

Press-Herald

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Open Season on Ultras

The spring sniping season is in full swing, and the politicians are roaming the land decrying the dangers of the extremists far and wide.

It's a strange game, however; something like the deer season during which only bucks, no does, can be shot.

Except for a few unheralded poachers, the bulk of the political finger-pointers and viewers-with-alarm are busy pointing fingers at the extremists representing the right side of the political spectrum. Somehow it doesn't seem too worrisome a thing to have the ultra-leftwing extremists up and moving.

Mayor Samuel Yorty, who is seeking to unhorse Gov. Brown in the Democratic primaries next June, has accused his opponent of being unconcerned about the ultra-left in the Democratic Party while demanding that Republicans repudiate the ultra-right in their party.

We do not believe that the governor is really unconcerned about the ultra-left, but the point raised by the mayor is one which has concerned this newspaper for a long time.

Why does it appear that only extremists on the right pose a threat to our nation. Why is it that the national magazines and major forms of communication are replete with the cries of our leaders about the dangers from the right but are strangely muted about the dangers from the left.

Why does it appear that those who stand and call for repudiation of the right get the cheers of the sycophants around them but those who stand and call for repudiation of the left get the hoots and catcalls.

We believe both are dangerous and deserve repudiation.

Opinions of Others

So far as we have been able to observe, there are two kinds of taxes: good taxes and bad taxes. Good taxes are those that are levied upon other people and bad taxes are those that make us pay. . . . If you will thoroughly understand the distinction that we make in regard to taxes . . . you will be able to understand a great deal of the squawking you hear.—*Columbia (Miss.) Progress*.

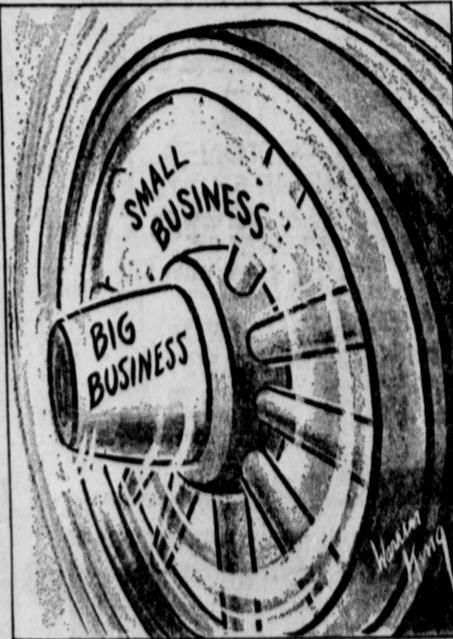
There is no argument. . . . against a self-sustaining Post Office Department, but we sure do wish that Washington would take the same approach when it comes to financing some of its other services. . . . Oh well. You can't have everything. But you do sort of wonder sometimes about a system which doesn't even flinch when it comes to paying the freight on a capsule bound for an uninhabited, zip-codeless place in space, but gave up completely when it came to maintaining the penny post card.—*Delmar (Del.) Weekly*.

"Teenage fads are carefully calculated to scandalize adults". . . . German WW II helmets are showing up on youthful motorcycleists in place of crash helmets. German crosses, to be worn as necklaces by the girls are appearing. Adults of America, arise! Let us arise and sit at the same time—sit this one out. Nobody complain. Nobody ground the kids. No petulance. Just silence. Maybe we can win this one.—*Port Huron (Mich.) Times Herald*.

We have always been of the opinion that the man who earns the money is more entitled to spend it than the politicians in Washington. If there is danger of inflation from too much spending the best place to start is in Washington.—*Ellis (Kan.) Review*.

Just a short time ago, there still were some eight million of 18 million eligible for Medicare who had not signed up for it. . . . I don't know what the outcome will be . . . but I do know the pressure sure is on to get 'em all. . . . We don't want any "independent" people left in this country! . . . —*Harrisville (W. Va.) Gazette*.

HUMMING 'ROUND THE HUB



Hard To Close, Once The Gate Is Open



STAN DELAPLANE

Break the Pattern: Visit The Outer Islands First

HANALEI, KAUAI — It's usual for your travel agent to book you into Waikiki for a few days and then to the Outer Islands. But don't do it. Ask him to reverse it. When you get into Honolulu, catch an inter-island plane and sit on a beach for a week and unwind. Then do a few days in the other islands and then Honolulu. Last evening I watched the sun go down in a shower of liquid gold over quiet, remote Hanalei Bay. The guitar was playing "Sunset Hanalei" and there wasn't a single thing to do but have a drink and dinner in the open air dining room at Hanalei Plantation House. And so to bed with the surf-beat to dream by.

"This is our first trip to Hawaii and we would like to know what clothes to take."

I bring one lightweight coat and a pair of slacks. (And in two weeks wore it only once.) Women need a couple of cocktail dresses. The daytime wear is slacks and aloha shirts for men. Muumuu — the print Mother Hubbard — for women. Or shorts or slacks. Bathing suits at least half the time. Sandals nearly all the time. Women need one sweater — evenings sometimes turn a little cool. Especially here on Kauai. But — better to buy here than on the mainland. Prices are better here. (But mainland manufacturers are getting very competitive.) The major advantage is the tremendous selection. A pocket flashlight is handy. Outdoor lighting is usually those pretty, flaming luau torches. But it's flickerly light when you're going in the dark to your cottage.

"We'd like to go to Hawaii on vacation. The problem is that we are only 18 and don't have much money."

Well, keep your eye on

the bluebird. On May 27 the airlines are reducing the fare for you (age 12 to 22) to \$75 from the West Coast. Standby basis — you wait and see if there's any space left. So try a light day. Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday.

If you have to get to the West Coast, Greyhound bus is your cheapest way. (If time is a factor, the airlines

Travel

have a youth-reduced rate on the mainland, too.) You can pack a sleeping bag and sleep out in public campgrounds. They have them near Honolulu. You're limited to one week. Then you change to another camp ground.

"Can you suggest a summer vacation (at low cost) for a family of five? Small children."

I'd say try one of these farms or ranches where they take paying guests. Get the 1966 Farm Vacation Guide. Send \$1.50 to Farm Vacations, 36 East 57th St., New York City.

"We have a week in London. Would like to see some of the night life."

London's the swinging town of all Europe these days. Best night clubs are along Jermyn Street, just behind Piccadilly — but check Queen's magazine (the London "New Yorker"). They'll have the most popular listed.

Private dinner clubs and gambling clubs have a low temporary membership fee. The hotel hall porter arranges it for you. (The man who hands you your keys.) Curzon House Club is a very posh club. An excellent dining room with great oil-painted Lords looking down on you. In Curzon Street.

Morning Report:

Senator Wayne Morse happened to recall the other day what President Kennedy told him two and a half years ago about Viet Nam. Not many people know that Mr. Kennedy had unburdened himself on this tricky issue to the Oregon Senator.

I imagine even fewer know the late President also spoke to me about Viet Nam. But of course I don't intend to break the confidence.

As a matter of fact, I think Senator Morse might have done his cause more good by following the same course. Because, as it's now related, the President told Senator Morse he might be right in opposing the war. Which is a polite way of telling him he also might be wrong.

Abe Mellinkoff

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Speeding Driver Put In Hospital by Irate Judge

Pat Brown was, of course, delighted to read in Newsweek that Calif. bookies won't accept bets on the Governor's race "because they figure Brown is such a strong favorite." Beams Pat: "I've had a high respect for bookies ever since I prosecuted them as District Attorney of San Francisco. My respect is even higher now." . . . Jesse James tried to cash a check, made out to him by Frank James, in a downtown bank — and the clerk just laughed at him. At other banks, same reaction. Finally got it cashed at Letterman General Hospital, where he and his brother, Frank, were patients. . . . Even funnier, he said hopefully, is the case of a man charged with driving 110 mph on a freeway (the arresting officer testified he had to go 130 to nail him). "And why were you doing 110?" the judge inquired. "Because," replied the driver, "my car won't go any faster." This so infuriated the magistrate that he booped the defendant on the head with his gavel — so hard that the wizeguy went to the hospital. However, he plans no legal action.

Whee, the people: Nelson Eddy, invited to judge the recent yacht races, begged off with: "People forget how OLD I am. After singing Saturday night, I can't possibly be out of bed before 2 p.m. Sunday." . . . Little Known Facts: You are aware that Artie Shaw is the noted ex-bandleader who married Lana Turner and Ava Gardner (on separate occasions)

and who is now touring with his hot imported film, "Enough Rope." But did you know he is also the fourth best rifle shot in the U.S.? Yup. At La Bourgogne the other night, he displayed the target—one tiny hole in the dead center of the bull's eye, made by five shots at 100 yards. Almost perfect but three other riflemen were even better, by a

San Francisco

thousandth of an inch. . . . How subtle can subliminal advertising get? Well, take a look at the "Caution: Cigarette Smoking May Be Hazardous To Your Health" Warning on the Kent packages. Yup, The 'M' in 'May' is in heavier type! As for one reader, he's cutting down because ciggie prices are going up, and thinks the warning should be amended to "May Be Hazardous To Your Wealth."

Careful it tickles: Allen Case, co-star of TV's "Jesse James," wandered into the Peppermint Tree the other night, and was pressed into duty as judge of the nightly "Amateur Topless Contest." Afterwards, the winner asked for his autograph. Since he had no paper handy, he signed on one of the two reasons she won. Fortunately, it was a felt pen.

We can all learn from history even if we don't: in ancient days, the city of Rome barred chariots from its downtown streets during daylight to ease the awful

congestion; this was one reason Rome was able to defeat Carthage, 3-0. . . . Things sometimes work out for the best dept.: I mean, suppose Red China was a FRIEND. Think of the billions we would have spent there on foreign aid by now. . . . Dream of glory: you're behind the wheel of one of those loudspeakers-equipped police cars, and you see a guy you hate start to jaywalk. . . . Soggy thought: If Avis ever gets to be No. 1, will it stop trying so hard? Even if it Hertz? . . . The come-off-it award of the month goes to those Las Vegas "civic leaders" who protested against the use of topless lady blackjack dealers in the casinos. If there's one thing we can live without, it is protestations of morality from Las Vegas types. Hoo-BOY.

I don't mind being awakened in the middle of a drowsy Sunday morning by the pealing of REAL church bells, but being aroused by those taped chimes that so many churches now use just isn't the same thing. You could wake up smiling at the mental picture of a bunch of jolly friars bouncing up and down at the end of the rope pulls; when you know it's just another electronic shortcut, grampsville. . . . People who object to Beatle-type hair on young men have bald brains. . . . You're not safe anywhere: last year, 300 pedestrians were injured by cars while standing on traffic safety islands!

ROYCE BRIER

Sino-Soviet Border Fuss Shows Big War Potential

The Amur River is about as long as the Congo or the Mississippi and politically it has all the potential the Mississippi had in 1862. That is, two hostile peoples want to control it.

The Amur flows between Siberia and Red China, and about 400 miles' north of Vladivostok it turns north into Siberia. When it is flowing southeast it is the border between the Soviet Union and Manchuria.

In the summer when the river isn't frozen, there is a large traffic on the Amur and its tributaries. There is an exchange of goods in both Russian and Chinese vessels. The 1957 Soviet-Sino

treaty provided for free passage of steamers.

Last month, with the season opening, the Chinese imposed stringent regulation of Soviet vessels on the river. They may not carry arms, and passengers and crews are subject to Chinese inspection. This is a unilateral violation of the published parts of the 1957 treaty, and we do not know

World Affairs

how the Russians will react, but they won't be pleased.

Farther to the west the sparsely settled Communist

Mongolia is virtually a protectorate of the Soviet Union, but for some years Chinese agents have been reported at work there.

As you swing further west and then south, you come to the Soviet Chinese border which covers the old homeland of Genghis Kahn. Here the frontiers are ill-defined, and for a decade there have been patrol clashes. Neither the Chinese nor the Russians care to publicize these clashes, and the area is about as far as you can get from the normal range of newspaper correspondents, and stay on the planet.

It is certain, however, that both nations have substantial infantry forces in the region, and that there is considerable air reconnaissance. This is technically about as far as either nation can go, as the area is too wild for armored vehicles, and the supply lines are too far from Soviet or Chinese centers to permit troop buildups. There are no trunk railroads.

Though the quarrel between Moscow and Peking, which is now about six years old, seems to turn solely on ideological differences, most authorities insist this is no more than half the story, if that.

The Russians look on Siberia as we looked on the trans-Mississippi, 1850-1900. They haven't the development resources we had, but they will have, perhaps before the end of the century. The Chinese look on Siberia as a natural northern subdivision. It has timber and minerals, probably including oil, that Old China lacks and needs. It is unlikely any successor of Mao will lack this same land-hunger.

The east-west frontier is on one flank of the Siberian prize, the Amur River region on the other.

You and I probably won't live to see this probable conflict of peoples over land, which may well be as vast and persistent as any ever seen in history. But our children may see it: Tell them to look up the Amur — the encyclopedias don't have much, but they have something. It could one day be one of the most important of the world's great rivers.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Growing Audience Stuns Hemingway's Biographer

A. E. Hotchner, the magazine journalist and playwright, was trying to explain in his own mind the popular success of his book, "Papa Hemingway: A Personal Memoir" (Random House). The two men were great friends, traveling and drinking companions for 13 years before Hemingway's suicide in Idaho.

During a visit here the other day, Hotchner admitted he was stunned by the audience the book is gaining. He suggested there are two audiences for it: first, followers of Hemingway as a folk hero of Paul Bunyan proportions in a period when there are too few American folk heroes (of Jack Kennedy, or Hemingway proportions). Then a second, smaller audience of scholars and aficionados of Hemingway who admired him primarily as a writer.

In the book Hotchner attempted to tell how it was. As literary historian he has no apology for the frankness about the final years of a man and writer he cared about very much. After struggling with his conscience, he decided to play it honestly: no half-way manner of telling the story

Reaction from readers so far has been erratic. Many complain that Hotchner should not have written in such detail about his friend's mental collapse, physical wasting away, and eventual suicide. Others ask him for more details on the writer's life, habits, and attitudes. These are not literary scholars, but "faceless people" from everywhere.

Books

followers of Papa, the folk hero.

It was Hotchner's tragic and moving last chapter that the widow, Mary Hemingway, objected to chiefly. She sought unsuccessfully to halt the book's sale on grounds of invasion of privacy: "Emotional litigation," according to Hotchner, who was trained as a lawyer.

It seems to him that Hemingway's emotional collapse began when he won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1954. That made him a celebrity of movie star proportions: that and the chic, sometimes untrue legends. His privacy ended; people refused to let him go. This, plus a terrible physical condition from wounds and accidents, helped to kill him.

Hotchner is generally happy with reviews of his book and is not about to pick a quarrel with John Kenneth Galbraith, the Harvard economist (rather than literary man) who questioned the "morality" of Hotchner's record in one Eastern review.

Hotchner insists there was never any tape-recording during the final fantasies when Hemingway thought the FBI and Internal Revenue people were after him. There was no tape-recording at all, Hotchner says, other than a plaything the two men used to trick friends. In this sense, Galbraith did not have the facts.

There is at least one unpublished Hemingway novella, a superb adventure, Hotchner calls it, "The Sea Chase" is about a Hemingway hero who, like Hemingway, attached his private fishing craft to the wartime Navy as hunter of U-boats in the Caribbean. He took out his frustration by mounting an imaginary capture of the U-boat. Not the best Hemingway, but "wonderful stuff," Hotchner does not know when Mary Hemingway will allow this to be published.