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Opinions of Others

The idea of converting farm land to recreational use makes good sense at a time when we are raising more food than we need but have less recreational area than we need for a growing population. The idea that the government should provide some help in the land conversion program also makes sense.

Government participation can only be justified, however, if it is done with restraint and with due care for the taxpayers' interests. . . .

Loans of this kind are being used to kick off projects that include such recreational facilities as tennis courts, golf courses, swimming pools, shooting ranges, and the like. These are all pleasant additions to community life. Whether they are important enough to the public welfare to justify government loans such as those mentioned above is open to serious question. . . .

The government has no business acting as an angel for lavish recreational layouts. . . .

The government should no more finance them than it should finance movie houses and ball parks. If promoters want big loans, they should try commercial loan sources.—Stockton (Calif.) Record.

★ ★ ★

"The federal government is nibbling away the rights of the states at an accelerating pace, adding constantly to its own power under the concept that whatever is wrong with individuals, corporations or lesser governmental units must be set right by our all-wise uncle who has named himself guardian . . . The American system of protecting the rights of all, including minorities, through checks and balances, is being rotted by disguised but virulent totalitarianism." —Juneau (Alaska) Empire.

★ ★ ★

"For the girl looking for stirring passages to read . . . find the cookbook."—Bridgeport (Ill.) Leader.

IT'S NEWS TO ME by Herb Caen

An Antidote Recommended

I SAW a preview the other night of Walt Disney's loudly heralded "Mary Poppins," and I can tell you it's sweet enough to raise a pimple on The Great Stone Face. The kids will eat it up, I guess, but the parents are warned to bring insulin, for in this one Mr. Disney outcutes even himself. Specific antidote: One hour of Lennie Bruce, undiluted.

★ ★ ★

I TELL YA, making a movie is a complicated business. "The Sandpiper," starring Lizandick Burton, is getting under way around Monterey, and already all manner of exciting things have happened. Jim Donaldson, the H'wood animal man, checked in with a covey of sandpipers, which he's keeping in a bathtub. An SPCA officer immediately hove to see that the sandpipers are well cared for—and to make sure the Big Sur deer aren't molested. James Mason's son, nine-year-old Morgan Mason, who plays a part in the film, also checked in, followed by a County Welfare worker whose mission is to see that he gets the proper schooling. As for the picture itself, all I know is that Liz plays an artist who paints sandpipers, but there MUST be more to it than that.

★ ★ ★

You've been reading that the Bettles only drink Cokes? Not so, reports Eric Morrison, purser on the Pan Am jet that brought the Fearsome Foursome to America. "Three of them drank Scotch with lemonade," he said yesterday with a slight shudder, "and the fourth had bourbon and ginger ale." Which one he was asked, "Sorry," he apologized, "they all look alike to me."

★ ★ ★

NOTES & QUOTES: Sylvester "Pat" Weaver Jr., head of Subscription TV, over a Coke: "A lot of people seem to think that if Pay-TV catches on, they'll have to pay for shows like Ed Sullivan, for instance. Hell's bells, who'd PAY to see Ed Sullivan? . . . Novelist Richard Condon, who wrote "Manchurian Candidate," "Oldest Confession," "Some Angry Angel" and other dandies, was in town researching his next book, which'll be about fasting. He recently fasted for 14 days, losing 28 pounds in the process, and existing only on three glasses of hot water daily. "After the second day," he reports thinly, "it was a cinch. Didn't care if I ate again. The only drawback is that you lose all interest in sex." . . . Comedian Ronnie Schell, lounging on the beach at Santa Monica, gazed at a well-endowed doll in a topless bathing suit and sighed: "I'd love to see her in a sweater." . . . In Acapulco, by the way, they're now selling only the bottom half of bikinis. They call 'em "monokinis."

★ ★ ★

FLASH: Since I read everything, including Govt. publications, I can tell you this fine morn that the U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs has allocated \$13,175 for on-the-job training—to teach Indians how to make bows and arrows.



HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

Geography Adds Pressure To Moscow, Peking Split

Around 1950, when the Communists had driven Chiang from the China mainland, it used to be said Joseph Stalin had added 700 million subjects to his empire without lifting a finger.

It has a certain plausibility, though if you will glance at a map of Asia you will suspect some flaws in the theory. First, Peking is so distant from Moscow, and communications are so slender, that the Chinese did not look like good puppet material.

True, Uncle Joe could exchange propagandists with Mao by air, and over a few months he could fly some technicians into Peking. But Stalin was never called Big Hearted Joe, and the Red Chinese discovered within a year or two that they could not count on massive aid from the Russians. Resentment over this boiled on in Peking for some years, and Khrushchev reaped the whirlwind. Long before 1960 the Red Chinese and the Soviet Union were

engaging in sly and bitter bickering over "ideology."

Look at the map again, and you will see Siberia reaches out like a giant paw, with Mongolia as one claw. Moscow took the Mongolians as puppets, cutting an ancient Chinese ethnic line to the north. Moreover the central Asian frontiers between the Chinese and Russians have been in dispute since Genghis Khan, and the rise of China as an integrated power alarmed the Russians, who were not prepared to fight a territorial war to the east while facing the Western powers in Europe.

This dispute broke into the open about a year ago, and it is certain there has been some unreported fighting in the Singkiang region. As Khrushchev, fearing American nuclear power, made some conciliatory moves in Europe, or failed to make good aggressive talk, the Red Chinese, re-

note and unmenaced, could afford to fling harsh words at the "imperialists."

This easily degenerated into perpetual growing between Peking and Moscow, in which the Mao forces claimed to be the original Marxist-Leninists. Khrushchev quite adamantly had to excommunicate the Red Chinese to placate his World Parties, and claim Moscow as the seat of true Marxist-Leninism. This recently reached such absurd heights that Peking accused Khrushchev of secretly backing the Americans in Indochina, coupled with the further absurdity that the United States and the Soviet Union are conspiring to dominate the world, with Khrushchev a sellout to "capitalism."

This schism, rolling like a force of nature, may turn out to be the biggest historical event of this century. Nobody can foresee its outcome, but it may not be, as it superficially appears, a good omen for free men.

BOOKS by William Hogan

Some New Reminiscences About Interesting People

Margaret Widdemer's title "Golden Friends I Had," (Doubleday, 340 pp., \$4.95) is lifted from the second line of that mournful A. E. Housman lyric beginning "With rue my heart is laden." But her own heart is much too light and warm to be burdened with anything so miserable as rue.

She bubbles. Detractors could justly deride her as a Helen Hokinson type—and once in a while she is slightly more coy than our cool world approves.

But the woman who was still just "a wide-eyed young thing with a premature best seller and a book of poems about the downtrodden working classes I'd never met," when her poetry won a Pulitzer award in 1919, is nobody's fool. That 25 out of 30 people no longer remember her (in an informal office poll the other day) wouldn't bother her for a minute.

"You have no idea," she says, "how many people were milling around at that time," by which she means the period "from a little before the '20s to the present day."

Being unmistakably a lady, though, Miss Widdemer is no name-dropper. Exactly as she might if you were having coffee with her, she simply talks about interesting people she has known, been close friends with or, in some cases merely seen.

She plainly has a special place in her heart for some of these "golden friends," like Joyce and Althea Kilmer. Toward the great majority she manages to be, at the very least, serenely charitable even under great provocation: Edna St. Vincent Millay, for example, and the Philadelphia essayist Agnes Repplier. Of Eugene O'Neill her recollections are surprising—and kind. For Ezra Pound she has absolutely no use.

hard to imagine anyone of either sex—and her own friendships have happily embraced both—incapable of enjoying her chatter.

"I have tried to make them come alive for you," she says to the reader of the people she is writing about. So she has. Moreover she leaves you feeling that Margaret Widdemer, at any age, must be a nice person to know.

Mailbox

On behalf of the Heart volunteers of the Los Angeles County Heart Association, I would like to extend to the United Crusade our sincere best wishes for a successful campaign.

As you know, there are more than over 65,000 Heart volunteers throughout Los Angeles County who are dedicated to continuing our crusade to conquer the nation's number one killer—heart and blood vessel disorders.

In order to help eliminate confusion which might result in the minds of your readers concerning the United Crusade and the Heart Association's independent campaign next February, we are suspending all Heart Association campaign publicity during the months of October and

TRAVEL by Stan Delaplane

Going Rate for Gasoline In Portugal is Terrible

"Is there a special tourist rate on gasoline in Portugal and Spain? How do you arrange it?"

There wasn't when I was there last year. Costs about 80 cents U.S. a gallon. France has a tourist rate which you get by buying coupons—you can get them through any auto club. However, they are only issued if you have foreign plates or the tourist plates you get when you buy a French car. So if you rent a car in France, no coupons.

"We would like to know what clothes to have in Japan in October. We are there for the Olympics but will do some traveling in the country."

Temperature range then is 69-82 with rain forecast 14 days of the month. Tokyo is city dress—but no need for formal clothes. In the countryside, you can wear just what you would in the country here.

"Will our electric iron and razor work on Japanese current?"

Yes, and you can use our plugs, too.

"Are there any specially expensive things to watch out for?"

Tokyo has become one of the world's expensive cities, equal to New York or Paris. Highest costs come in night clubs, foreign cigarettes (50 cents) and liquor.

Japan is a very honest country. Tourist shop prices may be a little higher than others. But you get fixed prices. Your change will be correct.

The only thing I found unfixed are nightclub prices where it seems customary to charge whatever the owner feels like—to Japanese as well as foreigners. It isn't customary to take your wife to a nightclub that employs hostesses. So you might get a whopping bill just to educate you.

"Where do I get a list of hotels and rates in New York City for visiting the World's Fair?"

The World's Fair has a hotel and housing bureau you can write—just care of the Fair. But the airline you fly will give you rates. And make the reservations for you. Free. Get your theater tickets, too, if you like.

"We understand you can advise us of some off-the-beaten path place to stay in Jamaica. . . ."

Jamaica resorts don't seem to be away-from-it-all types. However, I have heard of (but never seen) a north shore 18th century plantation house called "Good Hope." Cattle ranch, horses and a private beach. You would write to them at Trelawny, Jamaica.

There is a trip into the Maroon country. The people are descendants of runaway slaves and live under an odd treaty with the Government. Hotel desk can put you in touch with the man who runs it.

" . . . where you would recommend for a honeymoon in Hawaii?"

Hanalei Plantation House on the island of Kauai. (I won't go into the reasons. But you'll know when you get there.) Half hour flight from Honolulu.

" . . . planning to be married next spring and would like two romantic weeks in Spain."

Start in Madrid with dinners in the old Plaza Mayor. The great open square where there are two outdoor restaurants in the corner. And try Casa Botin, down the stairs in the old crooked street behind the square. Rent a car. Spend one day

and night in the Moorish town of Toledo. Then go a few more hours to Aranjuez. The famous strawberries should be in season. And you eat them soaked in champagne, beside the Tagus. (This itinerary is the same that a Spanish Queen used to do with her boyfriend.)

"We would like to plan an interesting trip with interesting places to stay in England."

Write to Al Wagstaff, 177 Sloane Street, London, S.W. 1. Some time ago, he worked out a "pub crawl" of England. Actually, a trip that would include famous old coaching inns or "Public houses." All in historical parts of England.

Our Man Hoppe

'Nobody' Aids The Jobless

By Arthur Hoppe

Here we have 5 million people out of work. And, as usual, here are all the candidates promising fervently that, if elected, they will create new jobs. But whom can we actually count on to create new jobs? Nobody, that's whom.

Indeed, fanatic supporters of Nobody for President will be heartened to know that their candidate is already burning the midnight oil down at Nobody for President Headquarters in order to lick the problem. Working with him on this task so vital to our Nation's economy is his campaign coordinator, Mr. Edmund Tizley, who is responsible for launching the entire project. For at a staff meeting the other day it was he who mentioned that a candidate must pledge to "create new jobs."

At this point, a smile lit the featureless face of the candidate. "I think I've got one already, Ed," he said. "How about a fishing line untangler? It's a healthy, outdoor pursuit and certainly a challenge to any man. Completely performed, it would add immeasurably to the recreational enjoyment of the thousands of Americans plagued each year by tangled fishing lines."

"Marvelous," said Mr. Tizley. "Only 4,999,999 more to go."

A frown of deep concentration creased the brow of the candidate as a breathless silence filled the room. "I have another," he cried, after several moments' thought. "A cardboard carton crusher. Think what a boon this would be to the frail housewife faced with an overstuffed garbage can. And there's no question about it, Ed, we are fast becoming a Nation of overstuffed garbage cans."

"Perfect; only 4,999,998 left," said Mr. Tizley encouragingly.

"And that leads us," said the candidate, gathering steam, "to a professional Boy Scout who will pick up surplus newspapers on a dependable monthly schedule. And what about a squirrel feeder? As of today, the squirrels in our park must rely on the handouts of the casual passers-by. But a dedicated professional squirrel feeder, who would make his appointed rounds stayed not by rain nor sleet nor gloom of night, will mean doubling our squirrel population overnight, thus doubling the wonder and delight our little children take in squirrels. Next . . ."

As of yesterday, Mr. Tizley triumphantly announced, the candidate had created 12,020 new jobs in the first week, thus mathematically assuring the needed 5 million new jobs during his Presidency. "If," as Mr. Tizley archly pointed out with an eye to the future, "he is re-elected to a second term."

Well, this proves that in our society there are plenty of jobs for people to do. And plenty of people to do them. All we have to do is bring the two together. Yet despite all of the promises by all of the candidates for a hundred years, which has ever come up with the solution? Nobody, that's which.

(For a free, non-partisan "Nobody for President" campaign button, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "Nobody for President Headquarters", at the Press-Herald.

Morning Report:

Every politician, to listen to him, can solve the big problems. It's the little ones—like food and jobs that throw them.

That's why I like President Sukarno's latest slogan for Indonesia: "Crush the imperialist wrath! Crush Malaysia! Crush the four-legged mice!" Of which the country has a plague at the moment.

There are no more imperialists—wrathful or not. And he's not going to crush Malaysia or anybody else, as he knows. But if he can lick those mice, the man will become a national hero even though it's not the kind of ringing declaration that gets much attention in the history books.

Abe Mellinkoff



"Some people don't believe they are having a good time unless they're doing something they can't afford."