

# Press-Herald

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## Re-Elect Charles Chapel

Assemblyman Charles E. Chapel, who has represented the 46th Assembly District since 1951, is seeking his ninth term in Sacramento at the polls on Nov. 8.

Throughout his long tenure, "Charlie" Chapel has been regarded with praise and criticism but never with indifference. He is an activist, a doer, a mover, and as such is often in the thick of the action in Sacramento.

It has been our observation, however, that "Charlie" is never so occupied with the affairs of state that he forgets the people who have honored him with the office. Constituents directing requests to him get prompt service. If it relates to matters outside his office, the request is relayed to the proper authority. If it does concern his office, he acts promptly.

In so performing the functions of his office, Mr. Chapel is serving in the best tradition of representative government. At the same time he has stood firm against the inroads of supergovernment. For this, the citizens of his district have every reason to be grateful to him.

Chapel's contributions to California's welfare have been many. It was his law which knocked the communists off the California ballot. He is the author of the antinarcotic Nalline-test law. He authored the state's first anti-loan-shark law, and the state's first laws on atomic energy.

An engineer and scientist of national repute, Chapel is the author of more than 20 technical books on guns, ballistics, fingerprinting, and technical aircraft maintenance and operating texts, including the Northrop Aeronautical Institute series of aviation texts.

In his capacity as a legislator, Chapel has kept in touch with the day to day events which have a bearing on his constituents. He relates one example of his activity in his column published in the Press-Herald today on Page B-8.

Such service is not for sale, it has to come from someone who has a genuine concern for those he serves.

Because the Press-Herald believes Mr. Chapel has amply shown this concern during his eight terms in Sacramento, we urge that he be re-elected at the polls on Nov. 8 by voters of the 46th Assembly District.

## Others Say:

### Why Copy Failure?

A reporter for The National Observer has been on a tour of Russia. His factual account of life in the Soviet Union presents what, to American consumers, must seem a nightmare odyssey into a jungle of dullness, inefficiency and scarcities. He tells of trying to buy a pair of Russian sandals in Yalta. Although summer was only beginning, no sandals were to be had. Shops were sold out. A new supply was not expected until next year.

"Efficient distribution," he observed, "seems to be beyond the best efforts of state planners. . . . After visiting dozens of stores in Soviet cities, the reporter finally concluded: . . . that the introduction of a big American five-and-ten would trigger a revolution that would make 1917 seem like a tea party. The selection of convenience-type household items in an American variety store, for instance, is beyond the knowledge, beyond even the imagination, of the average Russian."

The American mass-distribution system may have its faults, but it is a magnificent demonstration of the advantages of a competitive free market where the consumer is king. Modern retailers, both chain and independent, are products of this system. Mass distribution is a counterpart to mass production. Both are geared to the demands of a free economy. Both have evolved in response to the requirements of an expanding population and rising standards of living. Political agitation for restrictions and regulations that would ultimately emasculate the free market system should be unequivocally opposed.

As the reporter for The National Observer bluntly declared, efficient distribution is beyond state planners. Why copy a demonstrated failure? -- *Industrial News Review.*

The easiest way to get into trouble is to be right at the wrong time.—*Torrance Lions Club Bulletin.*

"Changing Times" reminds us that the cost of living in the U. S. in the 30s was remarkably low. For instance, you could buy a loaf of bread for seven cents, prime rib of beef for nineteen cents a pound. If you wanted a new DeSoto standard coupe with a rumble seat, the cost was \$735. General Electric stock was going begging at \$3 a share. But, the average family's income was \$1,600 a year.—*Nederland (Tex.) Review.*

Did you know there's a limit to how much the federal government can go into debt? Really, there are three limits. One is the legal limit. Congress decides that. The second might be called "the sky," because it's up there somewhere out of the sight of all. The third is the economic limit, which unfortunately, no one can know we have reached until it is too late.—*Lovington (N. M.) Daily Leader.*

Every now and again some government official gets asked why there is no declaration of war to go along with our increasing commitment of American forces in Viet Nam. The very fact that the official answers vary from one time to another leads us to suspect that they may be more on the order of excuses than reason. . . . Perhaps one day when they run out of excuses, our Executive officials will have to tell us their reasons for sending more and more men into a protracted, undeclared, and indecisive war on the other side of the globe.—*Fort Pierre (S. D.) Times.*

## Columbus Proved the World Was Round



STAN DELAPLANE

## Shannon: Misty Isle's Big Department Store

SHANNON, IRELAND — This is the misty, green country of Ireland. Crumbling stone castles like the steel engraved prints they made two centuries ago. Peat that burns pure gold.

No matter what airlines you fly, no matter how your ticket is written, chances are you are entitled to stop off in Shannon at no extra cost. (If the ticket doesn't show this stop, you can have it rewritten in Europe.)

Shannon gives you a \$23 overnight stop that includes: Your hotel room and breakfast. The big medieval dinner at ancient Bunnatty Castle — food and music of the times when the Irish pulled their enemies apart with wild horses and other refreshing sports. A morning of sightseeing through County Clare. A couple of hours of shopping in the duty-free airport shop before the afternoon plane takes you on to New York.

"Where are the airport shops where you pay no taxes in Europe? What should we buy?"

The biggest is at Shannon, Ireland. There's another at Schiphol airport, Amsterdam, not quite as extensive. Copenhagen and Orly at Paris and Zurich have shops. But not with everything. Shannon is stocked like a department store: perfume, gloves, tweeds, transistor radios from Japan and binoculars and tape recorders from Germany. They sell typewriters and all makes of foreign cars. No tax. No duty.

They do a big mail order business. You pay U.S. duty, but it's still a good buy on many items. If you want a catalogue, write Shannon Free Airport export manager, Shannon, Ireland. (If you want tweeds, ask for samples.)

New York airport sells you tax-free cigarettes. You order. They deliver them aboard the airplane. Here's

how it worked for me: England allows you to bring in two cartons. (They'll cost you 75 cents a package to buy in England.) I bought six for two of us. The Customs man said: "You're two cartons too many, you know." I said: "Just about what I'll need for myself." He said: "Well, all right. They ARE bloody expensive here."

"I'd like to give my boss

### Travel

something practical to take to Europe . . . ."

A lighter if he hasn't one. You rarely find a place that has free matches. A pen-size flashlight is a good bedside companion in strange hotel rooms.

"Will we run into language problems in Japan? Should we take some lessons?"

I've tried to study Japanese, and it certainly is difficult. But I lived in hotels where only Japanese is spoken and got along OK with a two-way dictionary and plenty of sign language.

For taxis you should learn "right," "left," "straight ahead," "stop" and "telephone." If you know where you're going, give the driver the phone number written down and phone change. He calls. They direct him.

"We would like to go

somewhere in Mexico for Christmas where it is lively . . . ."

At Christmas, North Americans and Mexicans all want a place that's lively. Consequently, they tell me Acapulco and Puerto Vallarta are booked solid already. Airlines are telling people they have no seats in the Christmas week.

## Morning Report:

They say that it takes a freshman Congressman at least two terms to find out what's going on. We voters probably never know—except once in a while.

But the other day the House Administrative Committee lifted the airline credit card of Adam Clayton Powell, chairman of the Education and Labor Committee. All of us got that. Earlier, members of his committee had staged a revolt but some kind of revolt where the chairman came out smiling and claiming a victory. It was all too involved for the likes of us.

The credit card affair, however, is clear. I can think of only one thing worse: losing his right to send mail free to constituents. Or maybe the key to the private toilet.

Abe Mellinkoff

## HERB CAEN SAYS:

# Golden Charg-a-Plate Tops Newest 'In' List

Sentimentalizing about Old San Francisco is out, decriing the present-day S. F. is in, and worrying about the future city is a bore. Knocking the Establishment is out unless you're a member of it, but being a member of an out-group is in provided you don't take it seriously. The Golden Gate Bridge is in because it's the shortest distance between two places, whereas the Bay Bridge is out because it only takes you someplace if you're heading West.

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Doing something nobody else does is in, such as waiting for the "Walk" sign, moving to the back of the bus, and paying your fare on a cable car. Now that they're out, pigeons are back in, but only sous cloche. Buying \$250 worth of gold buttons to put on a \$75 blazer is very in. Crew cuts are out, but handlebar moustaches grown on the lower lip are in. Everything topless is out, including men who play tennis without their shirts. Wife-trading is out unless you're not married or can play the game with Richard Burton. In: a tiny gold button-hook to help you fasten your wing collar. Inner: a gold-plated Charg-a-Plate. Playboys is out, except for interviews, and Esquire is in, especially after its October cover ("Oh my God—we hit a little girl," in great white letters on a black background). In: riding a Bactrian camel, otherwise known as a Barca-lounger with legs, along Main Drive

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in Golden Gate Park. On a Sunday. All disc jockeys are out except Johnny Holiday (Don Sherwood is in, barely, when he oversleeps). Out as dinner table conversation: Viet Nam, civil rights, LBJ, taxes, and sex. In — doing something drastic about all of those except the last. Pot-wrapped baked potatoes are out, baked potatoes with sour cream and caviar are in, and using baker potatoes to make shrunken heads is inner yet (you use black darning thread for the mouth and nose and your imagination for the rest). All jokes about Phyllis Diller's appearance are out, as are all her jokes about her appearance, which is no joke. Richard Nixon is out because he tries too hard to get back in.

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Having a checking account at an off-beat bank (like the Bank of Hong Kong or the Chartered Bank of London), your own private ivory sticks on file at Johnny Kan's your suits made by an unknown tailor in Bordeaux or Bologna and a weekend retreat on Seal Rocks are all in. Wearing Ivy League clothes if you're over 30 and Mod clothes if you're over 30 are out. Reasonably in: an unlisted Zip code number; an unlisted Social Security number.

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Caenucopia: At the Battle

of Britain Memorial Service in Grace Cathedral, the RAF battle ensign was carried by S.F.'s Robert Valentine Jessett, a BoB fighter pilot. The ceremony was photographed by his daughter, Regan Jessett, who next year joins the RAF — as a photographer. Her mother, Buffy, was the first American to enlist in that service, in 1939. Cheers! . . . The owner of the new Tiburon Lodge across S.F. Bay, is being ribbed about the big "No Pracking" sign over his parking area, but he refuses to change it. "Works fine," he reports. "Not a single car has cracked there yet." Not even a Ford. . . . George Shearing, the blind jazzist, was browsing around Brooks' Camera Shop the other afternoon, and do you find that eerie, too? Funny cat, Shearing, when he overheard a customer saying: "Wait a minute till I put on my glasses," he piped up: "Would you care to borrow my Guide Dog?"

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Writer Albert Kahn is back at work, finishing up his book on Pablo Casals, after spending weeks with the great musician — most of the time playing dominoes with him, and losing. "Don't give up," advised Casals, "By the time I'm 100, you'll get the hang of it." . . . Realtor Bob Amore, showing an old house to a couple, pitched to the wife: "I agree it's kind of a mess, but it has a lot of possibilities." The wife, shaking her head: "Sorry, I said the same thing the first time I saw my husband."

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Caenucopia: At the Battle

## ROYCE BRIER

# DeGaulle Critique of U.S. Power Warranted

President de Gaulle was quoted recently as saying the chief threat to international stability lies in the "excessive power the United States now exercises. No one doubts the . . . good intentions of the Americans. But power has its own logic . . . a logic that has led them to exercise over the world, a domination that is, in fact, contrary to their own philosophy."

M. de Gaulle, like Lincoln, has a curious capacity for setting forth large historical problems in very few words. The question lies in judging it: is it true? Has it some, but not all, truth in it? Is it wholly false? Because de Gaulle has been intransigent in the face of American plans, our tendency to consider his pronouncement false, if not malicious, American statesmen, alas, will so consider it. Bue de Gaulle's alienation would

not preclude an objective American judgement.

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Our first question must deal with M. de Gaulle's use of the word "monition." The United States does not, for instance, dominate Europe as Augustus' imperium dominated the Mediterranean world.

True, we exert perhaps undue influence in western

### World Affairs

Europe by reason of our economic supremacy. Having this influence, we project it, possibly with no great tact, but this is not domination. The British and the Germans presently are in some degree economically dependent on us, but that is due to the economic power vacuum existing, for different reasons, in their two countries.

As to the Soviet bloc, our economic influence is negligible, and so for northern Asia and Africa. In Latin America our economic influence is doubtless unhealthy, but here again there is historical development of an economic vacuum, which we have not met with unrelieved wisdom.

Outside the economic sphere, we may estimate that if the Soviet Union has expansionist aims, these are stalemated by the existence of a large number of military bases ringing the Soviet system.

The Soviet Union is big enough and strong enough to defy many of our wishes up to a point of open conflict, but it manifestly is unwilling to test us with open conflict. This is not American "domination," but we must concede the form of international stability it confers is not propitious.

We hardly dominate Red China, and the nature of the war we are waging in Viet Nam is not promising even of future influence on the Chinese mainland.

All of those nations across the world which are antipathetic to American influence are free to say without serious reprisal. Notwithstanding, the world is top-heavy with American patronage, so to speak, and "excessive power" is not too strong a term, or "contrary" to our philosophy, not an unwarranted judgment. It is neither good for the world nor for the United States, and M. de Gaulle should be thanked for calling it to our attention, for only we, the Americans, can keep it in hand.

## WILLIAM HOGAN

# First Solid History Of San Francisco Due

A history of San Francisco? One's first impression is that there must be a dozen available, but such is not the case. Guide books, yes; specialized picture stories and historical vignettes (the Gold Rush, the fire and earthquake). For years book sellers have lamented the fact there is no such adult chronological history in print—not since Oscar Lewis provided one a third of a century ago.

Howell-North, the Berkeley publisher, will correct this next week by introducing a new work by Oscar Lewis, a full-dress, illustrated history, "San Francisco: From Mission to Metropolis" (\$6.50). The other day we checked with this dean of Western historical writers at his unofficial headquarters, the Sutter street rooms of the Book Club of California.

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As a Western publisher, Howell-North was the ideal firm to produce this history. For sales reasons, Lewis re-

ported, Eastern publishers wanted a "jazzier" municipal story, one bubbling with personalities from Emperor Norton to Sally Stanford. It is easy for historians to specialize, as Lewis did in his classic account of the railroad kings, "The Big Four," which Knopf still sells (in a 17th printing). Our historian doesn't mind color in his work—who can

### Books

avoid it in the San Francisco story Lewis insisted on a solid, rather than a flashy history, because that's the way he works and that's what book dealers, school librarians and, he suspects, the general public wants.

The new history runs between the period when the bay was discovered to the present Golden Gateway and freeway controversy. There is more mention of recent civil rights activity, but one must be careful with dealing with the temporary scene. What is contemporary

history and what, ten years from now, might seem odd, or irrelevant?

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As well as "overdocumented" periods in the city's history (the Gold Rush again), Lewis found several "underdocumented ones," San Francisco's Civil War years; or another, the era quake, say from 1910 into the 1920s. And talk about rebuilding the city today—the tearing down and reconstruction during the 1870s was an incredible time of municipal face-lifting.

After years of writing, Oscar Lewis cannot think of retiring. He always has a new book in the works. Does the prospect of a new book stir a veteran professional? Well, the publisher rejected the original jackets of this one, feeling that the author's name did not appear in large enough type. Lewis did not argue. Yes, a new, completed book in an author's hands remains a stirring experience.

## My Neighbors



"OK OK—you've passed your cooking merit badge requirements."