

Press-Herald

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The Easy Way Out

Since the new Department of Housing and Urban Affairs will be headed by a Secretary with Cabinet status, it might be well to speculate on the long-range effect on federal-state-local relations.

Will this action, along with the mandatory reapportionment of state and national legislative districts, help silence the voices of the small towns and rural areas in state and national legislatures? Will this move increasingly solidify federal intervention into problems once considered the sole province of city and state?

Only time will tell. However, it does seem that the quickest way to solve local problems, to create homes of dignity and neighborhoods of pride, would be to give the cities tax sources now preempted by the federal government and let them solve their own problems.

It is ludicrous even to assume, that a Washington bureaucrat is in a better position to judge what is good for the local community—today and tomorrow—than astute leading citizens of the community.

However, because it is sometimes difficult to obtain the necessary finances locally for community betterment, the temptation to run down to Washington for the funds seems to be the easy way out, even though the community many times loses control of civic projects in the process.

The fallacy of permitting more and more control of government to be centralized in Washington will become clearer in the days ahead. It is hoped that this community will weigh carefully the consequences and will decide accordingly.

Others Say:

School for Mendicants

A proposal that first came to public notice a year or so ago, and then disappeared from view, has made a new appearance. It is that the federal government return a proportion of the taxes it takes from the states back to the states, so that they may be in a better financial position to meet the wants and needs of their people.

This time the proposal has substantial political support. Whether anything ever comes of it, the implications and the possibilities are worth full public consideration.

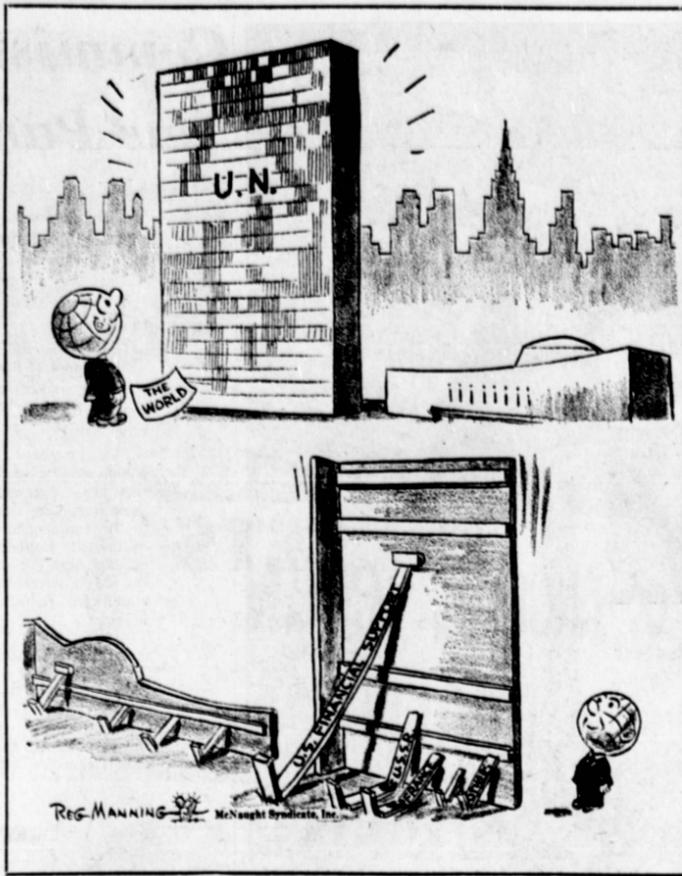
The states, and local governments, have been depending more and more on a wide assortment of federal aids. Voters are encouraged to promote all manner of local programs if Uncle Sam will pick up part or perhaps most of the cost. What isn't mentioned is that this money has to first be taken from the people—and that a substantial part of that take disappears in paying the overhead of vast and mysterious Washington bureaucracies.

Worse than the financial question is that so-called federal aid also means federal domination. So state and local rights, responsibilities and pride of purpose are gradually eroded away. In this, as in individual affairs, handouts create mendicants.

The best solution would be to end federal participation in purely local affairs. Failing that, a return of part of the federal tax take to the states whence it came might give local governments some resurgence of independence and authority that they so sorely need.—*Industrial News Review*

★ ★ ★

The coming of medicare will cost men and women workers \$5 billion a year next year, with more later as the rates rise. Someone has discovered that this sum is just \$300 million more than the \$4.7 billion cut recently ordered in federal excise taxes. Enjoy the tax cut while you can. It will be all eaten up the first of next year, when the medical care levy takes effect. Washington gives and Washington takes away.—*International Falls (Minn.) Journal*



STAN DELAPLANE

Trip to Mexico Is Ideal For Christmas Vacation

"We hold our vacation (three weeks) for Christmas. Now where would be your suggestion?"

I'd take Mexico. It's close. That cuts transportation cost. It's cheap—if you stay out of overpriced hotels. Christmas is gay, fiesta time all over Mexico. Lasts 12 days or more. You can get any kind of climate, from tropical swimming to mountain cold.

Mexico City has warm days and chill nights. But at 7,400 feet, it sometimes gets a streak of freezing weather. If it does, go one hour downhill to Cuernavaca and spring. Or another hour and a half downhill to coastal Acapulco and summer.

Best way to get around Mexico is by turismo—a share-the-ride limousine. All major hotels have a travel desk that handles this for you. Just a little more than cost of a bus ticket but more comfortable. First-class buses are excellent in Mexico, too. Second-class country buses fall off mountains fall off mountains too often to give me any confidence. Rent cars cost more in Mexico than they do in the U.S.

The West Coast is better than the East around Vera Cruz. They get "nortes" at this time of year. A dismal, shrieking north wind that can blow for three days running. Acapulco is the swinging town. But if it seems too "touristy" to you, try Zihuatanejo of Manzanillo or Puerto Vallarta or Mazatlan.

The new fashionable resort with new hotels is the island of Cozumel. You reach it from Merida on the Yucatan peninsula.

Cost: About \$150 to \$200 round trip by air from almost anywhere in the U.S. Hotels: You shouldn't pay more than \$12 double in Mexico City and Acapulco or \$8 in the countryside. You get comfortable rooms for less, too. Restaurants:

Many inexpensive—drinks and dinner and tip \$2.

★ ★ ★
"Where can we get a shopping guide to the Orient?"

In Tokyo, pick up a copy of "Tokyo This Week" on hotel newsstands. In Hong Kong, the tourist bureau in the lobby of the Peninsula Hotel has several handsome folders. There are similar things in Bangkok and Singapore. I've never seen one in Manila, but there are tourist shops near the big hotels on Dewey Boulevard. (I think they changed that to Roxas Boulevard now, but most people still call it Dewey.)

Hong Kong is the big free port town with the biggest selection. Minor problem is you must get a Certificate of Origin from the U. S. Consul on Oriental goods—proving it was not made in Red China. Without this, U.S. Customs will hold it up at Honolulu. Hong Kong shops know how to do this for you. Most suspect items are furniture, rugs, silks, ivory, jade.

Seemed to me Singapore prices are lower. (Hong Kong shops are squeezed by high rents that are tacked on the price.) But the selection is not as good. Japanese prices are OK if you buy in stores that are permitted to knock off the local sales tax for foreigners. Watch out for furniture imported from Red China.

★ ★ ★
"What are the duty-free ports in the Caribbean Islands?"

Nearly all except Puerto Rico are free ports. But if you buy in the U.S. Virgin Islands, you can bring home \$200 worth without paying duty, plus a gallon of liquor. From all others, \$100 worth plus one quart of liquor.

★ ★ ★
"You mentioned an unlimited travel price on Greyhound bus . . ."

Morning Report:

This is new car season and I think you should know that the new models are longer, sleeker, more colorful, more powerful, and barefooted. Barefooted? Yes, indeed. I mean the models who are appearing in the new car ads.

I'm in no position to report on the cars themselves, because I've been too busy comparing the gals who are sitting on them, standing on them, or just sprawled all over them. Quite a crop. In fact, I'm not sure if General Motors, Chrysler, and Ford are selling automobiles or pushing romance.

All the manufacturers are inviting me to come in for a test drive. But I'm afraid to risk it—unless, of course, the wife and children come along with me.

Abe Mellinkoff

HERB CAEN SAYS:

A Nice Place to Visit? The Truth of 'New Math'

WONDERING MUSE I'll hang up." . . . The buzz in jazz circles has it that Mrs. Miles Davis has filed for divorce in Mexico . . . Otis Chisholm, who owns 8,000 swingin' acres near Chico, has taken in Singer Pat Boone and Cowboy Roy Rogers as partners—free—for the use of their names and know-how in developing the premises . . . Startling statistics (or, are these our elders?): There are more pregnant unmarried women over 40 than under 18 . . . Marlon Brando dropped in at the Kuo Wah the other night and shook hands with Maitre d'Hotel Warren Yee who beamed: "I'm not going to wash my hands for a week." Marlon: "Good thing you're not a waiter."

BING CROSBY, the squire of Hillsborough, is off for Spain in a few days for a spot of shooting, and what's new in YOUR set? . . . Unlike Little Jack Horner of Corner fame, Decorator Tony Hail pulled out a plum without sticking in his thumb: Screenstar James Garner has hired him to give a touch of class to his \$300,000 L. A. house . . . Wilt the Stilt Chamberlain (7'1") gazing happily at the 70-foot ceilings in Whiskey a Go Go: "It's nice to be in a place where I don't have to DUCK" . . . Flash: We have a new Sam Goldwyn among us. That would be Tommy Harris, who was

heard to sigh yesterday: "How come it's always the people with insufficient funds who write the bum checks?"

CAENFIDENTIALLY: Since a 10-per cent return on investment is pretty good, we hasten to tell you Ivy Baker Priest, the ex-U.S. Treasurer (under Ike) who's running for State Treasurer, will pay \$1.10 for all \$1 bills bearing her engraved signature. She has been handing out so many, autographed, as a campaign gimmick that the State's banks are just about depleted . . . Bing Crosby's wife Kathryn, got herself a tidy \$20,000 advance from Little, Brown for a book of advice and philosophy. "That is not a bad advance for a first book, is it?" Bing asked a couple of professional S.F. writers, who, in reply, fell to the floor and frothed at the mouth . . . Kim Novak straightens everybody out: she's selling her L.A. house, NOT her Big Sur pad, which actually in Carmel Highlands (she keeps saying Big Sur to keep the peepers and gawkers at bay) . . . A friend overheard these two secretaries discuss the perils of walking home alone at night in their neighborhoods. First: "Well, suppose we WERE attacked, what would you do?" Second: "I'd yell 'Wait a minute till I take my pill!'"

AND THEN I SMOTE: Art Dealer Billy Pearson phoned his pal, Director John Huston, in Rome at 11 p.m. and began "How do you feel?" John: "The same way you'd feel if you were awakened at 7 a.m. by a collect call." Billy: "I'll pay half if you don't hang up on me." John: "I'll meet you halfway. You keep talking and

ROYCE BRIER

Let's Give Three Cheers For End to Uglification

The magazine Newsweek carries a feature called "Where Are They Now?" about people formerly in the news, but no longer active or prominent.

So, with the new automobiles pictured in fleets in newspapers and magazines, we may inquire, a little wistfully, where now are the automobile designers of about 1955-1962?

Though highly anonymous at the time, through tradition if not prudence, those sculptors of yore had more impact on the American eye, and maybe the troubled American soul, than any Marilyn Monroe, or Ike chewing a straw and strolling his Gettysburg farmstead.

Their trademark was of course the tail-fin, but this was only a crowning achievement in a catalogue of crimes in form, color and ornament which must be counted the zenith in nonsense for this or any other civilization.

The cars we see advertised for 1966 are sleek and

eminently practicable, as if dastinating the boyish, not to say lunatic, segment of the car-buying public.

Indeed, the differing makes and models bear a marked resemblance, one to another, an unexpected argument for the deadly conformity which college students and poets exorcise as the curse of our country. Without derogating the non-conformists in the more intangible reaches of American life, one may timidly venture that in crass reaches of automobile design, it's one hell of an improvement.

In the great days of frippery, it soon was apparent that a mere tail-fin was subject to a graceless infinity of variation. In its stark form it only resembled the fin of an inordinately hungry shark, whereupon it evolved as flairs, dips, protruberances, and scrolls of rear-end chrome and multiplicity of taillights which was stupefying in its asininity.

Simultaneously the front grills borrowed from Notre Dame gargoyles and Mayan friezes, while the flanks of cars were disfigured with mouldings, either in cute telephone-pad doodles, or in writhing, fluted arrowed strips resembling the coiling serpents of the Laocoon. The paint jobs between mouldings ranged the spectrum, producing multi-colored vehicles often in sickly pastels.

All this cost a bundle—billions for sure—and the designers must have got rich, along with body repair shops. But if you wonder where they are now, you can only surmise they have entered the fourth dimension, and can be seen in Rod Serling's Twilight Zone reruns.

There were exceptions. Among the most beautiful of all automobiles was the early Continental, with the tire-well moulded in the rear deck. But alas, one cost ten thousand clams and buyers with that money, and good taste to boot, were too few.

What happened to the American, gradually to discard uglification, to use Lewis Carroll's word? For it must be confessed the designers were only two-thirds to blame, as in any seduction. But what happened is a social question, not one for a pragmatic columnist.

All we need worry about is the non-Euclidean geometry of the manufacturers, who annually reduce outside car-width an inch, while adding an inch to inside measurement. Takes Yankee knowhow, maybe.

Quote

The riots have served one small purpose. We uninitiated now know "police brutality" consists of trying to arrest somebody for breaking the law.—Carl Hepp, Mill Valley.

★ ★ ★
If the responsibility of citizenship is finally destroyed, the nation will then contain subjects—perhaps well fed, but not citizens.—William F. Smith, State Chamber of Commerce director.

★ ★ ★
War is hell, but the Free World must realize that slavery under the communist gangsters is much worse.—Richard P. Vanek, Solana Beach.

★ ★ ★
We play strictly what the people ask for. If they want a peck of potatoes, I don't want to deliver them a dozen eggs.—Orrin Tucker, veteran orchestra leader.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Executive's Lost Year Relived in 'Job Hunter'

This is not a poverty problem in the usual American sense. But it is a very real and painful one, and not untypical in our executive society. Allen R. Dodd, the advertising trade paper editor, spells it out in "The Job Hunter," described as the diary of a "lost" year.

It is the case of a well-dressed, 45-year-old ex-Ivy Leaguer who is found sitting in a park until train time when he will make his way back to an expensive suburban wife and family he suddenly can't afford.

The job-seeker has been eased out of his position as senior executive of an advertising agency, a specialist of some 15 years' standing. He is financially overextended, to put it mildly. Gossip around the glass cliffs of Manhattan is that our man is on a downhill course, if not suddenly unemployable. "It is very dif-

ficult," his contacts in the agencies tell him, when he can reach them: "If only you were employed . . ."

The story is not fiction, Dodd explains. The job-seeker here is a composite figure built on several real cases. His story is narrated as a first-person account of one man's personal plight and its impact on his popular sociology, and a frustrating book, like Charles Jackson's memorable narrative of an alcoholic, "The Lost Weekend."

It is also an insight into Games People Play—especially the job-hunter's frightened colleagues in the profession who studiously avoid him, or his fellow-yacht-club members, who know something is wrong, and close ranks against the new outcast.

This is bitter stuff, as the worry of big debts become

a dull ache, and the meanness of small economies a vicious sting. The job-seeker can't back down. To accept something less than his financial and professional norm is unthinkable, due to the rigid cultural patterns of the society he inhabits.

The author leaves it to each reader to write his own norm here. It is all an upper middle-class nightmare, something out of the suburban fiction of John Cheever, the story of an American luxury-class refugee. Many readers in the business and financial community will understand this privately, and perhaps turn away from it with a shudder. It may strike them too close for comfort. And also, as the job-seeker finds in this book, they don't want people around who have learned that there is a hole in the bottom of our affluent society.

My Neighbors



"I'd like a phone-jack in here—I've got a nosy little brother."