

Press-Herald

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The Cure Was Costly

A good many people these days are feeling the truth of the old saying that the cure can often be worse than the disease. They are redevelopment's beneficiaries — or victims — depending upon which side you're on.

At a recent San Francisco redevelopment protest meeting one building owner—a veteran of 20 years' army service getting \$139.88 a month—pointed out that he had saved for a long time to buy a decent place to live, and depends upon rentals from the building's two other flats for necessary additional income. If forced to sell to the redevelopment agency he will lose a great deal of his investment and income, and is hardly in a position to pay the kind of rent he probably will have to.

The human equation in all progress frequently is a poignant one. It mustn't, of course, stop true progress, true improvement. But every time a life's achievement is uprooted, its benefits destroyed in the name of a public interest, we learn again that this is indeed a world of human beings, of individuals, not of theories. It is one of the burdens that planners carry: not to create more problems than they solve.

The Late, Late, Late...

Three quarters of a century ago, on Oct. 6, 1889, Thomas Alva Edison first demonstrated a new medium that was to affect the habits of people the world over. He showed his first motion picture on film. The initial public showing came several years later.

Seventy-five years of flickers have brought us the whole spectrum of entertainment, from boredom to high suspense, from superb acting to low comedy. Now still another medium has arrived and is making its bid to bend our lives anew. So don't be surprised if some night on the late, late, late TV show you see Mr. Edison's trailblazer in all its antique glory.

IT'S NEWS TO ME by Herb Caen

Handel's Easy, Gillespie Says

DIZZY GILLESPIE, lunching in solitary splendor at Enrico's (and wearing a pink shirt with "DIZ" on the pocket), disclosed that he has been invited to Israel to play a Handel Trumpet Concerto with the Israel Philharmonic. "I know I could play it, too," he said between mouthfuls, "except that I can't read it" . . . Not only are Ford's Mustangs selling at a record rate, the car's gasoline caps (with a mustang on 'em) are being stolen by kids at an equally mad pace. And they cost \$ per . . . Jack Shelton, author of "How to Spend Ten Perfect Days in S.F.," had Restaurateur Johnny Kan as his guest couple of nights back—and there in the kitchen, preparing the main course (gefilte fish) was Opera Star Regina Resnik. "Expensive help," commented Johnny. "You're not kidding," replied Shelton. "If she sings one little note she charges double time!" . . . It looked like Stars of Yester-year in Bali's the other night. Reading from l. to r., Actress Mae Clarke, who made movie history in "Public Enemy" (James Cagney shoved a grapefruit in her kisser and used her nose for a juicer); Bob Hall, radio's original "Green Hornet," and Ken Murray, a big star when Smokey the Bear was a cub. "Gee, you look just wonderful!" they lied to each other.

LA TRIVIATA: All the employees at a local bank are wearing Coolidge buttons. Explains Pres. Harry Morrison: "This time of year we can't afford to offend anybody" . . . Occupying the position of honor on Sen. Pierre Salinger's desk in Washington—an inkwell used by Grandfather Pierre Bietry when that worthy was a member of the French Chamber of Deputies in 1906 . . . The wondrous Allen Sherman's new parody begins, "Hello young lovers, you're under arrest—" . . . Here's a coals-to-Newcastle-type item: The Jamaica Hotel & Tourist Bureau has invited Trader Vic to fly there—at their expense—to show Jamaicans the proper way to make Jamaican rum drinks. He's going . . . Willie Mays has retained Architect Bob Batchelor to add a big new room to his Forest Hill pad, but not—hold it! because he's thinking about increasing his family. The addition will house a pool table, pool being Willie's second or third favorite sport . . . Definition of a true conservative: "Man who fastens his seat belt while riding through a car wash."

THERE'LL ALWAYS be a local angle: At the dedication of the Flaming Gorge at Green River, Wyo., the huge crowd (including Lady Bird Johnson) ate 3500 lbs. of buffalo meat and 800 lbs. of spaghetti. The Secret Service and the FBI will now allow it to be revealed that all this food was prepared in San Francisco—in the kitchen at Doro's, whose owner, Don Dianda, is a buddy of the Wyoming rancher who supplied the buffalo. The meat was wrapped in Saran Wrap—the greatest invention since nectarines—and flown to the dam, where Lady Bird who'd never eaten buffalo before, exclaimed, "Why, it's delicious. Almost as good as elephant!" Anyhow, now you know.



HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

U.S. Strangely Cautious About Opposing Sukarno

It was improbable that the representations of Malaysia against Indonesia before the Security Council of the United Nations would bring results.

Most UN observers believed the Soviet Union would exercise a veto, which they did. Premier Khrushchev could hardly do anything else, since President Sukarno of Indonesia is his boy. The Russians have half a billion invested in the Indonesian military gear, and Sukarno is using both Russian and American planes in his commando-type aggressions against Malaysia, both in Borneo and presently on the Malay peninsula.

Sukarno has the rapacious instincts of a Castro, and a better opportunity to fulfill them. He is running a shoddy dictatorship in Jakarta, and is probably not a Communist. But he has a large Communist bloc in his mismanaged nation and he casts continuously about for

cheap conquests on the soil of his neighbors.

He got away with it two years ago in Papua, which he wrested from the Dutch by intimidation, and last year by fomenting revolt in northern Borneo.

The Borneo provinces are overseas soil of Malaysia, which started as a democracy with Singapore as a commercial anchor. The country is stable and prosperous in tin and rubber. Britain guaranteed its security, but Sukarno called it a piece of colonialism.

Recently Sukarno started landing commandos in the jungle between Singapore and Kuala Lumpur, the capital. Two such expeditions have tried to work with Communist nests on the peninsula, but Malaysian troops have killed or captured many of the invaders. It is this bald aggression that brought Malaysia before the Security Council.

Meanwhile in Singapore and towns to the north, Malaysian police have rounded up Communist conspirators poised to work with the Indonesians.

Both New Zealand and Australia are starting military aid to Malaysia, and recently the British airlifted a regiment from Germany for "duty in the Far East," obviously Singapore.

Sukarno is a quick-change artist, whose word is worthless, and he may decide not to take on British troops directly. His raids have so far been small. The Soviet attitude may relate to the quarrel with Red China, which will hardly look with favor on any substantial Indonesian lodgment on the Asian mainland.

The United States has been strangely cautious in support of Malaysia against this naked aggressor in Jakarta. We should give some attention to development of the American position in the Security Council action.

BOOKS by William Hogan

Old-Style Correspondent Recalls Exciting Career

Michael Stern, a onetime New York police reporter, is a foreign correspondent in the grand old big-scoop, romantic style. He is a legend the press corps in Rome, his base since the Mussolini era. He leaves the heavy think-piece journalism to his less-breathless colleagues and continues to report on gaudier European foibles with the enthusiasm of a Brooklyn sports writer.

As a journalist, Mike Stern has done and seen just about everything. There were guns at the back of his head when he interviewed the elusive Sicilian bandit, Giuliano; he was there in Milan when Mussolini died, heels up, at the end of a rope. Stern is a tough, fearless spectator, a blend of Lord Byron and the late Floyd Gibbons. Robert Ruark goes so far as to suggest that he never really existed outside a scriptwriter's imagination.

But here he is, in "An American in Rome" (Bernard Geis; 336 pp.; \$4.95) giving us the inside story on his hectic career. There is nothing subtle about these reminiscences, and Stern is almost always a chief character in whatever story is being told. It is spirited stuff, nonetheless, if not downright nostalgia. For this is the way Hecht and Mac Arthur's Hildy Johnson might have performed as a foreign correspondent, pro-

ducing the stuff on which tabloid journals survive, and with guardian angels acting as legmen.

There is diplomatic intrigue here and tales from Hollywood - on the -Tiber. Stern describes Clare Boothe Luce's dismal failure as our Ambassador to Rome, and the sad alcoholic end of the Philadelphia movie tenor, Mario Lanza.

How's this for a quote he recalls from Sinclair Lewis, regarding his former wife, Dorothy Thompson: "She stepped on my toes, she stepped on my chest, she stepped on my head, and when there was nothing left to step on, she left me."

Stern talks about everything from black markets to

Fellini's films. It is jump and jive all the way, often as vulgar as it is informed, but spirited reading and great fun all the way, like the collected works of Richard Halliburton used to be.

And how are you going to put down a fellow who describes the view from his balcony thus: "In 312 A.D., on the knoll on which my house stands, Maxentius held his cavalry in reserve as his foot soldiers engaged the forces of Constantine the Great coming down via Cassia. It was in the battle for this bridge that Constantine won the uncontested rule of Rome . . ."

That's Mike Stern, on top of his story a couple of millenniums later, and covering it with relish, as usual.

Opinions of Others

"Many of us have already reached the age where the future of our country has little meaning to us personally. But what about our children and our grandchildren, and our great-grandchildren? Shall we 'visit' upon them the 'iniquity of the father?' Or will we leave them a heritage such as we received from our forefathers? In our humble opinion, a 'back to God' movement can do more good for our nation than a thousand planks in a political platform. It is simple, it is easy, it will work—if we restore the belief in almighty God in our country."—Smithville (Texas) Times.

TRAVEL by Stan Delaplane

Shopping, Touring Hints For the Pacific Islands

"We will be making a Matson cruise to Hawaii and would like to know if there is some custom about throwing your flower lei in the water."

That's when you LEAVE the islands. If it drifts to shore you will return—when you save enough money.

"Any special arrangements we should make aboard the ship?"

If there are two dinner sittings, the livelier cocktail people are on the second. And make an appointment with the hair dresser IMMEDIATELY for the day of the Captain's dinner. (The last minute ladies will be doing their own.)

"While we are in Honolulu, where would we shop for South Pacific presents?"

At Waikiki, a compound of shops called International Settlement. Everything from Tahiti shell hat bands (the best) to imitations of the Leeteg paintings on black velvet (not so good).

Take one of the tours that go to the Polynesian Cultural Center at Laie, on the windward side of the island. This has villages and crafts of ALL these islands. The souvenir shop probably has the most authentic things. And the Center's well worth seeing, with a 25-course South Pacific dinner and show. About \$2.50.

"Would you recommend Tahiti for an adventurous single girl?"

Things may have changed on Tahiti since they moved in a thousand French Foreign Legionnaires. The local vahine competition is pretty stiff — there are a lot of pretty girls. It seems all right for popaa (white) boys to go out with local vahines. But not for popaa vahines to go out with local boys. However, with the Foreign Legion in town . . .

"... or would you think more of Samoa?"

American Samoa didn't impress me much. Western Samoa is what the South Seas should look like—Samoans are the architects of the Pacific and have wonderful villages.

Apia is a pretty little town. With absolutely nothing to do but wear a lava-lava wraparound, a hibiscus behind the ear and drink Scottish beer. There isn't the Boy-Meets-Girl action of Tahiti. A very strict island. Many churches. And entirely converted by the Mormons or the London Missionary Society.

"Is there a custom in the Pacific about wearing flowers behind the left or right ear?"

So they say in Tahiti. And so they do. Behind the right ear, "one is taken." Behind the left, "one is searching." (By 10 each night, EVERYBODY has the flower on the post side ear. Or so it seemed to me.)

"We are thinking of flying and then taking the boat to Australia but wonder if we should go to the Fiji Islands."

Suva is a pleasant South Pacific town with a dressy sort of stiffness you find in British Crown Colonies. Starched whites and 4 o'clock tea. Nice breezy verandas and beer. (Many Australians.) Couple of very nice beach resorts. But bring along your own company.

Quote

Free men must act like free men. Their first duty is to respect the freedom of others. — Munroe Howard, Los Angeles.

Social Security started out as a fair product at a fair price, but has long since deteriorated into a very inferior product at a very exorbitant price.—E. J. Jamison, Playa del Rey.

"On shipboard, do we dress each night for dinner? Or how often?"

Every night is coat-and-tie—and about two-thirds of the men will be in dinner jackets. But if you are going to fly part of the time, weight is a problem. So I do this with a dark suit. Or dark trousers, linen jacket and bow tie.

"Is it hard to get to the island of Bora Bora from Tahiti?"

About one hour flight to Bora Bora, the prettiest of all islands in the South Pacific. But be sure you have

your air ticket from the U.S. written with Bora Bora included. This costs no more than the ticket to Tahiti. But if Bora Bora is not written in when you buy the ticket, you must buy a separate ticket in Tahiti. \$40 more.

"Are there presents you should take to the Pacific Islands?"

Fishhooks don't score like they did in the days of Captain Cook. A pocketful of Mickey Mouse balloons will make you a hero with kids. For the maids, go down to the Chinese stores and get a wraparound length of the brightest print you can find.

Our Man Hoppe

Some Hot Stove League Swaps

By Arthur Hoppe

Howdy there, folks. How y'all? Time for another rib-ticklin' tee-vee adventure with the routin'-tootin' Jay Family—starring ol' Elbie Jay, the most generous horsetrader who ever traded a horse. For a better deal every time.

As we join up with ol' Elbie, he's a-settin' in the parlor, engaged in his favorite pastime.

ELBIE: You got my call ready yet, Operator? Oh, that you, Myna Bird? Kindly get off the upstairs telephone. Your daddy's got a call coming in. What do you mean it's Bye-Bye Birdie's turn next? Birdie Bird! You get those tads off the line before I whale . . .

No, not you, Operator. Yes, ma'am, I'm ready. Hello? Hello, that you Barry? No, why should I be riled up about you going around the country calling me a cheap, tinhorn crook? That's just politics. And I reckon we both know, Barry, that in politics there's always some irresponsible loudmouth saying irresponsible things.

No, Barry, I just called up because I saw your picture in the papers a-holding hands with my dear old buddy, Strom Thurmond. I can't tell you what a shock it was when he went over to your team. But you stole him from us fair and square. And like the good sport I am, I pray every night he'll be as loyal and helpful to you over the years as he's been to us. No more, no less.

So anyway, Barry, I got to thinking about how smart you were to steal this valuable team player away from us. Yes sir, exactly how smart. And after figuring that, I figured maybe you just might want to engage in a little player swapping.

Like what'll you give me for Governor Wallace, Adam Clayton Powell and my dearest friend, young Bobby? That boy's got class, experience, hot prospects and I'll bet you'll find he can go to his right. I hate to part with him, but . . . What do you mean, "Which Bobby?" I hope you don't think I was trying to hold out on you, Barry. To prove not, I'll throw in the Bobby who's running for Senator up New York way. Too.

You sure do strike a hard bargain, Barry. Look it here, to show my good faith I'll just sweeten the pot with Senator Eastland, a covey of peace marchers and two draft choices. You know, you choose two young fellows who are plaguing you and I'll see to it they're drafted. Fine, fine. We got a deal then.

What? Consarn it, Barry, you're dead right. I sure enough did give you all these fine, trustworthy, loyal team players and you didn't promise me a thing in return. No, a deal's a deal. You outsmarted me again, fair and square and . . .

Of course, I'd right appreciate you're not letting on how you outfoxed me. I'm figuring on a summit meeting with that there Khrushchev to talk about problems. Like General Khanh, Makarios, De Gaulle . . . And if he finds out how easy I am to deal with, I'll never get rid of him.

Well, folks, tune in again. And meanwhile, as you go down the long trail of life, remember what ol' Elbie's granddaddy used to say: "Never look a gift horse in the mouth. Just turn him around quick, kick him in the rump and hope he makes it back where he came from with whatever troubles he was bringing you."

Morning Report:

Malta jumped the gun. The little island off the southern coast of Sicily had a riot hours before it became a sovereign nation the other day. Most newer nations wait and riot after they get their independence. There's no legal reason why Malta can't be free if it wants to—even though the place has less than the population of Rochester, New York, and no place to grow, either.

So Malta is now a sovereign country. And sovereignty, like virginity, is absolute. You either have it or you don't. The only trouble is that what is a street brawl in the United States can now become an international incident in a new country.

Abe Mellinkoff