREWS ARE SHARP!

BRAGGIN' HOW HE'LL GET UNCLE DANCY CONVICTED O' MURDER! RIGGERS FOLKS LIKE 'TSEE A COP GET HURT! SAYS IT'LL MAKE HIM A BIG PUBLIC HERO!

SOME PEOPLE DO HAVE SOME ODD IDEAS!

YOU KNOW HE'S BEEN TRVIN THOUSANDS AN' THOUSANDS TO PERFECT TH' MOBE! BUT YOU JUST TOOK HIS ABUSE! NEVER ANSWERED HIM BACK!

NOPE! NOT ONCE!

FRICKLES

BETCHA ALL THE DOLLS WILL FIGHT OVER WHO GETS TO RIDE HOME IN MY NEW SIDECAR!

STUDENT PARKING

AHEM! YOU ALL SEEM TO BE GOING MY WAY AND I'VE GOT SPACE TO SPARE!

SPEEDY, YOU'RE A DREAM...

NO CRACKS!

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NO THANKS—I'LL JUST STICK AROUND TO MAKE SURE THE GRAND PAIRLE TO THE PRODUCTION INCLUDES A BUCKET AND MOP, AND YOU!

PRISCILLA'S POP

BUT, MOM, PRISCILLA, I'M TOO TIRED TO ARGUE!

NOW, PLEASE!!! DO AS I SAY!

THAT'S ANOTHER THING I DON'T UNDERSTAND ABOUT MOM...

WHEN SHE'S TIRED, IT'S ME WHO HAS TO TAKE A REST!

SHORT RIBS

FOR THE LAST TIME— WILL YOU LOAN ME THE TEN DOLLARS?

NO

GOSH, YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I NEED THE MONEY, I HOPE YOU DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO BEG!

WASH TUB

THAT'S GOOD BOYS, BECAUSE THE IRON LINGS!

I CAN'T WAIT TO HAVE A PEEK AT HIM, DR. ZABOLI!

WELL, LOOK FAST, M'SEE! I JUST START WORKING WIS MA!

THINK OF IT! HE WAS WINGING THERE WHEN THE PILGRIM FATHERS LANDED, YET HE LOOKS MORE LIFE-LIKE THAN MOST OF MY BOARD OF DIRECTORS!

HURRY... TM READY!

GO RIGHT AHEAD, I'LL GET COMFY AND WATCH SPELLBOUND!

LELAND, GET THESE GAWKING VIZITERS OUT OF HERE AT ONCE! THIS IS NO FLOOR SHOW!

PEANUTS

LIVING IS LIVING! LIVING IS WHAT COUNTS!

PSYCHIATRIST HELP SA!

THE DOCTOR IS IN!

PEOPLE COME TO ME, AND ASK ME HOW TO LIVE. I TELL THEM THAT TO LIVE IS TO LIVE! LIVING IS WHAT MAKES LIVING!

IS THE DOCTOR IN?

NO, I THINK SHE'S WAY OUT!

THE ADAMERS

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