

Press-Herald

GLENN W. PFEIL Publisher
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Wednesday, July 7, 1965

The Time Is Right

Washington columnist Lyle Wilson draws an unusual and ominous, parallel: "To reduce taxes repeatedly while spending borrowed money probably is like the use of morphine—comforting and good under controlled conditions but disastrously habit forming. The user becomes hooked. Since 1933 the United States has been hooked by deficit spending.

"The time and symptoms of withdrawal are terrible to anticipate. So terrible that politicians and people may never face up to government economy and debt retirement."

There is certainly every reason for Mr. Wilson's pessimism. At the same time, painful as withdrawal might be, the agony that will result if deficit financing goes on long enough is certain to be far worse. The dollar will become less and less valuable, and the standards of living of millions will go steadily down. Many, such as those who live on pensions and other fixed incomes, will be impoverished.

As with morphine addiction, the time to kick the deficit habit is now. The longer we wait, the tougher it becomes.

Others Say

The People Gain

The gas consuming people of California gained a needed friend the other day when the staff of the Federal Power Commission strongly recommended that the so-called "tailored supply program" of the state's regulated gas utilities be approved by the Commission. This is in direct contrast to the amazing action of a majority of the California Public Utilities Commission in asking the FPC to approve plans for an outside supplier to build a new pipe line that would bring into the state—for the sole benefit of two major consumers in Southern California—a huge supply of fuel unregulated by the state.

Why the PUC acted to disfranchise its own responsibility to the state's consumers, large and small, is a worrisome puzzle to many Californians, especially the one Commission dissenter, Peter E. Mitchell. As Mr. Mitchell warned, FPC acceptance of the PUC position "would be the surrendering of all regulatory principles to the dictates of private contract." And the residential consumer would be the forgotten, and financially hurt, man.

The FPC staff's support is welcomed by California gas consumers. It is to be hoped it presages an FPC rejection of an inexplicable and dangerous proposal. —California Feature Service

"Over in Sweden, long said to be the showcase for socialism or welfare, the national sales tax now will be 9 per cent. Cigarettes, for instance, will cost 77 cents per package. The rich have been equalized. The average man, and the poor man, pay the taxes, and pay until it hurts. The United States is well down such a road. Our government and our leaders should have the courage to ask people to pay their way. Our citizens should demand such a course. Yet, here we are, with our politicians unwilling to ask such an equitable proposal, and the people apparently happy and contented to follow the present course. We have lost much of our moral fiber."—Le Roy (Ill.) Journal.

"It's a peculiar world. Washington takes over our money, and then threatens to cut off our dole if we don't comply. Foreign nations can trample our flag, wreck our embassies, tell Uncle Sam to go jump in the lake, and still they receive foreign aid with no strings attached. Some things are hard to figure out."—Corri-gan (Texas) Times.

"A Montreal movie house was being picketed but business was brisk anyway as the theater was showing a good mystery thriller. The union strategists came up with an effective answer. The pickets began carrying signs that read: 'The professor's wife did it.' Two hours later the strike was settled."—Schuykill Haven (Pa.) Call and News.

A Tragedy of Errors by Jerry Marcus



"Who's been tailgating?"



ROYCE BRIER

Founding Fathers Didn't Trust the Military Brass

Most of the founding fathers were lawyers or politicians, with a scattering of businessmen, Washington was the only soldier of rank among them, and he was a farmer by occupation. He was quite in accord with the Constitutional provision making the President commander-in-chief. This was an aspect of the antimilitary attitude of the Americans. European monarchs were often trained soldiers, or were swayed by their generals and admirals. Americans had a profound distrust of undue military influence in the national destiny.

It was fully justified. Professional soldiers are trained for one purpose, leadership of the armed forces in the emergency of war. They are not trained for leadership of the nation in peace, or the art of science of international relations in war. We have conferred the presidential office on but two professional soldiers, Grant and Eisenhower. We have denied it to two outstanding military heroes, Pershing and MacArthur.

We have always been on firm historical ground in limiting our professional soldiers to the task for which they are fitted, planning and fighting wars. But in national stress soldiers often do not like this limitation. If they are good soldiers they may have an inner feeling of competence to make decisions touching the whole national welfare. They may attempt to influence a President to their view, and may combine to do so.

General McClellan, not a good soldier but a competent and popular organizer, endeavored to influence President Lincoln to his view, but failed. General MacArthur, both a good soldier and a good administrator, went outside his domain, and had to go.

If you reach the rank of a major general or better, and are uncommonly successful, those about you try to convince you that you're a great man, and it may not be difficult. You can get a fixed idea you have all the answers for your country. This is natural, and should

not be regarded as immoral or rapacious—though who doesn't covet Caesar's power, if only to save the world? But it is natural, it has to be watched to escape grave national trouble. A news story the other day said "The Pentagon" is exerting continual pressure on President Johnson to expand the Viet Nam war. Everybody in Washington knows this, so why hide it? Generals HAVE to win to fulfill their lifework.

So the President is torn between this massive pressure of some of his military advisors, and forces urging caution and mediation of every move. Many of these forces are contingent and outside the military realm, like the views of allies, neutrals and adversaries across the world. Lincoln, Wilson, and F. D. Roosevelt underwent the same pressures.

President Johnson's lot is not a happy one in this whipsaw emergency. We did not, however, elect him to be happy, but to exercise the power the Constitution confers on him, and him alone.

WILLIAM HOGAN

'Looking Glass War' Due For Smash Hit Treatment

In London recently the critic Anthony Boucher found that publishers there are convinced that the Spy Boom in the fiction market cannot last. There is just too much of it for comfort, including the Fleming-Bond syndrome and its imitators. But before the market for this escape literature collapses (if it does), we are in for at least one more big success.

This is "The Looking Glass War," by one of the most talented practitioners in the field, John LeCarre, whose "The Spy Who Came In From the Cold" was such a critical and commercial success last year.

Coward-McCann will introduce "The Looking Glass War" in this country on July 28. It reports that out of an initial 100,000 printing it has advance orders for 60,000 copies. The novel ran in condensed form in the Ladies' Home Journal, and is reported to have brought to that publication the largest male readership in recent times.

There is a key element in the novels of LeCarre (who is really David Cornwall, late of H. M. Foreign Serv-

ice) that is impossible to imitate. He is a fine novelist, first of all, who applies to his entertainments all technique and grace of a talented and disciplined writer. Again, he almost painfully deglamorizes the profession of espionage.

He does so once more in his new book, which deals with a British intelligence department held over from World War II and with men who have been living on short money and long dreams of former glory. Suddenly they inherit a case of major international implication, and LeCarre is off again on a smashing narrative that cannot help but be one of the conversation pieces of the summer season.

Again, the grubby, unattractive, brutally realistic side of espionage is emphasized—the opposite of James Bond's fantasyland.

In a letter to John G. Geoghegan, his American publisher (who sends along a copy to us), LeCarre wrote in part: "This novel is on one level, a fable: a nightmare expressed in the Kafka tradition, in terms of coldest reality. The

ideological deadlock . . . is replaced by the psychological deadlock of men whose emotional experiences are drawn from an old war. The piping has stopped, but they still dance . . .

"I think the book touches new ground when it discusses the phenomenon of 'committed' men who are committed to nothing but one another and the dreams they collectively evoke. These people have no ideological involvement. Half the time they think they are fighting the Germans, a good deal of the time they are fighting rival departments. The 'motor' of their energies lies not in the indicators—not in the Cold War—but in their own desolate mentalities; they are the tragic ghosts, the unfeeling dead of the last war."

One advance review of "The Looking Glass War" suggests that the ambivalence of the agents about their work and its anti-ethical aspects lifts this to "the thinking-man's level of reflective relaxation." In a day of the overly-sexed, under-talented thriller—and a predicted collapse of the Spy Boom—I agree.

STAN DELAPLANE

Spend the Whole Week in Juarez? Don't Be Silly

"We're thinking of flying to Juarez for a week's vacation. But friends advise us to spend a little more and go to Mexico City. What do you think?"

Go to Mexico City. The border towns are honky-tonk and colorless. Prices are hooked to the dollar. They're all right for a week-end if you live close by. But a week in Juarez—you'd go out of your mind.

"Could you advise a guide book on Mexico City?"

John Wilhelm's "Guide to Mexico City" is a \$2.25 paperback you buy at any tourist hotel newsstand in Mexico City. He's brisk and brief. Excellent on restaurants. Has a number of fine walking tours in the old part of the city.

"Where shall we send our parents for dinner in Madrid? Something colorful."

If it's warm weather, send them to the Plaza Mayor—a wonderful, huge square in the old part of the city. In the corner, there are two restaurants serving at outside tables: El Pulpito and Meson de la Corregidora. Both are good. Try the roast pig—lechón. And the sangria—a wine and fruit punch.

If it's colder weather, tell them to walk down the stairs, back of these restaurants into the dim-lit little street. At the foot of the stairs there's a cellar restaurant called Cuevas de Luis Candelos. (Luis was a Robin Hood of his day. The waiters are all dressed up in highwaymen's pistols and boots.)

A half block further, you find Botin's, one of Madrid's most ancient restaurants. Famous enough that you'd better call first for reservations.

"We HOPE that we can save enough money for six months abroad somewhere. What are the swingiest towns around the world? And how much do they cost?"

No. 1 is Tokyo—expensive. A glitter of plush night clubs. Cocktail showtimes. Mama-san bars and swinging tea houses. Lots of afternoon jazz coffee houses that are not too expensive where young Japanese hang out.

Others are Copenhagen (moderate prices). Madrid and Mallorca (inexpensive). London (fairly expensive). Papeete, Tahiti (cheap if you stay with the Hinano beer). Paris—if you keep to the Left Bank. And even so, expensive Normandy coast in the summer. But stay out of Deauville. Go across the river to Trouville. Several small and inexpensive jazz parlors.

"You once mentioned a French custom of serving brandy in the middle of dinner . . ."

That's a custom in Normandy during those enormous noon meals. About a third of the way through—say after the fish and before the meat—they bolt down a big jolt of calvados—the Normandy applejack. Supposed to refresh your appetite.

You get a similar (but non-alcoholic) effect by serving a lime sherbet between these courses.

"Do you know any sources for tracing your ancestors by old records in England?"

Ask the British Travel Association at 680 Madison Ave., New York City. They had a free booklet on this: how to look for church records, hearth tax registers, rent rolls, census and so on.

"Any good ideas for a young healthy couple for unusual and not expensive travel?"

I saw a new book that looked interesting: "Rivers I Have Known" by Willard Price. He's a buff on river travel. You might pick up some good ideas on renting boats and traveling on the inland water—ways of Eu-

ropes. "Could you give us per diem costs for a couple camping in Europe?"

I don't know from personal experience. But here's a letter from an American couple living in a camper truck on the south coast of Spain:

"Our daily expense including food, entertainment, trips, gasoline, wines, liquor, cost of staying in the camp, gas for our stove, heating

and our refrigerator, electricity—everything—is less than \$8 a day. Many people here are doing it for as little as \$6 per day for two persons."

"What do you recommend for presents for people in Europe?"

Late American records. Because they're lightweight. Don't take up much room. And people seem pleased with them when I bring them in.

HERB CAEN SAYS:

So Herb Went Out for Lunch

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE: I had lunch the other day with Sam Goldfish and Estelle Thompson. You don't care? Okay, so I had lunch with Sam Goldwyn and Merle Oberon. You simply must care because they both had broiled salmon, fresh from the Bay, and pronounced it the best they had ever eaten anywhere in the world. On your feet, salmon, and take a bow.

Mr. Goldwyn, now a trim, bright-eyed 83, was here because he has sold 50 of his movies for the first time to TV. "That's only a few," he said confidentially, "I kept a lot of them back—'Dodsworth,' 'Arrowsmith,' 'Hans Christian Andersen,' for instance." Why? Because I love them." A spokesman interposed nervously: "We will show far fewer commercials than usual during the Goldwyn movies." Sam: "Thank you from the bottom."

In spite of everything you've read through the years, Mr. Goldwyn speaks fluent English, devoid of Goldwynisms. I didn't ask him whether it's true that he refers to Ricardo Montalban (now here in "King and I") as Ricardo Mendelbaum. Or whether he described one writer as "a clever genius," warned about the H-bomb that "it's dynamite!" or said that people who go to psychiatrists "should have their heads examined." "A verbal contract isn't worth the paper it's written on?" "In two words—impossible!" He denies them all.

When he started in the movie business as Sam Goldfish, a partner suggested that his name lacked a certain dignity. So he changed it to Goldwyn, borrowing the "wyn" from his close friend, Arch Selwyn. "A good thing," I said, "that Slewyn didn't return the compliment and change HIS name to Selfisch." Mr. Goldwyn chuckled just as though he hadn't heard that 1,000 times before.

Miss Oberon, nee Thompson, was here because she has starred in so many Goldwyn movies "and because I wanted to do Sam a favor." Being, at 50-something, one of the world's great beauties, she did us all a favor.

H'RAY: It's been a long time since we've played games here—Tom Swifities were the last—so we're indebted to a reader for the Telephone Game. Starts with Alexander Graham Kowalski, the first telephone pole. Then John Wilkes Bell, the first telephone booth. Alexander Graham Belle, the first French phone. Getting it? Swell. How about Anna Mae Bell, the first Wong number? Take it from there, dare ya.

PAUL "RED" FAY JR., the former Undersecretary of the Navy, would like to scotch the insistent rumor that he'll run for Mayor. Quotes "First I've got to get my company—Fay Improvement—back in shape. Then I've got to get myself back in shape. After that I have to finish my book about John F. Kennedy. It'll be three to five years before I even want to think about politics." His book, to be published next Feb. by Harper & Row, is tentatively titled "The Pleasure of John F. Kennedy"—suggested by Fay's eight-yr. old daughter, Cally. When JFK was assassinated, the world lost a leader, the nation lost a President, "Red" Fay lost a dear friend—and Sally lost a godfather.

ADD CETERAS: Don't tell Henry Miller that sex doesn't pay. The top four paperback best-sellers in N.Y. recently were his "Sexus," "Plexus," "The World of Sex" and "A Quiet Day in Clichy" (Henry the Millinaire?) . . . Artie Schallock, the one-time Yankee pitching star, has the shiniest shiner for miles around. At the Meadows Club, Joe Oringo, an ex-big leaguer, hit him right in the eye (by mistake, of course) . . . Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre, authors of the hot new best-seller, "Is Paris Burning?" (another W' War II epic) were here—Dominique a bit crestfallen: "A few years ago before I went back to Paris, I worked in the book department at the White House. Couldn't wait to get back as a famous author—to autograph our book there. Now I find the store closed." Collins: "The movie version will be shot in Paris, and will THAT be a problem. For one thing, we can't show any TV aerials, and Paris is full of 'em. Second thing, it's against the law to explode anything there. So we'll 'fire' smoke, and dub in the bang."

Morning Report:

(Abe Melnikoff is on vacation. His Morning Report feature will be resumed on his return.)

Abe Melnikoff