

And One Hand Taketh

What one hand giveth, another hand taketh away. That is often the case with taxes. The Washington publicists see to it that all-out notice is given to tax reductions. But it's a different story with tax increases. As little as possible is official-ly said of them.

Take, for instance, the social security tax. From the time the system got under way in 1937 until 1949, the maximum was \$30 a year each on employee and employer. Under existing law, it is scheduled to reach \$222 on each of the payers in 1968.

However, a pending bill, which includes the dubious medicare program, would shoot it up farther and faster. By 1987, each employee earning \$6,600 or more a year would have to pay \$369.60 and his employer would match it, for a total of \$739.20.

That isn't the end to the tax story. The states have been joining in the act, with new or increased sales, income and other such taxes.

So, to repeat, what one hand giveth, another hand taketh away.

A Misplaced Tolerance

While the state and the nation are mounting expensive attacks on cigaret smoking the dangers of which have been drilled into generation after generation of Americans—we are faced with the fact that a far worse evil, drug addiction, is spreading. With it must be admitted, considerable, if unwitting, acquiescence on the part of public and government alike.

It is shocking indeed to hear of the widespread use of marijuana on the campus of a fine school such as San Francisco State. Yet should it be too surprising? In court after court more and more purely technical restrictions are placed on law enforcement officers assigned to stop traffic in narcotics. Intellectuals write of their experiments with halucination-producing drugs, and the impression seeps through to young minds that such experimentation is indeed the new stuff of life.

So long as any excess which has pleasurable possibilities enjoys even passive public approval it will be explored and will wreak its havoc. It would seem that we could better spend our millions and our moral energy to create a total public intolerance of those unfortunate or stupid enough to experiment with narcotics, and more ruthlessly with those evilly avaricious enough to merchandise them.

Advertising Does Pay

In recent months, a good deal has been heard of Soviet intentions to take leaves from the capitalist book. For instance, such inducements as the profit motive are being tried in an effort to stimulate competition and to improve the quality and quantity of various kinds of goods.

Now, reports Stuart H. Loory of the Herald Tribune News Service in a dispatch from Moscow, another long step is being taken. He writes:

"The commissars have decided it pays to advertise. It brings, they say, 'higher turnover, faster selling and other economic benefits'."

Writers and artists of high talent are being mustered to produce layouts that, it is hoped, will lead eager consumers to part with their rubles.

About all one can say is, "What will they do next?" Maybe, on some distant day, the commissars will move toward a truly free society—the kind of society which the capitalist economic systems maintain.

Opinions of Others

In its search for added regulatory power, the federal government has turned from new fields to conquer to new waters to navigate. This is evidenced by the Administration's insistence on the creation of a new federal agency to take over water pollution control. The governors of 24 states have testified that the U. S. Public Health Service is doing a completely adequate job of protecting the nation's health in the water pollution control field and that its jurisdiction should be continued. In our view, the establishment of an unneeded new federal agency would result in chaos and could hamper, rather than improve, water pollution control.—*Cambridge (Neb.) Clarion.*

Most of all, labor wants to end all state right-to-work laws. President Johnson has publically mentioned repeal of the section of the Taft-Hartley law which permits such state legislation. It may be that the President is attempting to trade support for labor legislation for no-strike promises. If so, he may find that such promises are by no means reliable. And even when they are, he is still playing directly into labor bosses' hands at the expense of the rest of the country.—*Grand Junction (Colo.) Sentinel.*

Vice President Humphrey notes that "our citizens are living longer." Maybe it's their sense of patriotism. Somebody has to pay those taxes.—*Shenandoah (Penn.) Herald.*

Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz says that the days of importing cut-rate Mexican farm labor to California are over. "There is no question whatsoever that we can end the anomaly, the paradox of their being 400,000 to 500,000 unemployed in California . . ." Okay, so we challenge our labor secretary to put the street-corner bums and the other "won't work" individuals to work harvesting crops in California, Florida, and elsewhere. If he can perform such a miracle, maybe we ought to make him our president.—*Ocala (Fla.) Star-Banner.*



ROYCE BRIER

Our Moves in Hispaniola Seem Intricate, Strange

McGeorge Bundy, the Presidential assistant, was sent to the Dominican Republic to square things around.

Mr. Bundy is the gentleman the White House correspondents credit with an incisive if cold mind. But whether an incisive if cold mind was called for in the premises, is another matter.

There has been ample evidence in recent weeks that the Dominican situation is 99 per cent emotional, and such situations are impenetrable to logic and reason, though they sometimes respond to warmth and understanding.

Indeed, there is nothing in Mr. Bundy's background suggesting he has an aptitude for dealing with Latin Americans and their social, and political ideas, whatever his aptitude for computerized ideas. Any veteran consul general with long experience in Latin America would seem a more appropriate choice.

Not content, however, the President dispatched some agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation to the scene.

Now FBI agents are generally suave and sharp gen-

tiemen when dealing with the intricacies of kidnapping, embezzlement, subversion and like domestic malefactions.

But that many, if any, FBI agents have any special qualification for social revolution evolving as civil war, is much to be doubted.

Mr. Johnson is undertaking to learn through them the extent of the involvement of Communists in the Dominican street war. It is true FBI agents are versed in the machinations of American Communists, and can easily infiltrate their organizations, as is sometimes reluctantly disclosed. But Latin American Communists and their allies are not going to be infiltrated by a Cornell or Yale graduate, however brainy or cunning.

Further, the FBI has a gestapo-like repute abroad, and even among some Americans who have never made any study of how Himmler's Gestapo went about its business.

This repute is undeserved. J. Edgar Hoover has no gestapo tendencies, and even if he had, the United States courts would be a poor

place to exhibit them.

But Mr. Hoover and the President cannot elude the consequences of the assignment of these alien investigators to their task. The consequences will be a sense of outrage and corrosive suspicion throughout Latin America, surely an attitude we don't need more of at the moment.

What was Mr. Johnson to do? Presumably the Central Intelligence Agency would be more likely for the job, but you know the CIA. So, is Mr. Johnson trying to uphold his original estimate of several dozen red freebooters among the rebels, or to swell it, or to knock it in the head? We may never know.

When the President offered the estimate it was not impressive. Even if accurate, it only proved there were a handful of Commies thirsting for power in a downtrodden and chaotic society. But there are that many Commies thirsting for power in Fresno or Wilkes-Barre, with no downtrodden, chaotic society. Altogether, Mrs. Johnson's efforts to get out of the Dominican mess without stultification have been shall we say, Arcadian?

WILLIAM HOGAN

A Report on the Chinese --In Roundabout Fashion

Americans choose to learn the hard way. Officially agreeing to ignore almost half of the world's population, we can, in this age of communication marvels, find out something about daily life in a mainland Chinese community in a book translated from the Swedish.

This is "Report From a Chinese Village" by the sociologist Jan Myrdal, who with his artist wife recently was allowed to live in and study a representative village in Northern Shensi. The author, incidentally, is the son of Gunnar Myrdal, whose sociological report of 25 years ago, "The American Dilemma," remains a classic work on the American Negro.

Jan Myrdal's book is about people, not politics. He tries to reproduce as accurately as he can, with the aid of official interpreters, how Chinese villagers live and think. He has recorded their views of the vast social upheaval they have lived through, and what they feel have been their roles in it. His book, Myrdal states, is an attempt to help Westerners understand what is happening in China

on the intimate community level.

The people talk at length, often aimlessly—about personal tragedies in former wars; about what they eat, about children, the price of buckwheat, eggs and other consumer goods; about health and distribution of income.

Some of this is a little heavy going, for Myrdal's work remains sociology, not an exotic travel narrative, nor an interpretation. Yet the people do come alive as they talk, occasionally in tears, as some recall personal tragedies, or broken families. Apparently they talked freely, if uncritically, of life under the present regime. For the most part, the old-timers agreed that life was better now. Myrdal allows them their say, and draws no formal conclusions.



The book is a window that opens onto another world, a very real, often depressing one. The fact that it must come to us in a translation from the Swedish is what lends this interesting project its Alice-in-Wonderland touch. Illustrated with drawings and photographs. (Pantheon \$6.95).

Notes on the Margin—Ruth Kirk's comprehensive guide to the wonders of Death Valley Monument, "Exploring Death Valley," has been revised, expanded and reissued by Stanford University Press in paperback format (\$1.95). Photographs.

A dedicated mountaineer, Edward A. Rossit of Seattle, is the author of "Northwest Mountaineering," an instruction book for beginning and intermediate climbers. The Cascades, Mt. Rainier, other areas. (Caxton; \$5.50).

"Going Native in Hawaii," a kind of poor-man's guidebook, has been added to the East-West travel list on the Charles E. Tuttle Co., Tokyo (\$2). Author is Timothy E. Head, a California teacher who has been identified with the University of Hawaii since 1960.

SACRAMENTO REPORT

Death of the Ombudsman Duly Reported by Solon

By CHARLES E. CHAPEL
Assemblyman, 46th District
The Ombudsman was described by the Honorable Jesse Marvin Unruh, Speaker of the Assembly, in these words:

"The Ombudsman shall be distinguished by his intellectual standing and he shall be learned in the processes of law and government. He shall not have been a member of the Legislature during the two years preceding his appointment as Ombudsman."

This description of the Ombudsman is found in lines number 12 to 16 of Assemblyman Unruh's Assembly Bill No. 2956, which passed out of the Assembly (where Mr. Unruh introduced it on April 22, 1965) after much anguish, and without my support. Thereafter the bill found its way into Senate Committee on Governmental Efficiency and Economy, the chairman of which is Senator Luther Gibson.

Now, in order to lay a foundation for learning what happened to Mr. Unruh's Ombudsman, it is necessary to explain that Senator Luther Gibson is every inch a gentleman, that he has infinite patience and more than the normal amount of the milk of human kindness.

Also Senator Gibson is honest.

His only trouble is that he quite rightly feels that there are too many taxes, and too many tax-supported snoops trying to tell him how to meet the payroll for his newspapers and other free-enterprise corporations. Therefore, Senator Luther Gibson was very much interested in an Ombudsman who was slated to receive a salary equal to that of the Chief Justice of the California State Supreme Court, and an annual budget of \$265,000, for the operation of the office.

When the Unruh Ombudsman bill was presented at the rostrum before the Senate Committee, Mr. Unruh's spokesmen referred to page two (2) of the bill where the duties of the Ombudsman are partially explained, thus:

"The Ombudsman is empowered to receive and act upon complaints submitted to him by persons who have an interest in, or are affected by, or who claim to be aggrieved by any action, or recommendation of a state department, board, commission or other state agency or the officers or employees thereof. . . . and so on, ad infinitum."

In plain words the Ombudsman, if he or she had lived would have been a glorified complaint clerk with the power to investigate complaints right down to the last mouse hole in a warehouse, office, or home. Senator Luther Gibson

Quote

People care too much about "What will so and so say?" They should worry more about "What will I say?" or "What do I think?" — Irvin Hashimoto, Stanford student.

Why be so eager and anxious to rehabilitate the criminal before we even think of rehabilitating the criminal's victim and family? — James Muscat, San Francisco.

Too many people who rise to power seem to go through these stages: Youth, reform the world; Young Adult, conform to it; Adult, perform in it and deform it. — A. R. Wagner, Oakland.

The only way for a married man to hide something from his wife, Cheektowaga Charlie laments, is to put it in the basket with the undarned socks.—Lou Seguin, Cheektowaga (N.Y.) Times.

"A preacher may experience the same futility that comes to a cowboy seeking the unbranded calf, when a maverick soul escapes again into the brush." — Douglas Meador, Matador (Tex.) Tribune.

and all the dignified gentlemen on his committee listened patiently, but finally their patience was exhausted. The cream of human kindness curdled. Senator Gibson restrained his righteous wrath and said:

"As far as I am concerned, I want my own staff to look after my flock." A free translation of this comment is "Who needs an official snooper?"

The Ombudsman bill died a violent death on the evening of Monday, June 14.

The Ombudsman, himself, died with the death of the bill. The Ombudsman has been buried, without benefit of clergy.

A little post-mortem inquiry has revealed the fact that the Ombudsman is a Scandinavian of some kind. In the Kingdom of Sweden, which is no kingdom at all, but a Marxian-Socialist dictatorship, there is an Ombudsman, and he is called in Sweden "The Royal Snooper."

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Phyllis Buys Rolls, Walks

POLI NEGRI, one of the most fabled of the silent screen stars, checks in at the Sheraton-Palace—there to stay for three solid months while she writes her autobiography . . . Phyllis Diller, who already owns a T'bird and a Rambler, just bought a Rolls-Royce—although neither she nor her husband, Fang, can drive. "I got two tickets taking the written test," she cackles. "Fang surrendered more gracefully. If there isn't one of the kids around to drive, we hire somebody. I bought the T'bird from a guy who was going to Puerto Rico and couldn't use it there—the streets are too narrow." And so on. Any conversation with Phyllis sounds like one of her shows . . . Gena Mackinnon of Scotland, the 81-yr.-old owner of Drambuie (the Scotch liqueur), popped into town on the heels of a press release stating lugubriously: "This will probably be her last trip to this country." Gena Mac doesn't believe a word of it.

ESSAY SUBMITTED by a six-yr.-old girl at school: "Once there lived a lady and a man. The lady said 'I want a baby.' The man said 'No, we can't afford it.' The lady cried. The man felt badly. He went to town and bought her a diamond ring. He said 'Here's a ring because you can't get a baby.' Then she was happy."

GOV. GRANT SAWYER of Nevada is one swell fellow and I can prove it. Bob Drews, who does a show called "Colonel Bob's Adventure Theater" on KOLO-TV in Reno, concocted a skit in which he's arrested for speeding, whereupon the Judge orders: "Put a governor on your car." Quick cut to a shot of Gov. Sawyer sitting on the hood of his car. Election time must be approaching . . . Oscar-winner Claude Jarman was discussing the S. F. Film Festival the other day with an Eastern film distributor, who wondered: "Who's on the selection committee?" Claude: "Let's see, there's Barnaby Conrad, Niven Busch, Herbert Gold, Eugene Burdick—" Distributor: "A helluva committee — if you're selecting books!" . . . Adman Howard Gossage is back from a visit with some of the BIG Rich in Texas, most of whom arrived at a cocktail party in their own planes. Over the drinks, one commented: "I'm thinking about turning in my prop job on one of those Lockheed Jetstars," at which his wife snapped: "Harold, I'm NOT going to let you buy that unless you can get two of your friends to go in on it!" (A Lockheed Jetstar costs \$1.6 million).

ERSKINE CALDWELL, who hasn't written a book for ever so many hours, has his nose in the dictionary and a blank piece of paper in his typewriter, meaning that Volume 48 is about to be born . . . Gypsy Rose Lee and Corinne Calvet, the French actress, taped a little girl talk at Channel 7 this week—and a couple of snatches were funny. Gypsy: "How did you learn to speak English?" Corinne: "The best way is to marry a couple of American men." Gyp: "I married a Spaniard and I certainly didn't learn any Spanish." Corinne: "Well, you have to LOVE them. A little bit. At least at first." . . . Indicating that H'wood stars are getting less and less glamorous, Stella Stevens, due here for the "Synanon" opening, flashed word that she couldn't make it—for the most mundane of reasons. Has no maid, couldn't get a baby-sitter.

CAENDID CAMERA: Screen star Tab Hunter at Mingei-ya, greeting the giggly waitress with loud cries of "Taihen kirei desu" ("You are very pretty, I think"). O you Tabu Honta! . . . At a camera shop, Red Skelton peeling off \$879 to buy the new king of the camera road—Hasselblad's fantastic 500EL single lens reflex . . . Kim Novak and her groom, Actor Richard Johnson, billing and chewing at the Domino (later assessment by the owner: "They looked like lovebirds but they ate like chicken hawks").

Morning Report:

Finally—after four long years—we have finally completed the celebration of the centennial of the Civil War. Sometimes I never thought we would make it. And even at the end, we couldn't agree on what to call it. A good hunk of the country still refers to it as the War Between the States.

The celebration was a mistake. One hundred years is just not long enough for people to forget a war. The two sides get mad all over again.

The 150th anniversary of Waterloo is due this month. I trust the British will keep quiet about it in the interests of European peace. After all General de Gaulle is edgy enough as it is.

Abe Mellinkoff