

Press-Herald

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Traffic's Terrible Toll

Some years ago a publication dedicated to highway safety published the story of Mary X, age 9. She was on her way to school.

Suddenly spotting her very best friend across the street. Mary forgot the safety lessons she had learned from her parents and teachers. She dashed across the street.

For the motorist it was a nightmare. He didn't have time to stop.

Today, Mary X is a memory—a picture on the mantle—and a tug at the heart when the sound of a child's laughter filters into the quiet home.

A dozen years have passed since this story was circulated in hopes of cutting down the highway death rate. But just two years ago the highway death toll climbed past the 40,000 mark. In 1965, unless drastic steps halt the climb 50,000 Americans will die as the result of auto accidents.

In 1964, as the figures stand now, 48,000 highway deaths were recorded. And, according to an authoritative report by The Travelers Insurance Companies, 3,840,000 persons were injured.

Think for a moment how many families just have been touched by death or injury through traffic accidents last year. Think of your own driving habits, those of other members of your family. Will you be or a loved one be involved in an accident in 1965? Chances are you might.

OTHERS SAY: National Library Week

National Library Week begins today. Its purpose: "To encourage lifetime reading habits and increase the people's use of libraries."

Greater use of our libraries is a goal worthy of the heartiest and most widespread support. Each of us should consider it a personal goal and one to be imparted to our children. The future will belong to those who possess the hard won prize of knowledge.

Libraries have been established to serve practically every community as a result of individual philanthropy; as part of the facilities provided by local government bodies; or in connection with school systems, colleges or universities. In our libraries on the pages of books and on microfilm and recordings, can be found the sum total of information and wisdom which the human race has been able to accumulate since the dawn of recorded history.

A friend is one who gives a helping hand when it is needed, and on this basis, our libraries hold friends of incomparable worth. They wait to lend us the wisdom of the ancient philosophers that we may apply it with proper consideration in our own lives. They can unfold to us the healing arts of modern medicine; the wonders of space; the esoteric realms of physics, electronics, and mathematics. And on problems of everyday life, they have useful and good advice to give us on practically any situation that we face. These friends are the books on our library shelves. Let's get to know them better.—Industrial News Service

"Conjecture was expressed just last week that the Republican party is in such bad shape that it might not have a candidate for the 1968 election. More pickle smoke. That is, if its higher-ups have the guts to get down to basics, one of which is this: to get the leeches off the relief and welfare roles—or disfranchise them. Relief roles should be only what the names implies—relief from want—but not in perpetuity."—Upsala (Minn.) News-Tribune.

"War is expensive even the one we're about to launch against poverty. The Office of Economic Opportunity, which will direct the battle, has taken a 10-year lease on seven stories of a new office building in downtown Washington. Annual rent will be \$8,225,000. Note that 10-year lease. Was it necessary to commit the taxpayers to that long a lease? Or does it mean the bureaucrats are convinced it will take 10 years to win the war? If so it will be short one considering the fact we have had poverty since Biblical days."—Goshen (Ind.) News.

"It is hard to understand the indifference of the American people to the trend toward Socialism taking place in this country. While the people live in comparative luxury and devote all their attention to the accumulation of material wealth, this trend is becoming so apparent that it seems as if anyone could see it. But we do not, or if we do we close our eyes to it. The latest move in this direction is the proposal of the country's railroad unions that a complete ownership and control of all railroads be put into the hands of the government."—Decatur (Ga.) New Era.

"You would think the Nation should be able to rock along for a year on a mere \$100 billion of spending money. . . . But it will take more effort than turning out superfluous lights in the White House. In fact, budget-wise old Washington hands are expecting it will take all the legerdemain—shifting of spending from the new budget to the old, or to revolving trust funds; underestimating costs especially on programs Congress wants, applying unused balances instead of asking new money—and disappearing acts the experts know."—Port St. Joe (Fla.) Star.

"A responsible press will remain a free press. And although no newspaper can be 100 per cent correct and right all of the time, it can always have those goals in mind."—Canton (N.C.) Enterprise.



ROYCE BRIER

Klan Investigation Can Only Add to Confusion

The old Ku Klux Klan was organized by General Nathan Bedford Forrest and other Confederate fireballs after the Civil War. Its purpose was to intimidate freed Negroes to prevent their participation in public affairs. It was a tumultuous factor in Reconstruction.

Modern popular knowledge of the old Klan derives largely from the film "Birth of a Nation," which treated the Klan with sympathy.

After World War I the Klan was revived in the South and Midwest, its target, Negroes, Jews, Catholics and suspected communists. It became such a nuisance that some states adopted laws against public use of the familiar hood. The recent civil rights movement has heartened the Klan, filling the ranks with white racists. It openly carries out some cross-burning, but denies bombings of Negro churches.

Following the highway

WILLIAM HOGAN

'Dreiser' May be Year's Best Literary Biography

Preview: Biggest literary biography since Mark Schorer's "Sinclair Lewis: An American Life" is due from Scribner's this month. This is "Dreiser," which the jacket labels "The Story of a Tormented Life." The author is W. A. Swanberg who, like Mark Schorer, also won a Pulitzer Prize for his biography in 1962 for his spirited account of the late publisher, "Citizen Hearst."

"If they turned down Hearst, they would doubly turn down Dreiser," Swanberg was quoted in the trade journal Publisher's Weekly. Rules of the Pulitzer Prize for biography require that the award go to the people," as illustrated by the life of an eminent personage. One thing that certainly would disqualify Dreiser as a Pulitzer subject was his erratic love life.

The author of "Sister Carrie," "The American Tragedy," and other naturalistic works, waged a painful battle against prudity in literature during the century's early years. He was a crude giant of a writer, whom H. L. Mencken compared with Thomas Hardy. He was also a foolish, promiscuous, outrageous man, a libertine and woman-chaser of immense appetites. Out of more than 20,000 letters Swanberg read during his research on this book, thousands were written to women with whom Dreiser was romantically involved. Many were "embarrassingly personal" Swanberg said; so much so that names of several of the ladies, still living or with living close relatives, had to be fictionalized to protect everybody. I am in the midst of reading my advance copy of "Dreiser" and find the story of this gargantuan man and literary landmark fascinating. It is the most exciting work of its kind since Schorer on Lewis. For plain story-telling about the writer

with a high hand. It bullied witnesses, and on a wholesale scale ignored their constitutional rights. It developed ex post facto tendencies by summoning victims who may have been earlier, but had long since recanted. Many of these, loyal citizens when called to answer, were callously ruined.

Further, many of the committee's staff of investigators and informers proved in hearings that they were without competence.

There is no reason to believe the committee will better uphold the American tradition and freedom against the Right, than it did against the Left. But it needs public notice. Since the collapse of McCarthyism its credit and activity have abated. This is not sufficient reason for its interest here. If at all possible, some other committee should take the ball away from House Un-American.

Carbon dioxide is a colorless, odorless gas used in fire extinguishers, in the manufacture of dry ice, and in carbonated beverages. The bubbles you see in an opened bottle of soda pop, champagne, etc., are merely particles of the carbon dioxide gas trying to escape into the air. When they all escape, the previously carbonated beverage is described as flat or lifeless.

Carbon dioxide fire extinguishers are best used in relatively small, closed areas. They are very effective in extinguishing small electrical fires. They do not harm food or clothing. Carbon dioxide fire extinguishers are also effective in extinguishing what the experts call flammable liquid fires. Flammable liquids include gasoline, kerosene, oil, and other petroleum products.

The dry chemical type of fire extinguisher is good in both open and closed areas. It is effective on electrical and flammable liquid fires. A dry chemical is just what the term indicates. It is neither a gas nor a liquid. Most of the dry chemical fire extinguishers I have seen contained what looked like powder. Actually, a bucket of dry sand can accomplish the same purpose, but a bucket of sand is not officially recognized by the U.S. Coast Guard as a dry chemical fire extinguisher for motor boats.

The foam type fire extinguisher is good in both open and closed areas. It is effective on ordinary combustible and flammable liquid fires. It is not recommended for use on electrical fires.

Fire extinguishers approved for motorboats by the U.S. Coast Guard are either labeled "U.S. Coast Guard Approved," or they bear a label of Underwriters Laboratories, Incorporated, indicating that the extinguisher has been inspected and tested for marine use and meets the U.S. Coast Guard type and size requirements. The labels are usually on the name plate of the manufacturer, fastened to the extinguisher at the factory.

Carbon tetrachloride is commercially sold as a colorless liquid for use in medicine, cleaning fluids,

Boat Fire Extinguishers Good for General Usage

By CHARLES E. CHAPEL
Assemblyman, 46th District
Water sports of all types have increased tremendously within the past 15 years, nationally, throughout California, and especially in and near the 46th Assembly District which I have represented during this great expansion. With the fun has come the responsibility of saving people from accidents.

The National Congress and the California Legislature can only legislate. The enforcement of laws is not our duty, and even the men and women in the many law-enforcement agencies can only do the best they can. In the last analysis the people themselves have the duty of protecting themselves from accidents. One relatively small but very important example is fire prevention.

solvents, and fire extinguishers, but it is extremely dangerous because the fumes from it are toxic, that is, poisonous. Some ladies use it to remove grease spots from garments. It will remove the grease spots but at the same time it will give the ladies a bad headache and can cause death.

HERB CAEN SAYS:

He Looked for Spring, Failed

LIKE A FEW thousand other people, I went out to look for Spring the other day.

Maybe it was the wrong day. The skies were as gray as November's. The cable car slots lay silent—it was as though the city had lost its voice. The turntable at Powell and Market stood empty, and a tourist with a camera around his neck and a kid clutching his hand kept asking: "Where'd they go? What happened?" The kid looked like he might cry any minute.

On Eddy, discarded newspapers fluttered in an icy wind. The headlines in the gutter told of death in Vietnam, of escalation by frustration. The same papers were also announcing that Spring was here, and the condition of Orlando Cepeda's knee rated as much ink as a helicopter shot down in the jungle.

AT FISHERMAN'S WHARF, the people were bundled up against the biting wind. It was so cold the crabs were fighting to be thrown in the boiling water. Little old ladies sat pinched on wooden benches, spooning crabmeat out of paper cups. There was a smell of salt in the air, and fish and rust and hemp and catsup, mingling in an awful and wonderful way.

I walked along the block above the Wharf, where a half-hearted carnival atmosphere warmed the air slightly. People drinking mugs of coffee at a few sidewalk tables. A Hof Brau kind of place, featuring an accordionist wearing a Tyrolean hat and lederhosen. A saloon at the corner was offering near-naked dancers, their excellent bodies covered with gold paint. The late Ian Fleming would have been amused.

I DROPPED IN at the Gold Spike, one of the good old places in North Beach. A Gigli record was playing on the jukebox—something from "Rigoletto." A bartender with a good, solid face, making good, solid drinks for four bits. Checkered oil-cloths on the tables.

I sank into a booth and went through the traditional works—the typical North Beach Italian family dinner, its routine unvaried through the years of ceaseless change. The dish of salami, olives and pepper, the basket of sourdough. The big bowl of excellent minestrone. The lettuce and tomatoes with the oil and vinegar. The platter of ravioli—"home-made," the waitress said, as usual—and as usual, great. Chicken and string beans, coffee, the dish of sweet Italian cookies. All that for \$2.85, plus wine. Nice.

I drove home through the rain, the wipers wagging on the windshield. The tall buildings reached up to puncture the storm clouds that lay darkly on the hills. Maybe Spring will be a little late this year. Or maybe it has been and gone. In San Francisco, you never know.

GUY HOPKINS, an apparel buyer, is Mitzl Gaynor's favorite feller at the moment. He flew in from New York with a dozen of Nathan's Hot Dogs, which Mitzl is hooked on. She ate 'em all in one swell foop. . . . The owner of a hardware store in Menlo Park suffered a heart attack a few days ago—so a good neighbor is filling in, working a full shift every day for free; the neighbor: Tennessee Ernie Ford! Bing Crosby orders his pipes by the gross from a firm in London. Costs him about a buck and a half each, so if you'd like one, just ask. "I like them because they're light," he explains. "I can wear one in my face all day without worrying that my teeth will fall out" . . . During "The Greatest Story Ever Told," at the Cinerama, a drunk arose and ran up and down the aisle, hollering "Repent ye all repent!" To which a bored gent in the audience responded: "Repent, hell. — I'll settle for a refund!" . . . A thoughtful type put his finger on the crowning difference between capitalism and communism: "They can't give THEIR astronaut a ticker tape parade."

Morning Report:

American know-how reached a new level or turned the corner the other day when Mr. De Graff du Puy, of Roanoke, Va., was issued Patent No. 3,173,705. For a wheelbarrow.

This is not exactly going to revolutionize the transportation industry. But if Mr. Du Puy can make his patent stick, it will revolutionize Mr. du Puy. For everybody who makes wheelbarrows will have to pay a royalty to Mr. du Puy. Because nobody ever thought to patent a wheelbarrow. It seems wheelbarrows were thought of before patents.

Before anybody rushes in to nominate him as man of the year, consider first my patent application—for the wheel. I have already notified Washington and General Motors.

Abe Mellinkoff