

Press-Herald

GLENN W. PFEIL Publisher

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Sunday, September 19, 1965

Some Food for Thought

To Assemblyman Charles E. Chapel, the Palos Verdes Republican who represents the west section of Torrance, should go the honor of giving us the meatiest morsel to chew on during coming weeks—even months or years.

Speaking on the pay of California legislators in response to a series of studies by the Los Angeles Times, Assemblyman Chapel agreed that legislators did not receive adequate compensation.

"Yes, salaries ought to be raised, but you can't buy honesty," the Times quoted the often quotable Assemblyman.

His observation could easily be applied to local as well as state levels of government, and deserves to be considered by those who would equate income with integrity.

Like the majority of citizens, we do not oppose the idea that adequate salaries should be paid to public officials—we just believe Mr. Chapel is right when he observes that the compensation won't insure honesty.

A Well-Deserved Salute

Whatever you're doing and wherever you go—during the week of Sept. 25 to Oct. 2—you should give some attention, interest, and support to an observance that will take place during the week.

It's National 4-H Club Week, commemorating the founding of the 4-H clubs.

It would be difficult to praise the 4-H movement too highly. Because of it, great numbers of boys and girls are learning the fundamentals of farming—and farming these days is a combination of business, art, and craft. The ancient virtues that are an implicit element in land and nature are combined with the technology of today.

We live in an increasingly urbanized society. Inevitable as that may be, a very great deal of the character of this nation is found in the rural side of its life. The land, and those who work the land, still feed and clothe us. And there, away from the congested cities with all their problems, is the strongly beating heart of America.

Locally, Torrance youngsters are given the opportunity to participate in the 4-H movement through the Mustang 4-H Club. During National 4-H Week, club members will schedule special events. They'll help to spread the word about 4-H clubs—their purposes and their ideals—through a series of posters and displays now being planned.

There are no juvenile delinquents in the ranks of the 4-H clubs. The youngsters carry out those traditions—pride of purpose, fair dealing, independence, and consideration for others—which are so vital to the heartbeat of America.

The salute offered by a grateful nation is, indeed, well deserved.

OTHERS SAY:

A Smear That Wouldn't

A sardonic highlight of the odoriferous Bobby Baker case has been revealed by Readers Digest magazine. It is the story of a smear that wouldn't smear.

According to the Digest the administration's most facile hatchet men set out to get Senator Williams of Delaware, who dug up most of the evidence in the Baker scandal. They huffed and they puffed but couldn't blow up even a shred of anything naughty.

Persons calling themselves government investigators tried to find evidence of scandal in the Williams farm operations. Nothing. He was fed false "scoops" in the hope he'd reveal them, then have to recant. No soap. Even Bobby Baker's former secretary gave out the news she had seen the Senator "with a lady, not his wife," having breakfast very early one morning near a resort. This one was true. It was his granddaughter.

Instead of whitewashing Baker and smearing his nemesis, the Baker clique, and the Johnson administration along with it, fell flat on its face in its own tar brush.—California Feature Service

Guess what? Forty members of the House Banking Committee are recommending a federal law to prohibit the use of silver coins as collateral security for loans. In other words, money with an intrinsic value is not to be used as collateral. That means money is not money! Shades of the French Revolution! We have here the height of something and we suspect the proper term might be . . . idiocy.—Odessa (Tex.) American.

Morning Report:

We loyal employees are stealing five times as much from the boss than he loses to professional thieves, according to the latest statistics put out by the National Research System. This proves again how figures lie. I don't think we are more dishonest than robbers and burglars. It's just that we have more opportunity.

The burglar has to break into a store. We are there already. He has to fumble around in the dark to find the best merchandise. We know exactly where it is. Also it's backbreaking work to open a safe with a crowbar. But any slip of a girl can lift cash out of an open till.

I hope the lesson is not lost on thugs. Crime does not pay—but at least it pays better when you work from the inside.

Abe Mellinkoff



Sacramento Report

He'll Be There to Hear Governor's Proclamation

By CHARLES E. CHAPEL, Assemblyman, 46th District
Tomorrow will be the first day of the forthcoming special session of the Legislature. Legally, it will be known as the Second Extraordinary Session of 1965. The phrase "special session" is the usual or popular expression.

In accordance with the provisions of the State Constitution and old custom, I shall be in my seat on the floor of the Assembly, as will the other 79 members except the one who presides. The 40 State Senators, minus one who became a Superior Court Judge recently, will slowly drift into the Assembly Chambers and sit in folding chairs.

When all have been seated, the Governor will come from the rear and march bravely forward while everyone stands up. The reading clerk will read the Governor's proclamation calling us into the Second Extraordinary Session. The Governor will stand behind the rostrum and read his speech telling us what he hopes we will do.

There will be some more formalities and then we will

get down to the business of reapportioning both the State Senate and the Assembly, all in obedience to the mandates of the U. S. Supreme Court and the Supreme Court of the State of California. Of course, it all started many months ago when the U. S. Supreme Court started violating the U. S. Constitution by interfering with the rights of the 50 one-time sovereign states to govern themselves. This is referred to as the "one man, one vote" doctrine.

Under the State Constitution, no bill (potential law) can be introduced unless it comes within the subject-matter wording of the Governor's proclamation. It is possible that the Governor may issue a series of proclamations, one on top of another, calling us into a series of special sessions. This may seem preposterous, but Governor Brown did this during what was supposed to have been the 30-day budget session of 1964.

We were sitting through so many special sessions that it became necessary to have all bills and similar documents printed on paper of various colors, shades, hues and tints, according to the special session under which we were operating. All of these facts lead to the unescapable conclusion that no man on earth knows how long we will have to stay in Sacramento after tomorrow.

Mailbox

(The following letter in proclamation form is suggested by its author as a means of adding to the public support which now has been shown for Chief William H. Parker, Sheriff Peter J. Pitchess, and Mayor Samuel W. Yorty. A number of area friends of the author are circulating this as a petition, and others are suggesting that the proclamation be clipped and mailed to the three men cited.—Editor)

We the undersigned residents of the City and County of Los Angeles, State of California, hereby proclaim the following:

THAT WHEREAS commencing Wednesday, Aug. 11, 1965, the Los Angeles community experienced one of the worst riots in the history of the United States and;

WHEREAS irresponsible people ran rampant in approximately 46 square miles in the Watts area killing, burning, looting, stealing, destroying homes and stores with utter disregard for the rights of other law-abiding Negroes and Caucasians residing in the community, and

WHEREAS as a direct result of said riots 35 people have died, over one thousand individuals have been injured, over four thousand individuals have been arrested, an estimated six hundred individuals have been charged with felonies ranging from murder, assault with intent to commit murder, burglary, arson, felony assaults on officers, receiving stolen property and felony throwing of objects at vehicles with intent to injure, and an estimated 100 million dollars in damage has resulted to real and personal property, and;

WHEREAS but for the prompt action of the Los Angeles City and County law enforcement agencies the riots could have spread to the entire Los Angeles community resulting in a complete breakdown of law

and authority and uncontrolled anarchy, and,

WHEREAS the armed might necessary to quell said riots was equal to one seventh of all of the armed forces of the United States presently in South Viet Nam.

NOW THEREFORE, we the undersigned hereby give our highest commendation to Chief William H. Parker, Sheriff Peter J. Pitchess and to Samuel W. Yorty and to all of the law enforcement agencies of the City, County and State, for keeping the peace in the face of the spreading riots.

We hold the fact to be self-evident that the charge of police brutality to Negroes has no foundation and that the hue and cry for the formation of a civilian police review board demanded by leaders of the riot-torn Negro community is a clever political move to destroy the effectiveness of the police department and the morale of the police officers.

We believe that law and order must prevail and that the people who are charged with maintaining law and order must use all of the force that is necessary to keep the peace. To debate the merits of this police action is but an effort to appease the rioters. We believe that the action of the rioters was senseless, useless and inexcusable, regardless of the aims and grievances that anyone may have, and that further riots must not be tolerated.

We believe that the present attack on Police Chief William H. Parker and Mayor Samuel W. Yorty is a previously prepared and well-planned attack by criminals, Communists and irresponsible elements of the Negro and Caucasian population to further exploit and foment riots and division in the community.

We hereby give our complete support to the policies and actions of Chief William H. Parker.

GEORGE J. JENSEN, Attorney at Law

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Bay City Crabs Hide Out While Tourists Are There

IT'S EASY to tell what time of year it is around here: the tourists are in season and the crabs aren't, and if that isn't crazy, what is? Here we spend thousands of dollars (not to mention the man-hours) spreading the word that our fresh Dungeness crab is a wonder of the world, and when all these people come here to try it, it's gone till November. I don't say there's any connection between the tourists arriving and the crab leaving, although it does look funny. Actually, we get more tourists and less crab every year, so if there is a connection, which I seriously doubt, the day will come when we get tourists all year around and no crab at all. That's something to think about. I knew there was a point around here somewhere.

ANWAY, the crabs are not so dumb, for all the funny way they walk. If they were around, they'd be boiled alive, an extreme way of getting warm. The tourists, on the other hand or claw, stand around and shiver on the streetcorners in their thin summer clothes. Ever since the first S.F. guidebook was published, probably 100 years ago, visitors have been warned about our

frigid summers, but the message never get through. Maybe tourists don't read guidebooks, a horrid thought.

STILL AND ALL, this is a great tourist town, mainly because it doesn't try too hard to be one—or is that the definition in the first place? Oh, we have those little Harbor Cruise boats, the Gray Line Tours (a name that reflects the weather a little too accurately) and the honky-tonk of Fisherman's Wharf, but there are always enough San Franciscans around, playing at tourist, to remove the onus, if any. By and large, the city goes about its business as usual, with no special concession to the visitors except to point directions, holler "Wrong-way!" on a one-way street, and supply the very sad answer to the woebegone motorist standing in a tow-away zone at 4:30 p.m., looking up and down the street, and asking plaintively: "Wonder what happened to my car?"

FUNNYFIGURE NO. 1: Los Angeles has more public school students—769,369—than we have population. Funnyback No. 2: The coolest city in the world during summer is Reykjavik, Ice-

land, with a high of 58 (so it's cool—there's no place to go at night.) Aberdeen, Scotland, is the second coolest (63) and then comes San Francisco, at 65, where there's PLENTY to do at night. . . . But don't underestimate Honolulu, folks. The hottest nightspot there is a joint featuring big-bosomed girls wearing tiny bikinis who—are you ready?—bend 'waay over to shine your shoes. Admit it. You weren't ready.

A BUNCH of us were sitting around at La Bourgoigne the other night, trying to figure out the most "in" thing a San Franciscan could have or do. One suggested a Willis Polk house on Russian Hill. Another: Being such a good customer at I. Magnin that they phone you before the French originals go on sale. Not knowing who the Mayor is. Having been to Europe more times than you've been to Tahoe (and NEVER having visited Top o' the Mark). Ruled out as too obvious: One of the corner tables in Vic's Admiral's Cabin, last table on the right at Alexis'. The ultimate winner: A permanent reserved parking space in that claimed area behind the Opera House.

ROYCE BRIER

Trip to Moon Far Off, Despite Gemini 5 Feat

The flight of Gemini 5 and the stamina of Astronauts Cooper and Conrad, has had a curious effect on many space administration officials concerned with Apollo.

It has convinced them, they say, that a successful journey to the moon and back is closer than had been thought, and Gemini's performance is cited in support of this estimate.

Yet it is difficult for the average observer, as distinguished from the technological observer, to share this zeal.

It is of course extraordinary that two men, even after intensive training, could live in a capsule for eight days of weightlessness without ill effects, physical or psychological. Dr. C. A. Berry noted that the heart-rates of the astronauts declined in a "gentle curve" at first, but leveled out on the third day. Hence the capacity of astronauts to reach the vicinity of the moon without untoward personal incident may be considered established.

But to use this favorable

circumstance as a base for an estimate of the feasibility of a manned lunar trip seems to stretch realism rather thin.

These space vehicles are among the most delicately intricate ever devised by man. Within the capsule exist literally hundreds of electronic functions, and if some fail the penalty can range from the highly inconvenient to the disastrous. Very few of the space vehicles sent aloft, manned or unmanned, have functioned without a flaw.

Yet flawless function, or near-flawless function would appear indispensible to the success of a lunar project. If Gemini 5 had been bound for the moon instead of held in orbit, the defects appearing in its operation would have forced a return to earth as prudent. Gemini could have been brought down in an hour if defective function required it. This is hardly true of a vehicle 100,000 miles out in space. Cooper and Conrad found no difficulty in return. They used retro-rockets to dimin-

ish their orbital speed, hence their altitude, and their control was perfect. They then used a parachute series for the final splash-down.

But in an airless moon landing no parachute technique is involved. Retro-rockets must do the whole job of a slowdown from thousands of miles per hour to a tolerable 20 m.p.h. for a landing. Plainly the retro-rocket system on Apollo must be far more powerful and sophisticated than anything known in the Gemini line.

Moreover, Apollo retro-rockets must retain enough power for an earth setdown, unless there can be an orbit transfer of returning lunar astronauts to a vehicle equipped with parachutes. Gemini 6 may have some answers to the transfer problem.

So you are on the moon, and everything worked flawlessly, and you explore and the time comes for the return takeoff. But exploration and return takeoff are for another day, and it still seems somewhat remote.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Author of 'Rothschilds' Pens Imaginative Novel

Frederic Morton is the Vienna-born American novelist who is most widely known for his best-selling nonfiction biography of the international banking clan.

"The Rothschilds," Morton returns to a work of the imagination in "The Schatten Affair," a strange, daring, compelling business.

It suggests either that Morton is one of our most underrated novelists (I had not read his previous ones, including "Asphalt and Desire" and "The Darkness Below"), or that he is just beginning to mature as a fine craftsman and storyteller. "The Schatten Affair," in any event, is an extraordinarily inventive novel.

The scene is Berlin. The German-born Leon Spey (nee Spielglass) is now an American publicity specialist for an international chain of hotels, presumably Hilton, but here called Dowle. Dowle is the financier-big-time operator who "previews" his hotels as Hilton does—movie stars, Hedda Hopper, the works. Each hotel "preview" is a produc-

tion. For the Berlin Wowle, for example, why not a Frederick the Great Pageant?

This level of Morton's story is played in flashy, contemporary style and shows that our publicist will try anything for an effective selling gag, even in Berlin. Also in Berlin, he may be trying too hard to forgive the Germans their recent history. There remains in the prosperous city, Morton hints, a spiritual corruption; the smell of evil seems to be still pungent in the air.

The story shifts to another level when Spey seeks an added gimmick to grace his project. He will invite Schatten, a fiercely independent, shadowy symbol of the German spirit and decayed European aristocracy, to lend his presence to the show. ("I mean, the Pope went to Israel.") Now the story is played at the Schatten villa outside the city, a part of West Berlin that paradoxically lies within an enclave of the East Zone. Prince Schatten evades

the American publicist, as he once had ignored a visit from the Kaiser and later, as an arch-aristocrat, brushed aside the middle-some Nazis. The Prince remains inaccessible. One wonders if he actually exists any more, except in the memories of his family and staff.

This is a suggestion only of Morton's complex, weird and unusual performance which I think, is marred only by a grotesque romantic theme—which, nevertheless, is in keeping with the time, place and cultural clashes in this story.

The narrative emphasizes the basic artificiality of the new Germany, and especially affluent Berlin. The neo-Nazi morality, it would seem has merely gone underground in this economy that is as efficient as a Dowle Hotel. The spiritual atmosphere of the place seems quite American in its cynicism and immaturity.

This is a bitter book, really, but one produced with style, razzle-dazzle and enormous irony.