

# Press-Herald

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## Thanksgiving Day, 1965

In setting down his Thanksgiving Day proclamation in 1789, President George Washington wrote, "I do recommend and assign Thursday, the 26th day of November next, to be devoted by the People of these States to the service of that great and glorious Being who is the beneficent Author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be—that we may then all unite in rendering unto him our sincere and humble thanks."

Now 174 years later this nation again pauses to give thanks to God for the gifts we enjoy as Americans.

Observance of a day of thanksgiving is one of most completely American of our holidays and dates to the very beginnings of this nation. From the days of the Pilgrims who paused after a less than bountiful harvest to give thanks to God until today, the real blessings of our nation have stood unaltered.

As the Pilgrims did and as President Washington did, we can offer thanks for the "civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed." We can give thanks as did the 1789 Proclamation for "the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge, and in general for all the great and various favors which He has been pleased to confer upon us.

We can offer thanks that some of the strengths and powers of the peoples who sat around the table on that first Thanksgiving day long ago still exist despite the sordid picture of a sickly weakness painted by some of the nation's unwashed "kampus kooks."

A majority of Americans can still summon up the strength to battle for the personal freedoms which this nation's citizens enjoy uniquely. A majority of Americans still have a deep sense of responsibility toward good citizenship, a respect for the necessity of laws, and a reverence for the all-wise Creator who has made these possible.

For all of this we can be truly thankful in 1965.

While turkey, dressing, and cranberry sauce will be the outward signs of our Thanksgiving Day observance tomorrow, we hope other Americans will join us in giving thanks for the strengths of America and in praying that those strengths can withstand the onslaughts of sick-in-mind opponents within our shores just as they have withstood countless other onslaughts—from within and without.

### OTHERS SAY:

#### Thanksgiving Prayer

Thank Thee, oh Lord, for the golden glow of goodness that has never quite died in the hearts of men, buried though it may be by the overburden of petty fear and pride and selfishness that leads us into error.

Thank Thee for the ever-abundant renewal of nature, which mirrors the ever-abundant renewal of Thy love for Thy children, wayward though we may be, and insensible to the bounty of our heritage.

Thank Thee, too, for the simple things that can lighten the day as no sun has ever done; the trust of a child, the smile of a good friend, the smell of good earth, the sound of surf and wind, and laughter in some happy sanctuary.

And thank Thee most especially, dear Lord, for the faith that has bound men to Thee in so many diverse ways; the faith that sends young men into an agony they did not seek, willing to give to their fellow men the gift beyond all price; the faith we pray, and somehow know, will some day bring to all men the peace Thou has entrusted us to create.

For all good things, for all good hope, we thank Thee, Lord.—California Feature Service.

Now that President Johnson has promoted compulsory unionism on every free American, whether they wanted it or not, we would like to quote the President, from an Associated Press story in the Dallas News for Aug. 10, 1948: "I have never sought, nor do I seek now, the support of any labor bosses dictating to free men anywhere, anytime!" Now, who is talking out of both corners of their mouth at the same time?—Cherryvale (Kans.) Republican.

A high-ranking postal official in Washington did acknowledge that the U. S. Post Office Department planned to distribute the summer youth jobs secretly as congressional patronage. Normally, according to the assistant to the regional post office director at Minneapolis, the Post Office Department hires 1,500 seasonal assistants each summer. This year, under the new program, it hired 7,500. While one might be able to defend the creating of unnecessary jobs just for the sake of employing people, this becomes virtually impossible when the created jobs are doled out to family members of the party in power.—Garrison (N.D.) Independent.

From time to time politicians rumble about the medical profession. If the medical profession was as bad as some of these politicians would like you to believe, we wouldn't have the problem of elder citizens. They would all be dead. Medical science has contributed greatly to the well-being of all of us.—Arthur (Ill.) Graphic-Clarion.

## We Quote . . .

When one realizes that many of our older citizens are already being taxed out of their homes and that more and more of our young couples with children barely make their take-home pay stretch from the

supermarket to the shoe-store, it doesn't take much vision to see that in a few years, taxes could wipe out the average family's ability to own a home.—County Assessor Philip E. Watson.



STAN DELAPLANE

## Camping on the Beaches Cuts Expenses in Hawaii

For people trying to make that cheap vacation in Hawaii, this ought to be the answer: Camp on a warm beach.

I saw a beautiful camp ground on the island of Kauai, near the end of the Hanalei road. Good white sand beach. The camp ground is on grass alongside the beach. Installed toilets. A river with a deep fresh water pool for bathing. A nearby plantation village with a general store for shopping.

Air fare to Honolulu is \$200 round trip from the West Coast. Kauai is 30 minutes from Honolulu.

I saw camping gear for rent in the yellow section of the Honolulu phone book. (Better write and have it waiting.)

A bus runs to the end of the island, but not often. Getting to the village for food might be a problem. But you should be able to rent a bicycle in Honolulu. Get one of the fold-up kind you carry like a suitcase if you can. (You can buy them for \$89.50.)

And write Hawaii Visitors Bureau, Honolulu, Hawaii for a list of camp sites in all the islands and registration rules.

When I was there at the top of the season there was only one couple camped.

"We are going to Mexico but I am worried about mosquitoes: I am bothered a great deal by their bites."

On the Snake River in Grand Teton National Park, the boatman spray themselves with "Off." Works for mosquitoes but doesn't bother the little "no-see-ums" you find near the beach. So stay away from beach cottages — they go right through screens.

In Puerto Rico, doctors give shots that take some of the itch out of —the bites. And there's a prescription spray-on medicine that does the same thing.

In both Puerto Rico and

Hawaii, local people say Vick's Vap-o-rub is the best thing to take the itch out of the bites.

Mexico has a national spraying program against mosquitoes. Even so, I take the once-a-week pill against malaria.

"Is it true that April is the best month to be in England?"

If you don't mind wearing an overcoat. May's the better month. It snowed at Easter one year when I was in London. Average in April runs 45 to 55 degrees.

The English, however, don't look at the weather. They look at the calendar. When it says April, they get into shorts and bike around in blizzards.

In rating English weather, you must remember that they keep their houses and pubs at about 60 degrees in winter. Our average 70 degree housing feels like the tropics to them.

"What should I pay for a man's watch, a present, in Switzerland. And where?"

About \$60 to \$75 for an automatic wind with a date window in a stainless steel case of excellent design. I'd go to Gubelin's (in any city or resort center). Get one of their own designs. The price goes up quite a bit if you get a gold case. But a gold-plate case won't be too much more.

"I heard there are odd closing hours in cocktail lounges in Australia . . ."

That's changed. Used to be closed at 6 p.m.—allowing Australians their beloved "5 o'clock swill." They got in a bar and drank beer as fast as possible between 5 and 6. Sydney changed some years ago to a 10 o'clock closing. And Melbourne has now done the same. No closing time if you are in a restaurant. And hotel guests always could get a drink anytime. Same

## Morning Report:

The pundits who think in terms of political parties and not in terms of people are still full of John V. Lindsay, a Republican who was elected mayor of New York City. The liberal pundits maintain he's the Great Smiling Hope of the Republican party and the conservative pundits are sure he's no longer a Republican at all.

As a matter of fact, it all depends on what he does for New York. That city has all the headaches of other big cities — only more so. Dirty air, dirty water, too much traffic, not enough houses, crime in the streets, and impoverished in the slums.

If he solves some things, he's a comer if he doesn't, he's a goner — under any party label. We, the people, are not particular. We don't care which party ends our problems.

Abe Mellinkoff

### HERB CAEN SAYS:

## Stale Bread Gives Him A Title for Next Book

AT ENRICO'S Coffee House on Wednesday, I ordered a roast beef on French bread and complained because the bread was stale. That shows you how sharply I've deteriorated as a connoisseur of la vie Baghdad. (Call me "Mr. San Francisco" and you'll get a fat lip). Anybody worthy of the name San Francisco KNOWS that the French bread is stale on Wednesday because the bakeries don't work Tuesday nights. If I ever get around to writing another book about S.F., I think I'll title it "The French Bread Is Always Stale on Wednesday." I guess that's better than a midge fisherman. Or even "Fisherman's Dwarf," the story of Shrimp Louie, to be published by Bennett Surf.

TONGUE LOLLING, I trotted around in search of the elusive item (I forgot to tell you another thing — I write a column, and that's out, too, since who doesn't?). Saw a lot of girls in boots, showing the Courreges of their conviction. Peeked into Vanessi's and there was Gregory Thomas, President of Chanel, leaping gaily about as he distributed tiny cube-sized bottles of Chanel No. 5. "Sweets for the ladies," he kept saying.

Ran into Bobby Magowan, President of Safeway. Or maybe it was Spelman Prentice, one of the Rockefeller. I know it wasn't Anne Coleman Woolworth, one of the Crockers. Anyway we got to talking about restaurants, and one of them said: "Do you realize that San Francisco has at least a dozen restaurants as good as any in the world Didn't used to

be that way. When I moved here in 1948, there were only three places we ate at regularly — Vanessi's, Grierson's and Omar Khayyam's. If we really wanted to put on the dog, we went to Jack's or Amelio's, but they were awfully FANCY. So when old-timers tell me the city isn't what it used to be, I wonder what they're talking about."

DEEP DOWN INSIDE: A while back, the Defense Dept., at a cost of \$10 million or so, exploded an 80-kiloton nuclear underground device at Amchitka Island in Alaska, right Now then, would you care to know about the important — nay, vital — role played in this event by a San Francisco firm All right then:

The waters around Amchitka contain most of the world's sea otters, among the rarest of animals, and conservationists everywhere immediately became exercised over possible damage to these fast-disappearing mammals. The Defense Dept. promised to frighten away the otters by means of a noise-making gadget called the Zon Automatic Scarecrow. That's where the local angle comes in.

The export-import firm of B. M. Lawrence at 24 California handles these items. Ten were rushed from here to Amchitka by a complex series of airlifts. Bish Lawrence, Pres. of the firm, reports: It seems that the whole timing of the explosion depended on whether we could get these devices up there in time."

Unbate your breath: they did. The 3000-odd sea otters on Amchitka were frightened far away by the Auto-

matic Scarecrow and the nuclear blast was detonated. Saved: the day. Tomorrow the world?

☆☆☆

SOCIETY turned out here for a dance honoring Yves Saint Laurent, the 29-year-old wunderkind of French couture. Smiling beautifully through his thick glasses around his long sideburns (he looks like a French Bittle), he does a lanky, loose-limbed dance of his own devising, featuring a constant spasm of the right leg—an ordeal for which he rested earlier in his Fairmont tower suite, relaxed in red sweater, red corduroy pants and black loafers ("I'm a Bitnik at heart"). While sipping Scotch and sniffing his new perfume, "Y," he softly criticized black dresses ("bourgeois elegance"), mink stoles ("quel horreur —not enough when it's cold, too much when it's hot") and showed off his own version of a mink coat: strips of leather between the horizontal pelts, cost astronomical. As we left, he looked at my wife's coat and smiled: "It's not too awful." "A charming fellow. Really."

☆☆☆

THE JAPANESE GOVT. has invited the S.F. Symphony to tour its land for six wks, following the regular season — paying all living expenses plus salaries—the only hitch being the transportation cost of about \$78,000, which our guys have to pay. No help from the State Department: it will only bankroll orchestras whose conductors are U.S. citizens, and Josef Krips holds Swiss citizenship (the chauvinism must go on!).

### ROYCE BRIER

## Barry Raises Old Issue Of Command in Pentagon

Barry Goldwater said in an interview he would like to see Defense Secretary McNamara return to making Edsels.

This is a pretty flossy jape from one who did not come by whimsy naturally, as did Winston Churchill or John Kennedy; but perhaps whimsy in any gradation is lost on the former Ford executive, who is hardly a wag himself.

In any case, Mr. Goldwater, digressing from a postmortem on the 1964 election, doesn't like the way the Viet Nam war is being managed, and particularly doesn't like Mr. McNamara as manager.

But though the one-time candidate now yields little political influence, don't think he lacks followers when he takes on Secretary McNamara's administration of Pentagon affairs. It is sure-fire a large majority of ranking Generals and Admirals are in heartfelt accord with him when he says in effect that McNamara is usurping the professional military function by centralization of civilian authority.

It has been this way from the beginning. Not since President Washington has both military and civilian prestige been combined in

one man in a critical time. The Generals and Admirals have never more than grudgingly acceded to our system.

Napoleon never had this problem. He was both the politician and the commander, and his system was easy to work while he kept his balance. Ours is hard to work, and it requires restraint and perception in a civilian executive to work it successfully.

Our problem is this: we train men for warfare. The best of them become proficient in their calling. They clearly know more about how a war should be carried on in their time than any President, save Washington and Grant.

But final decision is to how they shall carry on is in the hands of the President and his agents, who may or may not be trained military men.

The President's authority and responsibility is exclusive in the matter of policy. But in warfare, where does the military end and policy begin?

The trick is to find the line between the two. If you unduly interfere with command, you are wasting national training and gifts. If you don't interfere at all, the military enters the vacuum created, injuriously encroaching on policy.

There is much to be said for giving the military all the leeway possible, and certainly all the voice with-in reason, in military decisions. There is considerable doubt if this is Mr. McNamara's habit. Others than Mr. Goldwater have complained that he rests too heavily on computerized decisions, and too little on the human wisdom and perception which some Generals and Admirals acquire by adding experience to training.

The American people should be aware of this issue, seeing their grandfathers, too, had to wrestle with it. The people can't settle it, but collective common sense is never in vain. One's opinion of Mr. Goldwater has no bearing on the issue he raised.

### WILLIAM HOGAN

## 'Power Is Power' Says This Voice of History

Recently the press made much about the aging Russian Prince Yousouppoff's suit against CBS. The Prince, you'll remember, was unhappy over a television version of his killing, nearly a half century ago, of the "holy devil" of the Czarist house, the mad monk Rasputin. The testimony suggested scenes from some grotesque 19th Century novel. One was surprised that such characters of history as Yousouppoff and his Princess Irino were still around, and legally kicking. Just as one is surprised that a political figure from that remote age, Alexander Kerensky, is lecturing in a special Stanford history program.

Now 84, Kerensky was a Prime Minister of the Russian Provisional Government for a few eventful months in 1917. A revolutionist and Labor party figure in the Czarist period, he was considered by the Bolsheviks to be a vacillating moderate. The Bolsheviks demanded more immediate revolutionary action. Under Lenin and Trotsky, they seized the Kerensky government in November of that

hectic year, and forced Kerensky into exile.

Kerensky has lived in the shadows of history since, mostly in the United States. He worked for some years at Stanford's Hoover Library on a three-volume history of his provision government. And on a political autobiography published this month as "Russia and the Turning Point of History."

The book is something for specialists—a historical document rather than baroque opera of Yousouppoff-Rasputin proportions. Yet there is drama in this memoir, if one digs for it, some involving the Romanov family and the evil Rasputin, too. It is a step-by-step record of the collapse of the old Russian order and the seizure of the new by a figure who was never in sympathy with the Bolsheviks, especially Lenin.

So details of that period are set down, as filtered through Kerensky's mind and memory. Lenin dealing with the Imperial German government as a revolutionary tactic; the Bolsheviks signing a separate peace with Germany, which Kerensky refused to do. All of

it something for the archives, perhaps, rather than a book to be bought and read beyond a community of specialists.

Yet an element in the Kerensky drama, it seems to me, is the fact that the old gentleman is around to write about it now. And to discuss with undergraduates, generations later, in a basement classroom on the Stanford Quad, details of his brief world leadership. To Kerensky, it must seem that history moves very quickly indeed. Rasputin is long gone, and the Czar, Lenin, Trotsky, and Stalin, too. The Kaiser is vaguely remembered, as are Woodrow Wilson and all signers of the 1919 Treaty of Versailles. Hitler, Kerensky, Kennedy, Khrushchev.

But this octogenarian remains, speaking with much of the old mental vigor, we are told. "But who will be the master of power?" Kerensky replied to a student suggestion the other day that the United Nations Security Council be increased to perhaps 21 members, giving a voice to the new states. "Power always remains power," declared this voice of experience.