

Press-Herald

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Our Waning Free Choice

We are going to great lengths to develop a workable society in which vast multitudes of people of all races, creeds, and colors can live amicably and in comfort. It is a worthy goal. The question is, can it be achieved at the expense of basic principles of human liberty?

Everywhere we turn, compulsion is being substituted for free choice, and over all, we hear the click of the computers sorting and cataloging people like they were so many nuts and bolts—mere components of a great, complicated social machine.

As the rules and regulations mount, what is to become of the individual who may prize his freedom more than his security? In fact, what may become of the machine itself, built on a structure of man-made laws that defy natural laws? The great danger in the social machine that is rising around us today is arbitrary power.

It is well to recall the words of John Locke who lived in the Seventeenth Century. "The end of the law is not to abolish or restrain, but to preserve and enlarge freedom." The preservation of individual freedom should remain the highest goal of human existence.

OTHERS SAY

The Great Merchants

(Reprinted from Industrial Press Service)
According to a late news report, President Johnson's Consumer Advisory Council has recommended a broad educational program and stiffer federal and state regulations to make sure that U.S. consumers get the most for their money in the marketplace. The Council's recommendations are one more indication of the trend toward substituting authoritarian controls for the judgment of buyers and sellers in a free market. In effect, the stage is being set for crippling our efficient, competitive, mass-distribution system.

Recently, a book was published, entitled *The Great Merchants*, which tells the story of some of this country's leading retail institutions. It is a highly important contribution to a better understanding of the American retail distribution system. It should be read by everyone who is concerned with whether they are getting their money's worth from the nation's retailers—whether it be in the field of food, clothing, hard goods, sewing machines, or what not. The book describes in detail how successful merchants have been made. One thing is clear. There is no pat formula.

The great retailing organizations of today, bearing names that are household words, each began in a very small way and were the outgrowth of a distinctive idea for rendering service to consumers just as no two persons are alike, so no two retail establishments are identical. The decor of their stores and the goods they handle reflect the personalities and policies of the individual managements. The only thing that successful retailers have in common appears to be a deep-rooted respect for the wisdom and judgment of the consumer.

Upon reading "The Great Merchants," the inevitable conclusion is reached that the abundance and variety of goods that are displayed in the U.S. marketplace could never have come into being except in a land where freedom of opportunity was an inalienable right.

Elizabethtown (Ky.) News: "A few weeks ago most of the large oil companies in the United States announced increases in price which would amount to about a cent a gallon to the consumer. The action was promptly denounced by Secretary of Interior Udall, who demanded that it be rescinded. . . . The NEWS doesn't know what the price of crude oil or of gasoline should be. Neither does anybody in Washington. This newspaper knows that the oil business is not subsidized and that the law of supply and demand should fix its price in the open market. Furthermore, if there is any collusion among companies in price fixing the legal machinery of the Department of Justice is poised to act against them. The Government in Washington gets wrought up about almost any, or every, kind of price rise except that in wages. The latter never seems to ruffle its feathers."

FROM BAD TO WORSE



HERB CAEN SAYS:

Pilot Lands in Pasture, Aids Youngster's Birth

Good neighbor: John Slingerland, the ex-Marine who's chief instructor at the Sky Sailing glider airport in Fremont, Calif., was gliding toward home base the other day when he noticed a Holstein cow giving birth in a pasture. Landing nearby, he helped with the birth and then revived the mother with buckets of water he carried from the airport, half a mile away. Upon being congratulated by a newspaperman, Slingerland intoned loftily: "I feel that one should always become involved in community problems!"

Oh: Eric Starne phoned Western Union to send a cable to a Hamilton Terrace address in London—a d man when he asked the young man at the other end to spell back the address, that worthy said "H-a-m-i-l-t-o-n T-e-r-r-a-s-e." Eric corrected that, asked for another read-back and again the young man misspelled the word. "For heaven's sake," exploded Eric, "don't you know what a terrace is?" "Well, you see, sir," came the patient reply, "I've never been to England."

Barbara Garson, who re-wrote "Macbeth" for "Mac-Bird," is now at work on an anti-Vietnam Shakespearean takeoff called "Strategic Hamlet." . . . Closer to home, the pastors at Grace Lutheran Church in Palo Alto have started a question-and-answer column on personal problems in their parish newspaper—called, of course, "Dear Abbot." . . . As for our Epic Pome today, it's contributed by Frank Marx and goes like this: "I never saw a topless show/ I never hope to see one;/ If dames were meant to look like cows/ By God then each would be one." The Nobel Prize to that man.

Quotesville: Charlie "Peanuts" Schulz, in the course of being interviewed by Barnaby Conrad for a spread in the New York Times: "Well, cartooning is a fairly business. You have to be only fairly intelligent or you'd do something else. You have to be just a fairly good artist or you'd try to become a fine painter. You have to be only a fairly good writer or you'd be writing books. It's a wonderful job for a fairly person—like me."

Culture West: "Powerful passions erupt in this fabled romance of forbidden love South of Bangalore!" . . . "Hot blooded romance, illicit love, and violent vengeance!" . . . Earthy, passionate life in the raw!" . . . "To his fellow students, a poet related the story of his three strange loves" . . . Are the foregoing teaser ads for a Market St. porny house? Nope. They're from the brochure for the San Francisco Spring Opera season, opening June 2, and the purple prose refers to "The Pearl Fishers," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," and "Tales of Hoffman." The company is also doing "La Traviata," that pulsating expose of heartbreak and unbridled sex. I believe the police should look into this, since all those dirty shows were written by foreign agitators.

Sun-Kissed Shore: A few yrs. ago, Toots Shor, the fabled N.Y. restaurateur, vacationed in one of the many Hawaiian hotels owned by Lyle Guslander (Gus is the ex-San Franciscan who now owns a string of great resorts over there). As he was leaving, Toots sighed, "Aloha, aloha—the most beautiful word in the language. I'll never forget it." Recently, Gus dropped in at Toots' place in N.Y. and Shor spotted him. Walking over, he clapped Gus on the back and beamed "Aloha."

Spindrift: Sir Francis Chichester, the 65-year-old London publisher-mariner, was in the news the other day. Sailing alone around the world (again) in his 53-foot ketch Gipsy Moth IV, he was in temporary difficulty in the region of Cape Horn, but was able to wave a greeting to a BBC correspondent who flew over the craft. Sir Francis once described this sort of life: "When I am alone on an adventure I become more efficient, I become vitalized. . . ."

Chichester turns up in the large cast of characters in Charles A. Borden's "Sea Quest: Global Blue-Water Adventuring in Small Craft." This is an exhilarating examination of scores of voyages in sail, from the South Sea Vikings, those extraordinary Polynesian master mariners of centuries past, to contemporaries like Robert Manry, who took his

13 1/2-foot clinkerbuilt sloop Tinkerbelle on a lone, 78-day trans-Atlantic voyage; or the young Japanese, Kenichi Horie, who provisioned his 19-foot sloop Mermaid with rice, tinned fish, Asahi beer, saki, a ukelele, and sailed her nonstop. If not nonplused, Osaka to San Francisco.

Borden, the San Francisco-based mariner, writer and veteran of South Pacific and trans-Pacific sailing in his own craft, is the ideal author to bring the total saga of small boat adventuring into focus. This is an honest, respectful work by a sailor who knows that the sea will not tolerate the inept or pretentious for long.

Sea life has always attracted unusual people—audacious, eccentric, sometimes heroic. Borden looks over many of them in this treasure chest of salt water lore which yachtsmen and maritime enthusiasts should find irresistible.

The author feels there is little difference between the modern small boat adventurer and the ancients, the early navigators who sought the unknown. He explores men's reasons for going to sea, idealists such as Joshua Slocum, whom he relates to Thoreau. Or Sir Francis Chichester, who took the aforementioned Gypsy Moth IV alone on a 28,000-mile, one-stop circumnavigation. And others, in ocean-going hunks, or the two English oarsmen, who, last year, maneuvered their 20-foot Scottish fishing dory from Cape Cod to Galway in 92 days. And the small-ship women, like Constance Hitchcock, the California-based retired journalist who has made many South Pacific landfalls in her 38-foot Makai.

Borden's book reeks of salt spray and classic yarning, even a bit on birds—a mariner observes—the sooty-brown storm petrels, smallest sea birds who have almost lost the ability to use their legs, riding out gales in tremendous troughs of waves, or skimming and scanning in wide circles for plankton.

This is a rare, informed, authoritative record of that strange, restless maritime spirit which perhaps is inherited from our nomadic ancestors and never dies. I find this well illustrated book a complete success.

Abe Mellinkoff

AFFAIRS OF STATE

New Fair Site May Solve Capital Convention Woes

Capitol News Service
SACRAMENTO—Governor Ronald Reagan's administration did not exactly go off on a spending orgy by approving the go-ahead for construction of a \$53 million new state fair just northeast of Sacramento—there was no place else to go.

Whether by design or otherwise, officials of the new exposition, during the waning days of the administration of Governor Edmund G. Brown, committed the state to the new project. Bonds totaling \$6.5 million were sold and the bulldozers worked on the site.

As General R. Loll, director of general services who headed a Reagan task force reviewing the fair, said, the state already had spent 12 per cent of the money. A halt in construction at this point would have laid the state open to suits by bond holders and bond redemption penalties could have cost nearly \$1 million.

So the state public works board, which is made up of Reagan appointees, approved a budget of some \$14 million in construction funds so the new fair can open in June of 1968 on schedule.

However, the month-long study by the task force appears to have been a worthwhile delay. It determined, first of all, that it would be impractical to continue at the present state fair site in Sacramento, where costs of refurbishing the plant could run to \$8 or \$9 million and it never could show a profit.

More important, the task force determined that the state should back out of the Sacramento entertainment features of the new exposition, letting private capital finance them. This would include the entertainment-carnival type areas and the two golf courses which are proposed for construction between the main fair complex and the American River.

This would save \$270,000 in the entertainment area and \$471,500 for the golf courses. Some of this money would be diverted to provide for expanded agricultural space, as well as more facilities for exhibiting livestock.

In this day and age, when California is becoming more urbanized by the minute,

there's some question as to whether the original plans for a slight de-emphasis of livestock exhibiting was not the proper course. But the people who operate the Future Farmers of America and 4-H Clubs have strong voices and make themselves heard.

Another potentially significant aspect of the report of General Loll concerned an appeal for aggressive participation in the venture by the city and county of Sacramento. While it's billed as a state fair, there's no doubt that the chief beneficiaries in the way of added business will be the city and county.

Some may read between the lines of Loll's report and conclude that the state is suggesting the expanded building complex at the exposition be used by Sacramento as a convention center during most of the year. This would solve a problem which has perplexed the capital city for many years. On two occasions the voters have rejected the idea of a convention center, perhaps because it was proposed to be built in the downtown area where parking is non-existent.

ROYCE BRIER

Shriver's Scheme a Step Along the Road to 1984

Sargent Shriver is a rich man who concerns himself with the poor as a field commander of the war on poverty.

He organized and made a success of the Peace Corps, but the poverty war is in trouble, partly because it is a football of local interest across the country, partly because neither the Executive nor the Congress is willing to face the magnitude of the task.

Some cynics are saying about \$90 million annually might do something about poverty in America, but we are already spending \$30 billion annually on the Vietnam war, remember?

Anyway, Mr. Shriver's hard look at poverty has given him ideas. One he advanced recently before a Senate committee studying draft revision appears so expansive and filled with hid-

den dangers as to need comment.

Shriver proposed a law under which Selective Service would register all boys and girls at the age of 16 for some undefined service to the country. He called it a "national assessment" program.

The dispatch says he thought it might "identify

World Affairs
the poor and give girls a better chance to serve the country.

He spoke of the "lost legion of American youth" which needs help in shaking off a "heritage of deprivation." He doesn't want it for military service for males, let alone females, and he doesn't say what he would do with them when registered. He thought it might attract more to voluntary service, like the Peace Corps, but he also thought the military service should have first call on male registrants.

What Mr. Schiver apparently means by "lost legion" is that these young people are at present "lost" to government computers which would process them, and to miles of filing cabinets which would receive 3 million new registrations every year.

It is not certain the poor can be "identified" merely by registering them, nor even that they should be. What is "poor"? At 16, "poor" children can only be measured by the poverty of parents, which is another entity.

Further, to register is subtly to fetter, no matter how government-oriented theorists may gloss the fact. One supposes Soviet youth is registered, but is the Soviet society superior to ours?

Why should girls' involuntarily serve the country in the sense Mr. Shriver proposes? Why should boys serve the country, excepting to meet its military need when the need is manifest? Boys and girls can serve their country best by growing up to be intelligent, understanding, energetic, noble adults, capable of independent thinking and independent action.

They will serve nothing, neither the material progress of the nation nor its moral fiber, by being forcibly fed a lot of dedicatory gruel dished up by thousands of factotums going by the rote of a government pamphlet.

One fears Mr. Shriver's scheme is a start on the road to 1984, and we don't need it. We didn't become the greatest nation on earth that way, and won't stay the greatest nation on earth that way.

A Letter To My Son

By Tom Rische
High School Teacher and Youth Worker

Dear Bruce,
As you approach the midway mark of your second year, you can say "mama," "dad," "baby," and "uh oh," and other noises intelligible only to your mother and me. Communication between us is developing.

There's a lot of talk today about lack of communication, but on the whole, this is a noisy age of over-communications. When you get to the reading and watching TV stage, Bruce, you'll find yourself being barraged by some 1,200 ads per day, or so psychologists tell us.

Shimmering psychedelic colors vie for our attention, along with huge letters, shouting, loud music, and words once confined to locker rooms. We are besieged on radio and TV, in newspapers and magazines, on billboards, on match covers and pencils, and when we lift our eyes to heaven, we see advertising messages on blimps and in smoke of sky writers.

I hope that when you're growing up, you and I can get away from the noise to have a little thinking time now and then, to digest what we've heard.

Yours for thinking time,
Your dad