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The News stands for civic freedom and civic pride in city, state and nation, for the fewest and simplest laws vigorously enforced, for right principles, right men, right causes under whatever banner they appear.

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—as we see it—

Nobody's ally

FOR YEARS, the United States and most of the western European nations have been maintaining the pretense that France is their ally, and a valued and cherished one, at that. Why, in view of the miserable record of the French so far as being an ally is concerned, we can't imagine.

The truth of the matter is that France is nobody's ally. Her governments have consistently proved themselves to be among the most selfish, arrogant and narrowly nationalistic on the fact of the globe. With an ally like that, who needs enemies?

Just as one glaring example, French Foreign Minister Michel Jobert's exhibitionist solo at the recent Washington conference of the major oil-consuming nations was typically obstructionist and non-cooperative. There is little doubt that he attended the conference for just that purpose.

Everyone knows that French sympathy for the cause of the Arabs in the 1973 Mideast war spared France oil shortages suffered by their "allies" in Europe, America and Japan. More recently, France has been cooking cozy deals with the Arabs and Iran, locking up future oil supplies, sometimes offering Arab lands arms in return.

At the time of the 1967 war, France reneged on signed, paid contracts with Israel for vital aircraft and four small missile boats. Israeli testing crews successfully made off with the half-finished boats, but the airplanes were never delivered.

U.S. officials at NATO conferences describe French participants as consistently obstructionist and arrogant, as striking "leadership" postures unwarranted by France's size and pathetic national strength. Long since, of course, France has pulled men and materiel out of NATO and forced its headquarters to Brussels. French behavior is both hand-capping and hypocritical, inasmuch as they know their security is the U.S. nuclear umbrella.

When you consider the panorama of French military - diplomatic life through most of the 20th century, the

ironies hit you full force.

In World War I, when the nation's countryside and manpower were ravaged in the carnage of Verdun and stalemated trench warfare, we helped bail out the French. It was the same in World War II. Despite the vaunted Maginot defense line and a huge ground army reputed the best in the world, France fell fast before Hitler's racing Panzers.

Moreover, French intelligence at the critical moment of German assault was grossly thickheaded. The celebrated Allied spy, a German rebel named Rudolf Roessler working in Switzerland with a priceless tie to the Nazi high command, gave the French precise details — time, place, size and identity of Nazi forces — on the 1940 attack. France ignored the warning. Roessler, later used by the Russians for years, was correct. Hitler dashed successfully for the English Channel in short weeks.

Nothing should detract from the bravery of the guerrilla Marquis or the Free French who fought with retreating U.S. and British armies to clear France in 1944. But their sacrifices, and many others, might have been diminished had the initial French army response not been so dismal a failure, so ignorantly blind to available, accurate intelligence.

Later, of course, the French battled futilely for eight years against Ho Chi Minh's Communist-led forces in Indochina. Some historians blame Franklin Roosevelt's "fixation" over alleged pre-war French colonial ineptitude, arguing that it hurt re-establishment of postwar French rule. However that may be, the French fought a lousy war and then signed a jerry-built, improperly revered Geneva pact in 1954 and pulled out their forces with destabilizing haste.

The final irony was French moralizing over Americans in Vietnam, and the odd sustenance U.S. antiwar people got from phony "seasoned" French correspondents pretending deep knowledge of Vietnam's realities.

Since their 19th century glories, the French have been selling the world false gold. In our view, the market for it has run out.

—as others see it—

Arkansas Gazette

On the front page of a single issue, the Gazette reported with big headlines the reduction of gas rates for Arkansas

consumers and the release of Reg Murphy, the Atlanta editor, safe and unharmed after his kidnapping.

Who says that the newspapers don't print the "good" news?

The Week With Palmer

SACRIFICE



THEY'RE MISTAKEN...YOU HAVE COATTAILS!



Red Man Fights On

By JIM BISHOP

The American Indians have been fighting for "peace with honor" for 350 years, longer by centuries than any of man's conflicts. From the Mohawks and Onondagas in the North to the Seminole nation in the South, from the Cherokees of North Carolina to the Hupas of California, their braves have died valiantly. And lost.

They, who once settled this great land, are humiliated outcasts. Indians are now the minority of all minorities. They turn their backs on 188,000,000 Caucasians and 23,000,000 blacks. None of the tribes speak of treaties because they have desks full of dishonored documents.

Long ago, they were beaten in battle by superior guns and manpower. Once they numbered in the scores of millions, the head count is now 800,000. The white man put them on reservations — open air prisons. Some lived under the laws of tribal councils; others were under the thumbs of Indian agents. Over all, the Great White Father turned out to be, not a gallant and honorable statesman, but a despotic unit called the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

In 1873, the U.S. Army adopted a credo: "The only good Indian is a dead Indian." In the name of law and order, Army repeating rifles converted a lot of bad Indians into good ones. At the turn of the century, the Army had their numbers down to 237,196.

A great and sad book has been written about the massacre at Wounded Knee, South Dakota. Colonel J. W. Forsyth surrounded a band of Sioux. He marched them to Wounded Knee. They were docile because they were outnumbered, outgunned and a promise was made that they could keep their pride.

On December 29, 1890, they stood in freezing rows against the icy wind. Forsyth ordered all Indians disarmed. They protested that they needed their guns to hunt. Forsyth's men disarmed some. A rifle was fired. Then another. The U.S. Army did its duty. It slew 200 men, women and children. The dead Sioux took 29 soldiers with them.

Later, the tribes became burned out. The young rebels wanted to be assimilated by the whites. The school system taught them that the white man prevails. Old men turned in contempt from sons and daughters.

The young were not absorbed. They could become mechanics, farm helpers, even cowboys. Brutal power crushed the pride of the elders. They crouched before the bare huts, leather images who were goaded into stringing beads and whittling souvenirs for white tourists who called them "quaint."

Most of all, like the blacks, they began to despise themselves. A few made suicide gestures for television. They captured the empty Alcatraz prison; they stole their cells. Others staged a tv sit-in at Wounded Knee.

For the great White Father, it was an irritant. The government sawn when braves stormed the Bureau of Indian Affairs, wrecking furniture and throwing files out the windows. Unlike the blacks, the Indians had no champions. Unlike the Jews in Russia, no one here clamored to free the Indians.

Last year a new generation of braves and squaws decided to return to the spiritual values and customs of their gallant forebears. They became true Indians again. The movement was slow at first, then gathered momentum. Some denounced the 1968 Indian legislation which decreed that the tribes must conform to the laws of the U.S. Constitution.

They demanded rights of tribal council and tribal laws. Boys arrived in white - financed schools wearing sweat-shirts which proclaimed "Indian and Proud." A head count proved that 7000 Indians were attending college. Among 800,000, it isn't much, but it is a beginning and some have become lawyers who have learned how to fight in court.

It is time for the President to appoint a committee of citizens who are interested in justice, to sit with tribal councils and work out an agreement which will restore lands, water, hunting rights and freedom to these people. We have doled their corn to them in small bowls.

Lighter Side of Washington

Washington Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON — We have uncovered evidence that unscrupulous brokers are selling oil on the black market for staggering profits. This is added to the soaring prices that the consumers must pay as they shiver in underheated homes and wait in long gas lines.

Our investigation has taken us from the backrooms of Washington to the oil-rich sheikdoms of the Middle East. We found plenty of oil available, but the distribution has been thrown out of whack by bumbling bureaucrats and greedy middlemen.

In Saudi Arabia, we were told that the Arabs are pumping more oil than came out of the Middle East a year ago. At the American Petroleum Institute, we learned that gasoline in U.S. storage tanks exceeds the level last year at this time.

Why, then, do motorists have to line up for gas and pay exorbitant prices?

Inside sources tell us that the oilmen are keeping their storage tanks full — some say as a hedge against future shortages, others say as a holdout for higher prices.

Whatever the reason, the result is that there's less gas available at the pumps.

The federal allocation program has also been badly mismanaged. The federal energy wizards failed to determine,

on a regional basis, the extent of gas scarcity and the availability of supply. They made no real attempt to monitor the flow of gas in or out of the 10 regions.

The gas was allocated, therefore, using fragmented and sometimes inaccurate information.

The Federal Energy Office also used 1972 as the base period for calculating the allocations. But the population growth and the travel patterns have changed. A large number of gas stations, particularly in low-income neighborhoods, have also closed. None of these factors were taken into account.

The fast-buck boys, meanwhile, have taken advantage of the oil panic to buy bootleg oil abroad and resell it at a premium to American wholesalers. They do business by telephone and Telex, demanding cash in the bank before they will complete a deal.

Some oil vultures operate outside the law, bribing government officials in the oil-producing countries. Most black-market oil comes from Indonesia, Libya, Nigeria, Rumania and Venezuela — less from the Persian Gulf states.

For a supertanker full of crude, a broker can clear up to \$5 million above the market price. Smaller tankers yield around \$1 million for the middlemen.

Black marketeers operating on the

West Coast, for instance, bought oil in Rumania and refined it in Italy. They demanded up to \$25 a barrel.

A large volume of black-market petroleum is processed in Italian refineries. The probable reason, say our sources, is that Italy has surplus refining capacity. But this has led to whippers, which our sources cannot verify, that the Mafia has moved into the oil brokerage business.

Despite plentiful petroleum, meanwhile, many Americans are forced to pay bootleg prices for their gasoline.

Footnote: An American Petroleum Institute spokesman denied that oil companies are hoarding stocks. Industry sources admitted, however, that some gasoline is held back because it is difficult to obtain.

Yet the major oil companies have refused to purchase available crude oil on the world market, claiming government regulations make it unprofitable. Our sources suggest that the oil companies also fear a flood of foreign oil would drive gasoline prices down.

The Federal Energy Office acknowledged that its information was incomplete at the time allocations were made. The agency is now trying to make adjustments. A spokesman also noted that all oil entering the United States is checked by Customs. Therefore, he claimed, all imported gas is subject to the federal allocation plan.

IMPEACHMENT POLITICS: In a recent column, we reported that Rep. Edward Hutchinson, R-Mich., was directing a secret attempt to obstruct the House Judiciary Committee's inquiry into the impeachment of President Nixon. He loudly denied that he had asked GOP staff members to do any such thing.

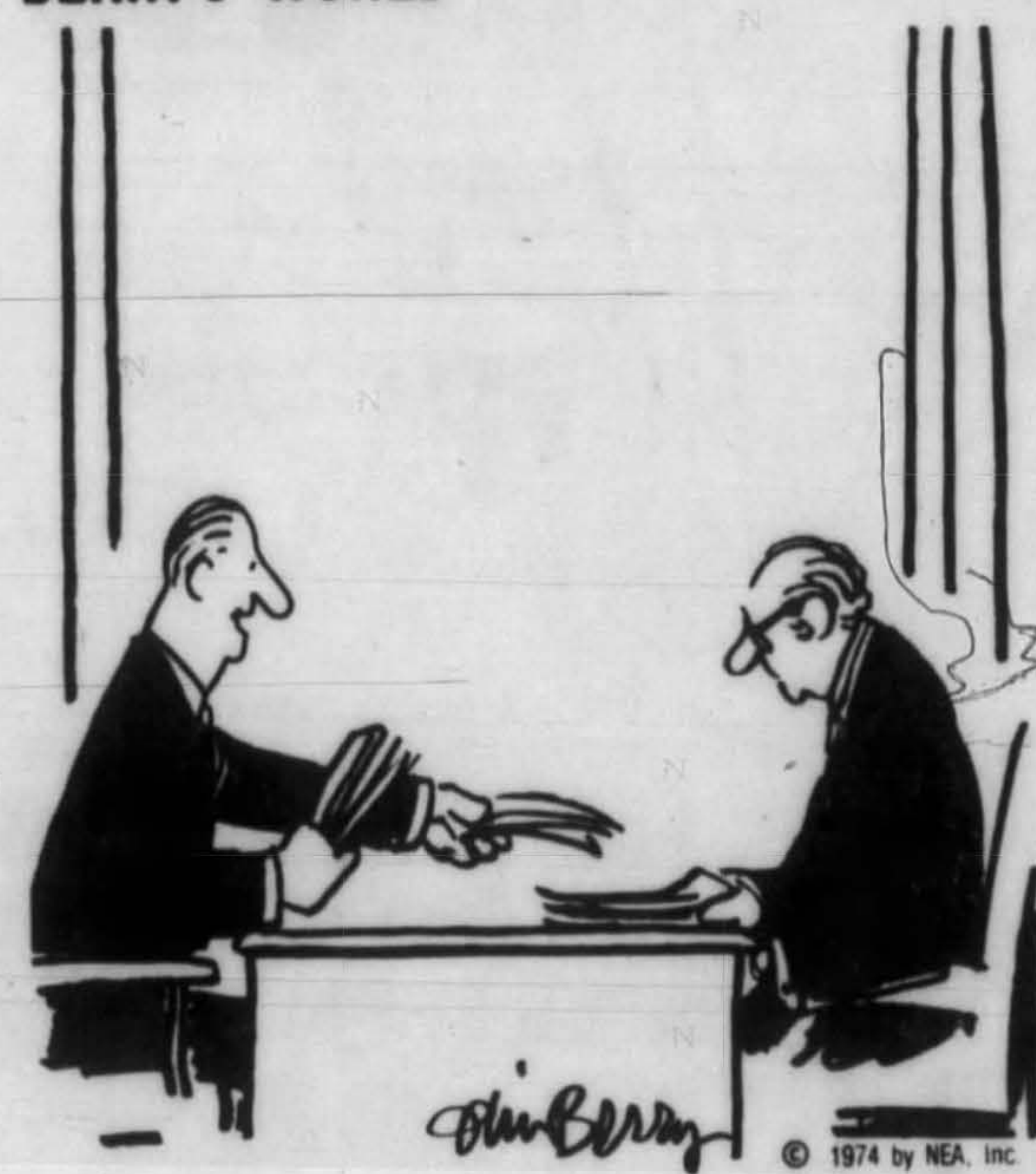
As one of the committee's senior Republicans, he also served on a special subcommittee which investigated whether to impeach Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas in 1970. The subcommittee found no impeachable conduct.

But Hutchinson was the lone dissenter. He objected that the report was written "without taking a word of testimony under oath." Now, he has done an about-face. He sees no need, he told us, to take the President's testimony. "It isn't necessary to compel him to be a witness," Hutchinson said, "but if he wants to testify, he should be accorded the right."

Back in 1970, Hutchinson adopted a broad view of the Douglas impeachment probe. It should "include an investigation into improper conduct," he said. This was necessary, he insisted, to determine "whether some of the justice's activities, if not impeachable, seem so improper as to merit congressional censure."

Now, Hutchinson is singing a different tune. "I will go for matters which are impeachable," he told us. When asked whether he would include improper conduct by the President, Hutchinson said he would "put this aside."

BERRY'S WORLD



On the Line

Angel to Flying Nuns

Bob Considine

NEW YORK — The world seems so oppressively vile . . . and then you run into a fellow like George Haddaway, and you want to give it one more chance. He's the publisher of "Flight" magazine.

Ten years ago I wrote a piece about him that went like this: "Hyenas have joined the Soviets in attacking Christianity. The wild animals attack and eat the fabric of the little Piper Cub owned by the St. Patrick's Missionary Society and the Medical Missionaries of Mary. The plane is the missionaries' main hope of tending their desperately stricken flock of 15,000 scattered Trukhans Desert nomads in Northwest Kenya."

"The Cub now has more patches than a bum's pants. It suffered further woe recently when, with Father Ryan at the controls, it pranged a banana orchard."

"These intrepid souls need a new plane, one big enough to carry food and

medicine to destitute and roadless regions, powerful enough to take off from make shift strips with sick tribespeople in need of hospital care, and simple enough to be flown by the priests and nuns concerned. Their "parish" measures 30,000 miles.

A good Protestant friend of theirs, George E. Haddaway, publisher of Flight magazine, has broken a company rule by appealing to private plane owners among his readers to chip in, tax deductible enough to buy the missionaries' one of Cessna's new Super Skywagons (Hyena proof, because it has a metal skin). The cost of a good bush pilot to instruct these great people in the use and maintenance of the single - engine plane is included in the funds drive.

"If you want to be part of it, the address is St. Patrick's Missionary Society, c/o Bill Edwards or Joe Fabick, 2319 Hampton, St. Louis, Mo. 63139. The missionaries will put a word in for you

each night. Reception is said to be very good from Kenya."

Well, George came through town the other day with the inspiring news that the "Wings of Hope" air force now numbers 26 planes and they are spread around many underdeveloped countries. Their pilots are nuns of the remarkable Medical Missionaries of Mary, brothers and priests of St. Patrick's Missionary Society, and hard bush pilots.

Here's an excerpt from one of the missionary pilot's messages from darkest Guatemala:

"Had a pleasant experience Tuesday. A normal payload . . . the Ixcan consists of one family. Usually about 300 -400 pounds of luggage (all their worldly possessions), and four to six people (including babies).

"Also Tuesday, I took a little sick boy about two years old from Dolores to Quiche. He must have been pretty sick because he was completely limp and cried the whole trip in. Unfortunately, he died Thursday. He had spinal meningitis, and it was too late to help him.

"Wednesday, I took four sick people to Quiche on one flight. They just seemed to pop out of nowhere that one flight. I had taken a new family into Xalbal and was going to take coffee to Hue Hue Tanango on the return trip, when a mother and father came up with their son, who had cut himself in a very unmentionable place. It looked kind of bad, so I took the boy and took off for Buenos Aires (a Guatemalan town, of course, not the Argentine capital), a 3-minute flight, where there was one person waiting to go to Quiche."

Haddaway has practically made this sort of thing his life's work. He taps plane owners and non - plane owners alike, to provide tax - free gifts with which to buy the more than two dozen additional planes he has been requested to supply to a wanting world. He says:

"Would you believe a Skywagon operating in East African deserts can compress a year's grueling land travel into two or three weeks of flying time? "Flying accomplishments such as these are easily understood by airmen but what grabs even the most seasoned of aviation folk is the tremendous number of these documented human dramas being enacted daily all over the world by flying missionaries in modern general aviation airplanes, most of which are made in America."

Election Problem

By Don Maclean

It has come to my attention that the only good politicians, or at least the only ones who seem to know what to do about the problems besetting us are the ones who are out of power. But before you think I mean just the Democrats, let me explain.

When the Republicans are in the White House, or in control of Congress, the country is in an awful state and the only people who can possibly save the situation are the Democrats.

When the Democrats are in the White House or in control of Congress, the nation faces disaster and the only people who really know what to do are the Republicans, see?

Unfortunately, it always seems that the people who know just what to do, are never in a position to do it. For this reason, I think we should let the party that loses an election take over the reins of office, since they are the ones who apparently will have all the good ideas in the near future.

I don't know why this is so, but it seems to be a fact of life and, in future

conversations, you may refer to it as Maclean's Law. Perhaps it is simply that the enormous effort of winning so exhausts the winners that they have no energy left once they get behind their desks.

Maybe what we should do is what I suggested above, let the losers take control. Unfortunately, this gives us two other problems. How do we then keep politicians — who really want office whether they can do anything or not — from trying to lose, if that's the only way they can come into power?

And even if we should somehow get over that hurdle, if we do let the losers take office, then doesn't that make them winners and don't they then become the people in power who are devoid of ideas.

And, conversely, isn't it then the actual winners, or, in this case, the losers, who would be out of power and be the ones with all the answers?

Hmmm, this doesn't seem to be getting us anywhere, does it? Yet, it was all so clear in my mind when I started. Perhaps we could just eliminate the