

The Price of Admission

"Programs! Programs! You can't tell the players without an official program."
This familiar chant is known to the millions of sports fans throughout the nation. It has also become a familiar refrain to the federal officials who dispense your tax dollars.

A Budget Bureau spokesman says there are 400 grant programs—400 ways to tap the federal till. And this spending has become so complex that it is impossible to determine just how much of a handout a particular community receives at the federal or state level, because an increasing number of grants go direct to communities or private organizations by-passing the state.

One program doesn't do. To get the line-up of federal handouts the Department of Health, Education and Welfare publishes a 527-page handbook; the Library of Congress issues a catalog of federal aids; the Office of Economic Opportunity, a 414-page summary; the Bureau of the Budget, a Mayor's handbook; and the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations publishes an index known as the "catalog of catalogs."

In the ballgame of politics—your taxes are the price of admission, but the bureaucratic overlapping of domestic programs makes it impossible for you to know the correct score.

Your only defense is to join the cheering section on the side of lower federal spending, and have your Congressional team throw sky-rocketing inflation for a loss.

How Long Is A Minute?

Yes, how long is a minute—when you are waiting for the school bus to load its passengers—or to discharge them.
How long is a minute—when you are asked to stop by a youngster on school traffic control to let pupils cross at the cross-walk.
How long is a minute—when you need it to stop when youngsters are chasing each other from sidewalk to street and back again in the distance?
How long is a minute when you have the urge to drive faster to make up for those minutes you lost?
Yes, how long is a minute when you cut out of line into the path of another car.
The minute can be just as long as you make it. It can assure you, and the youngsters traveling to and fro from school on time—safe time.
Or the minute you lose—can be multiplied hundred times over—waiting in the Emergency ward—for the results of the accident resulting from being a minute too late.
How long is your minute?

Opinions of Others

An opinion survey reveals that most Americans favor a cut in federal spending rather than increased taxes as a means of controlling inflation. What this shows is that more people are becoming aware of the real cause of the rising inflation which is troubling our country today. . . . Do the politicians want us to believe that giving them more money to spend will result in a lower cost of living—that is, a dollar with more purchasing power?—Ocala (Fla.) Star-Banner.

Dr. John D. Dougherty of the Harvard School of Public Health is one of a growing number of scientists who are taking a look at noise in contemporary society and its effects, apparently, are considerable. . . . A researcher on hearing problems, Dr. Dougherty contends noise levels in many environments have reached the point they are causing serious hearing impairments. . . . As examples of how noisy everyday contrivances have become, the researcher notes industrial studies which have shown that continued exposure to a noise level of 80 decibels has resulted in loss of hearing. Yet, such ordinary appliances as food blenders are rated at 93 decibels, a loud lawn mower at 107 decibels and a subway train at 95.—Harrisonburg (Va.) News-Record.

Whenever a property owner makes improvements on his property, his taxes go up. . . . This is an inefficient and most illogical way to run a government or a community. . . . The whole theory and practice of our real property tax system cuts across the grain of American history and political economics. We grew strong and prosperous by encouraging people to own and cultivate their property, to make improvements, to add to the wealth of the community.—Duncanville (Texas) Suburban.

Food for peace is a grand-sounding designation for a government program, but when the program is used indirectly to feed our avowed enemies the people of the United States may not think it is so grand. Communism is a society which can keep its people from starving only with aid from the freedom countries.—Coldwater (Kan.) Star.

A government is no stronger than the character of its duly elected servants. Likewise, a political party or its representatives are either a source of integrity, industry and accomplishment, or a source of indifference, carelessness and failure. —Toole City (Utah) Transcript.

Since our government demands such a strict accounting of every penny handled by every citizen, for taxing purposes, those taxpayers, by the same right, should be entitled to a strict accounting of how all those tax dollars are being spent.—Sullivan (Ill.) Progress.



Under The Mistletoe

MEXICO CITY — Here's a little free enterprise nudge in one of Mexico's bigger hotels: The bellboy holds out your checkout tip in his open hand and says, "This is very generous, sir. Would you like to have me give part of it to the room maid?"

and dark paneling and blazing fireplaces.
— . . . suggestions for Christmas in Hawaii?"
For the coco palms and surf Christmas, the Royal Hawaiian is still the elegant hotel at Waikiki. Buy your wahine three strands of

Travel

fragrant pikaki lei. Have a couple of rummy mai tuis. And sit back and let the trade wind blow on you.
"Appreciate your choice on hotels for Dublin . . ."
I'm inclined to the Old World, gracious Shelbourne. (From whose windows the British shelled the Post-office during the Easter Rebellion.) The Gresham is considered No. 1. But it gets much passing by traffic. Go there for lunch or dinner. The Russell is very good. For modest prices, go to Jury's.

If you like the modern Hilton-style that are springing up all over the world, you want the new Dublin Intercontinental. (These are fine hotels. But I feel sort of insulated from the country. They're All-American.) I should say in favor of the Hiltons and Intercontinentals, they'll book you safely world-wide from one to another. Like Eliza crossing the river on the ice cakes.
"We'll be in London at Christmas and would appreciate any suggestions . . ."

I'd try to get a pub atmosphere — a good pub with a good restaurant. It I were doing this, I'd rent a car Christmas Eve and get an overnight room at Broadway in the Shakespeare country. A Cotswold village of creamy stone. The excellent pub hotel is the Lygon Arms. All polished copper

Morning Report:

Along with every other loyal citizen, I like to know how my President is feeling. But frankly, my interest is only skin deep — his skin.
When the surgeons start probing, sawing, cutting, removing, patching, and sewing, they have lost me completely. I am not interested in operations of any kind — especially operations on other people. I wonder if President Johnson will carry around one of those special probes so visitors and reporters can look at the scene of his throat operation. The belly, of course, is easy.

I know there are hundreds of TOP SECRET rubber stamps around Washington. I suggest several be loaned to the White House to be used on LBJ on medical reports.

Abe Mellinkoff

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Lame Duck Headed for Southland Law Office

Onward: Pat Brown, the gamut lame duck around, had an offer from LBJ for an important post in Washington—"but Bernie does not want to live there." Best bet at the moment: he'll go back into the law business, either in San Francisco or (surprise) Los Angeles, where a big firm wants him on its staff . . . John Raymond views Reagan's victory with equanimity: "At least, the Governor's Mansion will get an ell-electric kitchen!"

Flash: The great sourdough French bread controversy — is our San Francisco sour bread less sour than it used to be? — is raging on, and may even become a campaign issue. Thunders State Assemblyman Willie Brown: "I will get to the bottom of this if I have to examine every mother in town!" ("Mother" is a baking term for the starter that gives the sourdough its distinctive flavor.) KSFO's authoritative Carter B. Smith joins the rising chorus: "Even whisky sours aren't sour any more. In fact, the whole city has lost its sour smell." A baker who refuses to be identified, for obvious reasons, whispers: "We're making it sweeter because the newcomers to San Francisco just don't like our sour taste."

John Reddick with further inside information: "I operated a gas station in San Francisco 25 years ago. On cold mornings I would go across the street to a French bakery to get warm by the ovens. The baker, a giant of a man, worked topless in the hot room, kneading a chunk of dough the size of a wash tub. After every few minutes of pounding and pushing at the dough on a table, he would lift it high above his head and, leaning back slightly, pound it against his sweaty bare chest. I always attributed that unique sourdough taste to this last operation. This explains quite a bit. Somebody must have blabbed to the Health Dept. and spoiled everything. Bring Back Our Topless Bakers!"

San Francisco
Pvt. Eye Harold Lipsel, the man who cracked the Shreve's jewel robbery case, took off on another trenchcoat mission, this time to Hong Kong and Manila "on the trail of millions, but my client's name cannot be revealed" . . . Everett Dirksen, mixing the metaphors magnificently on the telly: "Dick Nixon worked like a dog in the campaign — he certainly has a right to preen his feathers."

Apropos absolutely nothing, who said this? "In simple matters, like shoemaking, we think only a specially trained person will serve the purpose. In politics, we presume that everyone who knows how to get votes knows how to administer a city or a state. When we are ill, we call for a trained physician—we do not ask for the handsomest or the most eloquent one." It was Plato, as paraphrased by

ROYCE BRIER

Agony of Mind, Heart Is Drama of Revolution

Moved by a recent visit to Philadelphia, TV columnist Terrence O'Flaherty wrote ". . . television has never managed to breathe life into the once-lively Revolutionary period of America's past."
This is a striking truth, for film has done passably with almost every other period of our history—even Dan'l Boone, though script-battered, lives a little at times.
So you cast about for causes, and you may find a few, highly opinionative. You remember Shakespeare never wrote a play with Julius Caesar as hero. For immense historical figures like Caesar—or Washington—do not come out compelling heroes. The Shakespeare character named Caesar, indeed, is not the real Caesar, but Plutarch's Caesar, and Plutarch only recounted some of Suetonius

and Tacitus, and added his own apocrypha.
So with Washington. Unhappily, most of us know only Parson Weems' Washington, or a facsimile, and such a prissy hero would be laughed out of any theater today.
In any case Washington (the real one) so dominated
World Affairs
the physical action (though not the ideas) of the Revolution that it is hard to wring from it anything but raw drama, like an old Clyde Fitch play. Then, of course, it was costume drama, but there is something else.
We know the Civil War was a fury, so you can get from it "Birth of a Nation" and "Gone with the Wind." But in the 1770s the foe, like Howe and Cornwallis, were such consummate gentlemen that all that distin-

WILLIAM HOGAN

The Real James Bond: Ian Fleming's Dreams

How much of himself did the late Ian Fleming pour into his creation, the super-hero James Bond? Apparently quite a bit, according to a frank, eyebrow-raising biography, "The Life of Ian Fleming," by John Pearson, a journalistic colleague during Fleming's days on the staff of the Sunday Times of London.
Fleming was a handsome, well-born English gentleman who enjoyed fast cars and the exotic life. A stockbroker who joined the Royal Navy Intelligence branch, he drifted into journalism before he took to fiction. He remained for years a most eligible bachelor adored by many women, all of whom he seems to have treated with ruthlessness. He avoided being mentioned in a divorce case until the age of 42. This seems to be an important point to his biographer who, with some attempt to be fair, notes that Fleming "was something more than a philanderer, something less than a rake."
("Rake" meaning a debauched man, a roe.)
Fleming finally did marry (his friend Noel Coward was

a witness). The bride was the former Lady Rothmere, previously the Lady O'Neill, but that did not put a stop to Fleming's Bond-like romances. "It is astonishing," Mrs. Fleming once wrote her husband, "that I cannot be in any capital of the world more than a day without meeting some woman with whom you have had carnal relations."
The more superficial resemblances between Fleming and Bond become apparent in this portrayal. Fleming, we find, smoked up to 140 cigarettes a day and drank like Hemingway. His kidneys resembled "a diamond factory"; finally he got tired. "Tough men are very rare," he noted in his journal, "particularly after 40, when nature and disease have denied them."
James Bond, Pearson notes after all this, was a distillation of Fleming's day-dreams about himself, a dream of a self that might have been, "a tougher, stronger, more effective, duller, far less admirable character than the real Fleming."
In spite of much of this book suggesting the atmosphere of Cholly Knickerbocker out of Elsa Maxwell, it does present some interesting details on how Fleming's spy stories came about: their reception in London and New York publishing circles (some big New York publishers rejected "Casino Royale" as being less than a commercial possibility in the American market), and Fleming's later years in which he became a world figure, item.
On one occasion, dining with the then Senator John F. Kennedy, Fleming suggested that the Americans were making too much of Fidel Castro, who should be ridiculed. He suggested dropping pamphlets on Cuba, compliments of the Soviet Union, to the effect that owing to American A-bomb tests the Cuban air had become radioactive and that radioactivity is held longer in beards. As a consequence the Cubans would shave off their beards, and without bearded Cubans there would be no revolution.

