

# Press-Herald

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## Coming Home to Roost

A generation of young Americans, schooled to believe that laws are to be obeyed only if they please you, has now branched out to challenge not only the nation's laws but the nation's conduct of its front line defense against the enslavement of the communists.

Demonstrations over the weekend by groups protesting the United States' role in Viet Nam bring into sharp focus the mood of those who lead the so-called protest groups. The "spontaneous" protest demonstrations are efficiently organized, well publicized, and are expertly mapped to bring the protesters into conflict with law enforcement officers as a mark of defiance.

As we say, a generation of young Americans has been schooled to believe defiance of the laws and rules of our society is proper if they believe those laws to be unjust.

It's only a small step from that point of defiance of this nation's struggle to keep the spark of democracy alive in smaller nations living under the terrible threat of communist enslavement.

Those whose protests have taken them into the streets have received encouragement from our highest offices, and their slogans have been parroted by our foremost leaders.

Those officials from the White House down who have condoned mass demonstrations and defiance of civil laws as a valid means of protest now are faced with a far more serious threat to our nation's security.

Viet Nam Day demonstrations, we believe, are a natural product of the official encouragement of such protests in other fields.

Those officials who now are wringing their hands and expressing such concern would have been well advised to temper earlier encouragement of mass demonstrations bordering on mobocracy.

Some of their birds are coming home to roost.

## No Tea Party, This

To those who might have thought the League of Women Voters was a good outlet for ladies of the community who thrive on coffee klatches and social get-togethers, it may be well to point out that the organization is one of any community's most ambitious and productive contributors to good government.

The League of Women Voters of the United States is an outgrowth of the 72-year campaign to win equal suffrage for women of this nation. With the ratification of the 19th Amendment to the Constitution in 1920, the League was designed to succeed the National American Woman Suffrage Association which had spearheaded this drive.

Today there are more than 145,000 members of the League who make up the 1,214 chapters in 50 states and in Puerto Rico and the District of Columbia.

The principal aim of the organization is to inform the voters on the important issues and to interest all voters in their responsibility as citizens.

The Torrance League has made itself a vital force in community affairs since its formation a few years ago. The local chapter's members have conducted open forums for candidates for public office in the city; have gathered and published biographical and factual material on candidates and issues before elections; and have made available to the voters the pros and cons of ballot measures, both local and, in conjunction with the state chapter, on statewide issues.

The League has maintained an interest in the city's library system and in a study of the City Charter. The League is represented at all Board of Education and City Council meetings—not as advocates of a viewpoint, but as observers and advocates of good government.

The Torrance Chapter of the League of Women Voters currently is seeking funds from the public to support its modest budget. Unlike most fund drives, the League is not seeking big contributors—in fact, they have a limit on the amount of money one firm or individual can donate.

A small donation is a reasonable price to pay for the unending campaign of the League to "promote political responsibility through informed and active participation of citizens in government."

It's a gesture we can recommend to all who are asked.

## TO HELP SOLVE OUR PROBLEMS



## Pd Have Bipartisan Support-

-IF I COULD GET THE BACKING OF DEMOCRATIC CONGRESSIONAL LEADERS.



STAN DELAPLANE

## Dinner Hour Can Arrive Early In Tropical Seas

"Can you advise three women planning a cruise on a freighter? We go through the Panama Canal and up the coast to New Orleans."

The advantage of these banana boat runs are rest and relaxation—there just isn't anything to do. Disadvantage is there isn't more to do. These freighters are making freight stops—not always the most glamorous ports. They carry only 12 passengers.

On American freighters, union rules set the dinner hour before 6 p.m. as I remember. In the tropics, that feels like mid-afternoon. (Foreign freighters keep better hours.)

But if you like ships, freighters are ships, not floating hotels. Open ports, holes and wind scoops instead of enclosed air-conditioning. Sailors' ports, not tourist stops. A closeness to the sea you can't get on the luxury cruise ships.

"How much and whom do we tip?"

Not much because there won't be much service. For 10 to 12 days, pool \$5 each. Split the \$15 between your table steward and your room steward.

"I have been told that we do not have to declare clothing bought abroad as long as it has been worn. . . ."

Sometimes the practice of the returning traveler, but it's not correct. The rule is you must declare everything—used or not. And declare any repairs or alterations on U.S.-made things you took overseas.

Should we get receipts showing the amount we paid to show to U.S. Customs when we return?"

If you're a very organized person you will. I never do. I just show what I've got and say what I paid for it. You are allowed to bring in \$100

worth, duty free. If it's over that, Customs is supposed to take the over amount and apply it to the things that pay the least duty. You pay that at the counter.

In many, many overseas tourist shops, you find the "helpful clerk." The one who advises you, "I'll give you a receipt showing you only paid half of what you really paid." U.S. customs officers see these phony receipts so often, I wonder they keep their tempers.

We all bring in the same things. For Customs day after day is a parade of perfume, watches, liquor, etc. They get to know the real prices like a shop owner knows his stock. When you offer him a "receipt" showing you paid half, he KNOWS what you paid. You look like a cheat. And think what you look like to the clerk who fixed the receipt.

I should say there are countries where clerks don't fix receipts. And wouldn't it if you asked them. Britain for one. There are other countries where the "fix" is part of the sales talk. But don't do it. Come home on one of

## Quote

Americans' view of taxes have not changed substantially since 1776. They don't like them.—Richard Nevins, State Board of Equalization.

Traditional architectural and landscape beauty have survived for thousands of years. The grotesquery of "modern" design, which rarely fits in its surroundings with any kind of grace, will soon pall (I hope).—Ray Wolins, San Francisco.

Our youth do not need indulgence. They need the guidance and discipline which can only be provided by a decent home.—Assemblyman George Deukmejian.

## Morning Report:

As a person who can't bear hearing about his own illnesses, you can imagine how I have suffered during the past week or so. The mass media have given me a massive education on the ailing gall bladder of President Johnson. Happily, I gather, he is well rid of his. But what about mine?

At least in my circles nobody had ever mentioned a gall bladder—both words being unpleasant and in combination almost obscene. Now even the children are talking about it. At the dinner table!

Of course, we newspapermen have nobody but ourselves to blame. We have insisted on knowing every government secret. I, for one, am now willing to have all Presidential functions, south of his head, classified "top secret."

Abe Mellinkoff

## HERB CAEN SAYS:

# Games in Suburbia Make Spicy Reading in France

WE HAVE a new viewer-with-alarm in our midst. That would be the attractive and intelligent Mme. Janine Oriano, wife of France's cultural attache here. What she's viewing with alarm—in a recent issue of Marie-Claire, the big French magazine for ladies—is the sexy activities among the pre-teen set in the suburb where the Orianos live with their two pre-teen children.

In my square way, I always thought the French took a detached view of libidinous activities among ANY age group, but such is not the case. Fact is, Marie-Claire headlines her report as "Le temoignage terifiant de Janine Oriano," which (forgive me if I'm wrong, M. Berlitz) I translate as "The terrifying testimony of Janine Oriano."

As I say, I translate slowly and painfully, but I could hardly wait to continue. What is going on among the children of Suburbia? First terrifier: "The latest and most fashionable game for pre-teens is 'seven minutes.' The little boy is locked up with the little girl in an isolated room, or in the bathroom. There, depending on his mood, he gives her seven minutes of heaven, by kissing her, or seven minutes of hell, by beating her." When I was a small boy, hell would have consisted of kissing a girl for seven minutes, but I was fairly backward.

JANINE'S NEXT SHOCKER: "At a fair, little girls of six to 10 years, dressed as showgirls with spangled brassieres, little skirts, white boots, hair back-combed in exaggerated style, eyes covered with mascara, and scarlet lips, paraded 'happily' for an hour, clapping heart-shaped balloons against their chests." Sounds like a drag, but hardly terrifying.

And: "At the age of eight or nine, children go to dancing parties, or kissing parties. The well-trained parents know how to disappear at the right moment, leaving the rooms in darkness, the music muted." Mme. Oriano again leaves us dangling. And further: "Ten little girls aged seven sent my eight-year-old son Valentine cards decorated with bleeding hearts, offering to become his girl friend, and this wasn't just being 'sweet.'" Then what was it?

The translation may be inexact, but that's the gist of Janine Oriano's "terrifying testimony" in one of France's biggest magazines. It's mildly terrifying to think that this sort of pap passes as hot stuff over there in the land of Hinky-Dinky-parley-vo.

THAT PERENNIAL S.F. best-seller, "The Drinking Man's Diet," is heading for the headlines again. Publisher Bob Cameron says he's filing a \$500,000 defamation of character suit against Robert Wernick (who ghost-wrote the "Diet") and the Saturday Evening Post which published Wernick's critique of the book AND Cameron—a man he described as, among other things, "a fast-buck artist" . . . From Sportswriter Jimmy Cannon's pre-season assessment of the Minnesota Twins: "Manager Sam Mele will probably be fired this season. It's below even money that Billy Martin will move into the manager's job before the year is finished. The ball club is a hoax." As I've always said, there are no experts—only good and bad guessers.

CAENFETTI: The DAR observed Constitution Week by displaying expensive parchment copies on easels

in the lobbies of our leading hotels; two were promptly stolen by patriots . . . A local poet sums up the topless waitresses with a snatch of Ogden Nashlike doggerel. "They'd all look better/in a sweater" . . . The ordinary opera star spends the night before a performance swathed in cotton batting and resting in a hermetically-sealed room, but Soprano Marie Collier is not the ordinary opera star. The night before she sang "La Boheme," she caught Jon Hendricks' act at the Trident in Sausalito, spent hours talking jazz with Dizzy Gillespie at Basin Street West and, at 4 a.m. had to be forcibly restrained from capping the night at Jimbo's Bop City. If she wants to be known as the Bo Belinsky of the Baroque set, she's on her way.

CAENDID CAMERA: In Abercrombie & Fitch, a 1930 Atwater-Kent radio, its old innards replaced by a tape recording of equally ancient radio programs . . . and if Bing Crosby could hear himself singing "Nah! Nah! Nah! said the Little Fox," (on an old Kraft Music Hall) he'd crawl on the floor in embarrassment . . . Soprano Leontyne Price, the pride of the Met, wolfing down a roast beef sandwich for two all by herself at Tommy's Joynt . . . Danny Kaye, who must eat Chinese food three times a day, showing up at Cecelia Chiang's Mandarin to help blow out the candles on her birthday cake.

SLANGUAGE NOTE: A teacher at a local high school write "Man does not live by Bread alone" on the blackboard the other day, and asked the class what it means. "Well," said one hip teenager, in all seriousness, "it means that money isn't everything."

## ROYCE BRIER

# Mayors Are Midges, the Governor Is a Buzz-Fly

Adolf Hitler built the autobahn and won the plaudits of the motoring world. The plaudits were so loud for a time as to moderate criticism of his somewhat conspicuous shortcomings in other fields. Anyway, these first freeways wouldn't begin to carry American traffic today.

Most of the American States have built freeways by special taxes on gasoline. In California and several populous States these funds run to hundreds of millions yearly, and they have created citadels of arbitrary highway construction au-

thority in which local interests have little or no voice. After the war the United States felt the need of nationally integrated military highways, and annual funds were voted to this end. These funds were allotted to the States, adding substantially to available funds for major highway links between the great industrial centers.

If the State construction authorities occupy a citadel, and tend to imperious disregard of the local interest, the Federal authority occupies a monolithic fortification.

Therefore, when a spokesman for the local interest goes to Washington seeking relief from a decision, he is licked before he boards the plane. No occupant of the fortification can tolerate such supplication, though the supplicant, if he wears a tie, may be treated kindly.

Between State and Federal authority, mayors are midges, and even a governor has only the magnitude of a buzz-fly. As for the people, mostly motorists, they have the dimension of a new atomic particle, existence without dimension.

The over-all effects of this 20-year experience is that the United States hold dominion over the basic national highway system. The power goes where the money goes, and all question this power at their peril. Thus the leviathan in a way resembles Herr Hitler, who decreed an autobahn, which in due time was there.

But there is a further effect of this development, not confined to highway construction. Every little county governing body, needing road funds, welfare funds, or whatever it needs, expects to pay, say half or two-thirds by bonds or local taxes, and fulfill the need with a government grant.

So the local body can tell its constituents it is saving them tax money. A gift is involved. This is one of the biggest medicine-man lies pervading our latter-day national society. Furthermore, it works. The people themselves think of Federal funds as a windfall. Many area newspapers and civic organizations, with only occasional dissent, treat Federal funds as a windfall.

But a county road improvement costing \$60,000 still costs the taxpayers served by it \$60,000, with a little more for the extra paper work. The only difference is they have less say about the improvement than their grandfathers did, and probably no say at all.

## WILLIAM HOGAN

# Novelist Looks Ahead to 1972 Presidential Race

Niven Busch's novel about the making of the President, 1972, is not going to win any major literary prizes, and I'm sure he could not be less concerned. Like the semi-documentary novels of Allen Drury, Fletcher Knebel, and the late Eugene Burdick, "The Gentleman From California" is crisp and professional entertainment by a writer who is much less interested in the art of the novel than in the craft.

The key word here is entertainment. It is all story, staged with zest and know-how by this veteran novelist and film writer, built on what I understand was exhaustive political research in both Sacramento and Washington.

This is a narrative of the future that focuses on two well-matched hero types. Both are television images at best, rather than political intellectuals, or statesmen. It is a little Orwellian as Busch looks ahead at the candidates, the

campaigns, and the outcome. At the same time, 1972 is not far off. The cynicism, deals, counter-deals, attempts at character assassination, marital infidelities, right-wing pressure maneuvering and the often shabby mechanics of king-making will not have changed very much.

It is from this raw material that Busch has pieced together this political science-fiction that makes Gore Vidal's "The Best Man" seem very old-fashioned indeed. It may give California Republicans some heart. For the gentleman of the title is Senator Clayton H. Belshaw (Rep.-Calif.), a beautifully molded conservative, a blend perhaps of Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan—although every reader will come up with his own interpretation of the Belshaw image.

Can Belshaw and his organization beat back the Democratic favorite, the Attorney General of the U.S.,

who defended and got acquitted in a Moscow court three American astronauts accused of spying from his machine? I repeat, this is all story, not high art, but a compelling business all the way. I found it by far the best of Busch's recent California novels ("California Street," "The San Franciscans").

An amusing aspect to this performance is the series of names Busch lends his secondary characters, the most unlikely since those in Ian Fleming's "Goldfinger." Among them: Al Rocho-rojo, Vladimir Custis, Charlton Cabot, Mrs. Pinata-Ryan, Luke Hammersmith, Neilly Citron, Fuzz Augsburg, Doc Ploughface and similar Dickensian improbabilities.

This dross does not detract from Busch's strong central political theme and variety of sub-plots. It suggests that the author had a very good time, along with the hard work, telling this tale of the Nation's political future.