

# Press-Herald

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## A Trap to Be Avoided

Investor-owned industry in the United States can produce and supply to all the people, in the largest cities and the smallest hamlets, the necessities, conveniences, and luxuries that go to make up a standard of living unequaled elsewhere in the world. You can get the same food, the same automobile, the same gasoline, the same electricity, clothes, shoes, etc., in the rural sections that you can in the larger cities. This marvel is the result of mass production, mass distribution, mass transportation, and mass advertising, which cuts unit costs.

Industry needs certain supervision and regulation by government, just as do individuals. But constant attacks on business through hundreds of legislative acts sponsored by federal and state officials are a growing menace to our private enterprise system and to individual opportunity and freedom. Since World War I, the people of the U. S. have gone far down the road toward permitting the federal government to control their lives and local affairs. On each step of the way, they have weakened their freedom of action. That isn't the pattern on which the U. S. was built.

The ultimate in centralized government is reported in news dispatches from Berlin, of May 27, 1966, which states that border guards have killed at least 128 persons seeking to escape East Germany since the Berlin Wall was built in August, 1961. How many more there may have been is not known. This is the result when government finally gets total control of industry and the individual.

The right to vote, free speech, a free press, and private enterprise, are the foundation of a free economy, a free people, and representative government. Liberty flies out the window when government becomes the owner of industry and the main employer of labor. Then you have a wall blocking individual action and progress. The citizen becomes a mere cog in political gears from which he cannot escape. Let us hope the people of the U. S. are smart enough not to walk into this trap.

## Opinions of Others

The Interior Department has now banned public gatherings and the distribution of handbills on five streets near the White House in Washington. The new rules require the obtaining of an official permit before a gathering can be held or speeches can be made in these streets or the parks which adjoin them. Did you think there was something in the Constitution about the people's inherent right to practice free speech, free assembly, and such? And don't the new regulations seem to contradict the original assumption of our Constitutional Fathers that these actions were not privileges to be given or taken away at the whim of government.—*Brownsville (Pa.) Telegraph.*

This is an election year and the taxpayers have a voice when they vote. So sound off at the ballot box and elect candidates who will reduce expenses, not increase them. You can be sure those who are drawing welfare will be voting for the candidates who advocate greater welfare expenditures. It's that simple.—*Atchinson (Kan.) Globe.*

## JAMES DORAIS

# One Smog Solution: Back To the Old Family Bikes

Lots of people have lots of ideas as to what to do about smog, especially in Los Angeles, the admitted smog capital of the world. The only trouble is that few of the ideas make any sense. In an interview with Los Angeles Times science writer George Getze, smog expert Morris Neiburger, professor of meteorology at UCLA, points out: "There is a basic fallacy in all these ideas about smog. It is the assumption that it is easier for man to change his natural environment than to change his habits and adapt to that environment."

## Strength for These Days (From The Bible)

For as he thinketh within himself, so is he.—(Prov. 23:7)—

When some challenges comes our way, we get upset, complain and feel unjustly treated. This makes matters worse. We should welcome the challenge as an opportunity to prove our spiritual understanding and thank God for the opportunity we suffer only when we resist something in our lives. The secret is, then, to embrace the Spirit of God in everything.

Take the often advanced idea that smog could be blown out of Los Angeles with huge fans. Air Professor Neiburger explains is not weightless. On a hot, smoggy day the mass of polluted air over the Los Angeles basin weighs more than 200 million tons.

It would take Hoover Dam almost two weeks to produce the power needed to move the air nine miles an hour if Los Angeles were as flat and smooth as a billiard table. Neiburger pointed out. And it would actually take a far greater supply of electric power to move it because of the uneven surface of the city, with its buildings, houses and trees.

Another smog-cure idea is that tunnels or gaps be dug in the mountains to create a natural draft to draw the smog out of the basin.

Actually, the mountains that border the Los Angeles basin decrease rather than increase the smog problem. The mountains make the sea breeze stronger than it would otherwise be, as their slopes act like a chimney to draw the air up and out of the flat basin.

Still another theory is that fresh air could be blown downward into the

## Fastest Tongue In The West



## STAN DELAPLANE

# Globe Trotters Can Get Expert Medical Aid Fast

Here's something worthwhile any trip. IAMAT (International Association for Medical Assistance to Travelers) has 140 offices in 50 countries. Phone open 24 hours a day.

You call. They send you an English-speaking doctor — he's backgrounded on North Americans, common allergies, what medicines they can tolerate and so on. You need a membership card. It's free. From a travel agent or write the office of the Association at 745 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

A good booklet is "Health Guide for Travelers," 50 cents from Consumers Union, Mount Vernon, New York 10550. Gives list of shots you need for all parts of the world; medical supplies to take along; common sense ideas on how to stay well.

Have your teeth checked before you take off. Take along the prescription for your glasses. Most common overseas problem are hangover, sunburn, insect bites, dysentery.

"Do we need vaccinations for a trip to Mexico?"

Mexico always checks my yellow health card when I go in at Mexico City airport but not when I drive in. However, the U.S. won't let you back into America from anywhere without it — certified that you've had a small-pox vaccination within the last three years. Get U.S. Health or your local Board of Health to certify it.

U.S. Public Health will send you recommended immunizations. Jet travel has brought some rapid epidemics.

## Travel

ics to Europe — smallpox and typhoid. It's comforting to know you've had shots when you read that in the morning paper.

"We will take a leisurely driving trip around England in September. Some of it in the Lake country (where my family originated). Do you know of a way we can trace their history?"

British Travel (the Government tourist office) should have some information on this. At 64 St. James' street, London, or 860 Fifth Avenue, New York City. There are a lot of records that can be searched — taxes, land holdings, births, deaths.

If the original immigrants to America go many generations back, you ought to research as much as you can here. It can be done by mail. Gives you a better idea what you're looking for. There are people who do this for you and tell you where to look overseas. I had this done once. Not inexpensive, but it shortcuts the work and is reliable.

"We would like to bring back some unusual mementoes of England, too."

Brass rubbing is becoming very popular with tourists to England. These are flat brass tomb markers in English churches — usually a knight in armor three to four feet long. You put architect's paper over it and rub it with a black wax crayon. (You get an impression just like the ones you made as a child by putting paper over a penny and rubbing it with a pencil. Spray it with fixative. Take it home and frame it.

## Morning Report:

Abe Mellinkoff is on vacation. His "Morning Report" will be resumed on his return.

## Abe Mellinkoff

## HERB CAEN SAYS:

# Paris Phones, Plumbing Still in the Toy Stage

PARIS — The hardest things to get in France are ice and a phone number. If you ask for beaucoup of the former with your drink, a waiter eventually arrives with a large silver bucket, gingerly extracts one small cube, drops it into your glass at arm's length, and scurries away before you can ask for a second.

As for the phones, they're still at the toy stage. The tone quality is roughly what you got as a kid when you strung together two empty soup cans. However, the noises on the line are entertaining: buzzes, beeps, bells, whistles, the sound of express trains rushing through tunnels, three bars of the "Marseillaise," and eventually, at the other end, a wee — oui? — voice that squeaks "Ne quittez pas" and never comes back. It's easier to write. You'd think a country that can hoist rockets and hemlines and

make a Hollandaise that never separates could come up with more of a belle telephone.

Inside the plumbing dept.: You tourists planning a trip to France are still advised to bring your own soap, facecloths, and toilet paper. The latter has been tenderized some, but not much;

## San Francisco

in most places, it still looks like the stuff the butcher wraps the bacon in. Showers are still virtually non-existent, unless you count the spray gadget mounted on the tub; it looks like a telephone, and might be (here's water in your ear). Whereas you won't find soap, you will find an elaborate footrest, complete with clean rag, for shining your shoes. And of course the omnipresent bidet, but don't knock it. Very handy for propping a foot on while shaving.

None of the foregoing minor grumps apply to the Plaza-Athenee, which I consider the best hotel in Paris and certainly one of the world's finest in decor, atmosphere, and appointments. The Plaza has proper stand-up showers, soap, and even book matches, (a true rarity in Paris) and the staff is friendly: its members don't act as though they expect a Legion d'Honneur every time they smile. Besides serving the best hotel food in town, the Plaza has a notable adjunct: the Relais, where you can order le snacq — even a club sandwich — when you're tired of seven-course dinners. In short, the Plaza is one of those rare clublike hotels — like the Connaught in London and the Regency and Carlyle in New York — where you feel sort of privileged to be allowed to spend your money. Since it's expensive as hell, this is a tribute to the management.

## ROYCE BRIER

# Accused Given a Mantle Of Protection by Court

In the old Dragnet series Jack Webb, the precious cop, always told his prisoners they need not talk, and that anything they said might be used against them. In English pictures the Scotland Yard man is even more emphatic.

This is mentioned, not because films are any authority, but because they reflect Anglo Saxon law as it exists. In Britain it is very rigid. In America it is not. In America, an arresting officer may ignore the little ritual if he thinks he can get away with it, and he will have the sympathy, if not the active support, of the average prosecutor.

From a human viewpoint, you can hardly blame a policeman, when he has a tough cookie in hand, if he fails to interrupt an impulsive confession or damaging admissions. State courts will often overlook this omission when the case comes to court, but federal courts seldom will. Hence FBI agents are more likely than policemen to warn a prisoner he may keep silent.

The point is these "confessions" and "admissions" may not be used as evidence, and in a large por-

tion of cases a good defense lawyer may invalidate them, especially when there has been a "flagrant violation."

## World Affairs

In our country the protection rests primarily on the Fifth Amendment, though there are related clauses in the Sixth. The Fifth says no person "shall be compelled in a criminal case to be a witness against himself." Note this is "case," not "trial," otherwise the accused would have no protection against self-incrimination until reaching court.

Recently the United States Supreme Court, 5-4, reversed four scattered criminal cases where the record indicated the accused had not been informed of their rights. The details do not differ materially from the Escobedo case last year, though that case involved right of the accused to counsel (Sixth Amendment).

But the current case goes farther in spelling out prohibitions. For instance, if a prisoner starts talking then indicates he wants to remain silent, or wants a lawyer present, questioning

must cease.

Four justices wrote sharp dissents, Justice Harlan calling it a "dangerous experiment," and Justice White implying it would obstruct police facing a crime rise. Exactly this plank took the police stations and prosecutor's offices by storm, and Attorney General Katzenbach, a prosecutor, felt compelled to defend the decision.

It is difficult to see how the plain words of the Fifth Amendment can be ignored by the courts, or by police or prosecutors who seek convictions in those courts. Yet these public officers set up a public outcry that they are being hog-tied, with every Supreme Court affirmation of the protections.

An alternative would be repeal of the Fifth clause quoted above, but who wants it? Indeed, that single clause appears to block out a considerable area of the difference between a trial in an American and a Soviet court.

## Quote

I don't see real Communists behind every tree, but I do see otherwise good people unwittingly doing their dirty work.—Margery M. Lemly, Coronado, Calif.

Don't forget, a business is supposed to do something besides provide jobs.—Dick Beeler, San Francisco magazine editor.

The ideal educator stimulates the student to make the effort to solve the problem . . . but also knows not to make the problem so difficult that the student will fail and become discouraged.—Martin Tarcher, San Francisco.

None of us enjoys paying income tax but 20 years of Communist aggression have taught us we cannot afford to relax our defense posture.—Pete Wilson, San Diego.

Marchers through Mississippi have no more right to expect special police protection than would you or I if we decided to take a hike through San Francisco's Fillmore district, Watts in L.A., or Harlem, N. M. McKenzie, Redwood City.

I always do everything that's impossible. — Chris Sauer, Chico inventor.

Automation doesn't scare me. We can do so much machines can't do.—Marlene Braverman, 17, high school grad.

The how-to-do-it book is Macklin's "Monumental Brasses"—Foyle's enormous book store in London or the bookshop at the London Times. You can rub at Westminster Abbey — you have to reserve and pay for a length of time.

A sleeper you can look for: The church at Hathersage in Derbyshire has the brasses of the Eyre family. (Charlotte Bronte wrote "Jane Eyre" in the vicarage.) I ran into them looking for Little John's grave — the lieutenant of Robin Hood is buried in the churchyard. A beautiful little village on the river Derwent. The local pub is the George. Leaded windows and superior bitter beer.

An American correspondent who rubs brasses on weekends showed me a trick on this. Lay your paper over the brass figure. Now—take off your shoes and press it down with your feet. Heavy socks are best. It settles the paper on the impression and you get better results with your crayon.

## WILLIAM HOGAN

# Classic Novel of Wyoming Sounds Good in Retelling

JACKSON HOLE, WYO.—The illusion that one reads on holiday is shattered in this high mountain valley where, as Owen Wister's "Virginian" puts it, "The world is far from here." The Tetons in all their grandeur rise like the ultimate barrier to heaven. One puts a book down, for what writer can compete with the reflection of Mt. Moran in Jackson Lake, or the action in the meadows—a herd of cow elk and its young prancing toward the cottonwoods, having caught the scent of mankind?

And yet, Wyoming has its classic novel, "The Virginian," a regional romance that retains its epic dimensions and authenticity after 64 years. This is the original, and perhaps still best, popular fiction of the American West. I had not thought of it in years, or of Wister, the Philadelphian and Harvard classmate of Theodore Roosevelt, who grew extremely fond of Wyoming where he recuperated on a cattle ranch from a nervous breakdown in the 1880s. He distilled his experiences and observations in this remarkable book.

It was brought into focus when the driver of a bus on

a run down the Snake River Valley to a settlement called Moose attempted to interpret this Big Sky country by telling his passengers of Wister's larger-than-life cowboy hero, The Virginian.

The driver, Stan Boyle, a native of the Idaho side of the Tetons, descendant of Rocky Mountain pioneers, historian and former high school principal, narrated a

## Books

good part of Wister's tale during the drive. This included dialogue which, on subsequent investigation, I found to be a virtual play-back from the original—and, of course, The Virginian's memorable poker table line to the villain Trampas: "When you call me that, smile!"

Stan Boyle explained that he had disliked "The Virginian" when he was forced to read it years ago in a Victor, Idaho, school. Later he "ate it up" when he carried it with him during his youthful sheep-herding days. He had learned it by heart, and it reminded one of an aging Gary Cooper as he described, with emphasis, the lynching over which Molly Wood, the school marm from Vermont, re-

fused to marry The Virginian, although he had done no more than his duty.

Then, before we reached the ranger station at Moose, Boyle described the couple's ultimate, romantic "bridal camp" on an island, which might have been Elk Island in Jackson Lake, a place where white columbine grew in the shade of pines, where The Virginian "had counted so many hours of reverie spent in its haunting sweetness, that the spot had come to seem his own."

Boyle had known Wister in his later years. Was this cowboy of the type fast disappearing at the century's turn, along with the antelope, buffalo and unfenced grazing lands, a real person? Perhaps. He was Wister's ideal and the writer made him his ideal in this novel. "You can't write a story without putting flowers in it," Wister once told Boyle, and the bus driver left it at that.

The narration of a Western classic on a Wyoming bus seemed as clean a stroke for regional culture as I had ever seen. As a result, Stan Boyle sold at least one copy of Wister's book (Perennial; 50 cents). I have it in my bag.