

Press-Herald

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REID L. BUNDY Managing Editor

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Our Bill of Rights

On Thursday we commemorate the 175th anniversary of the first Ten Amendments becoming a part of the Federal Constitution. What these Amendments, known as the Bill of Rights, have meant to the development of the United States and its people certainly warrants greater recognition, honor, and homage than they receive.

The responsible, freedom-loving framers of the Constitution gave us the Executive, Legislative and Judicial departments of government. Authority was so divided that each department would act as a check-and-balance-of the other two. The Bill of Rights was added to further define and limit the powers of the Federal Government by enumerating certain rights of the individual, or the people, with which the government could not interfere. They produced for themselves and their posterity a government providing unequalled individual freedom under law.

There are those among us who are not satisfied with freedom under law. They are a return to the "masterless man" who lived before governments were instituted. They assume absolute liberty to secure for themselves that which they consider their just due—disregarding the necessary laws of an ordered society.

Absolute freedom, from its very nature, creates no sense of responsibility among its practitioners. Without responsibility, there is perpetual war between every man and his neighbor, no propriety of goods or lands, and no security.

The Bill of Rights provides freedom from government's interference with man's initiative under law. In so doing, it has caused this nation to attain the highest pinnacle of accomplishment and wealth, and its citizens to own and enjoy more goods and comforts than any people throughout history.

It is time we all understand the freedom we enjoy under the Bill of Rights. It is time we acknowledge and assume our responsibility for maintaining this freedom for future generations. It is time we combat the absolute freedom ideas and actions of would-be "masterless men." At the same time, we should educate those who would give up all freedom to live under an initiative-destroying, paternalistic government of their erroneous beliefs.

There is no known and proven substitute that can or will enhance the stature of this country or its people more than our Constitution—particularly, the power-restricting, freedom-providing Bill of Rights.

As we have the best, let us improve on it, if we can, for those who follow.

OTHERS SAY

A Modest Proposal

In a Swiftian approach to the nationally-spotlighted problem of student unrest at Berkeley, the following solution occurs:

If some 8,000 students are so upset by non-scholastic conditions that they feel they must go on strike against their own education, why not relieve them of their responsibilities as students and tell them to take their activist energies elsewhere?

This would reduce the campus population to some 19,000; still a formidable number, but presumably composed of students, not immature dissidents from the rigors of learning something. Such a reduction would favorably increase the teacher-student ratio, permit the firing of teaching assistants evidently more interested in demonstrations than in teaching, and hopefully bring back into the classroom many professors who have abdicated their teaching stewardship in favor of research and profitable public appearances and writing.

All valuable suggestions have their shortcomings. Of course; and this one might flounder on the fact that if Cal actually shook off its boring reputation as a playpen for restless gullibles, and restored its dignity as a recognized leader in the academic world, the campus would be inundated by young people eager to get the education the university is so eminently capable of providing. And there comes the overcrowding problem again.—California Feature Service.

Time was when a private company and/or individual was expected to look after his own welfare and charity was something to take only when absolutely necessary. America was a strong, moral nation, with parents having sole responsibility for their offspring. Crime was much less than it is today, those trespassing the rights of others were treated as criminals and not "victims of society" and the individual had the right to exercise his own free will. Divorce, drunkenness, and immorality were not prevalent in the percentages of today. Statistics prove that these percentages have grown much faster than has the population.—Fountain (Colo.) Advertiser & News.

The liberty-loving are being exceeded by the liberty-taking—Don Major, The Thurston County (Washington) Independent

The last thing the country needs now in its battle against inflation—and this goes for the elderly as well as everybody else—is more spending without offsetting revenue.—The Chicago Tribune.

Quote

Movies and television are not bad work, but I would get back on a stage whenever I could because there is where the soul is nourished.—Actress Nina Foch.

While many had the intellectual skills to formulate plans, they lacked the ability to execute them.—Stanford Prof. Gerald M. Meier on emerging nations.

Nourished By Strong Roots



STAN DELAPLANE

Jamaica, Rum and Sugar Island, Is Now in Season

This is the rum-and-sugar island. The sea breeze is as warm as mother's love, and you can bathe the baby in the sapphire blue water. (The local people DO bathe the baby in it. But for the rest of us, it costs money.)

It's the season now. The snowy American tourist is on the winter migration. To bikinis and Madras shorts. To rum-and-milk-and-banana in a frosty glass.

It's pricey country. \$40 single to \$65 double with two meals is about it. I did manage one night for \$30 with breakfast.

This is offset by some tricky low air fares—you've got to look for them. Delta-Mexicana-Western have a combined rate where you fly West Coast-New Orleans-Jamaica-Mexico City and home for \$304.

Newest of the Jamaica north shore resorts is the Playboy Club Hotel—yes, Playboy magazine—with 21 bunny girls going lipperly-loppity. And between the lip and the lop, just about falling out of those brief bunny suits. It's integrated. The bunnies run from cream to coffee color.

You can buy at free port prices here. U.S. Customs allows you to bring in \$100 worth duty free. Language is English. Money is the Jamaica pound—\$2.80 U.S. buys one pound. American money is used interchangeably. You can drink the water. But don't. Ask the bunny for a Rabbit Punch. Makes you forget where you hid the Easter eggs.

"We are buying and picking up a car in England (making arrangements here through the auto agency). Now we have heard the cars used in Europe are inferior. That they export their better models."

Most of the foreign cars do have export models—a little more chrome etc. But,

if you order here, the export model is what they deliver to you in Europe. At least that's the way it's worked for me.

Why don't you be sure your bill of sale says specifically "American export model"?

"We are on a Matson winter cruise. Could you tell us how they dress?"

Sports clothes for daytime. But these are dressy ships at night. Cocktail dresses for women. And you won't be out of place with one formal for the Captain's Dinner. Most of the men will be in black tie every night. On all cruise ships, the rule is no dressing up the first night out and the last night getting into port.

"We would like to bring leis home when we fly to Hawaii. Is that allowed?"

Yes. You go through agricultural control leaving Honolulu. But flower leis pass. The stewardess will give you a plastic bag to put them in. Tell your taxi driver to stop at the lei sellers' huts on the airport road. You can buy anything there.

"We will be traveling in Europe next summer. Do you think our things are safe in hotel rooms? Or should we have locks put on our suitcases?"

I never lock suitcases and have never lost anything. I don't leave money around openly. But I don't lock up cameras or binoculars. Put expensive jewelry in the hotel safe. I think European hotels are safer than New York's, which have had some pretty good burglaries.

"... a present for my boyfriend who is being transferred to Europe?"

Morning Report:

It seems to me that if a student wants to cut classes for a beer bust, or for a big blonde bust, or for even some emotional reason, let him. It's his neck.

Universities have been surviving the cutting of classes since the beginning of time. There is less evidence that students can survive the practice. Especially in the days before final exams.

That's why I didn't quite get the recent students' strike at the University of California. They were striking against themselves, an unprofitable exercise at best. Like patients in a hospital striking against the doctors. Or small kids refusing to drink milk.

Abe Mellinkoff

HERB CAEN SAYS:

The Guy Who Sleeps Is Bigger Chicken Than I

We chose American Airlines because its ads say it's the line "for experienced travelers," and that's what we are. We're so experienced that when we got to S. F. Airport, we found we had forgotten one of my wife's bags—the one with all her dresses in it (it followed on a later flight, tagged like a Polish refugee). Then I left my umbrella in the limousine. At the check-in counter, I forgot my typewriter. On board, I plugged in my Astrovision headset upside down, and instead of Marlon Brando in "The Appaloosa," I got Mantovani playing "Bird Calls of the African Veldt."

After having eaten everything that wasn't nailed

down—the more you eat the lighter the plane flies, right?—I amused myself by classifying the passengers. There's the Compulsive Snoozer, who drugs himself with Seconal before takeoff and sleeps all the

San Francisco

way to New York; this makes some people think he's a cool, relaxed customer, but I figure he's more chicken than the guy (me) who stays awake, gripping the arm rests and sobbing softly. There's the Compulsive Worker, who opens his attache case as soon as he's seated and makes everybody else (me) feel guilty. There's the Magazine grabber who snatches up the good ones on the way into the cabin, hoards them under his seat, and leaves the rest of the passengers (me) with Business Week, Butterick Patterns and a nicely bound volume titled Civil Aeronautics Regulations. Revised to 1958.

There's the Little Old Lady on her first flight, whose first discovery is the button that summons the stewardess and who sum-

mons her every 15 minutes. "How's the weather?" "When's dinner?" "What was that funny bump?" And finally, there's the Extremely Veteran Flyer who says, half way to New York, "I can't wait for them SSTs. Do you realize that in a supersonic, we'd've been there already?"

New York! New York! The next line in the song goes "It's a wonderful town!"—but that's the way it is with songwriters, who are forever looking ahead for a workable rhyme: "The Bronx is up and the Battery's down!" True and clever, but IS New York a wonderful town? I suppose it is when you, unlike the tacky Bronx, are up on top of the world. When you're up in New York, at the pinnacle of your particular heap, you're as far up as you can get. When you're down, you can't get any lower, and most people in New York are down—down in the subway, down in the dumps in a dump, or even down and out on the 99th floor, to misquote another fine lyric about this songwriters' town.

ROYCE BRIER

Lincoln's Murder Gave Rise to Myths, Rumors

In view of the rising doubt of the findings of the Warren Commission in the assassination of President Kennedy, we might explore a curious and possibly significant angle in the Lincoln assassination.

No analogy is intended, for many who saw the murder knew John Wilkes Booth by sight. But as the seeds of myth seemed to be working in the Kennedy case, so did a full-grown myth arise in the Lincoln case. It was largely the fault of Secretary of War Stanton.

Booth was the lesser member of a distinguished theatrical family. He was violently pro-Confederate, and in the last months of the war he may have been unhinged.

He conceived a plan to abduct the President and deliver them to Richmond, whereupon he would save the Confederacy and become a supreme hero. He concocted a ram-

shackle conspiracy, and most of the others were downright retarded.

Not until Lee's surrender, with all hope gone, did Booth shift to murder.

Booth hired a horse and tethered it in the alley be-

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hind Ford's Theater. He had the run of the theater, and the crazy luck to find the Presidential box temporarily unguarded.

When he jumped from the box to the stage, he broke an ankle, but he did not shout "Sic semper tyrannis!" (so always with tyrants). First fragment of the myth.

He made a clean getaway, but only a witting named Herold met him at a bridge rendezvous as planned. Booth bluffed his way across the Potomac, and went to the farm of a notorious rebel named Cox, who had him hidden in a pine thicket

for six days while 10,000 Union cavalrymen combed the countryside. He found a Dr. Mudd to set his ankle, and rode a few miles to the Garret farm. But Garret was a chary host and had his son hide the fugitives in a small tobacco warehouse. Almost immediately trooper squads rode up, and soon learned their suspect was in the barn.

Stanton, a domineering, suspicious and crotchety man, wanted Booth taken alive, so a Colonel Conger, commanding the troopers, parried most of the night.

At dawn they fired the barn and Booth emerged, shot in the neck. Conger and another officer quarreled over whether Booth had shot himself, or was shot by a kooky soldier named Boston Corbett. Booth died in an hour, and his body was taken to a gunboat on the Potomac.

Here Stanton's delusions took over. He fancied a vast conspiracy, Booth as an agent of Jefferson Davis. He limited to nine those who viewed the body, but these included Booth's dentist, a doctor who had removed a tumor from Booth's neck earlier, and some who knew Booth had "JWB" tattooed on the back of his hand. He was buried in a secret grave.

Straightaway, some wild-eyed newspapers said he had escaped, and at least half the overwrought Union believed it. There were grotesque rumors Vice President Andrew Johnson headed the conspiracy and Stanton half believed that.

Decades later a Tennessee man wrote a book saying a John St. Heien, who resembled Booth and had committed suicide in Oklahoma, was Booth. By 1900 a considerable segment of Americans believed this nonsense, or at least perceived as the bizarre solution of a dread few days.

My Neighbors



I hate to admit it but that was one show that even color didn't improve...

WILLIAM HOGAN

Courage, Cowardice Is Theme of 'The Captain'

Jan de Hartog, the Dutch-born sailor, novelist and playwright, is probably the most accomplished writer in English about the sea since William McFee Tomlinson and Allan Villiers were in their prime. I am not forgetting C. S. Forester, whose "Hornblower" tales were adventure classics, and whose "The Good Shepherd" (1955) was a rousing narrative of naval action in the North Atlantic, or even Herman Wouk of "The Caine Mutiny."

However, de Hartog ("A Sailor's Life") writes with a rare gusto, intelligence and meticulous attention to detail when he attacks a maritime theme, and this has never been more evident than in a new novel, "The Captain."

The Dutch are the unchallenged tugboat masters of the world, and it is aboard a huge, ungainly ocean-going Dutch salvage tug that most of this drama is played. Normally a tug is not a heroic vessel as it hauls enormous rigs, or lock gates, or sections of drydocks to all parts of the world. But this is an incident from the second World War in which our tug has been converted into a rescue ship attached to the British

Royal Navy convoy service. She is a heroine, and the captain of the title is the man responsible for making her one.

The captain is a young veteran of pre-war tug serv-

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ice who is assigned to command this powerful if inefficient vessel on the infamous convoy route to Murmansk, the far northern Russian supply port on the Barents Sea.

The novel is a suspenseful portrayal of courage, cowardice and psychological pressures under wartime sea conditions that emphasizes the drabness, the drudgery and the brutishness of war. While the convoy duty theme, and the Murmansk run in particular, have been well documented in fiction, this seems to me the most satisfactory and engrossing example of the genre I have seen.

We are exposed to a large cast of characters, although this narrows down to the eccentric personnel aboard the Dutch vessel. Our attention is focused for the most part on the skipper who is forced to win over the re-

spect of a veteran, tightly knit crew whose loyalties tend to remain with their late old captain. We watch the young captain's running battle with Royal Navy officials to preserve his and his vessel's Dutch identity, and finally his struggle for survival.

Is his ship the lucky one, invulnerable among the small flock of sheep now trotting obediently to slaughter? Captain and reader alike are never sure in this thoroughly masculine entertainment written with rare authority, emotion and an unbeatable narrative pull.

As an admitted enthusiast for this sort of thing, I find "The Captain" a novel at least the equal of "The Good Shepherd," or Monsarrat's "The Cruel Sea," which is to say a great success, and hasten to pass the word.

Notes on the Margin . . . Malcolm Lowry's novel "Under the Volcano" appears as a Signet Paperback, with introduction by Stephen Spender. Widely acclaimed as a Twentieth-Century classic, it is a novel of alienation which concerns the last day in the life of a British consul in Mexico in the 1930s.