

# Press-Herald

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## Are All Votes Equal?

When the authors of the United States Constitution created a federal form of government, they recognized the fact that the voices of people living in the smaller states would be very faint. Indeed, in the national legislature unless some protective measure of equality were guaranteed. The heavily populated areas would simply drown them out. This measure of equality was achieved by giving each state equal representation in the upper house, or Senate. The individual states, in turn, applied the principle to their own legislative bodies.

When the Supreme Court ruled that under the "equal protection" clause of the 14th Amendment state legislatures must be apportioned on population only, it became obvious that the Constitution's real intent must be made unmistakably clear. This is what would be done by the Dirksen Reapportionment Amendment now before the Senate for the second time.

The danger of giving control of state legislation to the large cities, as will be done under population-only apportionment, has been clearly heralded by a man who knows large cities well. Robert Moses, famed for his long-time public service in New York City, joined the growing movement for passage of the Dirksen Amendment with these words:

"Must the increasingly crowded, hectic urban centers, where pressures for conformity are almost irresistible, where racial and extraneous issues accumulate, rule from now on and the rest of the country be merely tributary acreage? Shall huddled, central concentration of population in cities reduce to impotence the vast acreage of hinterland which must more and more feed, clothe and sustain us?"

The answer, of course, is No. One man, one vote sounds fine. But when one man's vote is meaningless because he doesn't live with the crowded majority, wherein lies his "equal protection" under the Constitution?

## Others Say:

### Creating Poverty

A leaflet published by a union states: "This session of Congress must also increase the amount and broaden the coverage of the FEDERAL MINIMUM WAGE—the most effective means of combating poverty."

This union is entitled to its views and to press for legislation which it wants. But a great many people who have studied the matter hold grave doubts that increase after increase in the minimum wage, coupled with broad coverage, is the way to help the poor. In fact, they think it is more likely to have the opposite result.

To begin with, arbitrarily increased wage rates, which are not geared in any way to a worker's value and productivity, cannot help but force commodity prices up and give another boost to inflation. The burden of that must fall on those least able to bear the added burden—pensioners, recipients of welfare, and the great numbers of people who live on modest fixed incomes from one source or another. It is certainly evident that every time prices rise more poverty is automatically created.

Secondly, these arbitrary wage rates which are not reflected in productivity can severely limit opportunity for employment. The employer is forced to cut marginal employment to the greatest extent he can. This is especially apparent in such service businesses as retailing. And thus the unskilled have less chance to get jobs and gain the experience that will qualify them for higher pay.

Many a plan, well intended for improving the lot of lower-income groups, has boomeranged. That is inevitable when wage rates are pegged by fiat at unreasonable levels.

## Mailbox

Editor, Press-Herald,  
Open Letter to Torrance  
City Council

Gentleman:  
And I trust that at the adjournment of Tuesdays meeting, that I may in all good conscience refer to you as such.

You, our city fathers, the administration, and we the citizens have wondered why we cannot attract candidates for our police force. Frankly I feel we have but to look beyond the end of our nose to find the answer.

Our police department has undergone an investigation by the Attorney General's office and came out with flying colors, certainly there was a few offenses, but as a whole, our men and women are outstanding.

Now that they have risen above the adverse publicity and could once again wear their badges proudly. What happens? Someone decides that because they are an officer of the law, they are not entitled to any private life or their constitutional rights.

Now I ask you, do you, as a great majority of our citizenry have their problems? Would you want them publicized? Such as they are in the annual police report. I

don't know and I am not sure I want to know who fisted during this phase of the annual report. I cannot imagine the city of Torrance retaining such an asinine person within their administration.

How, may I ask you, are we to recruit qualified persons for our police force, when it seems to be common knowledge that the morale is low and you must, so to speak, live in a fish bowl?

Morale in a police Dept. should be a primary concern. Perhaps you are too close to the forest to see the trees, so for the good of all concerned, the officers, the people of Torrance, I trust you will recall the reports that have been distributed and reaffirm your faith in our police dept.

EVA BISOU



"About all children are deprived of nowadays is self-reliance."

## Look Who Took Over The Nest



## DISTRICT ATTORNEY REPORTS

# Citizen Support Strong For New Fire Bomb Laws

By EVELLE J. YOUNGER  
District Attorney

There seems to be good support for all our current legislative proposals, but the measure most likely to succeed is one designed to make it a felony to carry a fire bomb.

We've had a sort of barometric reading of public sentiment on our ideas for new laws through a questionnaire sent to the District Attorney's Advisory Council. That is a citizens' group of some hundreds of community leaders working for better law enforcement. When we counted their first responses, we found that only one member felt possession of Molotov cocktails and other fire bombs ought to remain in the misdemeanor class. The ayes had it by 99.09 per cent.

Other proposed measures with better than 90 per cent support: a bill to protect minors from morally corrupting matter, a bill fixing prison time for medical quacks, a bill making it a crime to possess LSD and similar hallucinogenic agents, a bill to give local areas stronger guarantees of home rule, and a bill providing the death penalty for kidnapping plus sex crimes.

It is, of course, highly comforting to see the Advisory Council behind us in these things. But let nobody suggest we are dealing with a rubber stamp. While an imposing majority was always with us, some measures drew considerably more than one vote in opposition.

A bill to fix medical standards for determining just when alcohol carries somebody beyond the line of responsible self-control is a case in point. The yes votes came to approximately 75 per cent.

The remaining 25 per cent, obviously, are not partial to inebriation. They are concerned, no doubt, about problems that would confront drivers who might lose their licenses in a community lacking good public transportation facilities.

With Ben Vega gone, we look to the Spanish-speaking community for new forces for the District Attorney's office, and we are happy that the Municipal Court has found one.

In the previous report, a month ago, it was pointed out that some 70 cases remained to be tried from the 1,500 or so that developed during the Watts riots. That

The key to their uneasiness showed in the reaction to a bill to deprive a driver of his license if, appearing drunk, he wouldn't submit to a chemical test. It scored 78 per cent support—a very good margin, to be sure, but still the second least popular.

There was one other measure on the questionnaire: a bill to give the prosecution rights equal to the defense in court contests over questions of search and seizure. In this difficult legal terrain the yes score was just under 90 per cent.

That is our program, and it will be brought before the legislature, with all the evidence we can show of public endorsement, as soon as possible.

Benjamin U. Vega, who served so enthusiastically and capably as a deputy in the District Attorney's Office for 14 years, was formally robbed as a Municipal Court Judge a few days ago. It was an impressive ceremony in the East Los Angeles Court, where he will sit. I was greatly honored to be called upon to speak and to have offered the robe in the proceeding that constitutes the most vital moment in the ceremony.

As a deputy who spoke English and Spanish with almost equal facility, Ben Vega was an important force in promoting communication for our department. In the East Los Angeles court he will continue to do this, though in a different way. For that is one of the county's great Spanish-speaking areas.

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## Morning Report:

By the latest count, there are 195,813,000 of us in the United States and of all these, it's my hunch that nobody wants to end the war in Viet Nam more than Mr. Johnson. He is commander in chief, but he doesn't want to fight.

The President got where he is by consensus. This works at home. Say, the communities of Lyndonville and Bainestown want the same federal highway. Both are fighting mad. So the leader gets a consensus. He builds the road half-way to both places or even all the way to the two of them.

But the same method isn't working over there. The Red Chinese are completely anti-consensus. I advise China to stay out of the United Nations. Otherwise, Mr. Johnson may get his arm around Mao Tse-tung.

Abe Mellinkoff

## HERB CAEN SAYS:

# The Stars You Can Name Will Give Your Age Away

A MESS OF DOTTAGE: Edward Everett Horton (the lives) came here to see a performance of "Once Over Nightly" because its star, Myron Natwick, is his protegee. The difference in our ages, dearie, is that where as you never heard of Edward Everett Horton, I never heard of Myron Natwick until this very minute. In fact, I would have bet there IS no Myron Natwick. . . . (Comedian Horton once played here in "Springtime for Henry," and was depressed because a matinee got so few laughs. While he was moping in his dressing room, two Little Old Ladies tiptoed in. "Oh, Mr. Horton," gushed one, "you were so funny today it was all we could do to keep from laughing!" I'm delighted that the Spring Opera this season will present the world premiere of Douglas Moore's "Carry Nation." NOW maybe all you illiterates (shake) will stop spelling it "Carrie," which it never was.

CAENDID CAMERA: The office at Place Pigalle, which is Frenchly labeled "Privee"—and is about to be changed; too many guys read too fast. . . . Mike Considine, son of Columnist Bob Considine, who's now working as a waiter captain at Trader Vic's ("Easier than writing, and I'm not much of a writer anyway") . . . . Discussing Medicare over the tortellini at the Blue Fox: Dr. S. M. Sherman and "Dr." Sam Jaffe, who played Dr. Zorba for so long on "Ben Casey" . . . . At the Red Balloon, Willie McCovey throwing baseballs at the target that

spills a nude girl out of bed—and dumping her with every pitch (she, rubbing her funny: "Give that guy the saliva test, I think he's throwing spitters!").

GULLIBLE'S TRAVELS: Casablanca, the No. African city made famous by Bogie, is nudging out Copenhagen for sex-change operations. Snuggled in at the Mark Hopkins: London's Ray Noble, one of the all-time great bandleaders, now retired "because I knew when to quit. Every time I hear one of my old records I fall on the floor and foam at the mouth. Talk about DATED!" . . . . Dr. Peter Lindstrom,

keeping magazine, is so glowing that an editor complained: "It sounds like it was written by my press agent—can't you find SOMETHING on the other side?" . . . . So Barnaby phoned Bing: "They want me to put in a dig or two." Bing, puffing the old pipe: "Well, let's give it a try, boy." Barnaby: "Okay. Now then, when you married Kathryn, didn't your mother object?" Bing: "Nope. They are great friends." Barnaby: "Didn't Gary raise hell when you married a girl younger than he is?" Bing: "Nope. Get along fine." Barnaby, slightly desperate: "Haven't you had ANY disappointments?" Bing: "There was that putt I missed against Arnie Palmer." Barnaby, crying a little: "It's no use. You haven't been in jail—"

SAN FRANCISCO  
Ingrid Bergman's ex is installing a bomb shelter in his new Tiburon home because he figures that doctors will be needed fast, first and most in case of atomic attack. . . . Arthur Hailey, who wrote the best-selling "Hotel," had lunch with Dick Swig of the Fairmont, having discovered they have something in common, The Swigs just bought the big Roosevelt Hotel in New Orleans and the Roosevelt happens to be the racy locale of Hailey's "Hotel." "I'm glad I wrote the book before you bought the place," he smiled to Dick. "I'm sure it'll be eminently respectable from now on." The author, by the way, has moved his family from Toronto to St. Helena, where they are building a house.

ALMOST PERFECT: Barnaby Conrad's article on Bing Crosby, for Good House-

MELVIN BELL, still sulking over that excellent book, "The Trial of Jack Ruby," by Law Profs. John Kaplan and Jay Waltz: "I've got a million-dollar libel suit against them but I don't want to give them the publicity." . . . . Dr. S. Chandrasekhar, the noted Indian demographer, at a Planned Parenthood luncheon: "We have a name in India for people who trust the rhythm method—we call them parents."

## ROYCE BRIER

# Ballad Only Celebrates Viet Nam Combat Heroism

Fifty-one years ago a 15-line poem appeared anonymously in a Paris newspaper, the opening line: "In Flanders fields the poppies blow between the crosses, row on row . . ." It was not at first known that the verse was written by Colonel John McCrae, a physician with the Canadian Army. After the war Colonel McCrae published other poems, but nothing that lived, and he died in the 1918 influenza epidemic.

"In Flanders Fields" had no American genre, as we use the term American. It simply mourned the Canadian and British soldiers who died in the first Battle

of Ypres, fall of 1914, whereupon the wild poppies bloomed in the fields the following spring, and the larks sang "scarce heard amid the guns below." As most of us in stress and confusion think with our hearts, it is possible "In

World Affairs  
Flanders Fields" was a more grievous blow to the Imperial Germans than the Lusitania.

Certainly the poem had an incalculable impact in the United States. It was read, and brought tears, in thousands of meetings of those

sympathetic to the Anglo-French cause, a unique propaganda weapon.

It was not perhaps great poetry, but its somber lines were not forgotten by those who lived through the time. It, and other verses like Alan Seeger's "I Have a Rendezvous with Death" were called poems of lament and warning, and they were a striking product of the First World War.

About 1930, poems of lament and warning fell into disrepute. The sophisticated said such verse was the outpouring of the naive, and this was in a measure true. For the Western world had not known terrible and all-embracing war since 1865, and had come to think that such calamity was no longer possible among civilized men.

But in the 1930s, the sacrifice and hope of 1914-18 was seen to be in vain. A new and more dreadful German tyrant was abroad, and everywhere people foresaw that death and suffering were just around the corner for the Western world.

In this day poets, like the people who begot them had become cynical, or it least lacked the deep urgency about the universal tragedy. For it is a stunning reality that World War II produced not one verse of lament and warning comparable to "In Flanders Fields," or our own "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Korea, nothing. Recently, an American sergeant in Viet Nam wrote a song, the "Ballad of the Green Berets," and a record of it is selling. But the Ballad does not resemble "In Flanders Fields." It celebrates combat heroism (as did one or two songs 25 years ago), but it does not mourn man in his predicament.

This column is occasioned by a brief note from Ontario, saying some admirers of Colonel McCrae are trying to raise funds to buy his cottage in Ithaca as a memorial. One wonders if enough people survive from the dark days to remember the torch— "Be yours to hold it high . . ."

## WILLIAM HOGAN

# Rexroth Details Early Years in First Volume

The point a reader must remember about Kenneth Rexroth's "An Autobiographical Novel" is that it ends the week Sacco and Vanzetti were executed. That was 1927, when Rexroth was not yet 22. For his San Francisco experiences of the 1930s, or his role in the San Francisco literary renaissance of the 1950s, we presumably must wait for future reminiscences by this Indiana-born poet, painter, translator, essayist, bohemian, wanderer, scholar, critic, broadcaster, raconteur and what not.

At the pace of this book, Rexroth's life to the age of 60 would run to three volumes. (When Lincoln Steffens published his one-volume "Autobiography" in 1931 he was 64. Steffens' book ran to 873 pages; the present Rexroth book is only 367.)

The Sacco-Vanzetti execution marked the end of an American era, and of Rexroth's rambunctious, incredibly active youth. This is a record of a precocious youngster's development, mostly in and around

the day—Vachel Lindsay, Eugene Debs, Harriet Monroe, Frank Lloyd Wright. He was a budding journalist in the era of Hecht and MacArthur's "The Front Page." He was a classic lover, and a parade of interesting girls runs through his narrative.

He was a soap-box orator who taught himself Greek and sang "Songs of a Wage Slave" with equal aplomb. In short, Rexroth was a highly cerebral Studs Lonigan, a fearless, brawling, hard-living original—anything but the tortured intellectual of so many literary autobiographies. He writes:

"To this day I prefer hustlers and grifters to bohemian intellectuals, and, as a place to relax, a saloon frequented by prostitutes and thieves to a coffee bar full of bad poets."

Books  
For the book, the author explains, is that it is "an interesting story of a minor intellectual importance." One accepts it as that.

It is an uninhibited record of a self-educated boy who abandoned high school to become part owner of a "club" in a particularly tough Chicago period. He watched the birth of Chicago jazz; painted abstract pictures; mixed with gangsters and members of the radical movement as easily as he met, at Jake Loeb's salon, the Chicago greats of