

# Press-Herald

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## Dancing to the Piper

A number of gentle-sounding words and phrases have been used to describe it, but there is no disguising the fact that with federal money goes federal control. There are absolutely no exceptions.

We have pointed out repeatedly the built-in dangers of running, hands out, to the federal bureaucrats to solve each little problem on the local level. It is surely converting local political areas into administrative zones of the supergovernment in Washington.

While a few have conceded that our fears have an academic logic, the ardent centralists among us see nothing wrong with accepting federal handouts on an ever-increasing scale.

Several recent events demonstrate clearly the long arm of the bureaucrat is never far away once a city or any other political subdivision begins to knuckle under. It is sometimes referred to as following "federal guidelines," being "consistent with federal policy," or "conforming to federal procedures."

All the nice phrases mean only one thing: They whistle, we dance.

Early last month, we reported how the federal government had banned the sale of candy and popcorn during lunch periods and recess at our high schools.

The federal government didn't hand down a direct edict to the principals and say the popcorn sales had to go. The word was passed down through the State Board of Education as administrators of the National School Lunch Program. Torrance could comply or lose the \$90,000-plus it receives as a lunch program subsidy each year.

In this case, the students are forced to give up \$25,000 or so earned each year on such sales in return for the \$90,000 in taxpayers' subsidy through the Washington pipeline. Who knows what next will have to be sacrificed on the altar of centralism.

The City of Torrance is experiencing a similar fate in its efforts to obtain federal approval of the Meadow Park Urban Renewal Project. The city has learned that it must have and enforce an acceptable housing code throughout all of the city before the feds will act on the Urban Renewal application. That provision has stirred up a controversy in recent weeks because the implication that the city's inspectors would be entering homes of the residents to check for building code compliance.

The residents have been assured that the city has no intention of having its inspectors force their way into our homes. If we don't invite them in to snoop around, the city will have to get a court order for the entry, a procedure which could delay the inspection the better part of a day. Without the enforcement, the federal funds would be denied.

The examples are as long as the list of federally aided projects. Wherever the federal government sets up a program to return some of the tax money taken from the pockets of Torrance area families, it will send along the "guidelines" which will assure conformity to the federal edicts. There is no escaping it. In the case of the housing code enforcement, every family in Torrance will feel directly the application of the city's efforts to "be consistent with federal policy."

Federal assistance may be a blessing for those feeding at the public trough, but it's a luxury that can be ill-afforded by the families that are called on to pay the tab.

## Opinions of Others

... if every country now living under communism were to disappear from the face of the earth, the real threat—the idea of utopian property under state centralism—would still remain. Until the fraudulent, unworkable theory of Marxian economics is thoroughly discredited... there will be no permanent protection from the seductive appeal of something-for nothing.

Karl Marx was right about one thing: every functioning economy needs a dictator. But Marx picked the wrong one: government. Free enterprise operates under the right one: the free customer, who, by merely refusing to buy, by taking his patronage elsewhere, can discipline any business, large or small, which is not offering what he wants at the right price. This is the power and democratic place to put power: in the hands of everybody. It... needs no supervision except government enforcement of an official code of honesty and fair play.—*Atchison (Kan.) Globe.*

## Morning Report:

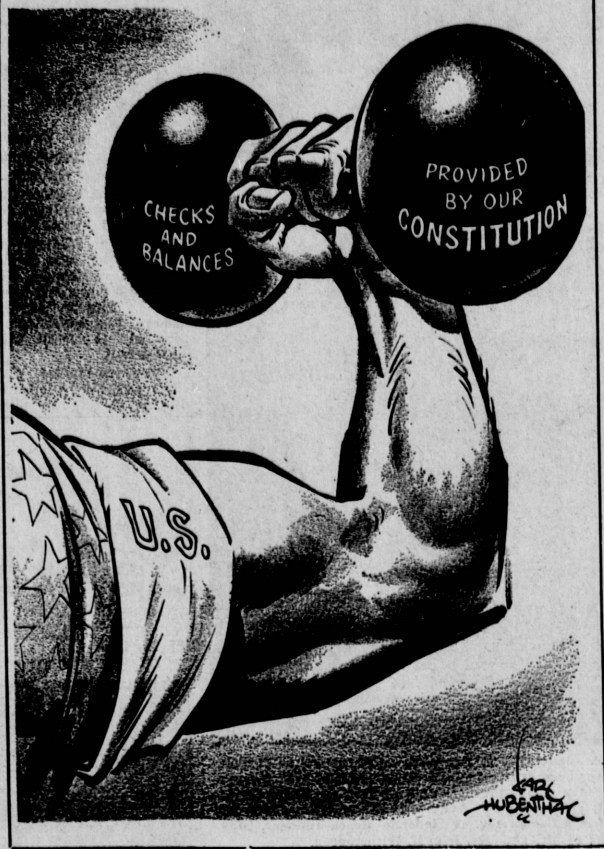
I think the Republican party is probably the best opposition party the country has ever had. This may not be due so much to innate ability as sheer experience. They've been out of power for so many years.

They can come up with an opposition policy at the drop of a Democratic hat. This is not as easy as it sounds because Democrats don't play fair. They have so many different policies and not all of them are exactly consistent with each other.

As soon as Senator Mansfield, the Democratic leader, talked about pulling troops out of Europe, the Republicans screamed "no." But if President Johnson wants to increase our forces there, the GOP will be against that as well. "Me-too" is no stance for the opposition. But "not-me-too" can be just as amusing.

**Abe Mellinkoff**

## Why the Nation Stays Strong



STAN DELAPLANE

## Coal Fire, Hearty Lunch An English Pub Delight

GLASTONBURY, ENGLAND — You reach Glastonbury driving north from the moors of the Dart and the Ex toward windy Bristol channel. There is a ruined Abbey there — the gray skeleton of walls and arches show what a grand place it must have been.

In the late 13th century, Edward I came down here and discovered the graves of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere. And when you walk on the clipped lawns with the channel wind moaning through the empty walls, you can see the graves, well-marked.

There's a good pub across the street. A coal fire and a hearty country lunch.

Do you bargain in shops in Japan?"

No. If you want to try cutting prices, try the discount houses. But in all other parts of the Orient—except in big department stores—it's customary to bargain.

"Where do we get the best price on watches in Switzerland?"

This is such a vital part of Swiss economy, they regulate quality and prices. All "name brand" watches are sold at one price. For friends I usually buy a "house" watch — one with the name of the selling firm on it. They style them themselves. Big houses are Turer, Bucherer, and Gubelin with retail stores in all cities and resorts.

"What is the correct dress for women on a cruise ship the first night?"

The rule on ships is no dress up first night out and last night before landing, and wear flat shoes. You are not used to the ship motion. You could have a bad fall on high heels.

The first day out go down to the beauty shop and make ALL your appointments for the whole cruise. The rush comes on the night of the Captain's dinner and the fancy dress ball. EVERYBODY wants her hair done right then.

"Is there a place in Mexico where you might see bullfighters after the bullfight? Like a restaurant?"

Last time I was in Mexico they seemed to be hanging

around the bar in the Prince Hotel. Just off Avenida Juarez on Luis Moya Street. Maybe these places change. ANY taxi driver can take you to the current hot spot.

"We will be in Acapulco at Christmas. The hotel puts liquor in your room. But we've heard Mexican liquor is lethal..."

You are at Las Brassas, right? They don't put tequila in your room unless you request it. You get half bottles of gin, Scotch, and so on. Pay for what you break open.

Tequila is not the fire-water you hear it is. Here's how to make a Margarita. Roll the rim of a wet champagne glass in salt. Shake up in shaved ice half a jigger of Cointreau, disjunct of white tequila, juice of one lime. Pour in the glass and drink ice cold. Chihauhua!

"Appreciate any advice on places to eat in and around London. Local customs etc."

I'll send you restaurants in my "Private File for England." But here's a few odd customs: You drive on the left. And you NEVER jump across traffic making a turn. Wait for no traffic or

## Quote

Peace will only be secured in the world when the last aggressor is defeated — not when the last peaceful nation surrenders. — James C. Truman, Santa Cruz, Calif.

Disbelievers are opposed to what we understand, but the image of God they have been raised with is what they dislike, not necessarily God Himself. — The Very Rev. M. C. D'Arcy, S. J., British theologian on a visit to Los Angeles.

Individual liberty protected by a democratic and constitutional republic rather than what I call "mass democracy" is the better road. — David E. Bills, Belvedere, Calif.

A steak costs five dollars now; it used to be the entire cow — Jo'n Milton Hagen, Mill Valley, Calif.

## HERB CAEN SAYS:

# The Prof Nicely Fields A Very Sneaky Question

A poll-taker, seeking opinion on a Bay Area campus, asked a Professor if he would answer two questions on the war in Viet Nam. After the teacher nodded assent, the pollster asked: "Would you be proud if your son were fighting in Viet Nam?" "Yes," replied the Professor. "The second question," said the opinion-taker, "is 'Would you be proud of your son if he took part in the peace marches in this country?'" "Yes," said the Professor. A short silence, and then the questioner asked: "How could you reply in the affirmative both times?" "Because he's my son," replied the Professor.

Dialogue: Newscaster Bill Branch of KCRA-TV in Sacramento dialed San Francisco information, and the following dialogue ensued. Operator: "Information for what city, please?" Bill: "Frisco." Op: "Frisco?" Bill: "That's right." Op: "I'm sorry, sir, I have no listing for that city by that name." Bill: "Now you know damn well what city I mean. Are you trying to force me to say San Francisco?" Op: "Thank you, sir, I'll connect you." Bill: "Now look, operator, how can you sit there in a phone building in the heart of San Francisco and pretend you never heard of Frisco?" Op: "I'm in Oakland, sir."

That sinking feeling: The bass player leaves the stand, the saxman caps his horn, and you just KNOW the drummer is about to launch

into a 10-minute solo... You take the sleeping pill, turn out the bed lamp, snuggle down between the clean sheets, and junoos as every nerve begins to unwind, you hear the whine of the mosquito... In the restaurant booth at luncheon, after one martini too many (two), you start telling your friend a scurrilous story about a politician, and as

## San Francisco

you reach the punchline, you notice that he's staring past you, horror-struck, at the adjoining booth... You take a group of friends to the revival of a 20-year-old movie you thought was a classic, and 10 minutes into the film, you realize it's AWFUL... The phone rings at home on Saturday night, and even before you pick it up, you could bet a million (and win) that it will be the out-of-town bore you told you'd be away for the weekend... After the hygienist cleans your teeth, the dentist starts poking around, gets all the way to the last tooth and then begins murmuring "Hmmm, hmmm."

I'm hooked on the idea that the sheer size and power of American cars are major reasons, in themselves, for accidents. The thought struck me again last Sunday when I borrowed a friend's 400-horsepower hunk of Detroit iron and hit the open road. Ordinarily, as I've said before, I drive one of the smallest cars on

the market, and when I'm behind its wheel I stay well over in the right lane and mind my own business. But when I have all those horses pulsing beneath my foot, the Stirling Moss-Fangio-Small Boy in all of us comes out; the lips draw back over the teeth in a James Bond leer and I'm ready to challenge all comers for King of the Road. Is there a corollary here in the fantastic size and power of American military hardware, and its reckless use? Older, wiser, and more qualified observers are invited to explain this proposition. I'm only a lousy gossip columnist.

Give me one good reason: Why the American Nazi Party is NOT on the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations... Why the House Un-American Activities Committee should be allowed to exist even one day longer... Why waiters and waitresses can't bear the sight of a coffee cup that is only seven-eighths full... Why book-making is a Page One crime but it's okay to bet at the track... Why there isn't a good, attractive restaurant in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park (fortune cookies are fine but hardly filling)...

Why somebody doesn't consider building a funicular from Sansome Street to the top of Telegraph Hill (what a ride, what a view) ... Why fashion magazines have so many unnumbered pages... Why our local bus drivers don't go mad, listening to that infuriating beep-beep-beep every time they make a right turn.

## ROYCE BRIER

# Crossing Borders an Old Way of Beating the Draft

There is a news story that some hundreds of United States citizens have fled to Canada to avoid conscription. Under Canadian law they can enter freely and remain indefinitely if they behave themselves. Most of these expatriates are opposed to the Viet Nam War, and determined not to fight in it.

From the beginning, Canada has been a haven for Yankees who oppose a Yankee war. Some thousands who opposed the war of the Yankee George Washington duked to Canada, and in time many were transported there, to British soil.

But Canada was also a sanctuary for Yankees who didn't like the Civil War.

An Ohio congressman named Vallandigham was bitterly opposed to the war, and was sentenced to prison, whereupon Lincoln (without any constitutional authority) "exiled" him to the Confederacy. But he soon reached Canada, and then returned to the United States, where he kept his mouth shut.

## World Affairs

We are likely to forget that a good third of our grandfathers emigrated from the Old World in the Nineteenth Century principally to escape being forced into dynastic armies. We all tend to oversimplify the opinion of a

large nation, because we cannot conceive such a mass. When we see it, we can conceive the opinion of a few hundred demonstrating in a cause. But when we lift this number to 100 million, the variations of opinion involved are quite beyond human calculation.

The only exception in a free society is a national election, but even there the motives for choosing one side or the other are baffling in their range.

In the Viet Nam affair, it is a fair guess a majority of Americans want "peace," but a majority don't want peace by withdrawal of our armed forces, and simultaneous confession that the war was, and is, morally wrong. The Administration has been able to maneuver this support so that prosecution of the war, and even gradual escalation of it, is not jeopardized.

But there is a wide range of opinion within this supporting segment, ranging from those uncertain but fearing loss of American "honor" if we abandon the venture, to true hawks who think the President should occupy all Viet Nam by relentless force.

But if war support is divided, war opposition is even more divided. Many would pull out abruptly, convinced we never had any business on the Asian mainland. Many would seek negotiation on almost any terms, convinced "humiliation" is preferable to a dangerous war. Some would overtly obstruct prosecution of the war on the ground it is immoral. Among these are draft-dodgers, who are subject to the charge of cowardice, though many are not innate cowards.

If we read Greek and Roman history we will see this division is a commonplace of recorded time. Get a few million people together, and Mr. Johnson's "consensus" is a fiction. In all our wars, excepting perhaps the first, disaffection was not so important as to threaten to alter the course of the war. Only a prevailing national will, founded in reason, can do that.

## WILLIAM HOGAN

# Shirley Jackson's Magic Shown Early in 'Lottery'

In 1949 a short story by the California-born author Shirley Jackson appeared in The New Yorker and caused a sensation. Titled, "The Lottery," it was later widely anthologized. I reread it the other day and find it still to be one of the most chillingly memorable short stories of our time. Miss Jackson is said to have been proud that the Union of South Africa banned "The Lottery," and felt that THEY at least understood it.

The townspeople of an American Village gather in a mood of excitement for an annual, old and ritualistic lottery. Played in a pleasant "Our Town" atmosphere the community drawing after which the winner, as usual, suddenly feels pebbles striking her. Her friends and neighbors push forward, holding stones, "and then they were upon her."

When Shirley Jackson died last year at 45, some obituaries referred to her as the

"Virginia Werewolf of science-fiction writers." This was far from true. While some of her material dealt with weird or psychopathic happenings, she was a most versatile writer. Her husband, the critic and teacher Stanley Edgar Hyman, emphasizes this in a foreword to a generous selection of her work. "The magic of Shirley Jackson," which he

edited and which Farrar, Straus & Giroux will publish this month.

Miss Jackson wrote many stories and published 12 books — six novels, juveniles, two fictional memoirs, "Life Among the Savages," and "Raising the Demons," light, amusing, Jean Kerr-like accounts of life with her children. When she wrote a novel about the disintegration of a personality, "The Bird's Nest," Hyman notes "it was fittingly macabre and chilling; when she wrote a funny account of 'My Life with R. H. Macy,' it was fittingly uproarious. Everything she wrote was

written with absolute seriousness and integrity, with all the craft she could muster..."

Hyman reminds us that for all her popularity, Miss Jackson won surprisingly little recognition; received no prizes or fellowships, that her name was often omitted from lists on which it clearly belonged. He adds: "She saw those honors go to inferior writers, or to writers who were not writers, without bitterness, but with the wry amusement which was her attitude toward her own life and career..."

"The Bird's Nest," complete, is in the new book; so are the two light books about children, and eleven memorable stories, including "The Lottery." This is a fine memorial to a talented, underrated American writer. It should gain a new and appreciative audience for her — almost as good as winning one of those elusive, unrealistic literary prizes which Shirley Jackson was denied while she was alive and working.