

Press-Herald

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A Time To Be Counted

The forthright manner in which Mayor Sam Yorty publicly backed Police Chief William H. Parker deserves the thanks of all of us in Southern California.

Yorty's staunch defense of his police chief came at the end of a lengthy meeting with Martin Luther King. It was reported that the civil rights leader pressed charges of police brutality and demanded formation of a civilian police review board.

The mayor's timely backing, coming in the face of Dr. King's suggestion that many in the Negro community wanted Parker out of the job and the demand by CORE pickets that Parker be fired, should be welcomed by Americans who still believe there is a place for law and order in our society.

Also backing Chief Parker this week was the Committee of Mayors of the Cities of Los Angeles County.

As important as the support of Yorty and other Southland mayors might be, the support of each of us who believes in law and order may be a vital force in keeping one of the world's outstanding police executives on the job. The pressure to get Parker out of the post has been mounting for several years—carried forward by ultra-left-wing groups, radicals, socialists, and others of that ilk.

The charge—police brutality—is the same whenever a member of any of these radical groups come into contact with law enforcement or when groups in which they feign an interest are subjected to law enforcement experience.

Th so-called civil rightists have expressed no concern for the rights of the police officer charged with enforcing laws for the good of all citizens. There apparently is no political gold to be mined there.

This newspaper believes that a majority of citizens want law and order and are convinced that Chief Parker conducted himself in a commendable manner during the riot crisis. We believe these people far outnumber the loud-mouth demonstrators who would have his scalp.

It's time these citizens were heard from. We suggest strongly that it's time to stand up and be counted. A note to Mayor Yorty thanking him for supporting Chief Parker would go a long way toward helping the mayor stand his ground. A note to chief Parker would help him tolerate the abuse that will certainly continue. Do it today.

A Sound Suggestion

A Los Angeles man has suggested that unemployed Negroes in the south Los Angeles area be employed to clear the debris which resulted from last week's rioting. His suggestion deserves serious consideration.

Writing in the letters column of Friday's Los Angeles Times, Henri Temianka suggested that the immediate clean-up program be manned by those area residents now on unemployment rolls, saying "it could give them pride and self-respect which they need, as well as economic independence."

Temianka's suggestion would let much of the cost of the clean-up be offset by the savings which would accrue to the unemployment insurance fund.

It may not be a simple program, and implementing it could demand some red-tape cutting, but we believe it has merit. A large number of the south Los Angeles area residents could be given a needed lift financially and spiritually.

The suggestion deserves more than a casual dismissal.

A Wrong Compounded

The federal government's drive to give voting rights to southern Negroes without regard to literacy smacks of the long discredited theory that two wrongs make a right.

When the federal program was put into action, Atty. Gen. Nicholas Katzenbach said the literacy tests would not be applied in selected southern counties and parishes because the tests had not been used to qualify white voters in those counties.

Instead of a drive to franchise more unqualified voters, we believe the thrust of the drive should be to disenfranchise those not qualified to vote. Illiteracy is a prime disqualification in our book.

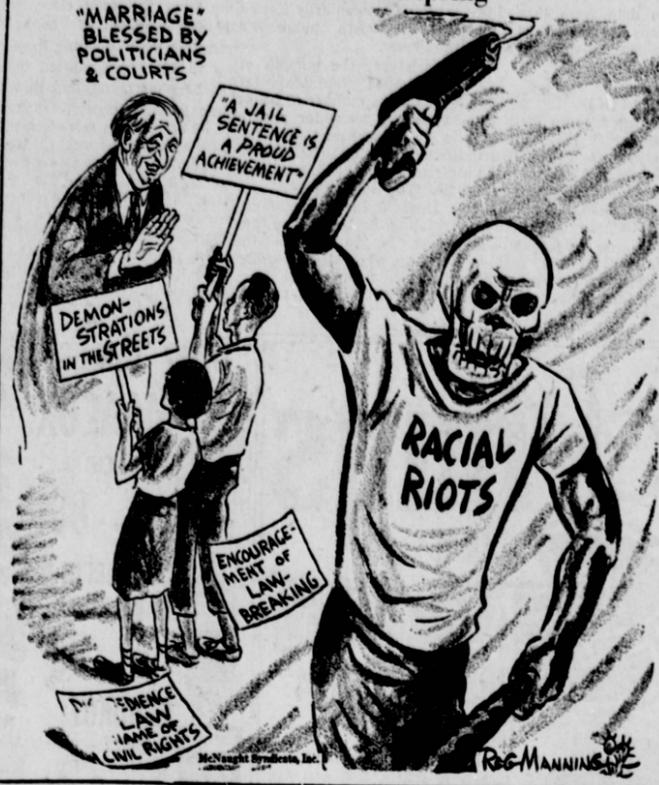
An informed voter is one of the principal strengths of this nation. To use the power of the federal government to pass on the voting privilege to those who are unable to read or write flies in the face of this heritage.

The alternatives should be examined before it is too late. The best alternative would be to use the power of the federal government to bring the qualifications of the citizens up to reasonable standards, not to lower the standards to include all.

Lifesavers

YOUR GIFT OF BLOOD THROUGH RED CROSS WILL SAVE SOMEONE'S LIFE THIS SUMMER. TAKE THE TIME TO GIVE BEFORE YOUR MORTALITY.

Their Natural Offspring



ROYCE BRIER

Land of Pyramids Waits For 'Spy' Case to Break

Some years ago the writer and some other American newspapermen attending a reception in Cairo were introduced to Mustafa Amin, editor of Al Akhbar, the biggest newspaper in the Mideast.

Mr. Amin was a big, hearty fellow, and he was supposed to be friendly to Americans. When his father was minister at the Washington Legation, Amin attended Georgetown University, and with his twin brother, Ali, toured the United States in the 1930s.

At the reception Amin seemed more friendly to Americans than to President Nasser. His newspaper group remained well removed from Nasser's official group at the big gathering.

At the time there was some question if Nasser was a dictator, but he didn't act like one, because Amin's paper had been slyly needing him for some years. Amin in fact had been jailed a couple of times by the government for his editorial policy.

But this was nothing new to Amin who had been thrown in the bucket way back in 1939 for displeasing the late King Farouk, whom Nasser overthrew.

One doesn't remember Amin said anything startling at the reception, but maybe he didn't trust Yankee newsmen. He has apparently become more trustful, for instance, with the Central Intelligence Agency, which gets around to places you wouldn't know about until it muffs one — which happens with fair regularity.

Two weeks ago Amin was arrested, but not for something easily squared. The United Arab Republic alleges he was engaged in espionage with the CIA, and was surprised in contact with a CIA "agent," an American Embassy staff man. The Embassy man was returned to the United States for "consultation," and there are rumors in Cairo of a plot to overthrow Nasser. But the UAR hasn't revealed the details of its charges against Amin.

You might wonder why

the CIA is busying itself in Cairo. The country swarms with tourists at all seasons, and there is not much secret about it. Nor is war threatened between the UAR and the USA. It isn't like the Dominican Republic or Viet Nam of Cuba, where the CIA has had such stunning espionage successes, hitting the nail on the thumb in every crisis.

The story around Cairo is that Amin has been under surveillance for many months. Brother Ali is in London, out of a job, but also out of jail.

Some Western observers attach considerable political significance to the affair, calling it a struggle between Western and Soviet factions in security circles. They aver that Amin's arrest will put "left" or pro-Soviet elements in control of Al Akhbar and other Cairo newspapers. President Nasser denies this.

In any case, you can thank CIA for another cloak-and-dagger hodgepodge. They really didn't mean to blow the works, but that's the way it usually is.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Progress or Destruction: It Makes Your Blood Boil

There is nobody, citizens, who will restore to us the years that the locust hath eaten. A Humboldt State College scientist and chairman of its Natural Resources Division has written an angry little book titled "The Destruction of California."

Raymond F. Dasmann is a voice in what once was the wilderness, but now is little more than an algae-fouled pool of "economic progress."

What kind of "progress," Dasmann asks, is it to deprive a madly growing population of wildlife, of soil, meadows, mountain retreats and the very air it breathes. Or trading forests and fields for slums? Modern man is not unlike the early American Indians who traded away gold for glass beads. Will sensible Californians allow this destruction to continue? One sees, in California, not only the consequence of unplanned, careless or deliberately destructive past activity; the author gets the feeling that the worst is yet to come.

This is a conservationist's view of chaos. Dasmann has watched California become despoiled by developers, by hawkers of progress and their wicked instruments of destruction, chiefly the bulldozer. He finds it difficult

to write of his homeland, but does so with passion and reason as he catalogues the appalling greed and unconcern which today causes decay in much of the whole Nation.

Ten years hence, he cries (in the neon wilderness), we shall regret every mistake we are making in this age of apathy. He talks at length about water problems. He wonders if paving over the Southern California orange groves and establishing new ones in the desert is not, among other things, a shabby waste of water. And will Southern California really be a better place to live when it has 20 million people on its freeways instead of 10 million?

Dasmann does not see the logic in cutting up the real beauty (Lake Tahoe, for instance), and establishing in its place an artificial wilderness, like the jungle ride at Disneyland.

This is a book that makes one mad, because it reminds us that there is more plunder than progress in the development around us. In that sense, Professor Dasmann is a first-rate agitator. He suggests that nothing much will be done about the destruction of California until a whole lot of people get

as angry about it as he is. Has he any hope?

The author clings to the belief that people are not at the mercy of blind forces beyond human control; not bound inevitably toward an anthill existence. One hopes he is right.

Notes on the Margin . . .

Pyramid Books will issue a paperback anthology, "The Wit and Wisdom of Adlai Stevenson" on Sept. 1 (60 cents).

Quote

Let us hope Mars will not be found to be inhabited. Our foreign aid program is extended far enough already. — Robert Wassman, Los Angeles.

Cars are a means of transportation. They are not representative of social success, but rather of social and academic failure. — Marilyn Boerst, San Rafael student.

I am proud of those students who have rejected the naive and self-indulgent notion that sound and fury are required courses for the achievement of necessary change. — Charles Luckman, state college trustee.

Sacramento Report

State Resolutions Offer Praise, Voice Opinions

By CHARLES E. CHAPEL

Assemblyman, 46th District

In the California State Legislature a "house resolution" is a resolution which is acted on by only one house of the Legislature. For example, if I introduce a house resolution commending some individual or organization for outstanding accomplishments, that resolution is first printed in the Assembly Journal, and then it is considered by the Assembly Rules Committee.

All of my resolutions of this type have passed out of the Assembly Rules Committee to the floor of the Assembly, and thereafter passed by the Assembly.

The State Printer then prints the resolution on a large sheet of heavy cardboard, the Great Seal of the State is affixed over blue and gold ribbons, and I either mail or present the resolution to the individual or organization thus honored by the Assembly.

If one of the 40 state senators introduces a house resolution, it is printed in the Senate Journal, passed out of the Senate Rules Committee, and voted on by the Senate. House resolutions only require action in the house where they are introduced and are not sent to the Governor for approval. Obviously, some house resolutions are killed. Both the Assembly and the Senate have traditional policies regarding the number of house resolutions which can be introduced in any single session by the same author. This is one economy measure which the people of California may appreciate.

A CONCURRENT resolution may be introduced in either the Assembly or the Senate. If introduced in the Assembly, it is called an Assembly Concurrent Resolution. If introduced in the Senate, it is called a Senate Concurrent Resolution.

In either case, it goes to the State Printer. Printed copies are sent to the Legislative Bill Room by the State Printer so that they can be available to the public. Then the concurrent resolution is considered by the rules committee in the house of origin. It may be sent to the floor for a vote or it may be sent to another committee for further consideration, and then sent to the floor for a vote. If it passes in the house of origin it goes to the other house, passes through one or more committees, and then goes to the floor for a vote. If the concurrent resolution passes in both the Assembly and the Senate, it is sent by the author to the individual or organization most affected by the resolution.

A concurrent resolution must not be one which relates in any degree to matters connected with the federal government. Like a house resolution, it must pertain only to the internal affairs of the State of California. It is never sent to the Governor because, like all resolutions, it is purely a legislative proceeding. All of my concurrent resolutions have passed through both houses without any opposition.

For example, on the day of the death of Douglas MacArthur, General of the Army, I introduced an Assembly Concurrent Resolution memorializing his life of devotion to God and this United States. The resolution was quickly passed by the Assembly Rules Committee; received the unanimous vote of the Assembly; passed to the Senate; passed by the Senate Rules Committee quickly; and then passed by the Senate by a unanimous vote.

The MacArthur memorial resolution was read in full in each house and at the conclusion of the reading everyone stood without remark.

I suppose it's too much to expect a son to live up to the reputation of a great father. These biological sequels never come off. Like Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. and the Son of Rin Tin Tin.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and Light unto my path.—(Psalms 119:105)

quest or command. Illuminated copies under the Great Seal of the State with the official ribbons were sent to Mrs. MacArthur; their son, Arthur; the Superintendent, U.S. Military Academy; the Curator, MacArthur Memorial Museum, Norfolk, Virginia; the Commanding Officer, Fort MacArthur, San Pedro, California; and others who were close friends of the late General of the Army. The Commanding Officer, Fort MacArthur, caused the memorial resolution to be read at evening parade and retreat at 5 p.m. on Oct. 30, 1964.

A joint resolution is one

which relates to matters connected with the federal government, usually instructions to the Congress of the United States on how to vote on matters affecting "joint" because it requires California. It is called "joint" because it requires the joint effort of both the Assembly and the State Senate. Having passed both houses of our Legislature, it goes to Washington, D.C. where it may have some slight effect on the U. S. Representatives and the U.S. Senators.

Personally, I think that our joint resolutions sent to the Congress produce more irritation than they do salvation. I regret to report.

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Schlesinger's Cruel to State

AS ONE WHO believes that the true demigods reside in Washington—as my dear father used to say: "If they didn't know what they were doing, they wouldn't be there"—I've been aghast at Arthur Schlesinger Jr.'s cruel reports on the State Dept. in Lifemag (can't make decisions, can't write, "don't know what is going on in the world"). Therefore, I was relieved when State denied a passport to U.S. Chess Champ Bobby Fischer, who wanted to play in an international tourney in Havana. When the chips are down, State can still come through with the Big Decisions—the kind guaranteed to make us look ridiculous in the eyes of the world.

AND: From my friends in Sweden, I learn that Dr. Lars Ullerstam, a psychiatrist, has proposed that the Govt. run brothels for men and women, arguing that "sex should be treated as a form of mental therapy and should be freely available to all, without taboos." Now here's something for an ambitious politician to sink his fangs into. Sexicare! . . . As I keep telling you, writers will go to ANY lengths to stay away from the typewriter. Latest frexample: Novelist Ernie Gann of Sausalito, dead-ended in the middle of a World War I book, who is off for Samoa—at the controls of a rebuilt DC-3 (he's delivering it to Polynesian Airlines, the outfit he flew for a year ago). His co-pilot is Polynesian Exec George Washington, no relation, and his second officer is his longtime girl Friday (and all the other days), Dodie Post. To answer your next question, a DC-3 cruises at 160, so figure 32 hours to Samoa.

WHEE, THE PEOPLE: Roger "King of the Road" Miller was chomping away on a steak in a restaurant when an admirer sent over a \$37.50 bottle of '53 Lafite Rothschild. Young Mr. Miller took a sip and then asked: "Could I switch this to a Coke, please?" That's no French road he's king of. . . Ivy Baker Priest, who'd just announced her candidacy for California State Treasurer, popped in at a studio to have her campaign photo taken. "Now then," said the photog, ready to take the picture, "say 'Cheese.'" "I never say 'Cheese,'" replied Mrs. Priest. "I have a word that gives the face a REAL lift." Then, facing the camera, she beamed, "MONEY!" . . . Cheery billboard, designed to chill the heart of any conservationist: "CBS Plywood Gets All the Good trees!" (You blame good young trees for turning bad?)

BAGATELLE: It was a terrible scene. The one at a posh restaurant the other noon, I mean. As she was arising from her corner table, this veritable dowager somehow slipped beneath it. The waiter captain rushed to her rescue, trying to tug her out—but she wouldn't be tugged. Just sat there on the floor, like a stubborn child. When the captain got down on his knees, he found out why she wouldn't move: her wig had fallen off and she's completely bald. Her hairdresser might not know for sure, but her head waiter sure does.

SOLUTION: Hal Lawrence has a friend who worries about everything—including the fact that there's one chance in 300,000 flights that you'll be aboard a plane with somebody carrying a bomb. However, being the scientific type, he has worked out a partial answer: he carries his own bomb. The odds against TWO on the same flight are 90 billion to one.

Morning Report:

To any of us with a little memory, the arrest of Al Capone Jr. came as a great sadness. The son of Scarface was picked up for shoplifting some aspirin in a Florida supermarket. Unarmed, he was led away to face the music.

The only consolation in the affair is the knowledge that young Al doesn't have to come home to face daddy. As played by Edward G. Robinson. With a brace of third-through-the-door henchmen sneering in the background.

I suppose it's too much to expect a son to live up to the reputation of a great father. These biological sequels never come off. Like Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. and the Son of Rin Tin Tin.

Abe Mellinkoff