

Press-Herald

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The Great Bequest

In the days since Herbert Hoover died, the nation and the world have had a chance to read his last will and testament to mankind. No single document encompasses it; rather, a single lifetime. For if ever a man lived his life well and fully, both in its personal rewards and in its outpouring of love and service to his fellow man, Herbert Hoover did. And the example of that outpouring is our gift from him, our great bequest from a great American.

In death, as in his later years, Herbert Hoover stands tall above the mean buffetings of crude minds which sought to blur his image with the oft-repeated lie. Few men have ever suffered such vilification as did the 31st President in the years after a world depression struck. Whoever the Republicans nominated in the years following his 1932 defeat, it was always Hoover the opposition ran against. His economic wisdom and foresight provided the basis for some of the New Deal's most effective retorts to depression; but they were rewarded in the tarnished coin of the great smear.

Herbert Hoover was a true man of God. He took the slings and arrows, and blunted them with his indefatigable desire to serve his nation and his fellow men to the very best of his very abundant ability. In a day when God and religion have poor standing in public affairs, the nation is blessed, indeed, with the imperishable gift of his having been among us. In the long shadow of his simple, selfless goodness the pettiness and selfishness that infect the world stand exposed and dark and miserable.

IT'S NEWS TO ME by Herb Caen

Caen's Gallery Of Pet Peeves

LITTLE THINGS that ruin the day: The white tie you sent to the laundry tagged, "Do Not Starch," comes back starched, tag and all. . . You round a corner and find that a once-familiar view has been blocked by an ugly new building that went up overnight. . . "He just stepped out, may I have him call you back?" . . . The toastmaster who says "The man I am about to introduce needs no introduction" gives him one anyway. . . "So what's new?" . . . The stranger who falls asleep next to you at the opera puts her head on your shoulder; her hair is lacquered. . . A lovely Victorian house being steel-balled to death. . . "The number you have reached is not in service at this time. . ."

LITTLE THINGS that make the day: The tie you put on in the morning dimples perfectly on the first try. . . Both sides of your button-down shirt collar bellow evenly. . . A tourist, seeking directions, asks you a question you can answer in under 500 words. . . The girl standing next to you at the corner, waiting for the light to change, is wearing Hermes' Caleche. . . The bill from a store arrives with a self-addressed envelope; the bill shows a credit balance. . . "The next 30 minutes of Rodgers & Hart songs will be uninterrupted by announcements or commercials" . . . A bridge toll collector greets you by name. . . You ask information for a number and she says "Klondike" instead of using the initials or a digit. . . The pretty stranger you smile at smiles back. . . A man in a hotel lobby smirks, "I'll bet you don't remember my name," and you remember to reply, "I'll bet you go around winning that bet all day."

STREET SCENE: A handsome feller, he drove his spotless '65 Continental — complete with crest and initials—into a parking space at a downtown corner. Alighting, he strode into the corner saloon, carefully hung up his \$400 cashmere overcoat, took off his jacket, unfastened his \$150 cufflinks, walked behind the bar—and began polishing glasses. Yep. The bartender! (Oh, BOY, are we in the wrong racket).

EVERYDAY, in every way, our advertising geniuses are getting better and better (and don't ask "than what?"—THEY don't care). For example, I was charmed to learn just the other day that long stretch socks—the ones that come up over the calf—are "executive length;" the longer the sock, the higher the status. And the '65 Imperial has a gauge that tells you when the other gauges aren't working; what happens when that gauge fails is not stated in the ad, which DOES tell you that this is one of Imperial's "33 other standard luxury features" (when luxury becomes standard, what is there left?). However, on the brighter side, we have Mac McCoskey, who reminds us that before TV, nobody knew what a headache looked like.

PLAYING THE ODDS: Seven out of ten people who never write fan letters eventually write fan letters beginning "I never write fan letters." Nine out of ten bridge players who ask "Who Dealt?" just dealt. Four out of five tennis players look at their racket after missing a shot. Four out of seven people who pronounce realtor as though it was spelled "realator" will take you aside to tell you "an interesting antidote." Eight out of ten people who think "Candy" is a satire don't know a ditty book when they've read one.



HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

Martin Luther King Goes Far Away to Find Honors

It has for some years been apparent that the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., is one of the foremost Negroes living. Now that the Nobel Peace Prize has been conferred upon him, many Europeans who have known little of him will study his career.

That career is manifest to most literate Americans, and to some fairly illiterate Americans who don't like him. Dr. King has a cause—the rights of the American Negro—and he has upheld this cause with dignity and courage in the recent bitter years of the race struggle in the South.

Central to the cause, as he sees it, is non-violence, an almost amiable but never fearful resistance to white supremacists in the Southern cities who have undertaken to defy the law and the political and social ethic of civil rights in the homes, the churches, the streets, the fields and the job-centers of their realm.

Dr. King has preached and led demonstrations against repression, and he has been arrested and jailed 15 times in recent years. But he has never, under whatever provocation, forsaken his position against violence, and his conviction that non-violence is the surer way to achieve the Negro's goal.

For this he has periodically met the fate of all moderates everywhere—he has been damned by both sides. Negro activists, seeking physical clashes with whites, have contemptuously called him wishy-washy. An old antagonist in Dr. King's life, E. T. ("Bull") Connor, former police commissioner of Birmingham, said of the Nobel award that "they scraped the bottom of the barrel."

Dr. King is used to this polar unpopularity, and it has never swayed him or embittered him. He is that rare combination in a man, a fighter without rancor. Had Dr. King received a

comparable honor, did one exist, out of New York instead of Oslo, his foes in his homeland would know what to say—it is a Communist plot.

That would have convinced other white supremacists at least. But now comes one Leander Perez, a leading New Orleans segregationist, with a Communist pliant ("shame on somebody," he is quoted), and even his own colleagues will wonder if he said the right thing.

That "somebody" is the key. Mr. Perez is a touch bewildered. For the Scandinavians are a cool and remote people. Their society does not generate heat. They may even be impartial, like Martians. You have no answer for such people, but a hurt bleat.

But men who seek justice across the world will be heartened that so brave and reasonable a man as Martin Luther King Jr. has found faraway recognition.

BOOKS by William Hogan

Saul Bellow Tapped to Be New Heavyweight Novelist

For some time there has been great speculation over who, among younger American writers, would be the first to make the really big breakthrough. Who, in fact, would assume the championship following Hemingway, Faulkner, Wolfe, Steinbeck? Several have been in the running—Mailer, Salinger, Baldwin, Capote, Bellow among them. We are talking about literary novelists, not presidents of best-seller lists, like Irving Wallace today, or Lloyd C. Douglas in the '30s or Michael Arlen back in Fitzgerald's day.

Consensus at present is that Saul Bellow is winner and new champion. With publication of his novel "Herzog" (Viking), the literary jungle drums are proclaiming Bellow as today's

most formidable American practitioner of the form. At 49, Bellow is the author of a series of intriguing novels including "Dangling Man" (1944), "The Adventures of Augie March" (1954), "Henderson the Rain King" (1959). His specialty is the novel of ideas, usually bypassed in the marketplace. And that is what "Herzog" is. It is not a novel of action, or even passion.

Moses Herzog is an eccentric philosopher of 47, an angry, defeated Jewish intellectual caught in the painful break-up of a second marriage and contemplating the wages of a misspent life. He shares his incredible hard luck tale with us in this elaborate catharsis. The result, not at all easy to read, is a brilliant, introspective dialogue between a person and a mind.

Sampling of the first huzzahs: Author and critic Julian Moynahan (Sunday New York Times) stresses the complexity and intelligence of the work and adds: "After 'Herzog' no writer need pretend in his fiction that his education stopped in the eighth grade."

Granville Hicks, in Saturday Review: "It is almost as difficult as Thomas Mann's 'Doctor Faustus,' which in some ways it resembles. . . (But) Bellow is the leading

figure in American fiction today."

Philip Rahv of Partisan Review, in the New York Herald Tribune: "With this . . . Bellow emerges not only as the most intelligent novelist of his generation but also as the most consistently interesting in point of growth and development."

"Herzog" is being described variously as "subjective," "heroic," "in the grand style of Tolstoy," "a feast of language, situations, characters, ironies" and "a controlled moral intelligence." So far only heavyweight critic Irving Howe, in The New Republic, has logged an indifferent reaction — "extremely, if also unevenly, brilliant."

Maybe "Herzog" is designed more to be discussed than to be read. The critics are genuflecting, in any event. And after a long, admirable apprenticeship, Bellow now seems to be the heavyweight to beat in this literary bracket.



TRAVEL by Stan Delaplane

Virgin Islands Provides Best Duty-Free Bargains

"You mentioned duty-free ports in the Caribbean. But which ones are the best?"

For more than \$100 worth of buying, the U. S. Virgin Islands. From all other ports, you are only allowed to bring home \$100 duty-free. But from the U. S. Virgins, you are allowed \$200.

For smaller amounts, I don't know who has the most competitive prices. There isn't anything here in the British Virgin Islands. This is the undiscovered country—with just the one Little Dix Bay resort on Virgin Gorda. Though there are many plans for building. Maybe the island of St. Martin's might have the lowest prices. They need visitors.

"During a year in Europe, we have one small child and expect another one. Will we have trouble buying baby food?"

You have a problem finding it in Spain and Portugal. Not all stores stock canned baby food. (Maid labor is cheap and they make their purees at home.) You find the standard foods — (U. S. brand names but may be under license in the country) — near big tourist hotels. A block from the Palace in Madrid, for instance.

In all other countries (this side of the Iron Curtain), you find Heinz and Gerbers, etc. in the familiar little pop-top bottles. Sometimes in groceries. Often in drug-stores.

"Some of our time will be in England. Would we be eligible for the British health plan?"

I am not sure of present rules. But I think you are — including pregnancy and certain baby care such as free orange juice. There was some talk of changing this when I was living in London a couple of years ago. Many girls from the Continent were coming over as "tourists" just in time to have their babies free.

Medical care was offered to me as a resident alien "on the plan" (free) or "off the plan" (pay physician privately). I took it "off the plan." I figured free would be an imposition since I wasn't paying direct taxes. However, I found that Britains tax on candy, for example, pays the national dental bill.

Emergency services seems to be free no matter what your status and continues throughout the follow-up treatment. An American friend of mine had a son in a bike-auto accident. The patching up, over a year, he estimated would have cost him \$10,000. He tried to pay something. The British government said no.

"Can my husband follow a salt-free diet on a plane trip?"

Most airlines say they are equipped to do this—given advance notice. But I'd pick a BIG airline. More chance that they get the requests oftener.

"How would you get medical attention overseas?"

First, I'd ask the airline

Quote

I wonder if the young people coming up now haven't lost some of the drive and initiative that the pioneers seemed to have. — Robert Waite Harrison, 92-year-old San Francisco attorney.

There are a great many people who have done much harder work than this. But then, they wanted to. — Elmer F. Goel, M.D., on criticism of harvest work for welfare beneficiaries.

that ticketed me. They have a staff doctor for their crews. Outside the capitals and range of airline offices, ask the hotel desk.

"What about the advisability of bottled water?"

I ask some American if I can. As in Spain, the local Americans drink tap water in Madrid but usually get bottled water when they go south in the country.

"We have heard that mosquitoes are bad in Mexico. Is there a good repellent?"

Around here in the insecty Caribbean islands, people use a spray-on repellent called "6-12." It holds off mosquitoes. But the little sand fleas adore it. With

"6-12" you have to keep it out of your eyes. So for the children, I've used a cream called "Cutter Insect Repellent." It works fine.

"Would we need pills against seasickness on a Caribbean cruise?"

I guess this would depend on you, the Caribbean and the weather. Anyway, all cruise ships carry these pills. Airlines, too.

Most trouble I've had is flying east-west—the time change makes you feel rocky. Don't schedule yourself on a sightseeing trip the first couple of days. And get a light lunch. European lunches are apt to go seven courses — the big meal of the day. It takes time to get used to it.

Our Man Hoppe New Schedules For Campaigns?

The frost is on the pumpkin. The long and grueling campaigns are ended. And at this decisive moment in history, it is the duty of us ace newsmen to assess the mood of the American voter.

I've dutifully done so. And the mood of the American voter, gentlemen, is:

"Thank God the whole thing's over." Indeed, in the past week 73,462,978 people have, publicly or privately, called for a change in our system of political campaigning. Of these, 73,000,000 would like to see shorter campaigns based on the British system, 462,970 would prefer cleaner campaigns based on the unlikely system, and seven are urging no campaigns at all, based on the Russian system.

The exception is Mr. Gilbert S. K. Fanchot, who is demanding lengthier Presidential election campaigns. Mr. Fanchot is chairman of the American Committee for a Do-Nothing Government.

In an exclusive interview, Mr. Fanchot explained his unique position.

Q—Mr. Fanchot, you believe in longer political campaigns?

A—Yes. On the morning following a Presidential election, under the utopian plan we've drawn up, the defeated party will immediately nominate its candidate for the next election. He will then promptly launch a long and grueling campaign.

Q—And the President would be forced to do likewise?

A—Yes. Ideally, I would like to see the new President and his new opponent each embark on a four-year whistle-stop tour of the country. In order to get their messages across to the voters.

Q—But certainly, sir you realize that during a political campaign our government is severely handicapped in its dealings with a crisis ridden world?

A—Exactly. You will note that during this past campaign our government was confronted with 17 crises: the crisis of the Chinese atomic bomb, the crisis of the overthrow of Premier Khrushchev, and 15 crises in South Vietnam. In each case it did the same thing.

Q—Nothing?

A—Nothing. In each case, the President, for fear of alarming the voters, postponed any decisive action until after the election. And in each case the result was the same.

Q—What was that?

A—Disaster was averted. Domestically, we thrived. For it is a widely-held axiom that politicians can do nothing in an election year. And consequently, nothing was done to us. Indeed, the whole thing once again proved the immortal words of Benjamin Franklin: "He governs best who goes off on a whistle stop tour somewhere."

Q—It certainly sounds as though you've drawn up a utopian plan to assure international peace and domestic tranquility. But one thing, sir, do you think the average American voter could survive a four-year campaign?

A—Well, back to the old drawing board.

Morning Report:

U Thant, head man at United Nations, has come up with a splendid idea for a runaway best seller. He'd like to read in Khrushchev's own words how he came to be bounced. So far, Mr. K. hasn't replied to U Thant, or anybody else.

For all I know, he may be working on his memoirs right now. If he is, it will probably be a two-volume affair. No. 1—"How to Succeed at the Kremlin Without Really Trying." No. 2—"A Funny Thing Happened on My Way to Moscow."

Abbe Mellinkoff