

A Day to Remember

The muffled dirge of a military band . . . the rhythmic cadence of marching men . . . the creaking, squeaking of the caisson . . . the nervous clatter of horses hooves all break the tense silence as the cortege slowly wends its way toward its final destination in the National Cemetery in Arlington.

The trees are beginning to weave their natural canopy of green over the Virginia landscape, the floral plants are in bloom, and in the distance one may see President Kennedy's resting place, the Lee Mansion, and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

Slowly paced through the winding streets amid the thousands of small headstones nestled close to the turf and bordered by the trees about to flower into protective shade, the impressive procession passes. Suddenly it halts. The precision-like steps of the pallbearers are heard against a murmuring silence. And as they lead the mourners to the gravesight "Lead Kindly Light" is heard softly in the background. At the grave a man of God says a prayer. On a far hill—the sharp clicking of rifle bolts is heard—three sharp reports from the firing squad—and the poignant rendition of Taps is sounded. The pallbearers in meticulous precision remove the flag—and snap each into place. The commanding officer presents the flag to the next of kin.

This is but one day—in one place—but all over America on May 30th the nation pays tribute to the military dead.

A Vote for Progress

Southern California would be a huge tract of blowing sand without the water imported from other areas.

Years ago, a few far-sighted men and a handful of cities (including Torrance) joined to form the Metropolitan Water District, build a pumping and aqueduct system from the Colorado River, and began importing water to the Southland. The soundness of this project has never been questioned.

About the same time, the city of Los Angeles constructed its huge Owens River aqueduct, and began importing water from the High Sierras. Both systems are being outgrown, however, and if Southern California is to have water in years to come, additional sources must be developed.

Such a source is being developed and Feather River water is being sent to the Southland through a marvel of canals, pumping stations, tunnels, siphons, and pipes. Once here, however, the Metropolitan Water District must take over distribution. Under law, MWD must build more than 300 miles of distribution lines and other facilities.

Proposition W on the June 7 ballot proposed that the system be financed through an \$850 million bond issue. Such a plan has the unanimous endorsement of most major organizations, officials, and civic leaders. The only alternative is a direct property tax which probably would add an estimated 14 cents tax for each \$100 of assessed valuation. The bonds would probably add only a penny.

The Torrance Chamber of Commerce has endorsed the proposal, saying that the alternative of the substantial tax rate increase "would be catastrophic to the overburdened taxpayer."

It's a wry case when voters can approve a large bond issue and save money, but that's about the size of it.

The Press-Herald recommends a YES vote on proposition W on June 7.

We Quote . . .

We may not have to worry about the enemy whipping us in Viet Nam. Our allies may do the job for them.—Wood Laughman, Gilroy, Calif.

You'd be surprised how many applicants see only a plane full of men, all strapped in their seats.—Harry Schlinker, air line stewardess recruiter.

We must find the best, not the cheapest, ways to route freeways.—Wallace Stegner, Stanford University professor.

We have stumbled many times . . . but the big sin is in not getting up again.—Dale Evans Rogers, on raising family.

I can't remember anything about the Civil War. You know, it's been one war or another ever since I was born.—Ella McKinney, 103, San Francisco.

If Castro and the Communists stay in Cuba exporting their revolution, the downfall of other governments and nations of Latin America will be only a matter of time.—Serafin G. Menocal, former Cuban Electric Co. executive on a California tour.

Individuality is an asset every girl can develop. Trying to be a la mode is a big mistake.—Juliet Prowse, Hollywood dancer-actress.

Morning Report:

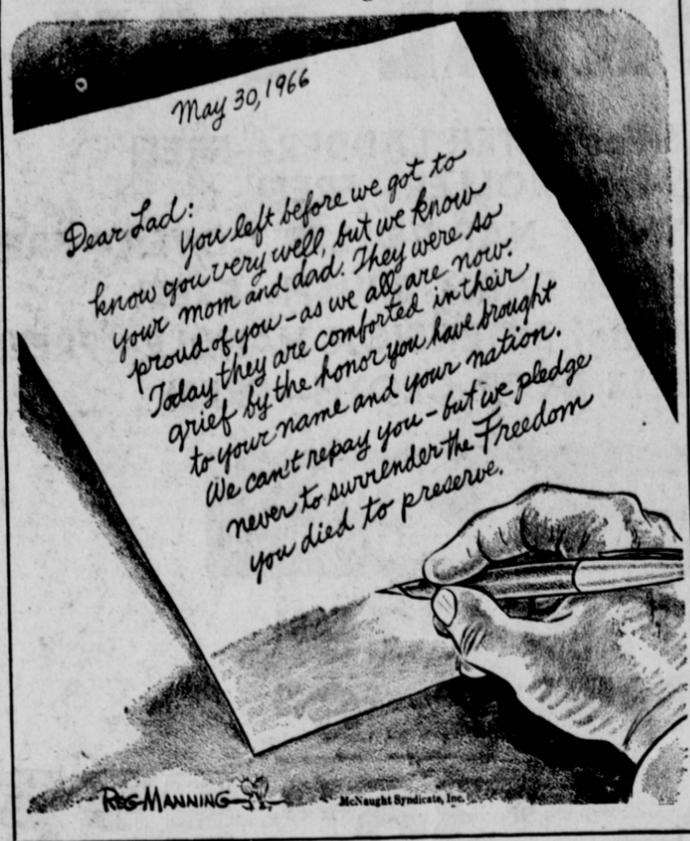
If the bosses can lap up martinis at lunch, why can't the workers knock off beers with their pizza? That is the grave constitutional issue that caused trainmen to walk off the commute trains out of New York the other day.

After all, the preamble guarantees the "blessings of liberty" to everybody and doesn't mention the color of their collars.

Until the United States Supreme Court, however, settles the problem of martini-guzzlers vs. beer-swillers, all of us sea lawyers can speak out. I figure the trainmen will lose this one. Because even a sober railroad president couldn't start a train. But a drunken engineer could easily wreck it—and me along with it.

Abe Mellinkoff

Letter to a Neighborhood Kid



Legislature Sets Modern Record With Long Session

By CHARLES E. CHAPEL

Assemblyman, 46th District

I am writing this report to the people at my desk in Room 4001, State Capitol, Sacramento, on Monday, May 23. This is the 106th legislative day of 1966, meaning that the Legislature has been in session 106 days, including the budget session which ended weeks ago. We are now working in both the First Extraordinary Session and the Second Extraordinary Session. These are "special sessions" called by the Governor. The 1966 session is the longest one for California since the year 1880. When it will finally end no man knows and no lady will tell.

Senator Virgil O'Sullivan, Democrat from Williams, Calif., at the request of Governor Brown, introduced a bill to permit the Governor and his staff to balance the State budget by a clever method of keeping books called "accrual accounting." O'Sullivan's bill, however, is not a complete accrual bill. It provides that the State of California can pretend that it has received money owed to it as soon as it is due and payable, but before the money is received. If this bill became a law, Governor Brown's budget of more than \$4,600,000,000 (\$4.6 billion) could be balanced on paper but not in the books of the State Treasurer.

I asked Senator O'Sullivan why he did not amend his bill so that money which the State owes can be treated as due and payable even before the State's debts become due and payable. This would be a balanced and true system of accrual accounting. Senator O'Sullivan merely smiled. His bill passed in the Senate and came to the Assembly Committee on Revenue and Taxation, of which I have been a member for almost sixteen years. I voted NO on the bill. It passed to the floor of the Assembly after two weeks of debate in our committee and I voted NO again on the floor of the Assembly. The bill was amended and at this writing is still in the Assembly.

I helped write and pass out of the Assembly Revenue and Taxation Committee a tax assessment reform bill regarding how county tax assessors should assess property. The Assembly passed the bill to the Senate where it was referred to Senator Virgil O'Sullivan's committee. It is resting peacefully there. In other words, the Assembly is sitting on O'Sullivan's accrual bill and he is sitting on our tax assessment reform bill.

Assembly Constitutional Amendment No. 13, by Assemblyman James R. Mills of San Diego, which provides for two regular sessions and a possible salary raise for legislators, passed on the Assembly to the Senate on a 55-4 vote on May 12, but it is still in the Senate. It has been amended a few times by the Senate. One of its peculiar features is a provision against California legislators who are lawyers.

They are prohibited from practicing law where they have a conflict of interest.

loses their licenses to drive for six months if they refuse to take chemical tests of blood, breath, and urine. The bill was in the Assembly Criminal Procedure Committee for a long time and then it floated around the Assembly Committee on Ways and Means for weeks. The opposition, curiously enough, has come principally from lawyer members of those two Assembly committees, but not from all of them.

Months ago I introduced my bills regarding arson, interfering with a fireman on duty, "Molotov cocktails," etc. These were assigned to the Assembly Committee on Criminal Procedure where they were made into "Committee bills," that is, the Committee liked them so much that I am now listed as a co-author, but two of them have been signed into law by Governor Edmund G. Brown, and it is expected that more will be signed later. The Honorable Pearce Young, Democrat from Napa, is chairman of the committee and his name appears as the lead author of these bills.

A bill signed by the Governor makes it possible for the State to loan money for tuition, etc., to eight thousand college students, beginning in September, 1966. I am glad to report that I supported this measure.

Years ago I was the author of the law creating the present California State Division of Small Craft Harbors. The 370,000 ships, sloops, yachts, cruisers, boats, etc., now in California will be doubled in number by 1975, hence I voted for a bill by Senator Fred S. Farr, Democrat of Carmel, which establishes a Department of Harbors and Watercraft within the State Resources Agency. It will develop recreational facilities around each of the fifteen reservoirs in the vast California Water Project, much to the joy of sporting fishermen, swimmers, boaters, and even bird watchers.

The above are only a few of the reasons that I have not had time to come home to campaign for re-election. I hope you remember me on June 7, and again on Nov. 8, 1966.

Another Senator, who is a farmer, said: "We have too many lawyers in the Legislature now. We need more farmers!" As a compromise, a Senate committee has proposed that the Waldie bill be amended so that a lawyer-legislator could let his law partner handle cases of conflict of interest. This is a transparent dodge, worthy only of Philadelphia lawyers, not the learned lawyers of California.

Senate Bill No. 3 by Democratic Senator Randolph Collier of Yreka, is the famous "drunk driving bill" for which I shall vote if it ever gets to the floor of the Assembly. Under this bill, suspected drunken drivers

lose their licenses to drive for six months if they refuse to take chemical tests of blood, breath, and urine. The bill was in the Assembly Criminal Procedure Committee for a long time and then it floated around the Assembly Committee on Ways and Means for weeks. The opposition, curiously enough, has come principally from lawyer members of those two Assembly committees, but not from all of them.

HERB CAEN SAYS:

A Smattering of News on Libel, Sacred Cows, etc.

Cornfetti: Despite the trade, Orlando Cepeda's million-dollar libel suit against Look magazine, which described him as "expedient," will not be dropped. Smatterofack, it is due to go to court here soon, but Cepeda's lawyer, Marvin Lewis, will probably let it ride till after the season: "I don't imagine his new owners would want him to be in court just now." Lewis Mumford in the New York Review, describes U.S. autos as "The Sacred Cows of the American Way of Life, allowed to roam everywhere like their Hindu counterparts." Dr. Eric Berne, the Carmel psychiatrist, may have problems (What psychiatrist doesn't?), but finances aren't one of them. His fantastic U.S. best-seller, "Games People Play," has now been published in England—and in the first week, zoomed to the top of the list, ahead of Truman Capote's "In Cold Blood" and Harold Robbins' thing, whatever it's called.

S. F. Opera Boss Kurt Adler, who has been warned that if he gets one more speeding ticket he loses his

license, was flagged down by a cop for endangering traffic by driving too slowly . . . Mrs. Orlando Cepeda has finally stopped crying, but she's still leaving her heart in San Francisco . . . North Beach beat, Sen. George Murphy ducked in and out of Big Al's so fast he missed seeing an old

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Hollywood buddy sitting alone in a dark corner, wearing Levis, windbreaker and an old rain hat; but then, Danny Kaye is a Democrat . . . Phyllis Diller's resistible invitation to lunch at the Fairmont: "I guarantee the food—it's being flown in from Doggie Diner" . . . Add S. F. landmarks that should be included on all lists of tourist attractions but never is: The Marina Safeway supermarket . . . And also, come to think of it, Cost Plus, the import bazaar. During his stay here, Prince Michael of Greece spent half his time and three-fourths of his money in that beguiling place . . . A noted interior decorator's bitchy report on a nouveau-riche couple's \$500,000 Hills-

borough showplace: "Migawd, even the antiques are new!"

Bumper strips (and a pox on them, too) are getting nastier in L.A., reports a visitor, who saw one reading "Support Your Local Police—Bribe a Cop Today!" Up here, we have nicer ones, like "Support Your Local Police—Commit Your Crimes at Home" . . . Don't ask your Yellow Cabbie for the baseball score. Drivers who carry transistor radios draw a one-day suspension and I say "Good! Good!" (those two-way dispatch radios are maddening enough) . . . Jack Valenti, the new boss of the U. S. movie industry—just knowing he's no longer in Washington makes me sleep better—is threatening to attend the S. F. Film Festival . . . Singer John Gary has bags under the circles under his eyes. He flies daily to L.A. to tape his TV series—as summer replacement for Danny Kaye—and flies right back for his nightly gigs at the Fairmont (but as they say in showbiz, you gotta make it while you're hot, because you're cold a long, long time).

ROYCE BRIER

Which is More Important, The Auto or the Highway?

It's the chicken-and-egg question: What caused the development of 66 years—the motor vehicle or the road?

It is impossible in a newspaper column to trace this development to its present vaguely uncomfortable state. Suffice it that the vehicle-road combination most clearly distinguishes the United States economically from the rest of the world.

In man-hours, all forms of travel are negligible compared with the passenger automobile. The bulk of American goods moves in trucks, including light delivery. Half a million nonmotor businesses survive on the motor alone.

Although it is a mixed blessing, as we have lately learned, all nations hunger to emulate this development though it isn't easy. It's easier to build a jetliner, a fine ship or a satellite. The development simply can't be matched by mere wealth or will power.

But the Soviet Union is going to make a start, and we'll have to give the Russians credit for the ambition. Fiat, the famous Italian producer, signed a contract to build a \$320 million auto-

mobile plant on the Volga river. It hopes to be making 600,000 cars a year by 1970, about 6 per cent of current American production (present Soviet production: 190,000).

Starting from scratch, this

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is an immense job in tooling, and Fiat will ask the United States for assistance in providing certain machine tools, which capitalists make well and in great quantity. The State Department is said to be receptive to such exports for strictly consumer goods.

The first question is how this production will be distributed in the Soviet Union. For the underlying fact in the American industry is the availability and universal distribution of passenger cars and trucks. Another fact in the United States is the swift function of the credit system, for we all know most American motorists stay on wheels by borrowing against their future earnings.

The Russian working man, even the well-paid, cannot own a car because: (1) the price exacts from him 10-20

years of savings; (2) he has no effective credit system. Only the elite can own cars, as in the United States, circa 1905.

So the other indispensable factor is thoroughfare, requiring steel, cement and asphalt in quantities undreamed in Russia. There must be, freeways weaving the big cities, giving access to villages by the thousands. These must be dotted by fuel stations, needing a revolution in the Soviet fuel system, which is large but not geared to mass retail sale.

Only by such an interlocking complex, in its early stage a small and thin replica of our own, can the Russian: (1) disperse his domiciles and commute; (2) pass without delay to another city, as the San Francisco casually drives to Los Angeles in a day.

This recital is plainly fragmentary. But you perceive the Automobile Age, as we preciously call it, is not easily or rapidly attained. Indeed, it only exists in North America, and in reduced measure in Western Europe and Japan. Comrades Kosygin and Brezhnev may not comprehend what a big job they face.

WILLIAM HOGAN

The Clash of Generations Intrigues Nomadic Author

Jakov Lind is an Austrian citizen who, as an 11-year-old Jewish boy, fled occupied Vienna. He masqueraded as a Dutch teen-ager and survived the war, much of it inside Germany on forged papers, part of that time working for an officer in the Ministry of Aviation who later was revealed to be an Allied agent. Lind has resided in London for 15 years—five years in Israel before that—and hopes to live in the United States long enough so he can return to England as an American expatriate. That may happen next year, if he accepts an offer to become Writer in Residence at Long Island University.

Lind burst on the American literary scene last year, as he had previously in Europe, with "The Soul of Wood and Other Stories." He is a master of irony and black humor, both hilarious and grim. Next month Grove Press will introduce his first full-length work in this country, "Landscape in Concrete," a crazy odyssey of a German soldier in the last months of the war. The

Times Literary Supplement, London, described this as "a berserk fairy-tale whose macabre episodes are shot through with allegorical meaning."

Here to address a State College audience, Lind said his stories are not about Nazis and Jews, but about

Books

the clash between older and younger generations.

A stocky, alert fountain of ideas and unorthodox attitudes which he expresses in sardonic fashion in an American-English he picked up from friends in London, Lind observed that San Franciscans all look bored, as New Yorkers all look harassed.

He writes in German, but feels alien to German writers (Germans and Austrians are as different as the English and Irish). He plans to write in English as soon as he masters the language. He is not happy with Ralph Manheim's English translation of his work, although Manheim is a fine translator.

Lind reads no fiction, American or otherwise. He reads sociology, anthropology, some theology. What he thinks of another writer's fiction is not important. A fashionable book may simply be the other writer's problem. And if Lind knows the writer (Alan Sillitoe, for example, or Anthony Burgess), reading his book can make for bad relations, break the harmony.

What Lind finds most interesting on his present tour is that it is now respectable for Americans to disagree with their government's policy. He is fed up with politics, and writers' conferences where writers are supposed to be political philosophers and somberly express meaningless opinions.

Lind thinks of himself not as a man without a country, but a man at home in all countries. He has never been a Bohemian; a writer must have an economic foundation, certain comforts. He has achieved this, but (with a shrug and wave) how it happened is too long a story to tell.



"An echo always has the last word, but it never wins an argument."