

# Press-Herald

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## Quality Beyond Measure

A lump of coal and a diamond have the same basic ingredient—carbon; yet we Americans do not hesitate to invest hundreds or thousands in the diamond. And usually we make such a purchase on the basis of our respect for the integrity of the dealer. We don't look for labels or judge by the size of the jewel box.

Similarly, it takes more than just standardized labels or packaging to make sure that the housewife gets the best buy for her money. Buying wisely, after all, involves more than pounds or ounces per dollar; it involves quality, something that even the Federal government (at the present time) is not proposing to standardize.

The proposed Hart packaging bill would standardize dimensions of weight, composition, etc. on the label. It does not supply that intangible measure of quality and taste so important to the consumer. It does not establish the difference in true value as compared to a lump of coal and a diamond, a Paris original and a mass produced copy.

Isn't it just possible that the store you patronize offers the best products at the lowest prices, commensurate with the quality you desire? Competition at the marketplace demands it. Forced changes in packaging, which contribute nothing to the contents value, will feed the fires of inflation in the food you buy.

### Others Say:

## The Control Way

The superintendent of the school district in the little city of Beaverton, Oregon, is having troubles—troubles which are not of his own or his community's making. They are troubles which are shared by innumerable other such districts the country over. They have to do with the masses of red tape involved in federal aid to education.

Specifically, in this superintendent's view, "the requirements are completely unreasonable" in applying for funds under Title II of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965. As an example, it is demanded that each and every one of the books of the district's libraries be inventoried. He says of this, "All the information they need they could be given on one piece of paper."

News accounts report that the Beaverton School Board unanimously supports the superintendent and fears that federal aid is turning into federal control. The sad fact is that it would be remarkable if it didn't. The old adage still applies: He who pays the piper calls the tune. And the demands made on the local bodies inevitably grow even larger. This is the bureaucrats' way of showing they must have more funds, more staff, more authority. So, little by little, local and individual responsibility, local determination to forge ahead, and local rights and liberties, are whittled away. Nothing is sharper than the knife of the bureaucrat.—*The Liberal (Kans.) Southwest Daily Times.*

By the time a man can afford to lose a golf ball, he has lost his ability to knock it that far.—*Joe Harrison in The Texas (Dickens County) Spur.*

If you can't stand criticism, you're not worthy of praise.—*Martha S. Wilder in The Cochran (Ga.) Journal.*

This would be a better world if all men showed as much patience all the time as they do when waiting for a fish to bite.—*Fred W. Grown, Edgewater (N.J.) Bergen Citizen.*

The canny working girl knows it is one thing to be wed and quite another to be fed.—*Frazier L. Brown, Smith County (Kans.) Pioneer.*

### You Bet Your Life



"You kill me, Freddie!"



The Travelers Safety Service

Driver error is involved in more than 80% of accidents resulting in death or injury.

## Let's See You Get Outta That, Officer Houdini



STAN DELAPLANE

## Odds and Ends: A Few Tips for Your Travels

SAN FRANCISCO—American Youth Hostels, 14 West 8th St., New York City: Ask them for a folder on trips in the U.S. by bike, train, station wagon camping. (No age limit, but you have to be ready for outdoor life. It isn't the Hilton circuit.) Five week by station wagon in Western National Parks costs you \$365. Six weeks by bike and train in New England and Quebec, \$265. And many others.

Mexican Airlines: Ask for their listing of summer school in Mexico. Everything from University of Mexico to painting and art writing schools. 80 East 42nd St., New York City, Room 402. Free and has other good information on Mexico.

Humble Travel Club, 800 Bell Ave., Houston, Texas: I can't see any cost to this except asking them to give you a Humble Oil credit card. You get a slick quarterly magazine with touring information; a travel atlas; they'll mark out a route for any trip; ball bond you if the sheriff catches up with you.

If you're taking the dog along: By air, ask Pan American for their pamphlet "Petiquette." By road, send 25 cents for "Touring with Towser" to Gaines Dog Research Center, 250 Park Ave., New York City. Lists motels in the U.S. who'll let you bring the dog.

Summer armchair travelers: Get on the mailing lists of the foreign government tourist offices. Many of them put out beautiful, full-color magazines and occasional publications. Germany, Switzerland, England, and Canada are the best I've seen lately. They all have New York offices. Did you know your friendly telephone company will connect you with New York information operator—free?

"I am flying to Bermuda and the airline tells me that

there IS a weight limit of 44 pounds. You said two large suitcases without a weight limit."

Sorry, I blew this one in a recent column. It's two unweighed suitcases if you're flying inside the U.S. On international flights, you are limited to 44 pounds in tour-

### Travel

ist, 66 pounds in first class. The domestic regulations are determined by lineal measurement rather than weight. On domestic flights, you are allowed one suitcase of not more than 62" and one of not more than 45". The size of the suitcase is determined by adding its length, width and depth. (Domestic, rather than overseas, baggage regulations apply to flights from the mainland to Hawaii. This is where I went wrong.)

"Can I wire flowers to a girl in Germany? In Stuttgart."

A florist here tells me you can through Florists Transworld Delivery service. The American florist can show you pictures of flowers in season and arrangements than can delivered in any country. You pay him. The overseas florist delivers.

"Since we are going to be driving in Europe, we would like to know about distances in kilometers or miles, gasoline by the gallon or liter and road signs."

Road signs are in miles in Great Britain and Ireland. Kilometers on the Continent. You think in miles so multiply km. by 6 to get mileage—rough but close enough. Strike off the last digit. Km. 55 equals 33 miles. Great Britain sells an Imperial gallon, a little bigger than ours. On the Continent gas is in liters. Roughly four of them make a gallon. Road signs are mainly in symbols. When you get your car, have

## Morning Report:

With the standard of living so low in so much of the world, it is comforting to learn that New Yorkers have it made at last. The government will now allow them to put water in their swimming pools.

For months now, there has been a grave water shortage in the area with the natives standing around, like so many African farmers in Kenya, waiting for the rains to come. They finally did.

A swimming pool is not only pleasant but something of a status symbol as well. Assuming of course it is full of water. But a dry pool represents nothing but a monthly payment to the contractor. And a symbol, perhaps, that we learn how to turn on a faucet before we get to the Moon.

Abe Mellinkoff

### HERB CAEN SAYS:

## Market Street Heart of City You'll Never Know

Whenever I feel I'm getting out of touch with the city—a fear that haunts all newsmen—I take a long walk along Market Street. As therapy this is better than a hot oil rub, picking up a 24-point bridge hand or flipping a cigarette butt at a cable car slot and watching it go in without touching the sides.

A few minutes on Market will convince anybody, even the oldest native, that he'll never get to know San Francisco. It's the street of broken dreams, of frozen screams, of strangers rubbing elbows—a main street a million miles away from the San Francisco the Convention and Visitors Bureau tries so desperately to portray in its magazine ads: the Tony Bennett city of tiny cable cars climbing to the stars that look down on seven-course dinners, nights at the opera and all that sort of kitschy-koo.

In many ways Market is the most sophisticated street in town, if by sophistication you mean weary, worldly and aloof. Its warmth is its coldness: you're alone, but so is everybody else. In a city that in too many ways is like a small town, it is blessedly impersonal. You can walk from Sixth to the Ferry without seeing anyone even vaguely familiar, and a foolish friendly smile gets exactly what it deserves: a darting glance on the edge of suspicion.

Market is teeming with San Franciscans you'll never get to know. It is quite clear that they don't want to know you, either. Nothing is given, nothing is expected—a truly civilized arrangement.

Market Street is the city

in all its desperate vitality and glorious vulgarity—the Alcatraz of streets. It's there, but nobody knows what to do with it. Every traffic plan runs up against it and falls back, defeated. The dreamers talk vaguely of pedestrian malls and islands of shrubbery, but

### San Francisco

there is doubt even in the pretty drawings; they will end up in the files (or the wastebasket) along with a thousand other plans bravely titled, "What to Do About Market Street." It is wide, long, stubborn and unregenerate—a true brute of a street. A dead end with a life all its own.

The image-conscious San Franciscan nervously warns the visitor: "Stay off Market. It's no more San Francisco than Broadway is New York." A specious argument. Might as well say Post Street is no more San Francisco than Fifth is New York. Market is much San Francisco—our main drag, and don't linger overlong on the second world. It's a drag only if you can't face the fact that San Francisco isn't all bankers at Jack's, socialites at Trader Vic's—and the latest leaper off the Golden Gate Bridge.

Market Street is old men spitting on the sidewalk and blowing their noses in the gutters. Women too broad of beam to wear slacks, but wearing them anyway tucked into pointy boots. Girls with hair tossed a mile high over pouty faces filled with chewing gum. Old ladies smoking cigarettes and

flipping them away expertly. Greasy-haired boys wearing pants so tight they must have been painted on, standing in silent knots, icy glance on passing girls. Young men in shiny leather jackets, trying to look insolent and dangerous, which they could very well be. Slim-hipped boy-girls piloting motorcycles with frigid efficiency, returning your stare with a contemptuous flick of dead eyes.

Market is rock'n'roll blaring out of little record shops, \$9.95 shoes and \$19.95 dresses, the smell of hot dogs, men spooning crab cocktails into faces hidden inside upturned collars, schoolgirls eating ice cream sandwiches, dirty magazines with their pages Scotch-taped so you can't get a free peek, pinball games flashing their obscene lights, and bums in World War II overcoats who take our quarter without the thanks you did not want anyway. Give thanks that you're able to give it.

First-run theaters and worst-run fleabags where bizarre rites are said to take place in the seats down front, blind men pausing for a look at the nude girls in the peep shows, religious fanatics hollering at the startled tourists waiting for the Powell cable, and little toy windup dogs running in circles on the sidewalk. Pockmarked Street, the mess, the mess, the beginning and the end. You don't have to like it. It couldn't care less about you.

And what should we do about Market Street? The same thing we should do about Alcatraz. Nothing.

### ROYCE BRIER

## Technicians Send Flag To Moon With Surveyor

Two technicians from Hughes Aircraft Co., which built the Surveyor, sent a 4-by-6-inch Stars and Stripes to the moon.

It cost 23 cents at a drug store, and was stuffed into a hollow tube of the Surveyor structure. This is probably an irregular manifestation of patriotism, but nothing can be done about it now, and nothing will be done about two employees of the richest man in the world. Who wants to argue with two billion dollars?

No doubt the technicians figured it was like planting the flag, taking the satellite in the name of Lynoon B. Johnson, just as Columbus planted the flag in San Salvador, taking it in the name

of Ferdinand and Isabella. The bug is the Russians with Luna 9 may have planted a Hammer and Sickle flag, taking the moon in the names of Breshevet and Kossygin. May the best man win.

The beauty part is our

### World Affairs

Flag may be there a million years, unless some vandal steals it.

No fashioned metal will be around the earth in a million years. All that will be around is some oxide or other chemical form of our metals. But without atmosphere, wind or water vapor, there is nothing to erode

Surveyor, or Luna 9 either, unless cosmic rays erode.

So the United States will be gone, and the Soviet Union, and possibly all mankind, and that little patch of fabric will still repose in its little tomb in pristine form. Fairly gives you the shudders, and makes a dub of Rameses III and his granite statues.

The Surveyor journey and landing were a stunning technological achievement. The first pictures were disappointing, but they got much better as the cameras continued to shoot the lunar crust surrounding the touchdown. A news service ticked off eight comparisons between Surveyor and Luna, and you have to concede, as an impartial American, that Surveyor is far superior in equipment and potential.

For instance, it stands 10 feet and weighs 620 pounds, compared with Luna's 2 feet and 220 pounds.

It reminds you we could have sent a man in a 620-pound vehicle, had we omitted the weight of several cameras. As has been brightly said in this column, we can put a man on the moon any day if we don't expect to get him back. As has also been hinted, the Russians may do that, because the sense of Fatherland over there is stronger than the sense of life in some contingencies.

What you need to acquire this sense of Fatherland is a couple of million Nazis rampaging around a few miles from your capital.

The question remains whether any practical good, aside from a heart-warming thought, is served by planting our flag on the moon. The place doesn't look hospitable for a base advancing the national power. It's as if you tried for a base in the Sahara, only the sunlight temperature is 250 degrees, and the shade temperature is 240 degrees below. And not a whiff of air, and enough radiation to shrivel you in seconds.

We shall see—say in a million years.

## There's No 'Message' in This Entertaining Tale

WILLIAM HOGAN

Ashenden is as romantic as Sherlock Holmes, or Henry Higgins—a British gentleman of the old school who would be totally confused in today's electronic, computerized profession of espionage. In relation to Leamas of LeCarre's "The Spy Who Came in From the Cold," or James Bond, or the new American fellow named Charles Rone of Noel Behn's "The Kremlin Letter," Ashenden is the impeccable Herbert Marshall in an old, old movie.

Doubleday & Co. has dusted off, at least for the third time since 1927, a new edition of "Ashenden, or The British Agent," by W. Somerset Maugham. The purpose of these stories, Maugham wrote in a preface to the 1941 edition, was solely entertainment, "which I still think, impetuously is the main object of a work of fiction." As an old Ashenden fan, I spent a few hours in the new edition the other evening and was startled to

discover how fashions in the literature of espionage change. Maugham based the fiction of Ashenden on his own experience as a British agent during the 1914-18 war. Some observations: Is the "Hairless Mexican,"

### Books

with whom Ashenden collaborates on a caper in Italy, really an "unmitigated scoundrel"? R., the British colonel in charge of the operation answers: "I don't know that I'd go so far as that. He hasn't had the advantages of a public school education. His ideas of playing the game are not quite the same as yours and mine."

A gentleman novelist out of a Noel Coward play, Ashenden is casually recruited as a wartime agent after he is introduced to a middle-aged colonel at a Mayfair party. "I say, I wonder if you'd mind coming to see me. I'd rather like to have a chat with you." "Certainly," replies Ashenden,

"whenever you like." "What about tomorrow at eleven?" "All right." And the show is on.

In Switzerland Ashenden meets an old bridge-playing acquaintance from pre-war London, Count von Holzminen. "He was of great family and indeed related to the Hohenzollerns: He was fond of England; he danced well, rode well and shot well. People said he was more English than the English." The Count, of course, is the German agent in Vevey.

As the Herbert Marshall type, Ashenden merely tolerates beautiful women and certainly would consider the new type of literary spy to be less than honorable in his frequent gymnastic love affairs conducted on government time.

Ashenden is always working and seldom boring. "Don't make a hash of things, Manuel," he orders at one point. "And if you do, keep your mouth shut."