

# Press-Herald

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## A Thanksgiving Thought

It was considerable of the Pilgrims 344 years ago to have stood up under the rigors of their first year here in America.

Crops had been poor and the winter months cruel, but by fall of the following year, the Pilgrims had turned about from poverty to wealth from the land.

Of course, when they proved they could be self-reliant and stand the severest adversity, they offered prayers of thanks to the Lord for all He had provided in their new found home.

And we, of course, now have a nice excuse for a holiday each year.

However, in a Thanksgiving message which paid moving tribute to the Pilgrims and the ideals which they left us, J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI had this to say:

"Regrettably, too many Americans no longer care about religious ideals and heritage.

"To some, our country is a fantasyland filled with complimentary handouts of rights and freedoms without obligations.

"With patent indifference, they shirk the mere suggestion of individual responsibility."

Other great Americans also point to history, which records that freedom goes by default to those nations in which the people shirk their individual responsibilities and lean more and more on government to provide things for them.

## NEWS SPARKS by James Dorais

# Long Ballot Blame Fixed

In the aftermath of the Nov. 3 election, various voices have been raised, bemoaning the length of the California ballot, and advancing proposals to place restrictions on California's initiative and referendum process.

It is doubtful that these proposals will be taken seriously, for the reason that they are based on two basic misconceptions.

The first misconception is the assertion that the number of state propositions on the California ballot has been constantly increasing over the year. This is simply untrue. During the past 20 years, there has been an average of 17 propositions on general election ballots—the exact number of propositions that appeared this year. The longest ballots were in 1952 and 1962, with 23 propositions each. The shortest ballot was in 1950, when voters were asked to decide on 11 propositions.

The second misconception is that the right of the people to place proposals on the ballot by petition is responsible for the length of the ballot. This, too, is untrue. This year only four propositions were placed on the ballot by initiative petition. The average number of direct legislative proposals during the past 20 years was only three. The largest number of initiatives to appear on the ballot was in 1948 when there were eight. In a number of election years there was only one.

Actually, the length of the California ballot results from the number of propositions the people are asked to vote on through action of the State Legislature. Over the years, some of these proposals have been state bond issues; the majority have

been proposed Constitutional amendments, often technical in nature, which require voter approval.

It is often argued that the voters generally do not have the ability to analyze complicated legislative proposals, and that this should be the function of the Legislature exclusively. But insofar as initiative proposals are concerned the people usually are confronted with only 3 or 4 every other year. This compares with approximately 6000 legislative bills the Legislature must grapple with at each session.

It has been suggested that payment for signatures to initiative petitions should be banned. Such a ban, however, would make it possible only for organizations with large memberships, such as the AFL-CIO, the California Teachers Association or old age pension organizations to qualify initiatives for the ballot.

In two states, Oregon and Washington, it is illegal to pay for signatures. However, in Oregon, only 37,046 signatures were required as of this year, and in Washington, only 50,000. Based on California's requirement that valid signatures equaling eight per cent of the vote at the last gubernatorial election must be secured to place an initiative on the ballot, 468,250 signatures were needed this year.

Basically, the initiative process provides a court of last resort, allowing the electorate to decide on measures the Legislature has refused to enact. During the past 20 years there were 34 such proposals. In 11 cases the people voted "yes," thus in effect overruling the Legislature; in 23 cases they voted "no," thus upholding the Legislature.

## Morning Report:

Everybody knows the Government has lots of money. The big problem nowadays is how to get hold of a big hunk of it. More and more people are getting the knack.

Now come the astronomers, normally a quiet bunch who sit up late at night on the top of mountains looking at distant stars. They want \$224 million for 30 new telescopes. And, warns a committee from the National Academy of Sciences, if Washington doesn't pay up, the Russians will get ahead of us.

I think our Government will come across because we can't let the Russians beat us—in anything. So if you want your son to get ahead, put him into some line of work the Russians plan to be interested in 20 years from now.

**Abe Mellinkoff**



## HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

# Japan Seeks Red Trade, U.S. Friendship, Too

An overriding factor in the conservatism of the Japanese electorate is the farmer.

In the imperial ante-bellum day, ownership of self-sufficient land plots was not widespread, but with defeat and the reconstruction of the Japanese society, a bloodless land revolution occurred. Most Japanese farmers now own their land, make a good living and don't want it disturbed.

In the great industrial cities, Tokyo, Osaka and Nagoya with an area population totaling about 20 million, the workers are leftists though seldom Communists, but the farmers outvote them.

So the Japanese have a new premier, Eisaku Sato, and observers call him a hard-boiled conservative. He succeeds Ikeda, who is ill, and is a brother, with a different surname, of former Premier Kishi.

The first thing the Tokyo experts said of Premier Sato

is that he is dedicated to friendship with the United States. The second thing they said is that he is dedicated to building trade with Red China.

By labels common here, these attitudes may seem to conflict, but labels common here are not always accurate, or even logical.

For all his friendship, Mr. Sato is not going to abandon Japan's stand for a return of Okinawa. As Okinawa is the anchor of our west Pacific defense, this is a mild nightmare to American military men. But a change of status is a problem President Johnson is sure to meet in the next four years.

Neither do the Japanese like our Yokosuka naval base near Yokohama, where students rioted recently. They were protesting berthing of two nuclear submarines, and we need not be surprised the Japanese are touchy on the subject.

The Red China trade hunger of the Japanese is quite simple—they don't see the

logic of boycotting a nation of people because you don't like their social system (neither do some Americans). In any case, they don't regard Chinese and Russian communism in the same light.

The Japanese must trade or die. They can manufacture anything the West can manufacture, in quantity, with quality, but they must have raw materials. The mainland has some, and with exploitation could have more.

At present Red China is a thin market for Japanese industrial and technical goods, but they are looking ahead 25 or 30 years, when it will not be a thin market. The Japanese want to start now, and with low production costs, hope eventually to dominate the market.

So it isn't very complicated, and we can hardly fault the Japanese if they take our advice of the 1940s, give up conquest, and devote their energies to ever-rising production and trading.

## BOOKS by William Hogan

# Salt Water Tale First Novel for Our Man Hoppe

The talented Arthur Hoppe, who in some political quarters is considered to be a mythical creature, like a centaur, has now become an ordained novelist. The work, a bit of salt spume titled "Dream boat," is a saga of neophyte yachting on San Francisco Bay; of money (lack of), marriage, the other woman and dreams of passion, both nautical and extramarital.

This is published by the mighty Park Avenue firm of Doubleday & Co., which has not had too many humorists on its list since Max Schulman's "Dobie Gillis" period. They couldn't have drafted

a more engaging talent as a candidate to fill this nefarious literary slot. For while Our Man is no Saul Bellow, or Ivan Turgenev, as a textbook example of the craft of fiction, the freshness of this entertainment springs from his sheer amateur standing as a novelist. The truth is, Hoppe is having a lot of laughs in this nuttiest of salt water tales as he documents the nonsense and frustration that is a major part of Sunday small boat sailing.

This fiction observes a nice, sane young husband who turns in a Russian River summer cabin on a Yokohama-built sailing craft, dubbed "La Boat." The vessel is constructed to withstand Yellow Sea typhoons, if not the shallow, erratic waters of San Pablo Bay. Wife Meriwether, sympathetic, long suffering and gallant, is pressed into service as chief officer; the kids as supercargo and crew. Meriwether's emergency cries of "Do something!" become as plaintive and emphatic as a marker's wail in an unfamiliar channel. And when a pretty, available Sausalito siren makes goo-goo eyes at our boy, the Jack Lemmon movie elements of the opus light up the sky for every smart Beverly Hills agent to see and bid on.

There are some fine maritime scenes in all this; for

don't let that shyness fool you—in real life Hoppe is a veteran and practiced amateur sailor, and his darting comic sequences are played against backgrounds both authentic and as visual as a winter regatta at high noon.

While I feel that the secondary characters in "Dreamboat" are superfluous and tend to slow the action, the work as a whole is a successful comic book that should appeal to both landlubber and Sunday sailor alike.

Translate Hoppe, political satirist, into Hoppe, nautical satirist, and you get the idea. So cast off and join this amusing charade.

Notes on the Margin... Russell Baker, who writes the Observer column for the New York Times and is the Arthur Hoppe of that metropolitan daily, has collected a series of his pieces as "No Cause for Panic" (Lippincott; \$4.95). Comments on politics; the eternal hick in New York; the missile gap revisited; the trouble with chairs at sidewalk cafes and other improbable topics.

For admirers of Samuel Eliot Morison's classic "Admiral of the Ocean Sea" (1942): "The Caribbean as Columbus Saw It," an extensively illustrated travel book on the West Indies by Admiral Morison and Mauricio Obregon (Little, Brown; \$8.95).

## AFTER HOURS by John Morley

# PEP Is Real Secret for Happier Life, He Says

NEW YORK CITY — Tonight in New York the spirit prompts me to discuss something with our readers. It came up after our talk at Town Hall.

It concerns an idea and a way of life which I find pays off. It's a sure-fire way to greater happiness, achievement, respect, and almost any kind of personal business or social success one can imagine.

All successful people have it in a measure. All happy people have it in abundance. And it doesn't cost a cent.

It's what I believe to be the most imaginative, creative, contagious, stimulating thing in life.

It's just plain — PEP.

All the world admires PEP in a person. Some have it naturally. Others have to generate it. Either way, PEP is a winner. It can take anyone out of a rut.

PEP can do almost anything that's stimulating and refreshing.

Sex appeal is way overplayed. It's the pep appeal which makes the difference. You can do anything better with PEP. People are drawn to anybody who has PEP—in business, politics, selling, social life. PEP takes one out of the mediocre middle-class. It stimulates initiative, makes money, friends, and reduces enemies to a minimum. PEP makes one move so much faster that rivals cannot pin you down.

PEP is action and directional movement. It's the moving lights on an electric sign. It's the sheriff's posse racing after an outlaw. It's a jet taking off, a dolphin diving into the sea, a diesel roaring down the tracks. PEP is motion—legs, arms, hands, skis, or surfboards.

PEP is a good handshake. PEP is spirit. It's a gift of nature and a gift of all that inspires. It drives the yawn right off your face.

PEP is posture. Unless physically handicapped, in pain, or carrying potato sacks on your back, it won't let you stoop. You can't droop your shoulders with PEP. If your muscles don't mope... your mind won't mope.

PEP starts the day right. It makes one jump out of bed. It runs the shower a little cool, calls for a light breakfast. The fellow who eats a ranch breakfast is either a rancher, or he can afford to nap at 10 a.m. Big meals are for sleepers. It's not the amount of food that peps you up, but the amount of blood you start circulating. The best creators do it on empty stomachs. Track men don't eat normally before they run. Fighters eat little or nothing for 20 hours before a fight. A winning horse is a hungry horse.

A sluggish, soft voice beats around the bush. Come to the point. Pep your words off. Verbiage consumes energy and time. Cut it short. Raise your voice a little. Make it clear. Pep up your speech and you'll stir up those listening. Have a positive approach. You make less mistakes by being positive than negative. PEP inspires action. PEP sells ideas. When you act with PEP, you lose yourself in whatever you're doing.

You can't have PEP and nag at the same time. The nagging words won't come out, when there's a spring in your step.

Ask the next person you know this question: "Can I ask you a favor?" The peppy person will answer, with PEP will say, "Certainly... what can I do?" He says "yes" first and asks "what is it" second. It's PEP that does it.

Walk faster even if your feet hurt. Speed up your blood. These motions alert your body and mind like a shot of gas revs up a motor.

PEP makes you act. If a group of friends is going somewhere, the fellow with PEP gets them on their feet. If the party is dragging, or gets out of hand, PEP takes one to the door with a fast goodnight.

If you're asked for an opinion, PEP generates a straight answer. Not a wishy-washy, apologetic one.

No "yes-man," but a questioning man. PEP doesn't care whose politics it offends. It always gets "A" for courage... and being known for courage is a higher tribute than being known for diplomacy.

If what you do is right, PEP inspires you to do it. If you're sincere inside, PEP ignores the rumor-mongers on the outside. You can't avoid rumors, gossip, lies, misunderstandings. You can't stop jealousies, slander. You can't stop envy or even hate. If a man or woman is above average, the gossips launch an invasion. PEP ignores them. Of course it's hard. But it's harder if you let them get you down. When people knock you, it's a sure sign you're somebody.

To have no dissenters or enemies is not to have taken issue with things you believe to be wrong. Don't try to be liked, or agreed with. Just dive into the swim. Get

your feet wet. Just do the best you can, the best you can with gusto, and leave the rest to the elements. You live in a world, not in Utopia. Nothing can function perfectly among imperfect men.

Dare to speak out, to disagree, to question. Dare to tell the majority or minority they're wrong, if you have the facts. But if you're wrong, shut up. Better be a lone wolf than follow a pack of sheep.

PEP puts spirit in conversation, debate, a speech, or a sermon. It fires up enthusiasm and stimulates the heart pump. The blood flows. You come alive. It generates desire to do something. It makes things hum. It gets action. It brings satisfaction. Win or lose, you stirred things up. And that's a better stimulant than bourbon or Scotch.

PEP can change your life, tomorrow.

## Our Man Hoppe

# Zambia's Eye Is On the Moon

By Arthur Hoppe

When the news first broke the brand new Republic of Zambia had launched an ambitious space program aimed at beating both America and Russia to the moon, numerous searching questions were asked by distinguished scientist and laymen alike. The basic one being: "Where's Zambia?"

Thus, before explaining for this newest entry in the crucial space race, I prudently did some research on that very question. And as any map which has been revised in the past several weeks will show, Zambia is in the very geographical center of Equatorial Africa.

Its neighbors, reading clockwise, are Tanzania, Malawi, Mozambique, Southern Rhodesia, The Bechuanaland Protectorate, South West Africa, Angola and the Congo. Most of these however, are busy with family quarrels to be of much interest to outer space enthusiasts.

What is now Zambia was first explored in 1851 by Dr. David Livingstone of Stanley fame. It was later either pioneered or exploited, depending on your politics, by Cecil Rhodes and thus entered the British Empire as Northern Rhodesia. On October 24 it won its independence to become the world's 150th nation. So much for the history of Zambia.

Today, Zambia encompasses an area larger than France. It has 3.5 million native Zambians, 73 different tribes, 30 different dialects, lots of copper, a shoe factory, 1,275,000 cattle, 175,700 goats, lots of tsetse flies and a democratic constitution.

The climate consists of a hot dry season and a hot wet season. There is also a cool dry season but, as usual, it occurs at some other time of the year.

The President and founding father of Zambia is Dr. Kenneth David Buchiya Kaunda, a Quaker who believes in non-violence. He plays hymns on the guitar, ping pong and sounds like a very nice gentleman.

Credit for naming the new nation goes to Mr. Simon Kapwepwe, now the country's Minister of Foreign Affairs. Others had suggested calling it "Zambezia" after the Zambezi river. But Mr. Kapwepwe, cutting through the excess verbiage, said simply: "Let's make it shorter—let's have Zambia." What this has already saved the new nation in printing, stone chiseling and sign painting is incalculable.

But being a new nation, Zambia poses problems—not the least of which is the problems it poses to a visitor trying to visit it. For example, to get a visa, I was advised to call the Southern Rhodesian Ministry in Washington.

A lady there said no, Zambia now has its own Ministry in Washington. A very friendly lady there said apologetically she's just moved in, couldn't find a thing and would I mind calling the Zambian Secretariat in New York?

A most kindly gentleman there said, "Visa? I don't even have a stamp yet." And why didn't I call my local British consul? I did and he said I didn't need a visa to go to Zambia.

So at last I am on my way to Equatorial Africa by the shortest route—over the North Pole to London, East to Rome and then south below the horizon, superbly equipped for the expedition with passport, inoculation forms, credit cards and travellers checks.

And I feel a little as Mr. Stanley must have felt a century ago when he set forth to find Dr. Livingstone. As the Dark Continent flows past beneath the wingtips of this airliner, I am determined to ferret out its inner most secrets.

What secrets remain to be unlocked! What adventures lie in store! It is spine-chilling to reflect that far down below me as I write this, the stillness of the African night is being shattered by the roar of the lion, the leopard and a multistage Mukwa-propelled rocket.

Assuming, of course, that the Mukwa propulsion system roars.