

For Senator Goldwater

Despite the amount of oratory which has developed during the presidential campaign, voters next Tuesday have a relatively simple decision before them.

They really don't have to worry specifically about foreign policy, Cuba, tax cuts, nuclear controls, and the scores of so-called major issues.

They need merely to decide whether they want their government to continue the build up its welfare rolls, its computerized controls over every facet of individual life, or do they want their government to back off and let the individual decide a few things for himself.

It's really that simple: bigger and bigger government reaching into our everyday lives, or the realization that the individual is capable of making his own decisions, running his own affairs.

The candidates offer a clear-cut choice in the way America will go.

President Johnson and his running mate, Hubert Humphrey, have shown that they intend that government should occupy and even larger place in the lives of Americans. They have, in effect, promised to extend the welfare state concept of federal government.

On the other hand, Sen. Barry Goldwater and his running mate, Congressman Bill Miller, have promised to slow the headlong dash toward socialism.

We believe they would do it.

America was built and is still peopled by strong men and women who do not need the spoon fed diet of pap cooked up by an all-wise federal government.

Goldwater and Miller recognize this strength and would seek to build on it, not sap it.

Residents of the Torrance and Harbor areas have a selfish reason for backing Senator Goldwater. A frequent visitor to the home of his daughter, Joanne Ross, the Senator probably knows this area as well as many of its elected representatives. It would be nice to have someone in the White House who knows us.

Mr. Murphy Endorsed

If you can believe what the poll-takers say—and there has been speculation about that — California's Senate race is going down to the wire with the two candidates running head and head in their drive to capture the state's choicest plum.

On the one hand we have a suave Pierre Salinger, former press secretary to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, and now California's junior senator by virtue of his appointment recently by Governor Brown.

Opposing him is Republican George Murphy, making his first bid for a public office.

Some have characterized the race as one between a press agent and a song and dance man, but each man really has more to offer than those titles would suggest.

As in the presidential campaign, the choice offered by the two candidates for California senator is sharply defined. We believe Mr. Murphy offers the soundest program and has the long experience in executive and administrative assignments to carry out his program.

Election of Mr. Murphy next Tuesday is recommended.

An executive in the movie industry, following a screen career, Mr. Murphy served three terms as president of the Screen Actors Guild and was a leader in the fight to drive subversive and criminal influences away from the movie industry.

He has convinced many Californians that he offers a voice for on behalf of the individual in Washington, and we join those in urging his election.

Younger for D.A.

An intense campaign with immediate concern to local voters is being waged by two outstanding men who seek election as Los Angeles County District Attorney.

Because Los Angeles County is a snarled complex of jurisdictional boundaries, scores of separate police departments, and several million residents, the need for a strong hand at the helm in the District Attorney's office was never more pressing.

Superior Court Judge Evelle J. Younger, with a distinguished career in law enforcement and on the bench, has advanced a program for the office which should appeal to all concerned citizens of the county.

In his positive approach to the important office, Judge Younger has proposed to provide facilities for police officer training, set up a "Major Crimes Section," improve the cooperation among the many law enforcement agencies of the county, establish around-the-clock liaison between the District Attorney and police officers, and to work to preserve home rule in matters of crime laws.

During recent weeks of the campaign, Judge Younger has been charged in campaign literature circulated by supporters of his opponent with being "soft" in sentencing child molesters and in other areas of judicial discretion.

Like many others in Los Angeles County, this newspaper checked into the charges, read many of the cited cases along with supporting public documents, and conferred at length with Judge Younger.

We are thoroughly convinced that the charges are groundless. Other newspapers and other Los Angeles County groups have come to the same conclusion after thorough investigations.

Judge Younger has advanced a sound program for operation of the office of District Attorney and we believe his election is deserved.



HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

Ransom Plays Large Role In International Affairs

When Julius Caesar was an unruly youth he was captured by pirates off Rhodes and held for ransom. He told the pirate captain that when he was released he would return and hang him to his yardarm.

So he was ransomed, raised a private army ashore, captured the pirates, and hanged them.

This story is remembered only because of Caesar's involvement, for capture with a ransom demand was a commonplace in the ancient Mediterranean world. In the modern time, however, ransom and hostages came into disrepute, appropriate only to primitive political societies.

This column has many times found occasion to uphold President Nasser of Egypt in some of his controversial acts, and the writer is not an ardent admirer of Premier Tshombe of the Congolese Republic.

Notwithstanding, Nasser's

detention of Tshombe in Cairo for a price was questionable in international ethics.

The price was not money, but removal of a militia blockade on Egyptian and Algerian diplomats in Leopoldville. It was not technically ransom, but Tshombe was undoubtedly a hostage. It is bad practice all around to detain a visiting chief of state, even if the visiting chief's diplomatic acts are irregular. It was of course frequently done in the ancient Mediterranean, and even among unlucky monarchs in medieval Europe.

Last year the United States was compelled to pay ransom for the release of the Bay of Pigs prisoners. Such a demand is what you would expect of a primitive political character like Fidel Castro. Fortunately, this turned out well, as did the Tshombe affair.

Now it is revealed the East German government is

playing a ransom game, which is what you would expect of a primitive like Walter Ulbricht.

Comrade Ulbricht recently announced amnesty and release of some 10,000 political prisoners. But before that some 800 West Germans held prisoner in the East were secretly released to go home.

You will not be surprised Comrade Ulbricht pulled a stickup, demanding goods from West Germany for the release. Figuring in this is thousands of pounds of butter, the Comrade's broad acres being short in cows. It was reported \$8 million in goods was involved, and they have come up with a new one—it was not a case of ransom, but "counter-concessions."

You will not find in Plutarch that young Caesar's captors told the messengers bringing forty talents that he was releasing the prisoner as a counter-concession, but those were earthy and straightforward times.

BOOKS by William Hogan

A Daring Young Saroyan And the Flying Trapeze

"The best thing about everything in 1934 was also the worst; I was unknown."

So writes William Saroyan, 1964. Can it be three decades since the unknown 26-year-old Armenian-American boy from Fresno became famous overnight, as they say, or at least over-season, with his first collection of stories? It is, and to mark the occasion Saroyan has chosen the month of the original publication to reintroduce it as "After 30 Years: The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze." (Harcourt, 312 pp.; \$5.95)

This is the original fire-fall of words, ideas, psalms, vignettes, undisciplined exuberance, fragments, whatnot—all of which Saroyan called stories and which the critic Edmund Wilson once described as "an agreeable mixture of San Francisco bonhomie and Armenian Christianity."

There is also a long, rambling series of essays running to 129 pages in this refurbished edition, all about the author, his method of writing, and philosophy of writing, most all available in other forms in other Saroyan books. But pleasant and nostalgic, nonetheless, like running across a Dusty Records radio program late on a Saturday night (can that be Russ Columbo?) Was it all that good? Was Saroyan that good?

Rereading it now, "The Daring Young Man" is less one of the masterpieces of modern American fiction than it is one of fiction's pleasantest surprises. The surprise 30 years ago was that here was a fellow who broke all the rules and came up smiling, with a rose in his shaggy hair. These stories sparkled then. And if some of them seem dated and dreadfully juvenile now, remember that we have all changed, and so has the world, and so has experimental writing—the latter for the worse, it seems to me.

In the early '30s Saroyan sat in a cold room out on Carl street, San Francisco, writing a story a day ("Dear Greta Garbo") and launching it like a captive dove toward the big mythical world of American letters. Some of them landed gracefully, and the boy writer had that world on a string. He reflects now:

"I write in a hurry for many reasons, the best of which was the simplest and I think the truest: I was impatient to reach the best in me, and I knew there was no short cut, I had to work to reach it." A statement paradoxical as it is typically Saroyan. As are: "My writing is a letter to anybody." Or, "In a sense I have never known what I was doing, although at one level or another I have always known, or at any rate I have believed I have known." Or, "I still get to work with eagerness about my chances to be lucky in what I write."

Saroyan has gone through the best and worst of writing luck over the years. There was considerable luck in the old days: witness "Seventy Thousand Assyrians" among others here. Looking over this initial trapeze performance now, I still find it a surprise. It was the happy beginning of a legend, and if nothing else, Saroyan remains an American original.

Quote

"Wisdom is the fruit which does not ripen in abundance until the vine has been pulled from the boughs of youth."—Douglas Meador, Matador (Tex.) Tribune.

"The trouble with the chronic borrower is that he always keeps everything but his word."—Robert B. Lyon, Kiron (la.) Weekly News.

"The man who has nothing to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato—the best part of him is underground."—Frieda J. Moser, Duluth (Minn.) Publicity.

AFTER HOURS by John Morley

Only Major Upset Could Win for Sen. Goldwater

New York City . . . We have been following the Johnson-Humphrey and Goldwater-Miller campaigns from Texas to New York, winding up our coverage at the Scranton airport, where on alternate misty mornings both Johnson and Miller spoke.

We also covered the Kennedy-Keating campaign in New York, the local races in Ohio, Texas, Illinois, Kansas, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Minnesota, North Dakota, Indiana and New Jersey.

We talked to editors, reporters, workers of both parties who ring the doorbells. We asked questions of waitresses, bellhops, desk clerks, taxi drivers and whoever else happened to cross our inquiring path. This is a consensus of what we saw and heard.

President Johnson took no chances, by bringing up any sour notes, domestic or foreign. He has political luck running for him. The nation seems mostly undisturbed, mainly because its government soft-pedals bad news. Business appears good, stimulated by the recent \$10 billion tax cut, which gives an impression of prosperity, even though false. Castro is quiet. Red China and Red Russia are still wide apart, even with the ousting of Krushchev.

President Johnson has successfully avoided debate on the major issues, including the tragedy in Vietnam. Even in his recent TV report to the nation, he glossed over the change in the Kremlin by implying that Kosygin and Breshnev appear to want peaceful co-existence with us. We believe he is wrong, for they, like all die-hard Reds, are out to bury us one way or another.

Notwithstanding the latest polls, Goldwater is gaining fast in our book. Local editors confirm this fact. Whitney Austin, editor of the Salina, Kansas Journal, told me in Salina that local polls show Goldwater ahead in the Middle West.

Last August we wrote in these columns that if Goldwater holds the states Nixon won in 1960 and adds a few more from the South, he could beat Johnson. Now, a few days before Nov. 3, it appears unlikely that he will. But another incident like the Jenkins case, or a major setback in the next few days, could affect the election even at this late stage. It has happened before.

Goldwater, for reasons of bad advice, did not catch fire nationally, as it appeared he would. Too many Republican leaders disowned him. Too many Republican newspapers switched to his opponent. His party is split more on the candidate than on the conservative-liberal issue. Goldwater is uncompromising on principles, which, while to his credit, is not conducive to party unity.

Goldwater could have won more support if he had selected a stronger and better known running mate than Miller. He should have insisted on a debate with Johnson, even though unsuccessfully. He did not put Johnson on the spot on issues. There has been too much name-calling and people just stop listening.

Win or lose next Tuesday, Goldwater has made his mark. He stimulated both controversy and discussion of the conservative side as no candidate has done in recent political history. We believe he dignified and raised the conservative cause to the forefront of national debate, even though his opponent refused to debate him.

Goldwater has given new emphasis to the American image of individual initiative long relegated to the political scrap heap by the welfare fringe. He has offered the nation a choice, un-

der difficult odds. The odds are that the masses don't kill Santa Claus.

It would be indeed a miracle for Goldwater to reverse the tide of 32 years of giveaways and government paternalism in one campaign.

To come this close against formidable opposition from even within his own party is an achievement. For no political candidate in modern history has experienced such a strong opposition from within his own ranks.

Win or lose Nov. 3, Barry Goldwater will be around, scarred but more secure in his fight for the conservative cause. He will remain

the courageous leader of the opposition to policies that could inevitably bankrupt both the moral and economic power of the nation.

But his greatest triumph is in the man that he proved to be. In disagreeing with his cause, few can disagree with his ethics. He refused to run for the Senate while running for the Presidency . . . he refused to support the civil rights bill as a matter of conscience, realizing the unfavorable effect at the ballot box. Such examples proved Goldwater to be a principled man, reflecting a refreshing standard of principle to high political office.

Our Man Hoppe

Don't Mix Sex With Politics

By Arthur Hoppe

Senator Goldwater, in keeping with the high moral tenor of his campaign, has come forthrightly out against dirty movies. He's stamped out one of his campaign films.

It's that documentary called "Choice," sponsored by The Mothers for Moral America. It's very moral. It opens with this big black car careening down the highway spewing beer cans. (That's Mr. Johnson.) Then it shows young ladies in topless bathing suits and lots of sexy magazines. (That's what Mr. Johnson has done to us.) All of which it morally condemns.

But now nobody's going to get to see it. Except maybe at foreign film festivals. And to fill this gap in our lives, I've been working on a scenario entitled, "The Return of Choice." Sponsored by The Pops for Propriety. Watch for it at your friendly neighborhood smoker.

We open with a closeup of the heroine, Violet Virtue, picking berries in a sun bonnet and high-necked dress, her cheeks aglow with life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. She is merrily singing, "Life is But a Bowl of Berries."

The camera pans suddenly to the leering visage of a mysterious Texan known only as "Bobby Sol Profumo." He is wiping his brow with a silken handkerchief embroidered with the initials, "L. B. Youknow-what."

Bobby Sol (leering sexily): Howdy there, gal.

Violet: Oh, good day, sir. You startled me in my happy pursuit of plucking berries individually under our wonderful free enterprise system.

Bobby Sol (leering lecherously): Wal, now a purty gal like you don't have to go through all that.

Violet: But good sir, how else might I support my aged mother? For, alas, I am the last of the Virtues.

Bobby Sol (leering lasciviously): Why, honeychile, I'd be glad to peddle enough influence to get you qualified for crop subsidies, price supports, and the soil bank program. You can plow them picyune berries under, make twice as much and have time—heh, heh—for other things.

Violet: Oh, good sir, how can I ever repay you?

Bobby Sol (leering lewdly): Just you step down this here garden path with me, buttercup. I'll think of something.

We then have 563 feet of film showing in shocking detail how Violet is led down the garden path. Eventually, we fade to the final scene. There's Violet, with painted lips and painted eyes, seated in a Victorian parlor, struggling to fill out 17 forms in quadruplicate. She is wearing a topless Mainbocher original with the words "Vote Democratic" tattooed irradicably across her bosom.

The door opens. It is the Democratic National Committee, all leering leeringly. There follows 687 feet of film showing . . .

BUT,—NO, Senator Goldwater's right. I'm cancelling my film, too. For if there's anything this campaign has proved in the past couple of weeks, it's that you shouldn't mix sex and politics. It makes sex dirty.

Morning Report:

As usual the Moscow poster hangers were caught short. They were just getting ready to put up hundreds of pictures of Premier Khrushchev for the Communist party anniversary when he retired.

Of course, this wasn't exactly a Western-style retirement. Over here the fellow stepping down is always happy that now he will have time to go fishing, play golf, putter in the garden and travel. Even though he plans to stay at home and comment on what a lousy job his successor is doing.

Still and all, the calm transfer of power in Russia is an improvement over the old days. Then a fellow retired by accidentally bumping the back of his head against a loaded revolver in the basement of the Lubianka Prison.

Abe Mellinkoff