R-J viewpoint

Nevada leadership--new man on the scene

From the fumes of the gasoline struggle that took place here last weekend, a new leader emerged on the Southern Nevada scene—Jack Cason, owner of 45 Phillips 66 stations here.

Cason, not afraid to speak out, said, "all of my stations will remain open despite threats of intimidation and thug-like tactics."

While the talk centered last weekend about the closing of some stations by 200 independent dealers, Cason said, "Speaking for Phillips 66 products and for my 45 dealers, we refuse to be a party to jeopardize the economy of the community and the jobs of 50,000 persons in the service trades industry which has been demanded by one man, who owns one service station."

The one man referred to by Cason was Herb Nye, president of the Nevada Service Station Association, who boasted that 90 to 95 per cent of the stations would be shut down last weekend. He was way off the mark. The majority of the independent dealers remained open, and for this we have sung their praise, and will continue to do so.

Nye's prediction of 90 to 95 per cent of the dealers closing was just as off as his prediction that the stations would probably remain closed for a week. By Monday, the few that did shut down were once again pumping gas.

We are in sympathy with the principles involved, but we feel their fight is in the court for higher prices. Intimidation is not the answer.

Like we said in an earlier editorial, this was another crisis that the people of Southern Nevada fought their way out of in dramatic fashion.

We wonder though if those who could have been hurt most by this shutdown—the gambling industry—realize how serious the gas situation was? Where was their leader? Who is their spokesmen these days?

Prior to so many corporations taking over the gaming houses, there was always some "leader" in the industry who would come to the front when the industry faced a threat. Not now. It certainly isn't the Resort Association. This organization has all the impact of a ping-pong ball being tossed against the wind.

And the Chamber of Commerce really didn't bring forth any statement that had teeth in it. Something stronger should have emerged from this organization.

No, the strongest voice during the ordeal was that of Cason. He wasn't about to knuckle under and many others took their lead from him, and what could have been a disaster fizzled out.

We saw a new leader in action, and we welcome him aboard.

Jim Bishop

Variations on very old themes

Stories are like buried cities. They are excavated by authors with loving care to be sold as new. The abominations of man have been explored so diligently that there are no original plots—only variations of old ones.

The oldest I recall is the one about the poor Russian couple who hungered to send their only son to America. He left their freezing shack at 14. In the new world, he prospered. But he forgot gratitude and never wrote to his parents.

He was rich and his temples were gray when his conscience awakened. He went to Russia, knocked on the family door and, hiding his identity, asked for a bed. His parents gave it to him. They didn't recognize him. As he slept, they murdered him for his money and clothes.

Then there was the English gentleman who dozed in his study. He awakened to find on his desk "The London Times" for the next year. Feverishly, he started reading the newspaper a year ahead. He knew which stocks and bonds would go up, which would decline.

As he read backward toward today, he knew of wars yet to come, peace treaties, natural catastrophes. His knowledge could make him the richest man in the world. He was fatigued when he got to tomorrow's paper, but he read it anyway. In the obituary notices, he read that he had been found dead in his study.

There is the one about the famous doctor who was an alcoholic. By accident, he killed a patient. He left his practice, his mansion, his family, and disappeared. In a ghetto, he ministered to the sick. The poor thought of him as a saint. They put him in a room over a garage. Near the sidewalk, they had a sign: "Dr. Brown—Upstairs."

He paid for his crime for many years. When he died, the poor followed him to the grave. "Why are we so poor we can't do something for him?" an old man shouted. A young man ran back to the neighborhood. When he returned, he stuck an old wooden cross on the grave. "Dr. Brown," it said. "Upstairs."

Few love stories are more touching than O. Henry's young couple at Christmastime. They adored each other but they were penniless. He had a gold watch, a gift from his father. She had long silk hair to her waist. Each resolved to buy the other a gift.

She sold her long tresses and bought him a gold watch chain. He hocked his watch to buy her a Spanish comb. Other plots are flat. Like the husband, in a rage, who killed his wife. He placed her head in a gas oven and went off on a trip.

When he returned, he saw her and sobbed. The police had no sympathy. They arrested him for murder. The gas had been shut off for non-payment of bills before he left home.

Or the wife whose husband disappears. The neighbors knew they fought incessantly. Someone finds a fresh mound of earth in the backyard. Bones are uncovered. The woman is arrested, tried and convicted for murder.

A year later the husband shows up. He grins and says he sailed for Australia. The wife sues police, county, state and trial witnesses. Husband and wife split the proceeds, as they had planned from the beginning.

Irvin Cobb devised a plot he liked so well he used it twice. Two crooks steal a fortune. They get away without being detected. In another state, they celebrate with dinner. After dessert, a waiter finds both men dead. Each had poisoned the other.

The poorest plot is the wild, fanciful, incredible story that ends with the hero waking up murmuring: "It was all a dream." In addition, there are thousands of sob stories. The handsome boy falls in love with the beautiful girl. They plan to marry. Before the event, he is called away to examine the family mines.

He's gone a long time. The girl is in an auto accident. Her head goes through the windshield. Surgeons patch the features. Her face is revolting. Later, the boy returns. She is afraid to meet him. He holds her in his arms and weeps. He loves her but, can't she see, he was blinded in a mine accident.

Two male patients in a hospital room with one window. The heart patient looks out the window every morning, and relates to the other patient all he sees, the park, the trees, the nursemaid wheeling a baby carriage, the handsome young cop who admires the nursemaid.

One night the man at the window cries feebly for his heart pills. The man in the other bed permits him to die. In the morning, he insists he has a right to the empty bed. He looks out the window and sees a blank brick wall.

Believe those and I'll tell you some more...

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More, more into Trans-Astral Gloshing

It was in the spring of 1974 that a new method of achieving self awareness swept America. It was called "Trans-Astral Gloshing."

In every city and suburb Gloshing Groups met nightly to perform religiously the basic Gloshing Ritual, which consisted of (1) sloshing each other with raw egg yolks; (2) beating each other with boiled ginseng roots; while (3) chanting the Gloshing Mantra: "Shhhhhhhh!"

Within months all the scores of various esoteric therapies into which millions of Americans had plunged to prove they were neurotic and interesting became things of the past.

No one mentioned alpha and beta waves any more, nor yang and yin, tai chi, aikido, Transcendental Meditation, transactional analysis nor even the miracle cures wrought by boysenberry yoga.

Gone were Gestalt, Jungian and (for old fuddyduddies) Freudian therapy. Gone were sensitivity awareness sessions, where you tickled each other with feathers; encounter groups, where you beat each other with pillows and screamed at each other; primal scream therapy, where you screamed at yourself; and even Rolfing, where you got the bejabbers beaten out of you to relieve mental tension.

"If you aren't into Gloshing," as one matron happily put it while wiping the egg yolk out of her left ear, "you aren't into anything."

Trans-Astral Gloshing was, of course, the self awareness technique expounded by the famed 9-year-old Tibetan psychologist, Kom Wot Mai, reputedly the son of an Indian Maharashi and a Paraguayan llama.

"The egg is the symbol of re-birth," as he explained in his famous work, Slosh & Glosh, "the ginseng root cures all, and 'Shhhhhh!' represents the ultimate goal of human achievement. In a month, the dedicated Glosher can reach the Astral Plane. In two weeks, the *Half Astral.*"

The immediate success of Gloshing was apparent from the testimonials of its millions of practitioners.

"I always had frustrating dreams of being a demolition expert," said Miss M. W., a 57-year-old spinster. "But now I'm content to be what I am — a simple steam shovel operator."

"Gloshing cured my dandruff, my delusions of persecution and my angst over my backhand," said Mr. K.E.W.

It was soon apparent that in their desperate search for a panacea, uptight Americans had finally found one that worked. By midsummer, everyone was Gloshing. By fall, the entire Nation was content, serene and free at last of every single personal problem and nagging worry. Nirvana had been achieved!

Of course, cocktail parties became a thing of the past. No one needed cocktails and no one needed parties, because without problems, no one had anything to talk about.

There being no more problem-driven writers and artists, there was no more writing and art. People didn't buy big cars, fancy clothes or television sets any more because they didn't need things to take their minds off the problems they didn't have. It was very quiet.

"It's nice being serene," said one formerly gossipy housewife. "But it sure is dull."

The Nation was saved when Kom Wot Mai was revealed to be a 42-year-old midget from Brooklyn who'd cornered the market in egg futures. Everybody angrily renounced Gloshing as a fraud and returned to striving, nagging, backbiting and dreaming once again.

And America lived happily ever after.

Jack Anderson

Warning form King Faisal

WASHINGTON — In private messages to President Nixon, Saudi Arabia's King Faisal has warned that he is under tremendous pressure to shut off the oil spigot if the U.S. appears to be siding with Israel in the Middle East conflict.

Sources who have had access to the messages tell us the King's language is careful but the meaning is unmistakable. Faisal tells of past Arab pressure on him to hold back oil from the U.S., which has asked him to increase production to meet the anticipated shortage here.

Arab passion over the war, he suggests, has intensified the pressure on Saudi Arabia to halt all oil shipments to the West. He implies cautiously that he won't be able to withstand the pressure if the U.S. seems to favor Israel.

Before the Syrian-Egyptian attack upon Israel, alleges one intelligence report, Faisal agreed to provide the money to replace Egypt's military losses. Another intelligence report claims Faisal also promised to relocate Egypt's civil air fleet in Saudi Arabia during the renewed hostilities. At this writing, however, we have been unable to learn whether Egyptian planes have actually been moved to Saudi soil.

FOOTNOTE: The bridging equipment that the Egyptians used to cross the Suez canal, apparently, came from the Soviet Union. Months ago, a secret intelligence report asserted: "The USSR has supplied Egypt with enough bridging equipment to lay up to nine bridges 260 meters long, with a carrying capacity of 60 tons each, as well as two bridges with a carrying capacity of 12 tons each. The USSR also has provided Egypt with 30 sets of minefield breaching equipment to open passages" on the Israeli side of the Suez.

KISSINGER VS. SISCO — Before the Middle East outbreak, say competent State Department sources, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger was preparing to ease out his top Middle East expert, Assistant Secretary Joseph J. Sisco.

The able Sisco has distinguished himself by his handling of the delicate Israeli-Arab problem. But the Middle East, according to our sources, is an area that Kissinger intends to manage personally.

Further, Sisco has been one of the few State Department officials with the courage to buck Kissinger. During the India-Pakistan war, for example, when Kissinger was exhorting the State Department to abandon the avowed U.S. policy of neutrality and "tilt" for Pakistan, Sisco quietly dug in his heels.

Meanwhile, Kissinger has been secretly rebuilding his National Security affairs staff. At his bidding, Winston Lord, a protege who has been on leave, has now returned to Washington and is back at work in the White House basement.

The fact that Kissinger had Lord's telephone tapped hasn't seemed to trouble Lord who has frequently traveled with Kissinger. At the Paris peace talks, Lord was photographed carrying Kissinger's bag.

"Now that Kissinger is wearing two suits," one foreign service officer told us, "Lord will have to carry two suitcases."

Henry Kissinger's State Department is only beginning to take form, but it already had developed a new tilt toward the White House.

NEEDY ELDERLY — We recently reported on the plight of some five million senior citizens, most of them living on pitiful pensions, who have been overtaken by poverty. Happily, our story "energized the Senate," according to staffers of the Select Committee on Aging.

A bill to get a seven per cent increase in social security payments for the elderly was suddenly passed by the Senate Finance Committee. Also, 56 other senators joined Sen. Frank Church, D-Ida., in sponsoring the measure after our story appeared.

The legislation should now make it through Congress, unless the House Ways and Means Committee decides to bottle it up.

ANOTHER LOOPHOLE — A hired lobbyist is working the backrooms of Congress trying to chisel a wider loophole in the tax laws for doctors, lawyers, accountants and the like.

The quiet lobbying effort is coordinated by the Beverly Hills, Calif., law firm of Cruikshank and Antin. The strategy is described in a private memo from the law firm.

"Approximately $100,000 to $200,000 of legal work and lobbying will be required," states the memo. "The $50 per professional is essenual and is being secured. . .It will be forwarded to the law firm in Washington, D.C., which will be the 'unofficial' lobbyist."

The Washington operation is directed by the Danzansky and Dickey law firm, lobbyist Lou Diamond doing the buttonholing and backslapping on Capitol Hill.

The professionals have already succeeded on the Senate side in amending the Pension Reform bill—worth an estimated $125 million a year for them in saved taxes. Now the lobbying campaign is centered in the House.

FOOTNOTE: Diamond told us only about $10,500 had been collected so far to fund the lobbying drive. He contended that the small corporations, formed by professionals, should be given equal treatment with large corporations.

Bob Considine

Things I didn't do on vacation

NEW YORK — If it's of any interest outside my immediate circle, which has a diameter of nearly one micrometer, I had a stimulating vacation. (Commotion in the hall. Wild applause, cheers, tearful sobs of joy.)

Didn't drown at the beach. Didn't get creamed in that 14-car pileup on Sunshine Freeway. Wasn't bitten by a single mosquito, dog, or sabretoothed tiger. Had no case of sunburn. Overcame all temptations to climb a mountain, go kite-skiing, or look for a hare. Didn't meet anybody who said, "Hot enough for you?" or "Let's get together in town, sometime."

Wasn't down once with ptomaine from resort hotel cooking. Didn't get frisked at a single airport. Wasn't pushed around on an excursion train. Never got seasick. Abstained from fishing. Kept miles away from a golfing friend who tends to stop his swing, halfway through a shot from the fairway, to ask, "Who's away?" Didn't care whether Bobby Riggs won, lost, or was sent back to the aviary. Got a laugh watching the big mob fight at second base between the Mets and the Reds. That's the way wars should be fought: lot of gesturing but nobody gets hurt.

Enjoyed not reading "War and Peace," during my vacation. Worked out one crossword puzzle but popped out to the catcher while trying to figure out the crosswords puzzle of Spiro Agnew. Nobody has delivered more cross words than the Vice President. Or presented more puzzles. With nothing to do on my vacation except breathe, there was time to list some of the incredible events that have strafed and riffled the topmost towers of our executive edifice.

Concluded, as did Tex Rickard when he looked at the crowd for the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, "I never seed nothin' like it." Nobody has: cries of impeachment in the air, a complete turnover in the original Nixon Cabinet, two of its former members under indictment, internecine war between the Vice President and his own Administration's Justice Department, $54,000,000 to elect a human Secretariat — who was going to win if he confined his expenses to handing out a box of Pittsburgh Stogies. Special investigators, plumbers, smudges on the FBI and CIA, oafish operators in false wigs, a burglarized shrink, bugs, taps, broads, Strica, Sinatra and Subpoenas, dirty tricks, Senators telling little-old-country-boy jokes, reputations in ruins. In all, a war in which there can emerge no victor.

Contemplation is the chief joy of a vacation. No need to be doing something night and day is sheer bliss. It was a time to reexamine the strange fate, if that's the word, of writing a certain number of words six days a week, rain or shine, with Muse or without. Who elected *you to be a judge of everything from the* detente to the Soap Box Derby? Who assigned you poaching rights on everything from the White House to the White Tower hamburger shoppe? Who asked your opinion on whether Halley's Comet will have guts enough to show up again in May, 1986? Why don't you mind your own business? And go on relief.

This vacation was unique for one who has traveled a great deal. Not once was I robbed in Rotterdam, jobbed in Johannesburg or bamboozled in Bombay. I didn't miss a single plane, and that wasn't because they were delayed for an hour. Didn't have to experience the despair of flying the last 500 miles across the Atlantic in an hour aboard a $25,000,000 747 and then waiting another hour for a satchel of dirty laundry to show up on the baggage turntable. Didn't get caught in this year's Arab-Israeli war series.

Didn't stand in line all night at Shea Stadium, before the playoffs, only to be told by some jerkola behind the box office grill that he couldn't accept a $50 bill. Matter of fact, didn't have to fret about a fifty at any time during the vacation. Never went to a backyard cookout or a clambest on the mit-brown shores of beautiful Lake Fudge. Got in no arguments over whether Abe Beam is tall enough to be mayor of New York, whether Tim Costello's saloon should be spared as a national shrine, whether Nicklaus could have beaten Jones, whether the New York Giants should move to Jersey or Jersey move to New York.

How does a fellow arrange such a wonderful vacation?

Simple.

I spent it in Doctors Hospital.