

Press-Herald

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Our Money's Worth

While the Legislature is struggling with several proposals to raise California taxes in order to pay for all the state services and programs deemed vital to our welfare and happiness, some of our most industrially competitive sister states are making hay with their no-tax-increase policies.

Ohio, for instance, is buying advertising space in national magazines based on the theme "Profit is NOT a dirty word in Ohio," and pointing out to businessmen in other states the fact that it has the lowest state and local levies of any comparable industrial state; that its budget has been balanced for the past two years and that the upcoming biennial budget is also balanced, without new or increased taxes. Furthermore, Ohio boasts of its productive labor force and enlightened labor leadership; its multi-million dollar programs for improved educational and recreational facilities; and many other inviting advantages.

We don't presume to judge the merits of the currently proposed tax bills in California. Legislative hearings and debates will develop a better estimate of their value. We are concerned, however, with the basics behind any asserted need for new and increased taxation. Already we have learned of a well-financed, aggressive program of industry-proselytizing by a group of 10 or 11 midwestern, southern and eastern states aimed at luring several thousand businesses away from California. Superior business climate is the major theme.

It would be well if our legislators, before they decide how we are going to pay for what we have and are going to get, would consider even more seriously whether or not we are or will be getting our money's worth.

You've Been Inflated, Dad

Along about this time of year most Americans feel very poor, indeed. Taxes, taxes, taxes; and what's left of value? Well, friend, there's you.

Remember during depression days when scientists told us the total value of the human body, chemically speaking, was 98 cents? Just the other day a national chemical company's stockholders were told that body chemicals today are worth about \$800!

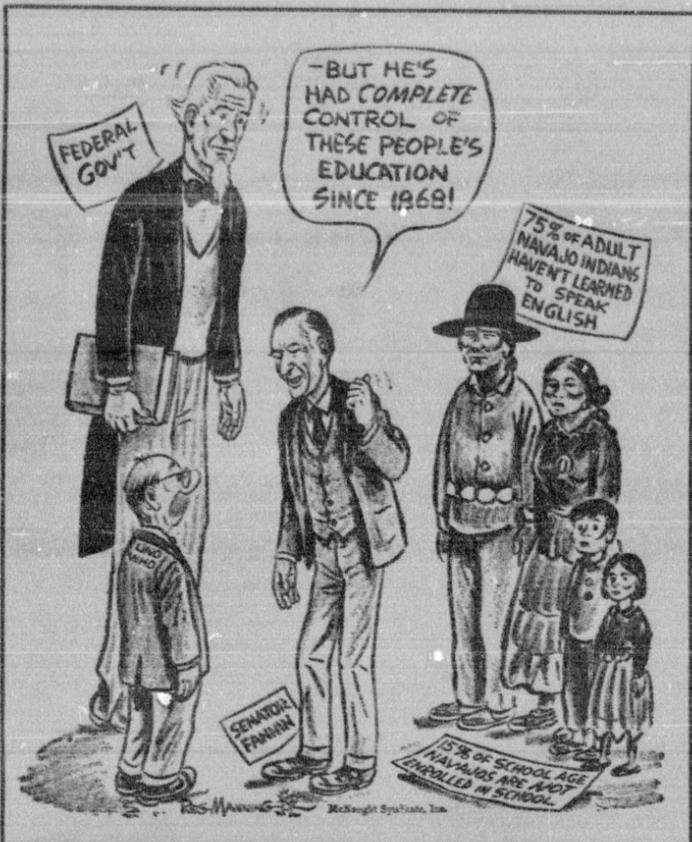
Guess inflation can't be all bad, dad.

Opinions of Others

"In the United States, the government is forever seeking to make everyone and everything more productive and more efficient. In the Soviet countries, the government is apparently trying to do the same thing. The difference in the results, of course, is the Free Enterprise system, which is the father of ingenuity and initiative. Take away the freedom of choice which we are supposed to enjoy; take away the personal desire to achieve; the individual will to improve and make better, and we have little more than Communism in Socialism!"—Clanton (Ala.) News.

"Administration ears-to-the-ground are hearing welcome applause from across the nation in anticipation of the cuts in wartime taxes on 'luxuries' that the President has promised. It's been a long time since VJ Day and citizens have long taken a dim view of taxes designed to put a damper on sales and production and release workers for the war effort."—Corydon (Ind.) Republican.

"We haven't heckled Postmaster General John A. (Zip-Zip) Gronouski for quite a spell. . . . We see by the city papers where the Postmaster General has announced that business mail users will have to zip code and pre-sort bulk mail by 1967. Even sooner—by the first of July, this year—such users will have to mark sacked mail for zip code sectional centers. . . . Mr. Gronouski, we don't mind doing half your work for you . . . providing we get better mail service. But if there has been any improvement it hasn't exactly stuck out like a sore finger."—Flemington (N.J.) Democrat.



ROYCE BRIER

Merchandising Atrocity Foisted on Eager Buyers

What is bugging Europe, is a question bugging Washington for a couple of years. The answer isn't too clear in Europe either.

M. de Gaulle doesn't like our troops hanging around, and the British are dubious of our leadership, so-called. The Italians fear Coca Cola will supplant their wines. They all lament our bastard culture, our tourists so gauche it almost discounts their dollars, but not quite.

Washington is deeply grieved, but will probably miss a teensy news item from Bonn. Seems there is a German chain called Hertie's with stores in 70 West German cities, and right now they are having an "America Week."

Looks like a Madison Avenue hard-sell, everything but Jane Fonda nude posters. Instead, they have the fronts depicting the New York skyline, and inside they're reselling the works, from Yankee ready-to-wear to barbecues.

You'll never know how

dreadful this is to the cultured elite over there, but it's going over like a prairie fire with the plebeians.

So you can fancy some frisky German clerk in his postage stamp backyard, garbed in apron and chef's cap, while his guests grow noisy on schnapps and tapping the beer keg.

If this moves over to France it could be the end of French cookery, if not Charley de Gaulle. The old venison pasties that Pepsys was forever extolling in his diary will come up pretty funny over charcoal on the lawn of an English manor house. Think also of the Italian blades who will be weaned from their pointy-toe shoes by crude American footwear. They always said Europeans could spot Americans by their shoes, but that day will be gone.

All days will be gone if this American invasion isn't arrested.

In Europe they call it the American craze, a word we

haven't used since the Civil War, when they talked about the ice cream craze.

Don't be surprised, though, that they sell American ice cream, not frozen custard, in the bar of the Lausanne Palace on Lake Geneva. They will also sell you a Pepsi there, or a Bloody Mary made with Del Monte tomato juice, if one remembers.

All this is one hell of a note, but Western civilization may not be lost if we could get British statesmen into single-breasted suits, or Chancellor Erhard to smoking Havana cigars, rolled in Tampa with black market Cuban leaf.

Seriously, though, as bad comedians always say, there is even more trouble in giants like General Motors and Chrysler taking over little giants in Europe. But that's so big you can't see it, while in Hamburg and Munich you can see this Munich you can see this your very eyes, alas and

WILLIAM HOGAN

Her Critical Binge Has The Marks of Clean Fun

Pauline Kael is the Christopher Fry of film critics. On the Pacifica network and in avant garde cinema journals she blends sharp, effervescent prose with the unorthodox ideas to produce a witty and often irascible comment on motion pictures and the people who make them.

"I Lost It at the Movies" is a collection of pieces on film over the past 10 years. What Miss Kael lost at the movies is really not clear. It cannot be merely her innocence, for much of her comment projects a marvelous innocence—as though she remains the original teenage movie fan. But neither, in the dark of the projection room, did she lose an admirable feminine washpishness which allows

Strength for These Days
(From The Bible)

Not my will, but thine, be done.—(Luke 22:42).
We should relax. We should let go. We should let God's will be done in us, through us and for us. If there is a need for peace in our mind we relax. We should let God's peace come flooding in upon us. We know that God's will is good, and God's good is ours if we seek it out.

her, at one point for instance, to observe:

"There's supposed to be something on fire inside Alma, the heroine of 'Summer and Smoke,' but from Geraldine Page's performance and Peter Glenville's direction, 'aint smoke that rises, just wispy little tired ideas goin' to rejoin the Holy Ghost."

Miss Kael does not tolerate phoniness in film, whether it be in the canonized "Hiroshima Mon Amour" or in an overblown musical like "West Side Story." The latter she cuts down to size by pointing out true inventiveness in this genre, which she says is to be found in "Singin' in the Rain."

Commenting on Elia Kazan's adolescent-slanted "Splendor in the Grass," she notes: "The girls act with their butts instead of their busts, and Miss (Natalie) Wood probably has the most active derriere since Clara Bow."

What makes her criticism crackle and worth perusing between hard covers is the sheer intellect, hence, personal prejudice and eternal reason in her comment. She does not overintellectualize, as some for her longer-heard fellow critics are prone to do ad nauseam. She is able to lash out at the silliness of a sainted European director

as well as a Warner Bros. hack. Almost anyone with an interest in film that extends beyond the collected work of Sandra Dee should get a kick out of this book.

As one who used to play the piano in this branch of the profession myself, I quarrel with Miss Kael's bickering with her fellow critics in print. I feel that she has much more to say than this. Besides, the newspaper reviewers—the shadow-boxes with here are at a disadvantage. Even with occasional pre-opening screenings, they are writing on deadline rather than at the quarterly magazine pace of Miss Kael.

Miss Kael is the true fan, who can reach far out for an allusion or simile. Is there anyone else beside Miss Kael and me who catches:

"I would guess that in a few decades the dances in 'West Side Story' will look as much like hilariously limited, dated period pieces as Busby Berkeley's Remember the Forgotten Man number in 'Gold Diggers of 1933'."

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STAN DELAPLANE

Summer is Best Time for Visit to the Caribbean

"I have forgotten the system whereby you can buy friends a gift dinner overseas."

This is called "Be My Guest." You buy it through any American Express office. You must have one of their credit cards. The amount of the bill can't be determined in advance, so the charge goes on your credit card.

All American Express people don't seem to know about this service. And sometimes you have to argue. But ask for the credit card department. And they should know.

"Also, where would you send them in Paris?"

Maxim's is the elegant Paris restaurant. (Black tie on Fridays.) The Tour d'Argent is very swanky. Each duck comes with pedigree, number and his last words. Nice view of Notre Dame at night. (The restaurant pays their light bill.)

If it's summer, I go to Cicerie des Lilas. Food is very good. And you eat outdoors.

"How do you arrange the tip?"

Tell them you want a tip put on the bill—5 per cent, split one for the wine steward and four for the waiter. You are automatically paying the French 15 per cent service charge. So the extra five is plenty. And don't worry about the head-waiter. He's got a thumbscrew on the waiter for his cut.

"Would the same procedure apply in London restaurants?"

As far as ordering a "Be My Guest" dinner—yes. But the English don't put on a service charge. So you order a percentage tip. And ten per cent is quite enough. The wine steward will make the waiter give him his share.

"Appreciate you suggest a night club in Tokyo?"

The only one where you can bring your wife—(that I know of)—is the Mikado. Good show. Big place. Seats about a thousand people. There are some 5000 night clubs in this swinging town. All expensive and the rate of pay is not posted. They have hostesses and they don't want competition. So if you take your wife, they will hand you a bill that will make you think twice before you do it again.

"Could you suggest a night club in Mexico City?"

You could try Villa Fontana with all those violins. The Belvedere on top of the Hilton. Capri with very good singers. That loud Jacaranda with waterfalls—too loud for me.

Nice intimate place is Rincon de Goya. No dancing but two alternating guitar groups—one Spanish, one Mexican. Add your check. The waiter can't.

"Is it safe for two women to drive in Mexico City and beyond?"

Sure. On the major highways. I wouldn't drive after dark. Road obstructions are seldom marked. A small piece of tree limb laid across a road didn't get there by accident. It can mean the bridge has gone out a few yards ahead. Truck drivers use a system of light flashes, day or night. A series of flashes probably means, "I'm coming through on a narrow bridge." Or it may mean, "I have no brakes." So get out of the way.

"You mentioned a hotel Maison de Ville in New Orleans . . ."

And I wish I hadn't. They've doubled the prices or better in the last few years. Good hotel but about \$20 or more a day.

"Can you give us the re-

ipe for the summer wine drink called sangrita?"

That's sangria. (Sangria is the hot red chaser for tequila.) Get a pitcher of ice. Pour a bottle of dry red wine over it—one of the California burgundy types is good. Add three or four slices of lemon and orange. Siphon in about a cup of soda water to make it sparkle. This is a great favorite in Spain and Portugal. They usually serve green olives and salted almonds with it.

"What is the best time for the Caribbean?"

Summer is when the prices drop a third to a half—and it's not dreadfully hot. But I would get a "lace away from the beach. Just go there to swim. They have a nearly invisible sand fly that can fly through screens three abreast. The bites can make you miserable.

HERB CAEN SAYS:

The 'Baddies' Know the Ropes

LAYKIN'S, the elegant jewelry salon in I. Magnin's here, has posted a Burns guard on the premises—in case the gang that knocked off the L. A. Laykin's tries to strike twice; the loot down there might hit the \$750,000 mark (the baddies knew their goodies, grabbing only diamonds, rubies and emeralds) . . . Shortly before Lenny Bruce took that great fall from a North Beach window, Charlie Huy happened to ask him if he'd seen the spread in Playboy. Bruce, huffily: "I NEVER read that obscene magazine!" . . . Sen. Ted Kennedy lost his watch and a wallet to a pickpocket at the Gay 90's but the pickpocket was Dr. Giovanni, the headliner there, and of course he returned the Senator's property . . . I wonder when some alert restaurant will get around to offering "The Farouk Blue Plate"—oysters, roast lamb, cake and fruit, the collation he was ingesting at the time of his demise.

CAENFETTI: Screenstar Joan Blackman's parents, Frank and Ivy Blackman of S.F., are divorcing after 29 years . . . But to even the score slightly, Mrs. Harold Smith Jr., who started a divorce action against her husband (the Reno gambling heir) three months ago, has decided to go back to him—even though I can't STAND Reno . . . Cartoonist Charlie "Peanuts" Schulz apparently has a surefire formula. His new book, "Love Is Walking Hand in Hand" (not to be confused with "Happiness Is a Warm Blanket Account" or "Security Is a Thumb and an Annuity"), has sold 50,000 copies before publication . . . Kinda makes you lose faith dept.: A writer who's a member of the Motion Picture Academy cast his vote for Julie Andrews as "Best Actress" in the Oscar race—and I know for a fact he has never seen her on the screen (that makes him impartial?) . . . Harry Truman has sent regrets: he won't be able to attend the UN's 20th anniv. sessions here in June—his doctor, he writes, has advised against it . . . A really desperate feller who lives in the hills near here tried to commit suicide the other day by swallowing 75 of his wife's birth control pills; the Sheriff reassured his worried wife with: "Looks like he's gonna live, and he sure as hell isn't pregnant."

WRITER STEWART ALSOP, currently on a lecture swing around Western college campuses, reports he's "amazed" at the students' generally hostile attitude toward the escalating war in Vietnam (Alsop thinks LBJ is on the right track, but most of the kids can't see it) . . . Cooking tip in Bert Bacharach's column: "Candied sweet potatoes will taste more flavorful if sprinkled with grated grapefruit juice." Care to try? . . . Social note: Decca Mitford Treuhart took Julie Andrews to L.A.'s Forest Lawn, which Julie had never visited; next day, Julie took Decca to Disneyland, which Decca had never seen—and that's what is known as a Fun Weekend.

WORDS TO LIVE BY: It is better to be rich and healthy than poor and sick.

AMERICAN AIRLINES is giving up the unequal struggle; on its S.F.-New York flights, stewardess now hands you separate portions of gin and vermouth so YOU can mix the martini . . . Add poverty pockets: The base pay for Army enlisted men, \$78 a month, hasn't been raised since 1952; by contrast Canada's get \$110 and West Germany's \$112—but then, Germany lost the war . . . This paper doesn't carry ALL the kookie classified ads, y'know. In The Washington Post, we read, under Help Wanted: "Receptionist, \$350 monthly. Must be blonde to go with new office decor" . . . My favorite "overheard" of this or any other week: "I'd marry him tomorrow, but there's more to life than doing the Frug" . . . Today's puzzlement: Among the "Foreign Languages" taught at the U. of Hawaii is—Hawaiian.

Morning Report:

The latest spy scandal can ruin us abroad. No, not for the military information that got out. We can survive that. But what it tells about our standard of living.

The Government charged a former Army sergeant with sending vital information to Russia for \$300 a month—and with no fringe benefits, either. I can see the Communist line now. Labor is so downtrodden in capitalistic America that spies can be hired for less than the going rate for a non-union fry cook.

Our Information Service must get busy at once with the true story. The alleged spy was in fact a real estate agent. He was just moonlighting at spying. America is still the land of unlimited opportunity.

Abe Melnikoff

