

# Press-Herald

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## Boy Scout Week Opens

Emphasis on how the program of the Boy Scouts of America helps to strengthen America's Heritage will be the major feature of Boy Scout Week, which begins today.

The nationwide observance will celebrate the 55th anniversary of Scouting with the theme Strengthen America's Heritage.

Packs, troops and posts will hold parents' Scouting birthday dinners, present advancement awards, participate in religious services, and take part in Good Turns, reports to their chartered institutions, and patriotic projects.

Scout Week will again make it possible for parents, public officials, and neighbors to see Scouting in action and to learn more of the depth of its program for boys from eight to 18.

The Strengthen America's Heritage theme was used during the summer of 1964 for a nationwide program by the Boy Scouts of America in cooperation with Freedoms at Valley Forge. Because of the vital need for youth to be aware of their American heritage, the theme is being continued during 1965 Boy Scout Week.

## Others Say:

### What Is a Gag?

Proponents of the Philadelphia Bar Association's so-called "guidelines" for the press in covering criminal news, which was approved at a special membership meeting Tuesday, deny that it is a "gag," as it has been labelled by newspapers. "Freedom of the press is the right to print, not to gather news," a former state supreme court justice concluded.

That over-simplification is about as asinine as any we have ever heard. That old term, "Philadelphia lawyer," is now taking on some real meaning.

The guarantee of a free press is given to the people, not to newspapers or any other medium.

The right of access to news, to tax-supported institutions and officials who act on behalf of and with the consent of the people, is a right belonging to the public, not to newspapers. The press, historically, has acted in behalf of the people as their agent. The more complex our society has become, the more important this function has become.

Following the logic of the Philadelphia lawyer, it becomes apparent that he and his associates believe it is all right for the people to have a press, which is "free" by their definition, but they should be forbidden the right to know what is going on.—Editor and Publisher.

The Agriculture Department, through its milk marketing order arrangements, allows local commissions to fix milk prices . . . In Virginia, the price of milk didn't go up in (one) store until the owner had been hauled into court and fined \$250 for refusing to raise the price. He was also enjoined against selling milk below the official figure.

You may have a wonderful excuse for your failure, but the world pays cash for success.

Two can live as cheaply as one large family used to.—Selby (S.D.) Record

Faith is vital to any individual and to any society. And whether we realize it or not, every one of us—man, woman, or child—uses it every day. Without faith there would be no religion. Or any happy family life, or pleasant business relations. Never did this troubled old world need faith as it needs it today—faith in the inherent goodness and integrity of our fellow man, faith in the strength and future of our country, faith in our God.

If adults set youth the proper example, it might be possible for young people to follow their lead.

I read in a Nebraska paper this week where they are thinking of changing the meat of the meal on Thanksgiving from turkey to Potomac trout. Seems as they are thinking thanks should be given to the government instead of to God, where it rightly belongs.—Eaton (Colo.) Herald

## Morning Report:

Each year the Associated Press sends out a reporter to weigh the Federal Budget. As I recall, the last budget tipped the scales at 4 pounds, 8 ounces—equal to a nice, small leg of lamb. This year, I found no weighing. Why?

Was the budget so heavy that AP feared revelation of the figure would devalue the dollar in the world's money markets? Or was the weighing reporter too weak to carry it? Maybe the fellow has been promoted from weighing to analysis.

I like the various Washington comments on the budget—made by my journalistic friends who can't keep their check book stubs straight. But don't blame reporters if the budget floored them. Must weigh as much as the side of an ox.

Abe Mellinkoff



## HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

# Japan-China Relationship Needs U.S. Understanding

Following a talk with a Socialist leader in Tokyo, these passages appeared in this column of March 27, 1961:

"The Japanese think the Americans, who look on Russians and Red Chinese as twin obstructionists, don't understand Japanese thought on this question. Since the old 1904 war, the Japanese have always had a cold dislike for the Russians."

"But the Chinese are their cousins, closer than any other people. Great areas of the Japanese civilization derive from the Chinese . . ."

It was the task of Prime Minister Sato of Japan, when he conferred with President Johnson recently, to convince the President of this thesis. Whether he succeeded, or partly succeeded, we are not told. We are told this special relationship of the Japanese and Chinese is the primary disagreement between Japan and the United States.

Throughout this century backward mainland China has had a high market potential for the technical Japanese. Long-range Japanese trade plans contemplate ultimate heavy export to mainland China. It is a natural market, latent but immense, for goods with low production cost. The West simply can't compete for it.

But the market is still exceedingly thin. Red China lacks the exchange to acquire either consumer or capital goods in great bulk. Yet the Japanese are counting on this situation to gradually improve, say over the next 20 or 30 years.

So Japanese sympathy for the Red China masses is not confined to Socialists, who may indeed have a hidden sympathy for Mao ideology. It runs strongly through the middle class, and touches the industrialists.

The Japanese can't look on Red China as a pariah. If we must, we should at least meditate, and have some understanding for the Japanese position.

## BOOKS by William Hogan

# The King and His Court: What Makes Charlie Run?

As an astute sideline observer, the political editor of the distinguished French newspaper Le Monde might be compared with James Reston of The New York Times. He is Pierre Vianson-Ponte. He is vastly informed on the mechanics and personalities of the Fifth Republic and specifically on its aging President, Charles deGaulle, who sometimes appears to function under the illusion that he is really King Louis XIV.

In a rich, biting, irreverent little book, "The King and His Court," Vianson-Ponte seeks to analyze DeGaulle and the Gaullists around him. What, in effect, makes Charles run? The book is said to have caused something of a sensation when it appeared not long ago in France. And because the author approaches Gaullism with the deadpan de-

tachment of Lillian Ross reporting on the making of "The Red Badge of Courage," American audiences might find the book an entertaining and instructive tour through the mysteries of French politics today.

We observe the little rituals of the court; the interview (mostly a DeGaulle monologue), the President's short addresses and his orations, indeed his whole show-business approach to the ceremonies of office. These he performs with a royal hauteur. "DeGaulle does not interest me," he once said, "except as a historical figure." So here we see the aging hero polishing his historical image as well as presiding over the destiny of France.

We attend, for example, lunch at Colombey, DeGaulle's estate, and tune in on the formal non-conversation which frequently dissolves into total silence, although an invitation to such a luncheon is actually a signal bestowed only upon a few of the faithful. Again, at formal dinners, the President stuns everyone by the amount of food he puts away—yet the service is so hasty that few other guests get much to eat.

This is chit-chat of the most revealing kind, even for us who are not directly involved in the political symbolism of Gaullism. It is

## My Neighbors



"Here, try them out on this."

## TRAVEL by Stan Delaplane

# It's Cheaper to Buy an Iron That Will Convert

"Can we get a converter for an electric iron that will work in various European countries which, I understand, have different current than ours?"

I never heard of such a converter. And anyway, it's cheaper and easier to buy an iron that converts from one current to another with a simple switch. GE makes one—and one with steam if you want it. Lightweight. Not expensive. Works over there and at home, too. Any place handling General Electric irons should have this one.

You will need a converter plug that plugs into the American style plug. They should have that, too. If you travel by ship, go down and ask the purser before you plug in anything. Ships seem to work on direct current (as opposed to house alternating current). And this is not what that switch is for.

Check in your first hotel in the country before you plug in. France is on 110 volt current—just like ours. England is on 220 volts.

"Where do you get passport pictures and how?"

Around all U. S. passport issuing offices in big cities, there are plenty of quickie picture places. But if you are in other cities—where you apply to the Clerk of a Federal Court—you have to depend on local photographers. You want two pictures, 2 1/4 by 2 1/4. Soft finish—what is called "mat finish."

They can be smiling. In color if you like. But head on. I get mine taken by a professional photographer. The quickies always look like a police mug shot. And since I have to see it for six years, I like to have something that doesn't depress me every time I open the book. Get a dozen extra prints. You sometimes need them for other identification. International Driver's License, etc.

"How much do you pay a travel agent for his services?"

You shouldn't have to pay anything. He is a retailer. Airlines pay him a percentage on your ticket. Hotels pay a percentage. So do ships and sightseeing tours and so on.

An exception is railroads. As big a company as American Express would not write me a railroad ticket simply because there is no percentage in it for them. However, if you are booking a lot of travel that does pay a percentage, then the agent will write in your railroad. The overall percentage makes it worthwhile.

Just to forestall the anger of the travel agents—(who always seem to be mad at me)—I must add: SOME agents write the rail tickets as a matter of good will.

The advantage of the agent is you get a lot of personal service. A lot of hand-holding and advice. And it doesn't cost you anything. There are good ones. Excellent ones. Mediocre ones. And some that could not book you on a local bus without blowing it.

"Is laundry and dry cleaning good and fast in European hotels?"

Yes. One-day special usually costs double—like our hotels. Otherwise it takes two days. That's this side of the Iron Curtain. In Moscow my laundry took four days. The maid couldn't have

cared less. A permanent Government employee.

Moscow-based correspondents advised me not to have clothes cleaned. They say the Russian cleaners take the buttons off—and usually lose them. Very hard to buy buttons in the USSR. The American Embassy sends their clothing over to Helsinki in Finland.

"What do cars cost to rent in Europe?"

The AAA estimates \$275

## Our Man Hoppe

# Mr. Thripps' Tragic Flaw

By Arthur Hoppe

Poor Mr. Harrington Thripps. For 15 years, he has aspired to one of the highest positions in our land, that of Presidential Crony.

He seemed admirably qualified, having a rare sense of adaptability, plus a vast store of old jokes. But his promising career has been constantly nipped in the bud by strokes of ill fortune. And when he dropped by the other day, he looked terrible. I knew the end had come.

"Always some little flaw," he said sadly. "During the Fair Deal I felt I had the position within my grasp. My wife flaunted three mink coats and our home was jammed with six deep freezers. But then I developed a compulsion to draw to inside straights. And naturally, no President could engage a Crony with such a flagrant character weakness.

"Then came the Great Crusade. My wife bought a cheap cloth coat, cut her hair in bangs and we took up bridge. Our hopes were high. But disaster struck. I developed a wicked slice in my tee shots. And the position of Crony rightfully went to others.

"At last we entered the New Frontier. My wife, now bouffant, took up abstract art and flower arranging. I studied sailing and the history of Boston politics. But when the chips were down, I fumbled the ball. It was due to Eunice hitting me with a shoulder block just as Bobby tripped me up. And there, of course, went the old ball game.

"With the advent of the Great Society, I felt our time had come at last. I purchased a horse, a five-gallon hat and a Berlitz course in Texan, which I was soon speaking like a native. My wife became an expert on the sources of the Federales and our daughter gamely mastered the Watutsi.

"I felt nothing could possibly go wrong. At last I would be a Crony. And then, these past few weeks, once again catastrophe struck. Once again I was the victim of a fatal inner weakness, a tragic flaw. For, try as I might, I can't catch cold."

Mr. Thripps paused and squeezed his temples. "It's been terrible. First, as you know, Mr. Johnson came down with that cold. Mrs. Johnson faithfully following suit. Several days later, in a demonstration of loyalty, Secretary McNamara went off to the hospital with the same ailment, to be followed in short order by Secretary Dillon and Secretary Rusk.

"In no time, every important Congressman was running a fever and all lesser executives had the sniffles.

"Oh, I tried to do my part. I sought out drafts and soaked my feet in a bucket before going on long walks in shirtsleeves. But all to no avail. My head remained disgustingly clear, my nose appallingly uncongested.

"Fate, I see now, is clearly against me. Good health in such times is more than a man can bear. So I am renouncing forever my ambitions to be Presidential Crony and I am retiring from public life to . . . Ah-CHOO

"Gesundheit," I said automatically.

"Thank you, my boy," cried Mr. Thripps, blowing his nose and dancing an ecstatic little jig. "And how'd you like to be a Federal judge?"



## Quote

"We spend so much time planning to give our children things we didn't have that we forget to see that they have at least some of the things we did have."—Elbert Forester, East Point (Ga.) Atlanta's Suburban Reporter.

"A smart husband is one who thinks twice before saying nothing."—Sally Koch, Poynteta (Wisc.) Press.

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