

# Press-Herald

GLENN W. PFEIL . . . . . Publisher

REID L. BUNDY . . . . . Managing Editor

Sunday, May 30, 1965

## The Sad Eclipse

Today is Memorial Day, the day on which in varying degrees of sincerity and enthusiasm we in the United States pay special homage to those who over the tragic years of war have paid the fullest price that man can pay for his love of liberty and decency.

This year, by ominous coincidence, today also is the day on which there will be a total eclipse of the sun in the South Pacific.

No parent of a boy in the jungles of Viet Nam needs to have the coincidence belabored. Nor should any of us, no matter how safely removed we are from the macabre threat of the Viet Cong.

Despite the lives that have been given, despite the offering of pain and destitution, the sun of human brotherhood and understanding, of unselfishness and peacefulness, still seems in full eclipse.

Yet in every total obscuration of the sun there flares for those who know how to find it the mighty corona of flame that leaps untold miles into the universe. So is there a corona of the human spirit that will not be obliterated, but will leap out into the universe of life in unquenchable testimony that the sun of goodness, and right, and love is there behind the shadow.

We can see that corona in the hearts of brave men in the jungles of the world; whether they be the jungles of steaming, far off lands, or the jungles of our own cities at home. And perhaps, with God's grace, we each of us can find a spark from it reaching out from our own hearts.

## Opinions of Others

"Camouflaged as the 'Great Society,' the insidious tentacles of Socialism have so fastened themselves upon the body politic of this once great Republic that relatively few of its citizens are aware of what has happened. Particularly is this true of the younger generation, confused by the double-talk of government bureaucrats and inoculated with the poison of 'social security,' they have grown into maturity with no real conception of the meaning of liberty and freedom. When men were free in America, before they surrendered their priceless heritage of liberty to a paternalistic government, they conquered a continent and established in this land a haven for the oppressed of the world."—Tonasket (Wash.) Tribune.

"... in Bulgaria. Offenders caught the second time driving while drinking are invariably sentenced to death... the death sentence is invariably carried out. On second thought, a death sentence for drunk drivers is not as harsh nor unreal as it might seem. Habitual drinking drivers in America generally sentence themselves to death. The pathetic and useless part of this sentence is that innocent drivers are often killed when the drunk driver's death sentence is fulfilled."—Pontoboc (Miss.) Progress.

"We understand that it will be illegal to state in a 'help-wanted' ad after July 1 whether you seek a man or woman worker. On that date a Federal law takes effect which makes it illegal to discriminate between the sexes. . . . It's hard to keep from discriminating against something or somebody in filling a job nowadays. If you choose an applicant with experience in the work you want done, you're discriminating against ignorance. . . . We hope the Supreme Court will hurry up and rule on some of these important questions."—Rangely (Colo.) Times.

"How soon will the Federal Government stop treating the individual states as a group of irresponsible children. The theme today seems to be 'We will take your money and then tell you how much you can have back and what you can use it for.' Similar to an alcoholic father mooching from his son with a paper route."—Grangeville (Idaho) Free Press.

## A Tragedy of Errors by Jerry Marcus



"I was so busy reading your signs I didn't see your stoplight."

## The Greatest National Debt



ROYCE BRIER

## Did LBJ Fumble the Ball On Dominican Decision?

Let us assume, as is widely assumed — though not proved — that President Johnson fumbled the ball in the Dominican crisis. Where do we go from here to recover the ball?

Most of the President's critics say he was precipitate in building the 400-man Marine rescue force to occupation strength of 19,000, justifying it on the ground a "second Cuba" was imminent. They say only a few hours of delay could have dispelled this air of headlong action.

They aver he should have assembled the ministers of the Organization of American States and addressed them, even before he had addressed the American people, about as follows:

"Gentlemen, I have information we are faced with a Castro-type revolution in the Dominican Republic. My country cannot and will not tolerate this. But your countries can no more tolerate it than mine can. I therefore urge you to communicate immediately with your governments, informing them what action we intend, and asking them to join us, in the use of force if necessary, to insure pacification and establishment of self-governing processes in the island."

WILLIAM HOGAN

## Scotsman Takes a Whirl At Sexual Gamesmanship

Scotch Broth: by now this is a game, like organized soccer. Who can produce the dirtiest book? The whole crowd is engaged in an athletic endeavor of "pushing the line back," as Alan Watts put it in another context when he described all culture as a game called "where do we draw the line?"

"A Green Tree in Gedde," a first novel by a 31-year-old Scotsman, Alan Sharp, does not win any pennant in this league. There is more unabashed prurience around in fiction than Alan Sharp provides. He's pretty good, for a Scotsman, and what makes his sexual gamesmanship disappointing is that he is a promising talent. He may remind you of both Dylan Thomas and Thomas Wolfe at points in this saga of four young Britons on an odyssey of self-discovery.

It is a murky business, like one of those movies shot in the back streets of Manchester. Two Scots friends and a brother and sister from an English Midlands town are the chief participants in this gritty ron-

delet, but there are others, social rebels (fashionable—you can identify), all bursting with sexual energies, like creatures in a mixed-up monkey cage.

I tuned in on Sharp's boyish thoughts because of the announcement that his work has been snapped up by publishers in England, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, and the United States. And by the further announcement that "A Green Tree in Gedde" is the first unit of a proposed trilogy—presumably involving the same characters. I can only assume that graphic sex in fiction is a spectator sport of Olympic Games dimensions and that, as Norman Mailer said in London the other day, it is only a question of time before it is shown on television. That might be the only act that could follow Mailer, Sharp, and a hundred other international soloists on this literary tomtom. But they will have pushed the line back.

I have nothing against literary sex if it makes a point, or develops a character, or theme. But the vocabulary, the relationships, the clichés, sex for the sake of sex in the contemporary novel have become downright wearying and for the most part phony. I am tired, gentlemen, and simply refuse to have more of it. I wish I had the time back I invested in these interminable scenes of sweaty, creepy, often unhealthy, almost undistinguished love-making among the young in the new fiction.

STAN DELAPLANE

## Travel Expert Has Some Tips for Airport Stops

ROME — "We are flying to Europe from New York. This is our first trip. Is there any special airport procedure we should know?"

All airlines ask you to check in an hour ahead of flight time. But you don't have to panic if you make it a half hour. They do double-checking on names, reservations etc.

I would try to make it an hour or more though. Because—there's always a line-up. And a cushion of time lets you exchange some dollars for money of the foreign port of arrival—handy for tips and taxis. And—you have time to go to the free port shop in the airport—(there's one of these and a bank in each terminal)—and buy cigarettes and liquor if you like.

These free port cigarettes cost about \$2 a carton. They'll cost \$7 in England, \$6 in France etc. Scotch will run \$2.50 compared to \$7 in Scotland itself.

... and how much duty-free items can we take in?"

The general rule is a bottle of liquor and two cartons of cigarettes. But England is the only country I've seen recently who asked me or even looked in my bags. And in England, they allow more than the law allows if you have a ticket onward to other countries. It's up to the Customs inspector. And he's generous.

"Whom do we tip?"

The redcap at New York airport gets 35 cents per bag—a fixed fee. England a shilling a bag. France a franc. Spain five pesetas. (All around 15 to 20 cents U.S.)

"Any things that we should take that are lacking in Europe?"

Europe has just about everything. However, I usually put three or four of the airline's soap bars in my flight bag enroute. Some of Europe still serves wafer thin soap. And in Italy you usually have to ask for it.

Shoe shines are a problem in Britain—and I never found any answer for it. There and all over Europe—leave your shoes in the hotel corridor at night. The night porter will wipe them off. But the British do their own shoe-shining at home.

There is a one-man stand in Piccadilly. And I did see a one-foot-at-a-time stand in the London Hilton. (But nobody and no shine equipment there.) The British tell me they feel it is demeaning for both the shiner and the person whose shoes are being shined. And it's a kind of Sunday hobby to shine your shoes at home.

Not so Italy, France etc. And in Spain, shoeshine stands are everywhere.

"Should we take Kleenex, paper towels? Anything like that?"

Towels, no. You can buy Kleenex or other tissues anywhere—though at somewhat higher prices than at home in most countries. They're handy in the flight bag. On many trains—(crack trains of Italy for example)—very necessary. Planes furnish them.

"Anything to watch out for?"

I don't leave money lying around. But I've never had anything taken from my room in any country. The other day in Pisa, an Italian boy chased me half a block to give me a small coin I'd dropped accidentally.

Taxis are confusing. Because they can't adjust meters to changing rates. But in countries where they have changed rates, or there is a night supplemental charge etc. the rates are posted—usually in all languages.

Whoever makes your hotel reservations, ask them what you do if the hotel simply doesn't hold to it. I saw an American couple in

Rome whose reservation at the posh Excelsior didn't hold.

Italy is jammed as usual. And the hotels are pretty arrogant. One cute little thing you don't find out until you get here: The hotel tells you you must take at least two meals in the hotel. Raising your room rate about \$7 to \$10. If you don't like it, no room. British, Swiss, and German hotel reservations are always OK. Spain probably, France maybe. Italy—who knows.

HERB CAEN SAYS:

## Stepped-On Artist Sues

SCOOPS DU JOUR: Newsweek magazine, sued for libel by the redoubtable Robert Watt Miller, got off the hook not only by printing a retraction in a recent issue, but by donating \$7500 to the S. F. Opera. "A modest sum," concedes Robert Watt, "but not the worst contribution we ever got." Director Kurt Herbert Adler: "Every little bit helps" . . . Artist Dong Kingman, S. F.'s contribution to the world of wizardry in water colors, has hired himself a lawyer—Roy Cohn, late of the late Joe McCarthy's mob—to sue a New York rug mfr. for a hot million; Dong charges that the mfr. copies his pictures on rugs and carpets without his okay, "and I don't like to be stepped on" . . . Gypsy Rose Lee's morning television shows contain more "beep-beeps" than a razor blade commercial. Every time she says "damn," which is most of the time, a beeper blots it out—but her occasional "hells" come through without interference (so much for TV morality). Her other blasphemies are snipped out of the tape by a cutter who must be the handiest guy with a pair of shears since Christian Dior.

NOTES OF A NAME-DROPPER: Novelist William Saroyan, talking fast at S. F. Airport: "I got a \$25,000 advance from Pocket Books and put it all in a stock—my first dabble in the market. It went down and out. From now on I gamble in gambling joints—you get more of a run for your money" . . . Strange meeting: Fleet Admiral Chester Nimitz spent two hours with Lieutenant Andreas Nemitz, radar officer aboard the visiting German training ship, Deutschland. Object: to find out if they're related. They uncovered a common ancestor in the 15th Century, plus, in 1610, a Nimitz-Nemitz who was broken on the wheel for robbery. "After that," reports the Lieutenant, "we stopped looking" . . . At the Huntington: Alistair Cooke, famed U.S. correspondent for the Manchester Guardian, just in from the Far East. "In Tokyo," he relates, "I was attacked by an irate Japanese student who took me for an American, so I turned on my British accent full blast and forced him back. Actually, I'm now an American citizen, filled with all the bigotry of conversion, but I must say we're not too popular in the Orient" . . . Novelist John Sherlock, whose "Ordeal of Major Grigsby" was a big seller last season, has written the story line for next season's "Peyton Place" series on TV. "It was easy," he says. "I used to live there and I merely drew on experience."

OF ALL THE BABY STORIES that have poured in since I became a father, I like Col. Dave Barrett's best. Happened when his old and late friend, General Claire Chennault, became a father for the 11th time, and asked his wife: "What shall we call it?" Mrs. Chennault: "Quits."

AS I KEEP SAYING, you're not getting all the news from Viet Nam unless you read this column. Comes it now a press release from the Converter Corp. of Leominster, Mass., as follows:

"Bug-Free," chemically treated sheet and lining paper that kills ants, roaches and other insects on contact, is making life in South Viet Nam a little more pleasant for the Stemples, a missionary couple serving in Da Nang, about 100 miles from the North Viet Nam border . . .

"The Stemple family, members of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, recently wrote to the Leominster firm for an additional 24 rolls of the 'Bug Free' paper. According to Charlotte Stemple, 'It really works out here. We line our closets, shelves and bureau drawers with the paper and it keeps them relatively bug-free for about six months.'"

I trust that the thought of dropping rolls of "Bug-Free" on the Viet Cong has occurred to the Bundy Brothers. A non-bugged guerrilla is the best kind to negotiate with.

## Morning Report:

I wonder who figures out what merchandise gets a tax cut and what doesn't. The President's plan is heralded as a \$4 billion excise tax reduction. Could be. But cut for whom?

Slated for reduction at this moment are automobiles, perfume, furs and jewelry. But nothing is said about lowering the heaviest taxes of all—on cigarettes and booze. Nobody fights in Washington for us smokers and drinkers. The idea is that we are sinners anyway and in addition smoking and drinking are bad for your health.

But heavy perfume surely has led as many men astray as gin, and freeway driving is at least as dangerous as cigarettes.

Abbe Mellinkoff