

Press-Herald

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Constitution Revision

One of our most crucial needs in these times is effective government — based on a modern Constitution.

Yet, concerning the California Constitution, former State Supreme Court Justice Phil S. Gibson has stated:

"(Our Constitution is) . . . cumbersome, unelastic, and outmoded . . . It is not only much too long, but it is almost everything a Constitution ought not to be."

California's Constitution is hardly modern. It is the third longest Constitution in the world and has been amended over 300 times since 1879. In short, it is a mess.

In 1962, by more than a 2 to 1 vote, the people mandated modernization of their Constitution. As a result, a blue-ribbon Constitution Revision Commission of 69 leading Californians was appointed to recommend a revised Constitution. These prominent citizens from all walks of life worked without pay for three years and spent thousands of hours at their task.

The result is Proposition 1-a. It is the first phase of the Commission's work. It covers approximately one-third of the existing Constitution, and reduces that one-third from 22,000 to 6,000 words.

The reforms in Proposition 1-a have been labeled by party leaders and non-partisan groups alike as essential to the effective operation of government.

Proposition 1-a puts the Constitution into modern, concise, and easily understandable language.

The changes in the legislative, executive, and judicial articles would include machinery, with adequate safeguards, to remove a Governor from office if he is proven unable to carry on his duties; judges would be under stronger disciplinary procedures and the practice of running for political office while still a judge would be curtailed; and the Legislature would meet annually to consider all problems confronting California.

In keeping with increased time demands on the Legislature, Proposition 1-a removes salary provisions frozen in the Constitution and ratifies a new compensation plan with careful controls and strict regulations regarding the outside activities and income of legislators.

The fundamental weapons available to California's citizens to combat abuses by their governmental officials — the initiative, the referendum and the recall — have been carefully preserved.

State government today faces new challenges and new responsibilities not dreamed of in 1879. This new Constitution helps to meet those challenges by making government itself more flexible and able to do the job which our citizens have a right to expect.

If states are to survive and prosper in our system, they need the tools of effective government — Proposition 1-a is a giant step toward that goal.

GUEST EDITORIAL

'Beating the Rap'

In its day-to-day operations, law enforcement deals primarily with one of the most elemental concepts of mankind—the difference between right and wrong. Over the years the citizens of this country, through their representatives in Congress and State legislatures, have written our Nation's concept of this difference into our laws and statutes.

Unfortunately, the concept of right over wrong is not as clear and strong in the hearts and minds of present-day Americans as it was in the hearts and minds of our forefathers. Acts that are wrong, illegal, and immoral are condoned or ignored by much of our society. Many persons have no compunction about committing illegal acts because, they stand an excellent chance of "beating the rap." To their way of thinking, even though guilty, "justice is served" if they can escape punishment through legal loopholes or technicalities.

The increasing number of youthful criminals on our streets leads to the inescapable conclusion that many of our young people are not being taught, by word or example, the simple difference between right and wrong. Permissive parents who pamper their children are in fact failing their children. In many homes, weak alibis and excuses are replacing the teachings of the Ten Commandments, and the Golden Rule is obsolete. Some young people who should be receiving moral training, discipline, and guidance in their homes, schools, and churches instead are left to the guiles of false leaders. The distinction between right and wrong becomes distorted and seemingly unimportant to these impressionable youth.

Our birthright of freedom and liberty would not have been gained had the men of Valley Forge and Bunker Hill let their convictions lie listless in the bottom of their hearts. Neither will these precious rights be preserved unless we do more to uphold Lincoln's strong belief that "right makes might."

All citizens must earnestly re dedicate their thoughts and actions to the principles on the Stone Tablets. Let every person, young and old, in his personal, professional, and social life, proudly stand for what is right, just, and morally right, lawabiding, and honorable. Let us be a people famed for its freedoms, independence, and freedom of choice. When it comes to choosing between right and wrong, let us be certain we choose the right. Let us be certain we are free to choose freedom by making the right choice.

Reid L. Bundy, Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation

AUGUST

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JAMES DORAIS

'New Math' Used Freely With Pentagon Auditing

Rightly or wrongly, Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara has been widely credited—or perhaps debited—is the word—with having fed the data into the computer that produced the Edsel.

According to his critics, the Secretary is still feeding the same "new math" equations into the computers at the Pentagon. The Defense Department, McNamara recently told Congress, has saved \$4.5 billion this year. But there are many unkind detractors, both in Congress and the Pentagon, who insist it just isn't so.

Some of the equations that have raised the critics' hackles:

When the Defense Department closes down a military base, there is an annual sav-

ing of, say, \$10 million dollars in operating costs. But how long do you keep recording the saving? Under the McNamara arithmetic, apparently, you keep repeating it year after year, without end.

If the Department puts out a contract for competitive bidding, the Defense Secretary figures that the low bid averaged a 25 per cent saving. So the total dollar equivalent of a 25 per cent saving on all bid contracts is included in the yearly "savings." But when a contract was awarded to the highest bidder, the Department claimed this was an "incentive" contract, and claimed a 10 per cent saving on the high bid. (New Math parents will tell you this apparent inconsistency has

something to do with "sets".

Then if the Department decides not to buy something, the cost of what it didn't buy is listed as a saving—just as one's wife saves \$2,000 by deciding not to buy a new fur piece.

All this leads to irreverent wise cracks at McNamara's expense. One, quoted by Frederick Taylor in the Wall Street Journal goes this way: McNamara's son came home one day and told his dad he saved 25 cents; instead of riding home on the bus he kept the quarter and ran alongside it. "Great," McNamara is said to have replied. "Tomorrow save \$1.25. Run home along side a taxi."

And on the Pentagon's press room bulletin board recently, there appeared a news release, typed on a Defense Department form, announcing that the War and Navy Departments have saved nearly \$20 million by deciding against fortifying the island of Guam. The decision was made, it was announced, because "such a fortified base would be of use only in case of a war in the Pacific, which is unlikely."

The news release was dated July 2, 1940.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Truth is Still Stranger Than Fiction, He Says

The Spy: "An Agent in Place" might be the basis of a tense thriller by Len Deighton, or John LeCarre, but in this case truth is stranger than fiction. This is the account by Thomas Whiteside of the "Wennerstrom affair" (it ran as a series in The New Yorker earlier this year), an absorbing history from the annals of modern espionage.

Colonel Stig Wennerstrom was a Swedish Air Force officer, a man of coolly elegant demeanor, who was picked up by his country's security police in 1963 and charged with "gross espionage."

Once Wennerstrom began to talk he continued to talk for months. From what Swedish authorities released of this testimony, and the author's subsequent research in Stockholm and Washington, he assembled this engrossing account of the 15-year-career of a talented spy.

As a Russian speaking attaché in his Moscow embassy he gathered "legiti-

mate" information for his government. He became fascinated with "the game" and in 1940 passed information on Russian air defenses to the Germans. As a legitimate Swedish diplomat he was "an agent in place," rather than an undercover operator.

Wennerstrom claimed to have risen to the rank of major-general in the Soviet espionage network. This was proved to have been a Russian trick, which allowed Wennerstrom to believe he was an important cog in their apparatus as a method of bolstering his morale.

The Russians got lucky in 1952 when their Swede was transferred to Washington—a popular, handsome, 46-year-old charmer who casually gave American agents his appraisal of Russian air power while he concentrated on classified U. S. missile data. He adroitly transferred such microfilm-

to 65 as you pass the Highway Patrol car and then you see the sign reading "End 25 Mile Zone."

Two Cents Worth: Forgive this obvious observation, but after the recent series of horrifying crimes, no reasonable doubt remains that we need stricter gun control laws—and I respectfully request the National Rifle

Association to spare me its usual form letters about a man's inalienable right to bear arms, etc. Its position on this subject is well known, to the point of its own embarrassment. Shoot if you must this old, gray head, but woodsman, spare that cliché.

Pixies at work: Each weekend, Dorothy Kennard, keeper of the orangutans at the S. F. Zoo, dresses the two baby orangs—Josephine and Suzy—in baby dresses and bonnets, and wheels them around the crowded grounds in a stroller, and why? "Because I just LOVE the double-takes. People bend over and start to say 'Oh, aren't those twins cute—' and then they see those hairy arms and—" Okay, Dorothy, we get the picture.

The Cosmopolitan San

Franciscans: Elsa and Walter Roessing of our town, vacationing in Lisbon, became involved in a traffic accident—and found communication with the police officer a bit difficult. Elsa's English and Norwegian didn't work, neither did Walter's Spanish and German. Finally they found a mutual language: Cantonese! (The cop had served in Macao, and Elsa spent her early years in Shanghai and Hong Kong.)

Fourth Estate: We are always ready to salute true journalistic enterprise, no matter where, and therefore tug our forelock at the Mexico City News, whose front page recently was headed by an interview with a Mexican gentleman on the mass murders in Chicago. "A war psychosis may lie at the root of the crime committed by Richard Speck," one Gregorio Cardenas was quoted as saying, and who he? He is a qualified expert who, 24 years ago, strangled and carved up four prostitutes and buried them in his garden, a picadillo for which he presumably served some time, although the story doesn't give us this detail. Since the local angle is always important, we also salute whoever wrote the headline on the interview: "Local Strangler Opines on Speck Psychosis."

HERB CAEN SAYS:

There Are Times When It Doesn't Pay to Be About

You take your nagging cold to a doctor who chortles, as though he were saying this and you were hearing it for the very first time: "Well, if you do what I tell you, you'll be over your cold in a week—otherwise it'll take seven days" (that's rich, doc) . . . You swing gracefully aboard a cable car and it starts up Powell Street, reach into your pocket and discover you have nothing smaller than a \$20 bill . . . The "Violation" sign and the Meter Minder pop up simultaneously, one minute before you do . . . At Candlestick Park, you duck away from a screaming foul and the Little Old Lady behind you catches it with one hand, a cup of beer steady in the other . . . As you face the three-way mirror in a men's store, wearing the suit you just selected, you catch the tailor looking at the sales-

man with one of those "I'll bet you never thought you'd sell THAT" looks . . . At a bar, you say to an old school friend "Say, whatever happened to the round-heeled oodball you used to go with," and he produces a picture of her and their three children . . . A guy you dislike intensely breaks up the dinner party with an old joke you told him a year ago ("Oh, isn't he a KICK?") . . . You slow down

Between Mars and Jupiter, upward of 200 million miles from the sun, lies the main orbit of some thousands of minor planets, called asteroids. Excepting Saturn's rings, these are the most freakish devices of the Solar System, and have kept astronomers in a mild turmoil for over a century. Though most of them orbit in a fairly compact group, several have eccentric orbits, crossing the paths of the inner planets, including the earth. Some approach at a few million miles or less.

The other day an Australian physicist named Butler suggested the asteroid Icarus, about one mile in diameter, might be on a collision course with us in its scheduled 4 million-mile approach. He said it might land with a force of 1,000 hydrogen bombs. Attached to this dread prospect was a

ROYCE BRIER

Mr. Butler Says Icarus Is Too Near for Comfort

ing is unthinkable remote, space being what it is, big. The largest known asteroid is Ceres, about 480 miles in diameter, and several are a third or half as big. Since Ceres was discovered in 1801, about 1,600 have been catalogued, and about 700 of them exceed 25 miles in diameter.

The asteroids are not spheres because they lack the gravity to pull them into shape. They are in fact colossal boulders, and many are slab-shaped. This is pretty well established because of the irregularity of their reflection of sunlight.

For some decades after discovery the asteroids were thought to be fragments of an exploded planet. According to Bode's Law, an empirical scheme of planetary distribution from the sun, a planet should circle in the vacant space between Mars and Jupiter.

But in time it was shown that the total mass of all asteroids, including possibly millions of invisible chunks, could not be more than 1/500ths of the earth. In this century, however, some astronomers believe the asteroids are fragments of an exploded moon escaped from Jupiter, which has 12 satellites.

The closest we get to asteroids is on the late-show, where some guy and doll are stranded on one and calling for help. The flying saucer folk are passing a bet by not getting into the asteroid business. Maybe they have, as you can hear anything these days.

"The methodical Swedes," writes Whiteside, "having discovered the absence of the horse, have now made an elaborate show of locking the barn door."

World Affairs

My Neighbors



"Yes kids today just don't appreciate the old ways—just sitting on their lands until their oil is discovered."

Abe Mellinkoff