Your Right to Know Is the Key to All Your Liberties

Press-Herald

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The 'Free Money' Bait

It may be only a drop in a leaky bucket, but the Torrance City Council's action last week in foregoing any of the several 'benefits' of federal money for development of "open space" is worth noting and commending.

A Council majority—H. T. "Ted" Olson, Kenneth Miller, Ross A. Sciarrotta Sr., and George Vico—set the city's open space course on a do-it-yourself basis by voting against a proposal to seek federal subvention for the acquisition and development of area park sites.

Opposition was a matter of principle with him, Sciarrotta said. He has maintained consistently that federal money always brings federal control.

As we say, it's probably only a drop in the bucket —a few hundred thousand dollars in a million-dollar bucket—but a stand for principle is always to be commended.

Such a stand on principles has not always guided our public officials. We can recall a number of times when principles lost out to the magnetism of "free money" from Uncle Sam. Even among the ranks of our economically astute educationists, the lure of federal handouts has overcome the matter of principles.

The City Council's decision won't shake the bureaucrats off their lofty perches, but it could start a tremor that would.

The Story of Profits

We read and hear of record dollar profits made by numbers of businesses. And, to many of us, this means that the owners of these businesses are saturated with wealth and are eating high on the hog indeed.

But there is more — a great deal more — to the profit story.

The fact is that profits just haven't kept pace with other segments of the economy. From 1950 to 1963, the gross national product rose 105 per cent, the national income 97 per cent, compensation of employees 120 per cent, and personal income 102 per cent.

But profits, after taxes, rose only 19 per cent. And, remember, the profit dollar, like all other dollars, suffered severely from the erosion of inflation during those years.

This is why top economists are now concerned with the profit situation. Overall, in their view, profits are not sufficient to provide the degree of economic expansion this country — with it's swelling population and its hope for ever-improving living and working conditions — wants and needs. The profit picture, in other words, is not so pretty as it looks at first glance.

IT'S NEWS TO ME by Herb Caen

Some Monsters Are for Real

MONSTER STUFF: Monsters are big these days, right? So it's lucky for us that darlin' Mae Clarke is in town. Not only did Mae achieve immortality in "Public Enemy" (when Jimmy Cagney shoved a grapefruit in her kisser), she played the young bride in the original "Frankenstein," which starred Boris Karloff in the granddaddy of all monster make-ups.

When he first clumped onto the set, Mae recalled at the Friar Room the other night, he frightened everybody half to death, so gruesome did he look. Leaning down, he told the bug-eyed Mae before their first scene together: "Now, when you turn around and see the monster, remember it's only me—sweet Boris. And to prove it, as I walk toward you, I'll wiggle my little finger. Then you'll know that deep down inside all this horrible make-up it's gentle, kindly Karloff."

As the cameras rolled, Karloff began stalking toward Mae. She kept her frightened eyes riveted on his little finger—and—it didn't move! She panicked —resulting in one of the most exciting scenes ever filmed.

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BY THE TIME a bore gets around to saying "To make a long story short" it's too late.

If you applaud at the stage entrance of an opera star, a hundred infuriated people will hiss "Shhh!" drowning out the first five notes of his aria.

Ostentation: Laughing knowingly at the untranslated dialogue in a foreign movie.

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PASTE THIS on your dashboard: A year-long check of hitch-hikers on the New Jersey Turnpike turned up 162 runaways, 98 military AWOLs, seven fugitives from mental institutions, five escaped convicts and 510 with criminal fingerprint records. Still want to pick 'em up?

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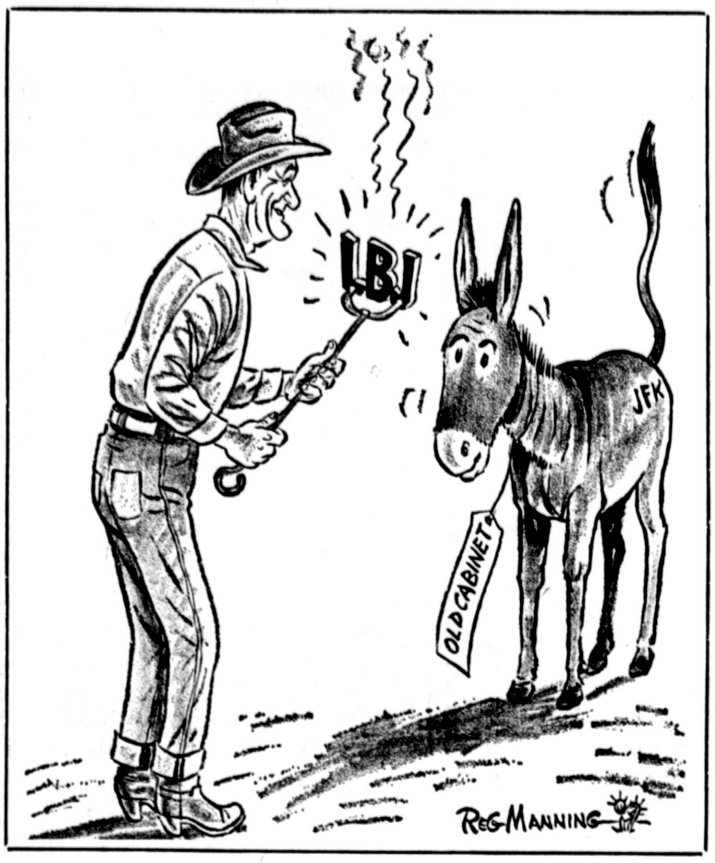
THE OBSERVATION "One is not enough and two is too many," applies to sandwiches, baseball games, movies, hot dogs, stingers in the rough, and sex.

(Read Herb Caen Here Each Sunday)



HERE AND THERE *by Royce Brier*

Experts Still Reading Signs in Kremlin Shift

A small band of experts sometimes called Kremlinologists are working hard on the big changeover in Moscow.

They may be making a little headway. They now have a fairly plausible story of what happened when Nikita Khrushchev was confronted by his colleagues in the Presidium, and then by the whole Central Committee of the Communist Party.

The story: he was accused of gross ideological error in the rift with Red China, and with failures at home in agricultural and industrial production. Suslov and Polansky, neither very familiar to Americans, were the principal accusers and Khrushchev replied without avail, the cards having been stacked against him by his successors, headed by Brezhnev, the new Party secretary.

There is also a report the new leaders will soon issue a communique on the changeover.

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That such a communique, if issued, will not be the full and objective story of the event, is obvious.

Meanwhile, the new leaders are going to some lengths to reassure the West that they propose no change from Khrushchev's brand of co-existence. At the same time there is evidence the new regime will undertake to modify Khrushchev's recent intransigent stand against the Mao regime in Peking.

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Another Moscow mood, which the Kremlinologists curiously have not assessed, concerns the suggestion the new regime is a "collective leadership." Without being a Kremlinologist, the writer must note that this repeats the pattern immediately after Stalin's death. It was wishful thinking or a swindle, because after some fumbling Khruchchev emerged. So in this case will a strong man emerge, the prognosis for collective leaderships being bad. Remember the triumvirates which included Caesar and Napoleon?

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Kremlinologists also wonder what success the regime will have abroad, and here some facts are reaching them.

In Prague, Warsaw, and elsewhere among the satellites, there is coolness, and frank distress over how the change was brought about. In some capitals, this has openly taken the form of praise for Khrushchev's policies.

This skepticism is repeated in Communist parties in non-Communist nations which, in Stalin's time and part of Khrushchev's, were slavish in subjection to Moscow. The most conspicious and latest of these demarches came from the Politburo of the French Party, which demanded of the Moscow Central Committee "more complete information and necessary explanations concerning the conditions and methods" under which the change was carried out. The French want the Committee to receive a delegation in Moscow.

Such movements, tantamount to disaffection, will tax the skill and delicacy of the new leaders.

BOOKS *by William Hogan*

Richard O'Connor Tries To Define Jack London

Around 1913 the author of "Call of the Wild," "The Sea Wolf," "Martin Eden" and other classic adventure tales was reputed to be the highest-paid, best-known, most popular writer in the world. Before Jack London's suicide (by an overdose of narcotics) at the age of 40, this former San Francisco oyster pirate, longshoreman, and adventurer who once ran for mayor of Oakland on the Socialist ticket, lived in baronial style at his Sonoma County ranch. He wrote incessantly to meet the bills. Like an earlier Ernest Hemingway, his restless, widely-ranging personal life became as much a legend in his time as his hard-muscled fiction.

The biographer Richard O'Connor ("Gould's Millions;" "The Scandalous Mr. (James Gordon) Bennett," has taken on the difficult assignment of trying to explain and analyze Jack London and his erratic talent in a book titled simply "Jack London." (Little, Brown; 419 pp.; $6.75). It is immensely readable and far more zestful than Irving Stone's only fairly successful "novelized biography" of 1938 titled "Sailor On Horseback."

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This, O'Connor explains regretfully, may not be the "definitive" biography of London. London's nephew and literary executive, Irving Shepard, reportedly refused O'Connor permission to examine the London collection in the Huntington Library on grounds that Shepard is bringing out a revised edition of Charmian London's highly colored account of her husband published in 1921.

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What O'Connor does give us here is a first-rate profile of a short, vivid life and mercurial talent which had an unquenchable desire for success and all its rewards. London ranged from the Klondike to England to the Russo-Japanese war to the deep Pacific in search of personal adventure. Some of this he shared with his second wife and widely publicized "mate-woman," the former Charmian Kittredge.

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In his books London was a crusader—against poverty and drink, among other things—and for awhile he saw himself as a forerunner of Socialism. London remains one of the great hero-victims of American success, an egocentric of literature who, like F. Scott Fitzgerald in a later time, squandered his talent rather than cultivated it.

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Although such a high-powered critic as the late H. L. Mencken labeled London "an instinctive artist of a high order," few of his 50 books and reams of stories and articles are read in this country. (In the Soviet Union, London is read and studied as a major American literary figure.) London is a personality from another age, an age of untrammeled lands and rough men battling wild seas in sailing ships, although, as his biographer notes, London was a contemporary of Upton Sinclair, Carl Sandburg and Bertrand Russell.

Like so many prominent figures in our literary history, Jack London's story is essentially a tragedy, and in his case a particularly moving one. O'Connor's is the most satisfactory account of this falling star I have read. The sealed material at Huntington Library had better be extremely solid and startling if Irving Shepard's proposed biography of Uncle Jack in to be a "definitive" one.

"The modern girl wears just as many clothes as her grandmother did—but not all at once."

AFTER HOURS *by John Morley*

Impact of President on Nation Now Is Enormous

Most of us who have lived through this generation have observed that the Presidency changes with the occupant in the White House regardless of political party or platform.

From Presidents Hoover to Johnson, the impact of personality upon the nation, through the White House, has been enormous, even though inherent social changes influenced much of the result. It is debatable whether the President leads, or national influences and conditions lead him.

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In the past generation the power of the Presidency has reached a summit without precedent in our history. But the political machinations have hardly kept pace, with the exception of push-button computers which calculate the astronomical government expenditures.

A generation ago, the late President Hoover contained himself mostly within the boundaries of the then 48 states, while our more recent Presidents have been required to circumvent the globe.

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Probably the power of the Presidency has increased more by pressure of global and domestic events than by the push and pull of strong or weak Presidents. Nuclear energy, nationalism, and the emergence of colonial nations—increased communications between the hemispheres, deficit spending, unbalanced budgets, growth of labor unions, paternalism, racial restlessness — all had their impact on the Presidency. These and other events have changed both the office and the influence of the President.

The President is also the head of his political party and seldom can his allegiance and decisions be separated. Party success must prevail at almost any price, and usually does, it is a quality of purpose that often plays havoc with our national image and destiny.

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The system of checks and balances of our Constitution, which separate the powers of government in the legislative, executive and judicial branches, are fine as far as they go. But these branches ebb and flow depending on the power that leads them. Strong initiative in the White House, Supreme Court, or Congress greatly influences the state of the Union. Government is organized on an orderly basis under this process of checks and balances, but the actual operation depends on which branch moves with the strongest initiative, or leadership.

Presidents Roosevelt and Kennedy exerted the greatest initiative, even though the results have been subject to heated debate. Nevertheless, the initiative was strong. This may have been caused by the ravages of the depression, in the case of Roosevelt, or by the natural impatience of the 43-year-old president, in the case of Kennedy.

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While there is a provision in the Constitution for the three branches of government, there is no provision for what emerges as a kind of "fourth branch." This is in the degree of leadership. For leadership becomes a "fourth branch," whether in the hands of the executive, judicial, or legislative.

The entire history of the Presidency is in the shifting power of Presidential initiative.

Probably the nation has suffered more by strong initiative than by weak, although this obviously depends on one's measuring stick. What price, for instance, have we paid for the extravagant paternalism that began with the New Deal, under the guise of "social progress." Social progress undoubtedly helped millions, but it also took the starch out of a lot of other millions who today are leaning more and more on government handouts, and under the delusion that deficit spending is sound.

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The power of the Presidency is destined to grow, and this creates a calculated risk. Can this great power continue to repose on the shoulders of one man. We think it can, providing the Presidency is not misused to stifle a free society, free enterprise, individual initiative, by political expediency which in the end may create a socialist monster that will devour the Presidency itself.

Our Man Hoppe

There's a Deal Coming Along

By Arthur Hoppe

Howdy there, folks. How y'all? Time for another rib-ticklin' tee-vee adventure with the Jay Family — starring ol' Elbie Jay, the most generous cuss you ever did see.

As we join with ol' Elbie, he's attending his fourth Gala Victory Celebration. His fourth, that is of the day. His friends are a-whoopin' it up. But ol' Elbie, he's a-settin' in a corner with his head in his hands, lookin' something awful. His faithful sidekick, Tex Valenti, is trying to perk him up.

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Elbie (dejectedly): I just can't figure what I did wrong, Tex. Maybe when the rural vote comes in . . .

Tex: No, there isn't much hope, Chief. It was a close race. But it sure looks like you lost.

Elbie: Oh, how'm I going to face myself in the mirror? It's a terrible thing to lose.

Tex (consolingly): Well, Chief, Arizona isn't everything.

Elbie: I know, Tex. But when you figure I also lost Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina, it's got all the earmarks of a real disaster. Kind of destroys your faith in folks.

Tex: But, Chief, you won big in the other 44 States —better than 65 per cent.

Elbie: Yep, folks are all fine. All 65 per cent of

Elbie: Yep, folks are all fine. All 65 per cent of '19 and '36.

Tex: Now, don't go brooding on it, Chief. How about making another victory statement? You know: "Bind up our wounds . . . march forward together . . . united as one in all 50 of our great States . . . without bitterness or rancor. . ."

Elbie: Fine, Tex. And don't forget "Let us be generous in victory." That's always mighty important.

Tex: Right, Chief. And shall I go ahead as planned and cut off all Federal aid to Georgia, Alabama and South Carolina, remove the levees on the lower Mississippi and conduct a test of that 100-megaton Z-bomb in Arizona?

Elbie: No, Tex. Cancel those plans. Ive been thinking. We got to be generous in our hour of victory. Such as it was. Hand me my telephone. I feel a deal coming on.

Tex (elatedly): A deal! Oh, you're your old self again, Chief.

Elbie (smiling): Yes sir, when I think of generosity, I think of deals. Now let's see. First get me President Whatshisname down there in Mexico. I want to generously correct a 100-year-old swindle. Then get me that Fidel fellow down there in Cuba. I got a real generous offer to make him, too.

Tex: You bet, Chief. Anything else?

Elbie: Yep, change that victory statement to read: "March forward together as one in all 44 of our great States." We better get folks used to the idea.

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WILL THE DEEP SOUTH ACCEPT CASTRO? Will Vice Versa? Tune in to our next episode, folks. And meantime, as you mosey down the long trail of life, remember what Elbie's ol' granddaddy used to say about good losers:

"When you lose friends in politics, lose 'em good."

Quote

Life that ever needs forgiveness has for its first duty to forgive. — Edward Bulwer-Lytton.

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If you have been badly wronged, forgive and forget. —Mary Baker Eddy.

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We pardon as long as we love.—La Rochefoucauld.

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He who has not forgiven an enemy has never yet tasted one of the most sublime enjoyments of life. — John Caspar Lavater.

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We hand folks over to God's mercy, and show none ourselves.—George Eliot.

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Never does the human soul appear so strong and noble as when it forgoes revenge, and dares to forgive an injury.—Edwin Hubbell Chapin.

Morning Report:

Say what you want about the election results, all of us will get one benefit not promised by either candidate. The TV set now returns to the intentional nonsense for which it is made.

Especially, we no longer will see our favorite movie heroes reading political commercials. I'm not saying they haven't a right to campaign, but it was hard on us fans.

I suffered most with John Wayne, who is a great performer if you give him a few words, a horse, and a carbine. And lots of dead Indians. But unarmed and on foot, filling up my TV screen, I could easily have swapped him for an old sample ballot from the 1900 campaign.

Abe Mellinkoff