

Press-Herald

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A Salute to Veterans

Most of us can't remember Nov. 11, 1918, but on that day the world celebrated what was supposed to be the end of the war to end wars. Then and for a number of years it was celebrated each Nov. 11 as Armistice Day.

On Friday, Nov. 11, 1966, we will pause to acknowledge that same event, except most of us now can remember succeeding wars, ranging from World War II, the Korean War, and now the Viet Nam War.

The war to end war was to make the world safe for democracy. In that respect, it can be put down as less than brilliant in its success, but it has given hope to millions of people the world over. In all corners of the world, people who have only glimpsed at the freedoms we enjoy as Americans look to us for hope.

At the heart of the hope is the American youth who puts on the uniform and leaves his family, schooling, and career while he fights for that freedom in the far corners of the world.

Friday America will pause to pay its respects to those men — by the millions — who have made this sacrifice in an effort to assure that their children could live in a peaceful world. The fact that those efforts have not been as successful as we would prefer cannot detract from the quality of the efforts of our servicemen.

Those who served — many at a cost far beyond what we should expect of them — are in the spotlight Friday. The ranks are growing daily, but we know well that each has contributed to that day when there will be no need to add to the nation's list of veterans.

Inflation Hits Grocers

"You're damned if you do and damned if you don't," fits the situation in which the gigantic food industry of the United States apparently finds itself. On the one hand, retail distributors' costs in all fields have risen steadily—average hourly wages are far above 1950. On the other hand, consumers have steadily demanded an increasing array of services—elaborate parking lots, magnificent supermarkets and more precut, precooled, pre-frozen and precooked convenience foods that cost more to produce.

Inevitably, the spread between farm prices and retail prices has increased. The food distribution system is in danger of becoming a political football, as retailers are forced to pass the cost of inflation and plush services onto consumers. However, the fact remains that no nation has ever enjoyed a retail system equal to that in the United States.

A modern food chain retailer operates on a profit margin so slim that were it eliminated, the saving to consumers would not be noticeable. Relatively speaking, food is a bargain, taking an average of only 18.2 cents of each of our after-tax dollars.

Thanks to the progressiveness and efficiency of the food industry from farm to family dinner table, we are the best-fed nation in the world. The food industry should not be made a scapegoat for government-promoted inflation, nor for trying to provide the ultimate in service in response to consumer demands in a competitive free market—a market that automatically guarantees the fairest possible prices on a basis of supply and demand.

Opinions of Others

This is not an anti-renewal amendment. . . . All too often, however, the people of a community have been the missing ingredient in urban renewal. The people have a right to know and to participate in making the community's decision about urban renewal, and urban renewal needs the enlightened understanding of the community.—Rep. Florence Dwyer (R-N.J.) in submitting an amendment which would have allowed communities with 150,000 persons or fewer to vote on urban renewal.

Frankly, I haven't heard a good explanation of what the demonstration cities concept really is. Until I do, I will have to say with tongue in cheek that it must be an effort to demonstrate that in the cities you can pile federal aid upon federal aid until you build a complete federal city, which belongs entirely to the taxpayers but which has no taxpayers to keep it going.—Rep. Chester Mize (R-Kans.)

The guideposts are inequitable and unworkable. They are based on emotion, on executive power, and appeals to an uninformed or partially informed public opinion, instead of on considered economic judgment. They are potentially dangerous, both to the extent that we could rely on them until it is too late for truly effective action, and that they could lead to the destruction of our competitive, free-market system.—John D. Harper, president, Aluminum Company of America.

Advertising not only hangs the carrot in front of the donkey's nose but it nurtures and cultivates the carrot. Of course, there are many who would prefer that the donkey be inspired by loftier motives. But practical people know that donkeys will travel farther and faster in pursuit of what they like rather than what some sociologists like. Or to put it another way advertising spurs us to the attainment of many, though certainly not all, of the things that make life worth living. And even if it offends the sensitivities of the sensitive, it puts new products on the market and keeps the good ones there. It makes jobs and profits and pays the tab for more public enlightenment than the detractors of advertising could ever hope to provide.—Paul Rand Dixon, chairman, Federal Trade Commission.

Now That Campaigning Is Over —



STAN DELAPLANE

Warm Winds Sway Palms On Rum-and-Sugar Isle

—This is the rum-and-sugar island. Coco palms bending in the warm trade wind. The sea is painter's blue and whipped cream surf piles on the reef.

The little yellow-breasted banana birds work on the breakfast crumbs on the terrace. And in the soft, tropic night, the coqui tree frogs sing — "co-kee! co-kee!"

Spanish is the language. Money, postoffice and health department are American. Puerto Rico has an unusual status — it's "associated" with the United States.

Like all the Caribbean, hotels are priced up pretty high it seems to me. Puerto Rico is urging people to try the cheaper guest houses — and listing them with all travel agents. That is unusual. You could look into that.

"We are on a Caribbean cruise after the first of the year and are worried about how to dress . . ."

I've only been on one of these. Seemed to me daytime clothing is informal and resort type: slacks, shorts, aloha shirts. They dress for evening. Women in cocktail dresses. About two-thirds of the men were in tuxedos. But these are so varied now in style and color, you can get the effect with dark trousers and any linen jacket and bow tie.

"We heard there are mosquitoes in the Caribbean islands. Wonder if an insect repellent is needed."

There are some mosquitoes. But the terrors are little gnats — "no-see-ums." Small enough they fly formations right through screens. However, the bad season for them is July.

Morning Report:

Nothing spreads faster than bad news, as in how to build atomic bombs. Red China now says she not only can build them but can fly them 600 miles on a guided missile.

This piece of scientific know-how is very embarrassing to the United States and Russia, who have had a monopoly in the field for about 20 years. We deported the Chinese professor who is said to be the Brain behind the undertaking and Russia supplied all the engineering muscle that made it possible.

Of course, for the moment or for the year, they are more embarrassed than we are. Because 600 miles includes a good hunk of Russia. When the Chinese range gets up to 6,000 miles, we will be able to understand Moscow even better than we do now.

Abe Mellinkoff

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Her Pajamas Are Okay If He Has a Black Tie

The talkatall lounge: The town when he came for the S.F. Film Festival, but NOT his official biographer, Author Dean Jennings of Tiburon. They have a mad on being Jennings took the zingy material deleted by Warner from his book, and sold it to True magazine. Warner got wind of this gambit and retained Atty. Louis Nizer to threaten True slightly: "Pants suits are out. Those floppy pajama things, especially when the guy with the girl is wearing blue jeans?" Trader Vic is willing to compromise slightly: "Pants suits are out. Those floppy pajama things, especially when the guy with the girl is wearing black tie, are okay." Up at Canlis' in the Fairmont Hotel, a woman wearing a pants suit with a long jacket was turned away, whereupon she went into the powder room, took off the pants, and reappeared in the jacket only — about mini-skirt length. Enter, madame. And as a leg man, I say jolly good show.

My favorite genius today is Ken Lamott, the Tiburon writer, who has invented a millihelen. That's "a unit of measurement which describes the amount of female beauty necessary to launch one ship." Author Tom Wolfe, visiting from N.Y., is astounded at the way anybody and everybody here can summon the press and TV. "This must be the only town in the country," he suggests, "with a Dial-a-Press Conference."

Festival footnotes: Jack Warner, the mogul's mogul,

saw almost everybody in town when he came for the S.F. Film Festival, but NOT his official biographer, Author Dean Jennings of Tiburon. They have a mad on being Jennings took the zingy material deleted by Warner from his book, and sold it to True magazine. Warner got wind of this gambit and retained Atty. Louis Nizer to threaten True slightly: "Pants suits are out. Those floppy pajama things, especially when the guy with the girl is wearing blue jeans?" Trader Vic is willing to compromise slightly: "Pants suits are out. Those floppy pajama things, especially when the guy with the girl is wearing black tie, are okay." Up at Canlis' in the Fairmont Hotel, a woman wearing a pants suit with a long jacket was turned away, whereupon she went into the powder room, took off the pants, and reappeared in the jacket only — about mini-skirt length. Enter, madame. And as a leg man, I say jolly good show.

San Francisco

with an injunction—whereupon the Jennings article, scheduled for the Nov. issue, was yanked right off the presses.

Meanwhile, at the Empress of China banquet in honor of Mr. Warner: Said he to the host, Kee Joon: "Gimme some chop suey." Joon nodded and beamed, but served Warner a heaping platter of gourmet specialties. "How did you like it?" Joon asked later. Warner: "Best damn chop suey I ever ate!" When Jayne Mansfield walked past, Warner made a crack about her that is strictly unprintable. Highly incensed, Peter Ustinov made an equally unprintable crack about Warner (say are you SURE we want Hollywood represented at the Festival?)

San Francisco is described as "narcissistic" only by those who insist on holding up a mirror to it.

Angle of vision: Hubert Dudeabout (almost rhymes with "Scooby-doo"), the mayor of Grenoble, France, site of the '68 Winter Olympics, visited S.F. for a couple of days. During one of them, he walked out of our City Hall and smack into the middle of a police-fireman protest demonstration. Then he was whisked to Oakland for a radio interview, as race riots erupted on East 14th. When he drove to S.F., his car was halted on Sansome by a demonstration of farm labor pickets. MY, what glowing tales of San Francisco the citizens of Grenoble will be hearing from their Mayor!

Hang on, snooty: Indicating (again) that peace is a dirty political word, Post Office workers in the region have been ordered to stop wearing that familiar inverted "Y" pin, designed by Bertrand Russell as a peace symbol. Ours not to reason "Y", etc. . . . At the Post-Powell Roos-Atkins, a young salesman, with a \$150 suit over his arm, said to Mgh. Dave Falk: "This suit was returned — the man who bought it just died." Dave, out of the accumulated bitter humor of 40 yrs. in the clothing business: "If you were any kind of a salesman, kid, he'd be getting buried in it."

ROYCE BRIER

Chinese Missile Poses New Threat in Viet Nam

They spent two years and \$2 billion, came up with a device the size of a basketball with an explosive power several thousand times that of TNT.

At first only we knew how to make this device, and no secret was guarded more jealously. Many who knew all about how the device was made thought it would be ten years before the secret was unraveled abroad. It was the mystery of the ages.

Not all scientists, however, took this view, and it turned out to be a gross underestimate, because the Soviet Union was exploding similar devices in three years. Within five years the simple atomic bomb underwent an evolution which greatly added to its power as a weapon. When we first used it in warfare, it was delivered on target by airplane, but the science of rocketry

straightway developed missiles of short, medium and long range, in which the atomic warhead could be fired from a fixed base, and it was also adapted to the submarine. Soon another device, the hydrogen bomb, was in production.

This utilized a new principle, fusion instead of fission of atoms, which lifted bomb power at least 70 times.

World Affairs

So arose the nuclear arsenal—a stockpile of hydrogen bombs of all sizes and powers, some adapted to cannon, and means of delivery on an intercontinental scale. It was manifest that a nation with a marked bomb and delivery superiority could destroy another nation thousands of miles distant.

This anxious potential has existed for more than ten years, but true intercontinental missiles are still in

sole possession of the United States and the Soviet Union. About four years ago it was known the Red Chinese were working hard with limited facilities on a simple atom bomb. This time many scientists, military men in train, saw no great difficulty for the Chinese. The average was five years, and the Chinese made it in two years.

A missile delivery system is even more tricky than a nuclear device, and the writer was one who underestimated the Chinese. Just recently they fired a guided missile with a nuclear warhead, said they hit the target. There is no reason to doubt them.

This was probably a small, short-range missile, but there is nothing recondit about missiles — there is only poverty of resource in a backward country. But it seems certain China, when it has a stockpile, could fire atomic bombs into South Korea, Formosa or South Viet Nam.

Japan and India would be next in range, and all Asia is disturbed, though it had no reason to suppose it wasn't coming.

Intercontinental? Don't know. They are saying 10 years, but five would be better. They are also saying negotiations may be hastened for a Geneva proliferation treaty. Such a treaty, of course, would have little meaning if Red China stayed out. The Red Chinese again are saying they will never be the "first to use" nuclear weapons. Such a pledge, full of loopholes, isn't worth the paper it is printed on, to coin a phrase.

Quote

By the time a man finds greener pastures, he can't climb the fence. — Irv Scheel in The Mabel (Minn.) Record.

The most successful investor is the woman who turns a \$3 wedding license into a \$50,000 divorce certificate. — Peggy Huntley in The Murray Hill (N. Y.) News.

The bureaucratic tendency seems to be that if you create a bad problem, then have an even worse solution. — C. W. Harder, Sioux Center (Iowa) News.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Harry Golden Has More Plans in Latest Book

(William Hogan is on vacation; today's review is by Curt Gentry)

Just eight years ago the postman left an advance copy of a book by the journalist I'd never heard of, the editor of a North Carolina bi-monthly. The title sounded vaguely DARish and the book itself might have been tossed aside as a Christmas gift for an appropriate relative had it not been accomplished by a note from Adlai Stevenson warmly recommending it.

It was read, and I was hooked. Since "Only in America," Harry Golden has become a habit. His books—ten to date—and his unique "personal journal." The Carolina Israelite, are devoted on arrival. For those similarly addicted, it is perhaps enough to say that his latest book, "Ess, Ess, Mein Kindt," consists of 260 superb essays (half of them written especially for this volume) on such topics as Jewish Birchites, the kept lady, New York ghetto life, the South, and our obsession

with female mammary glands.

California also receives its share of Golden's beautiful wit with essays on Pat Brown, Ronald Reagan, the topless and the gentility of the Pacific Union Club.

In "Only in America" the adopted Tarheel proposed the now famous Golden Out-of-Order Plan for separate-but-equal integration. Tested in one North Carolina city,

Books

this consisted of putting an out-of-order sign on the "white" drinking fountain. Although the whites were hesitant the first few days, by the end of three weeks they were drinking the "segregated" water from the "colored" fountain with nary a complaint. "As I see it now," Golden commented on the results, "the key to my plan is to keep the Out-of-Order sign up for at least two years. We must do this thing gradually."

Two Goldenisms from "Ess, Ess, Mein Kindt" provide a fair sampling of its contents:

A proposal to call a Jewish Ecumenical Council in Jerusalem in 1967 for the purpose of issuing a Jewish Schema on the Christians, forgiving them for the Inquisition, the ghettos, the purges, and the Crusades. "The Christians have been nice. Now we can be nice. It is the time for love."

The Golden Insurance Plan, whereby a fund would be collected to provide a \$25,000 insurance policy for each Northern civil rights worker about to travel South and for each deep South Negro registering to vote. This, Golden is convinced, would greatly reduce the killings — if the policies were taken out with Mississippi and Alabama insurance companies.

Only when the Establishment finds such crimes as murder and second-class citizenship personally costly, the author observes, will it use its power to remedy the situation.

"Ess, Ess, Mein Kindt" is a feast. To borrow a previous Golden title, Enjoy, Enjoy.