

Press-Herald

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Let's End Voting Game

Among the many diversions of the City Council, probably none is as unrewarding to the citizens as the voting game played several times a week by that august body.

Under long-standing rules of procedure, the councilmen vote by the alphabet—with the presiding officer voting last. It can—and often does—lead those in the audience to believe that bloc voting is sometimes created—not because of the issue but because of the reaction to an earlier vote. Such voting logic is never, never admitted, of course; and the only evidence that such voting is employed is the uneasy feeling one gets during the vote tallying process.

Members of the Torrance City Council are always the first to claim their city is a modern, up-to-date city. In this respect, however, they must take a back seat to others, including their neighbors in Redondo Beach, who have installed electronic vote tallying machines which can eliminate the disadvantages of the present voting system.

Buttons at each council station would record the councilman's vote and unveil the votes after all have voted. If a member wants to switch a vote, that would be on the record.

Under present voting procedures, the councilman highest on the alphabetical roster always votes first. The mayor, as presiding officer, always votes last.

While being high on the alphabetical list is an advantage at election time, it puts the councilman "under the gun" at voting time. Electronic voting could eliminate all of this, and we think it is time our modern, up-to-date city had it.

Opinions of Others

Tell the average man there are 270,000,000 stars in the universe and he will believe you. Put up a sign saying "Fresh Paint" and he will have to conduct an investigation. — *Lee Batchelor in the Sauk Rapids (Minn.) Herald and Sentinel.*

In a way, studying the universe is a losing game in that the more man learns about it, the more he finds out he doesn't know about it. — *Olin Miller in the Duncannon (Penn.) Record.*

No government planner knows enough to write standards for the rest of American industry. To work effectively, industrial standards must be developed under the voluntary consensus principle, with all parties at interest—including the government—participating in the job, and with no party dominant or dictatorial. — *A. C. Monteith, senior vice president, Westinghouse Electric Corp.*

Courtesy is one of the best helps in traveling life's highways. — *John C. Beckett, Nashville (Tenn.) Independent.*

Current statistics indicate that firearms are the agent in some 5,000 homicides and as many as 8,000 suicides a year, and those figures probably are conservative. It goes without saying that many of those lives would have been saved if a gun hadn't been handy in the moment of greed, despair, or passion. It does not seem too much to ask that some effort be made to keep firearms out of the hands of the criminal or the incompetent. The rule ought to be at least as strict as that governing use of a car. — *Highlands (N.J.) Star.*

Morning Report:

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

Abe Mellinkoff

TOO MANY COOKS



STAN DELAPLANE

Going Through Customs a Guessing Game Always

Here are some recent experiences going through Customs: England allowed me to take over limit cigarettes when I said I was going on to France in a week.

France: Didn't open my bags. Spain and Italy didn't ask me to open the bags. In Switzerland, the Customs man said: "If you have anything to declare, take your bags to that counter. If you haven't, you can leave." Germany made a very mild inspection.

Japan: Had me open the bags. Hong Kong: Had me open the bags. The Philippines passed me without even asking if I had anything to declare. Tahiti: Made a rather stiff inspection and questioned my typewriter. Was I going to leave it or sell it?

South America: Several countries questioned the typewriter. Argentina wrote the serial number in my passport and checked to see that I was bringing the typewriter out.

"We will take a tour of the Orient and would like to know what we can bring back . . ."

Each person is allowed \$100 worth duty free. That's retail value — what you actually paid for it. Anything given to you has to be declared. Same for clothing even though you've worn it.

Don't go along with shops that offer to give you a receipt showing less than you paid. We all buy the same things. Customs men see them every day. Know what they cost, and such gimmicks just irritate them.

It was like building a house without plans . . . We have ad-libbed with millions of taxpayers' dollars. — *Sen. George Murphy on anti-poverty war.*

If he does not insist on Utopian prescriptions, the moralist can enrich public policy, give it a broader vision, engender hope and tolerance. — *Dr. William P. Gerberding, UCLA.*

One reason for failure in our foreign policy is that we have tried to foist our culture on people who felt they had a more sophisticated culture than we, and who consider us barbarians. —

Watch out for anything that could have been made in Red China. It won't enter. Make the shop give you a Certificate of Origin from the U.S. Consol showing it was made in Hong Kong. Watch out for the carved furniture sold in Japan.

Travel

Some of it comes from China.

"We would like to drive through the West on the most scenic route with some historical points to show the children."

Any Standard Oil station will give you a planning form to fill out. You send it in, and they send you a marked map and folders with background all along the route. It's free.

I did this recently. While I didn't agree with the entire routing, it's a matter of opinion. It certainly looked like a good basic starter.

Humble has a route planning department. You have to have their credit card, and become a member of their travel club. There's a small monthly membership fee, but quite a few benefits go with it.

"What route would you advise in Mexico City? We go in December."

I like the West Coast route, Highway 15. It will be fairly cool then. Return through Laredo, the short route. It could be cold in the high country. I've run into snow on the pass be-

We Quote . . .

Avery Brundage, AAU and Olympic executive.

When you're poor, you're always thinking of the things you'll do when you get money. Now that I've got money, I can't seem to remember what it was I wanted. — *Roger Miller, folk singer.*

All cars are safe, except for the nut that holds the steering wheel — *Henry Schoeppe, San Francisco.*

Children must be prepared emotionally for learning before we start cramming their minds with facts. — *Marilyn H. Axtell, Huntington Beach.*

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Mournful Wail Rings Out And a Smoker Swears Off

At precisely 3 p.m. Monday, a loud and mournful cry rang out from a far corner of Johnny Kan's restaurant in Chinatown: Mrs. Cary Grant (Dyan Cannon) had just snubbed out her final cigarette—exactly as her hypnotist had predicted. Her husband, the 63-yr-old wunderkind, beamed. "Give me the butt," he said. "I think I'll have it put in a gold capsule so you can wear it around your neck on a chain—as a reminder." . . . Grant continued: "Years ago, I went to a hypnotist to break the smoking habit. It worked. Now Dyan has been going, too, and he said last week that at 3 p.m. today, she'd stop smoking forever."

Mrs. Grant was already beginning to fidget. "After all, we have a baby girl—we have to set a good example." . . . Interjected Mrs. Grant: "You're not perfect, Cary—you still drink coffee and tea and alcohol." Grant, nodding ruefully: "I'm not completely drug-free, I admit it. But I will be yet." . . . Meanwhile Cary Grant's presence at Kan's was not going unnoticed among the other diners. At a nearby table, a woman said loudly to her young son: "Go over to that corner table and get Cary Grant's autograph." The boy approached the table, paper and pencil in hand, and peered blankly at everyone. Then he turned around and

yelled: "Hey, Ma, which one is Cary Grant?" But then, he was only 10. He'll learn.

Footnote: At approximately the same time, Francis X. Bushman, the old-time silent screen hero, was lunching at Bardelli's, and providing a more comforting example—for me, anyway. Grant, at 63, looks about 45, but Bushman, at 82, looks about 63, and HE is a chain-

San Francisco

smoker . . . Bushman on Los Angeles: "It used to be the land of palm trees, orange groves and nuts, but the palm trees and the orange groves have disappeared" . . . Final fan magazine fillip: Cary Grant spells his wife's name "Dian" and pronounces it "Die-ann." She spells it "Dyan" and pronounces it "Dee-ann." Her confidential aside: "It's the only thing we fight about."

Hey: Did you catch Director John Huston on the Johnny Carson show? When Carson asked him to name some of the actors in his "The Bible," ol' John went into a two-minute trance, finally shrugging: "Awful lot of people in that cast, y'know." I thought Huston was kidding, but at Trader Vic's the other night, he admitted that "I just went blank. Who can remember a name like Michael Parks,

anyway? I always forget actors' names. The only ones I remember are Bogart and-and-you know, what's her name." Katharine Hepburn?

Novelist-pilot Ernest K. Gann, late of Sausalito, married his long-time secretary, Dodie Post, and has moved himself and her to San Juan Island (off Seattle), there to fly DC-3s and Cessnas for a small airline. ANYTHING to stay away from the typewriter . . . Maurice Chevalier will again come to S. F. (on Aug. 7) to celebrate his and Louis Lurie's joint 78th birthday—both were born in '88—but this time Chevalier wants a quiet little party rather than the usual call-out-the-reserves mob scene. He wrote Louis from his estate outside Paris: "We are both getting older so what is there to celebrate? . . . Chilly quote from a NASA officer: Stop worrying about World War III, start worrying about Space War I" (oh, there's good news today!) . . . Kim Novak, who is getting a little more zoftig than seems strictly necessary, week-ended here with Mr. Craig, her hairdresser, and even he doesn't know for sure . . . Wilt the Stilt Chamberlain sidled up to the craps table at the Sahara Tahoe—all 72" of him—and sidled away \$5,000 richer. It helps to have a long reach?

ROYCE BRIER

Creeping Giantism Gains A Foothold in California

Probably the most complete demographic study of California for popular consumption has just been issued by Population Reference Bureau. The firm's bulletins have been a large factor in American consciousness on a world scale of the population explosion.

The Bulletin sets forth an astounding and ominous trend in the state. Anybody wanting to be Governor of California in the next decade should study it, because it portends as big a problem as ever faced any man. But the problem also faces the 19 million Californians.

Consider: on the eve of the Gold Rush, there were 14,000 non-Indians in the state. In 117 years this has increased 1,348 times, mostly in the last 40 years.

No other human region has seen such an increase by migration alone. In a growth of 5.1 million between 1950 and 1960, 61 per cent was by migration, 39 per cent by

natural causes. The national figure is 9.4 per cent by migration, almost 90 per cent by natural causes.

Acceleration by migration alone is unexampled. From 1850 to 1900, it was under 1 million; from 1900 to 1930, 3.2 million; from 1930 to 1960, 6.5 million.

But it is the relation of

World Affairs

this host to the land and to the total environment (called the ecology) which is of most concern. You drive into the country and it looks open and peaceful, but it isn't.

The state's area is 100 million acres, but less than half of it is tillable soil, even if you include the deserts, when and if they get water. Yet currently about 1.4 million acres a year goes under the bulldozer. Hence there will be no tillable soil at all at this rate in 30

years. But an almost total disaster of land-use will be upon the state in a much shorter time, probably 15 years.

Thus a creeping giantism has come to California, and it would require double the livable acreage just to alleviate it.

This giantism involves much more than land absorption. For, to support their population, the Californians must manufacture as well as raise foodstuffs, and they get about as no other human group ever did. Here are problems in waste and pollution. The Bulletin quotes a survey of Aerojet - General Corporation, saying city wastes in the next 30 years will increase from 12 to 40 million tons annually, agricultural wastes from 13 to 18 million tons.

Of air pollution, the Bulletin speaks of the "microclimate" of California freeways. "A profound tension is created . . . between land and people, between reality and hope, with the present drawn taut . . ." It suggests human ecology has about reached a limit in California, and can hardly get more complex and be solved by piecemeal attack.

This is the problem in outline. We all have a vague background consciousness of unique growth, but we seem to assume it will level out and solve itself. There is no evidence it will, and there is massive evidence of the need of massive plans to solve it.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Dashiell Hammett Shown Briefly in Short Memoir

Most interesting section of "The Big Knockover," relected stories and short novels by Dashiell Hammett, is the introduction by the playwright Lillian Hellman, who edited the book and who, she now reveals publicly, loved Hammett and lived with him off and on over the last 30 years of his life. Miss Hellman's introduction in effect is a memoir, a series of cautious glimpses of the tough, Hemingway-like figure whose talent dried up as his capacity for alcohol soared and who was plagued by some persecution during the McCarthy era.

This is a strange, highly personal tribute to the talented, neurotic author of successes in the private eye genre ("The Maltese Falcon," "The Thin Man"). But Miss Hellman, it seems to me, leaves out as much as she puts into her memoir. It does not reveal enough of Hammett, the man, the character, the writer, the lover, the Marxist intellectual who served a jail term in the early 1950s for refusing to

tell the House Committee on Un-American Activities the names of contributors to a left-wing defense fund.

(Hammett told Miss Hellman he did not know any such names. Why, then, had he not testified to that effect? "I hate this damn kind of talk," he replied, "but maybe I better tell you that if it were more than jail, if it were my life, I would give

Books

it for what I think democracy is and I don't let cops or judges tell me what I think democracy is . . .") Miss Hellman lets a little light on Hammett shine through a carefully guarded, partially open door, but only enough to whet a reader's interest. The door is quickly shut, and the light vanishes in a most frustrating way for the reader.

lence that appeared in pulp magazines (Black Mask, chiefly). These stories were Hammett's apprenticeship for the rousing novels that followed. Hammett was always the innovator and his characters as complex as the writer himself. A Hammett fan cannot fail to be interested in this sampling of the master's early work.

The extraordinary 14-page memoir is just interesting enough to irritate a reader. No matter what one thinks of A. E. Hotchner, he did put down in arresting style, and for the sake of literary history, the whole truth as he saw it of Hemingway's bad years of decline. Perhaps such a record was impossible for Miss Hellman, because of this emotional involvement with Hammett. But these brief shafts of light through a partially-opened door suggest that she might have been up to a full personal and literary record if she had tried.

