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Independence Day Near

Independence Day will soon be with us. And many a person will wistfully and nostalgically wonder, "What ever became of the old-time Fourth of July?"

There are various answers. The urbanization of the country is one. Mobility which, whatever its attractions, makes for family rootlessness is another. The enormous distractions of the present age are still another. And so is a preoccupation with material things which tends to obscure simpler and often more profound virtues.

At any rate, the Fourth our fathers knew was a special and unique observance. It was a happy combination of fun and reverence for the men and principles that make up our rich history. The flag flew everywhere. The speakers' stands in the town square blazed with bunting, and the bands tirelessly played patriotic airs. Fireworks exploded endlessly, ranging from the ubiquitous firecracker to stunning set pieces celebrating great events of the past. It was a wonderful day for young and old.

Not the least of its attractions were the fiery addresses, made by well-known public figures of the time. Some of these, needless to say, were of a low oratorical level. But all of them had one thing in common. They paid tribute to freedom, and how it was won, and what was needed to maintain and defend it. The theme was patriotism—dedicated, unabashed. And every listener went away with a little better knowledge of our inheritance as a people and a little more determination to keep the spirit of the founders alive.

The old-time celebrations will be few and far between this year. But, whatever we do, wherever we go on that day, let us take a moment to think what freedom and independence, in the fullest sense of those words, mean—and let us determine that our heritage shall never be lost.

Others Say

Who Is Vox Pop?

When a San Francisco judge recently advised a jury to bring in a verdict of acquittal in a case involving arrests of topless dancers he was quoted as feeling that the prosecution "had failed to prove that the show was contrary to community standards." Testimony to this effect by police, and other testimony by civilians, had not been allowed by the court.

When asked later what kind of testimony would have been admissible the judge explained: "Not the testimony of a policeman or a preacher. The prosecution . . . could have brought in a witness who does not represent the opinion of a mere segment of the city's people . . . say a public relations man whose contacts are city wide, social service workers who know what people think and feel throughout San Francisco."

It is to be wondered if there was some clerical soul searching in San Francisco when a p.r. man was considered a better judge of the community's standards than a man of the church.—California Feature Service

Washington reporters are saying that the vote on repeal of section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Act, which permits the states, if they so choose, to pass Right-to-Work laws, is apt to be extremely close and could go one way or the other.

Just why this should be so is a puzzle. Right-to-Work doesn't discriminate in any shape, manner or form against labor or the unions. It simply gives each worker the right to choose—to decide for himself, without fear of union or employer coercion, whether he wants to belong to a union or doesn't. If that isn't a fundamental right, essential in any free society, what is?

The compulsory union shop makes for labor monopolies comparable to the financial and industrial monopolies that were outlawed long ago. And the compulsory union shop leaves the way open for exploitation of the membership—the worker must join or become jobless and is without the power to fight abuses. Right-to-Work is the corrective.—Industrial News Review.

SPEAKING OF AREA-DEPRESSORS



ROYCE BRIER

Prosecutors Lament New Restrictions on Arrests

For some years public prosecutors and the police authority have complained of what they call an erosion of their function by court decisions dealing with the rights of accused persons.

Recently the Supreme Court has handed down numerous decisions in this area, and in most cases the decisions have put restraints on arresting and prosecuting officers.

Of every big case, public officers bitterly lament that it almost fatally cripples them in their work. From this you would think these restraints are unprecedented, creating new forms of law favoring the accused. On the contrary, virtually all are reaffirmations of existing law founded in the main body of the Constitution, or the first 10 amendments called the Bill of Rights.

In the Nineteenth Century, a great many protections observed in administration of federal law, were not observed in administration of state law.

A federal officer has always needed a warrant to search a man's home for in-

criminating evidence. If he lacks a warrant, even though such evidence is found, a United States Court will hold it invalid. The state courts have been far more permissive in this regard.

In this century the United States Courts have increasingly intervened in these cases, and the present Supreme Court has widely and consistently spread constitutional guarantees throughout the nation.

In a New Jersey case the other day a United States Court of Appeals reserved two murder convictions because the accused were not advised, before making confessions, of the right to remain silent and the right to counsel. Last year the Supreme Court reversed in a similar Illinois case. But the New Jersey Supreme Court chose to defy the Appeals Court, and await a high court decision almost certain to uphold the Appeals Court.

The Bill of Rights contains sixteen prohibitions put on public officers touching the rights of persons ac-

cused of crime. All these prohibitions grew from English law, and they were spelled out in view of the practice of British monarchs of seizing their enemies, sending them to the Tower and throwing away the keys. These are the practices of tyranny, and Adolf Hitler invoked all sixteen, and more, of our forbidden practices during his 12-year reign.

It is true observance of the protections places an extra burden on prosecutors and the police authority. They must work harder to bring the accused to justice. But prosecutors in detail, and policemen in general, know the protections exist, and reversal of a conviction because they were not observed, strongly suggests official incompetence.

Curiously, Americans have lately become familiar with the situation in television, and from abroad, at that. The Scotland Yard man says: "I must inform you, you need not say anything, and anything you say may be used against you—yes you may call your barrister."

WILLIAM HOGAN

Civil Rights Push Opens Floodgate for New Books

Sudden thought: There are too many books being published on the civil rights problems in this country. From what I have seen, not all are particularly successful or even interesting. Who reads them—other than people who are already convinced that the idea of civil rights is a good thing?

The problem and the struggles remain enormous and immediate. For the most part these books are packed with good intentions. Yet I can't imagine much of a distribution, or sale, south of the Mason-Dixon line for "Mississippi: The Long Hot Summer," or "The Summer That Didn't End," or "Letters from Mississippi," or a dozen other titles (Harlem to Selma) that are competing for attention right now. Suddenly there are so many books erupting in this category that even among their potential audience they cancel each other out.

At last count there were some 40 books published since the first of the year on civil rights subjects. Also at last count about 40 more are due before the end of this year. Just about everyone is having his say

—Erskine Caldwell ("In Search of Bisco") to a symposium ("Freedom Now") in which James Farmer, Burke Marshall, James Baldwin, the late Malcolm X and others contribute ideas. There are picture books and pamphlets. There is William Bradford Huie's "Three Lives for Mississippi" and Walter Lord's "The Past That Would Not Die." One can't keep up with them all.

I hope these efforts are doing some good—beyond minds that are already convinced—and are not merely the publishing fashion of the moment, or bids for commercial success. Few have been that, other than Martin Luther King's "Why We Can't Wait," which remains, in paperback, as good an introduction to this ever-growing literature as any.

A title more important than most on the current civil rights shelf is Robert Penn Warren's "Who Speaks for the Negro?" (Random House; \$5.95). It is important not because this Southern-born novelist and poet comes to any major conclusions, but because it is a Who's Who of Negro lead-

ers, most of whom do not agree on how or what should be done in future phases of the current revolution.

The book is comprised mainly of tape-recorded interviews with Negro leaders of all social stations and American regions. They express widely ranging views, philosophy of passive resistance to the passionately militant ideas of poet-playwright LeRoi Jones. Many voices are heard, from the writers Ralph Ellison and James Baldwin to Carl Rowan, Adam Clayton Powell, Malcolm X.

But there is little unanimity among this leadership, and no firm consensus about their mission. The Negro revolution has not yet come up with its Lenin, or its Moses—neither Roy Wilkins, nor Whitney Young of the Urban League, nor even Martin Luther King.

Warren interjects his own thoughts, observations, and interpretations into this solid investigation. It takes a talent and dedication of a Robert Penn Warren to bring such a complicated subject into focus.

STAN DELAPLANE

Dress for South Pacific Cruise Ranges to Formal

"My parents are taking the 42-day Matson cruise in the South Pacific. Could you advise type of clothing? How formal?"

Sports clothes for daytime. Matson ships are fairly dressy at night. Cocktail dresses. And you might want one formal for the Captain's dinner night. About two-thirds of the men will be in dinner jackets every night. But a black bow tie and linen jacket will do.

"We are flying East and then taking the Oriana through the Canal. What clothing do we need?"

The P-and-O-Orient ships are also dressy in first-class. (But not in tourist.) Since you're flying, weight is a problem. Skip the formal gown. Your husband had better make a linen jacket do night and day duty.

And book ALI's hair appointments for these trips as soon as you get aboard. Especially Captain's dinner night. That's when the rush is on.

"We mentioned a summer wine drink from Portugal . . ."

Sangria. Just get a large pitcher filled with ice and pour a bottle of dry, red wine over it. (One of the California cabernet types is good.) Slice in half an orange and half a lemon. Fizz it up with a half bottle of soda. Very light and good for barbecue evenings.

"Where is the best place to buy those big colorful blankets (serapes?) in Mexico?"

You get different colors and different weaves from different areas. And I like the designs from Oaxaca. If you don't get to Oaxaca, have the cab driver take you to one of the big native markets in Mexico City. (These markets were operating when Cortez came to Mexico. Importing from the outside country.)

Feel the serape for a good woolen feel. If it's hard like a rug, the weaver mixed burro hair in with the wool.

"We will be in Mexico with the children. Can we rent riding horses for them?"

I never saw any riding stables in Mexico. But there are horses everywhere. You

Quote

Junk is anything that lies around in your way for 10 years and you throw away two weeks before you need it.—Leonard J. Blaschko, Henderson (Minn.) Independent.

Grandpa Grit always says a lot of people put their foot in their mouth to keep someone from stepping on their toes.—Bob Pearcey, The Danville (Ind.) Gazette.

There are not even a great number of complaints if you do not count the professional axe grinders who would find fault with Paradise.—Elsie Griner, Jr., The Nashville (Ga.) Herald.

We should begin to regard a freeway for what it is—a long, slender redevelopment project.—John E. Hirt, San Francisco urban renewal executive.

It is too late to take up a profession, but I'm too young to retire.—Eda O. Hicks, 100-year-old amateur artist.

My Neighbors



"Ha—look—and you said it would never last!"

should be able to get them for a dollar or so a day. I don't know how you make sure of the horse though. In the back country they might be pretty bronco.

"Can we bring leis home from Hawaii?"

Yes. You go through an agricultural control at the airport. But flower leis pass. The plane stewardess will give you a plastic bag to put them in. (No leis from Tahiti though. They make you dump them as you enter the plane.)

"We are so anxious to go to the Orient! What is the very cheapest air fare?"

There just isn't any. Air fares are fixed in the Pacific. The only way to cut costs is on a tour. There are some Orient tours where the fares get somewhat absorbed with other costs. Too complicated to explain. But anyway, it does get cheaper.

"We had friends make reservations at the Savoy in

London. How can we be sure it is confirmed?"

The Savoy—(and all English hotels)—are very reliable on reservations. And you must think your friends are. But if it worries you, spend \$14 and phone. Only takes a few minutes now with the cable. The connection is just like a local call.

"We would like to see the Changing of the Guard. How do we find out about it?"

In London, dial ASK 9211. Recorded voice tells all tourist events of the day with time and place.

"We must stay overnight in Miami (for an airline connection in early morning to the Virgin Islands). Have you a suggestion?"

I stay at the hotel upstairs in the airport. I thought it was a little expensive. But it has a good restaurant and certainly is handy.

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Bob Hope Out 'On The Town'

CLICKS FROM THE CABLES: Tuesday was a red letter day in the little Santa Cruz mountain town of Felton. Bob Hope, who'd been inspecting Brookdale Lodge with an eye to buy, dropped in at the Felton Bakery for coffee and sinkers, played with the kids, joked with the elders, and left just short of being elected Mayor by acclamation . . . Beautiful Judy Pennebaker, one of H'wood's "Stars of Tomorrow"—she's currently the lead in "The Farmer's Other Daughter" ("What her sister won't do, SHE will")—was married quietly to Baritone opera singer Richard Fredricks . . . Ronnie Schell, the comic who is slowly rising to the bottom, opened at The Horn in Santa Monica before an excited crowd of fans. That would be TV's ed Mack, who went backstage to offer "Congratulations—you're a real amateur!" . . . Prusnick, France's biggest chain (250 stores), has closed the deal and begins importing California wines—Beaulieu, Masson, Italian-Swiss—early next year; unless Mongeneral de Gaulle decides this constitutes another crisis.

CAENDID CAMERA: The beggar who holds out a glass container instead of the traditional tip cup. You drop a dime in it and zap, he takes it out and puts it in his pocket—for this transparent reason: "An empty glass gets more sympathy" . . . Ricardo Montalban, star of "King and I," dining on raw steak—and already in his full Siamese makeup. Explanation: "Takes four hours to put this stuff on" . . . Plaintiff question from a six-yr-old boy to his mother (a divorcee): "Mommy, when are we going to get a live-in daddy? . . . A lush, slaking his unquenchable thirst at the bar, tried to pay for the drinks with his Standard Oil credit card, and was nettled at the bartender's refusal. "I'm getting gassed, aren't I?" he demanded.

NOW ON DISPLAY in the lobby of the Calif. Redwood Assoc: the redwood statue of Liz Taylor in the nude, carved by Edmund Kara for the new Lizandick movie, "The Sandpiper." Not virgin redwood, by the way. From a tree that had been laid low a century ago . . . The furor over the decorations conferred by the Queen of the British Empire—draws a polite "No comment" from Donald Stokes of the British Consulate here, also a new MBE. Will he meet the Beatles when they arrive here? "I haven't in the past, he says, "and I see no reason to do so in the future."

DON SHERWOOD looked ABC-TV right in the eye and said, "Thanks, but no thanks," thereby turning down \$250,000 a year (the network wanted him to go to N.Y. to take over its ailing "Night Life" show opposite Johnny Carson and Merv Griffin). Don's explanation: "I don't want to be a star. Lordy, it's hard enough eating in a restaurant HERE without being pestered to death." Pauvre petit . . . Poet Gary Snyder, a charter member of Jack Kerouac's aging Beat Generators (he was Japhy Ryder in Kerouac's "The Dharma Bums"), has won a \$10,000 Bollingen Foundation award and goes back to Japan for two yrs. to study the Zen monks in their native habitat; he once spent three yrs. there as a lay monk and has been a Prisoner of Zen ever since . . . Bing Crosby, Trader Vic, and Fred Cox, the tycoon's tycoon, took a long lease on 100-acre Brooks Island, in the Bay off Richmond—there to shoot and fish in primeval luxury.

Morning Report:

(Abe Mellinkoff is on vacation. His Morning Report feature will be resumed on his return.)

Abe Mellinkoff