

## The Price of Freedom

The Vietnam war means different things to different people.

To the so-called Vietnicks, it is a fact of life against which they can give a public demonstration of their own terrible inadequacies; to those who think it is much safer to be a protester than a soldier, it means a draft-card burning, or a flight to Canada to avoid military service.

To hundreds of thousands of American families, Vietnam is a faraway country which has commanded the presence of sons, husbands, and fathers.

And, to at least a dozen Torrance area families, it has been the point of no return for a loved one.

First at a trickle, now at an alarming pace, Torrance area soldiers, Marines, and Airmen have been dying in that far-off land in the Orient.

They are the heroes of our day. The growing list started slowly. There was Antonio Padilla; then George Shook.

Several months later the name of Curtis Brockington was added.

Then in quick succession came Michael Kessel and Glen A. Musgulre.

But, the greater toll was yet to come—and may be yet to come. The new year, now scarcely two months gone, has claimed seven more Torrance area men. Such men as Jimmy A. Miller, Norman B. Wensel, and Francisco Dacanay.

Last week it was Edward J. Ernst, Philip H. Johnson, and Danny L. McMinn.

This week it's Michael B. Carter.

The price of freedom comes high, and each of these men have made the highest payment demanded of man. And each was worth more to us than all the Vietnicks in the world.

## OTHERS SAY

### A Peril to Privacy

Anyone disturbed by the evidence that our privacy is being invaded through the use of wiretapping and other forms of eavesdropping—legal or not—has a further jolt coming in regard to the uses being made of "strictly confidential" income tax returns. Congressional investigators have found that data on income, profits, losses, etc. are being made available to government agencies, state tax officials and even foreign governments. There actually is a proposal to establish a National Data Center which would tap income tax and census figures, among other federally collected information on private citizens.

The uses that could be made of such data conjure up visions of an American version of the gestapo and the Russian secret police. Not too wild a vision, either; the temptation to use available information to further devious ends being strong, indeed. The law says our income tax information cannot be divulged by IRS employees, but it is comforting to know that a House subcommittee is investigating presumably legal invasions of that guarantee of privacy.—California Feature Service

In an age of management specialists, advanced degrees and decision by computer, it is always gratifying to be reminded that a man can still start at the bottom of the ladder and work his way to the top. A top official of American Oil Company, who started out pumping gas in a service station, gave some advice to a high school graduating class not long ago: "The crowd will tell you that the safest thing to do is to conform, blend yourself into the background. Don't believe it. The rewards go to the imaginative, the creative, the original, the people willing to take the big dare of life. . . . It's enough, the crowd will say, to keep your nose clean because everything's run by formula or by machine calculation today. Don't believe it. You count as an individual, as a unique person, and even in a corporation as big as the one for which I work, you'll be judged as an individual."—Industrial Press Service

Self-control is a great virtue but few individuals even seek to attain it.—Joseph M. Shaw Jr. in the Cherokee County (Ala.) Herald.

I reckon the most of us display our patience best while waiting for someone else to do what we should have already accomplished.—A. J. Hudson in The Okla. Chief.

In olden days when one country overran another, they were called wars. Nowadays they are called "current events."—John Mayer in the Cherryvale (Kans.) Republican.

## Morning Report:

Millions of us veterans can cry into our martini tonight. The Pentagon has killed the Serial Number. It is being replaced by the Social Security Number. This may suit the computers better but it's most un-military — like wearing a pink shirt with the uniform.

The Serial Number was the first thing the Army gave you — before the two blankets, the rifle, or an extra pair of socks. And it survived them all. If you survived.

The Pentagon feels everything will be more simple if draftees, who already have a Social Security number, should keep it. Like a security blanket — a remembered tie to civilian days. It will also remind the G.I. he has something extra to fight for — a monthly check if he can stay alive until he is 65.

Abe Mellinkoff

## It Started Out To Be Heroic-Size



HERB CAEN SAYS:

## The Professor's Caught Denying His Newest Law

Prof. C. Northcote Parkinson's latest law, suitable for framing or needlepoint, is "Delay Is the Deadliest Form of Denial." At an Esperanto Society Tea the other day, Adman Dennis Altman ran into C. Northcote, and asked him to explain it. "I will," replied Parkinson, "in a few minutes."

Step up and meet Francis Auger, of the fine old S.F. French clan, who must be the last sound-dough French bread purist: he thinks it's a sin even to SLICE it. "The only proper way," he says stiffly, "is to pass the full uncut loaf around the table so the diners may tear off as much as they want and consume it with cheese and wine." and, of course, eclat and finesse. Mr. Auger may be considered an expert on the subject since his grandfather, Jean Auger, arrived here in 1854 and, as proprietor of the Society Bakery at 684 Pacific, was one of the earliest bakers of the true bread. "Is it as sour as it used to be?" I asked M. Auger. "No," he replied, "but what is?" The New York Times' biographical footnote to a news story about our new Episcopal Bishop, the Rt. Rev. C. Kilmer Myers: "Bishop Myers

## Quote

The most difficult thing in the world is for a mother to listen to a child, and bring him up to be a full human being . . . living his own life, not someone else's.—Dr. Dorothy Lee, anthropologist.

I have long felt this tax was unjust, as evidenced by the extraordinary lengths to which otherwise responsible businessmen have gone to avoid it.—Senator John F. McCarthy (R-San Rafael), on business inventory tax.

The warden at San Quentin prison would be happy to have members of the legislature come down to witness an execution. I assure you that, if they did, it would be the last execution.—Assemblyman Lester A. McMillan (D-Los Angeles).

My bill will safeguard the wishes of the individual homeowner to sell to whom he pleases, and at the same time attack the serious social problem of minority citizens being unable to find decent, moderate priced housing, particularly apartment rentals.—Assemblyman William T. Magley (R-San Rafael) on bill to modify Rumford Housing Act.

is chief pastor of thousands of Episcopalians in Northern California. A native of Schuylerville, N.Y., he has made a career of work in slum areas." Gee, thank a LOT.

Great sight in Sausalito. Here's this good-looking young couple — he with a beard — in their sportcar, with luggage strapped on

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the rack. The car is festooned with colored streamers, honeymoon-gray, and they drive off (friends waving farewell) in a clatter of traditional tin cans trailing behind. Painted in big white letters from the rear bumper. Painted in big white letters on each side of the car: "Just Engaged!"

They say Jay Hoppe is back in North Beach. "They" would be those who remember the Old North Beach of the Best Generation of the 1950s, when the crossroads of the young world was the corner of Grant and Green, site of the Co-Existence Bagel Shop. Jay Hoppe owned it, and the fuzz (that was a new word then) co-existed there, especially in the person of Police Officer Bill Bigarani, the terror of the Beats. The Health Dept. co-existed there, too, because of the one co-existence toilet for co-existing boys and girls (in those days you could tell them apart).

The world and Allen Ginsberg were young and Francis Rigney, the Best psychia-

trist, hadn't yet become Dr. Francis Rigney, the society psychiatrist who wears velvet suits to museum openings. The bartender at the Co-Existence was Mark Green, a mordant observer who wrote a perceptive treatise titled "North Beach Sounds: Funky Scenes." Perhaps it was Mark who painted "Fuzz Is Our Friend" in red, white and blue letters on the police callbox at the corner. Fuzz-Buster Bigarani was not amused. He had the offending sentiment removed.

Now they say Jay Hoppe is back in North Beach, running "of all things," an antique shop near Columbus and Broadway. "Why 'of all things'?" He once ran an antique shop in Paris didn't he. And he opened the Bagel Shop, which was to be a "nice, quiet delicatessen," to escape an ex-wife who followed him all around the world. Or so he said. Now they say he's married to a police captain's daughter. Of all things.

And what of Officer (now Inspector) Bill Bigarani, the Best-buster? The other day he was quoted as saying, on the subject of repeatedly throwing drunks in jail: "Drunkness is definitely a medical problem. It's not a police problem. Or at any rate, it shouldn't be. Many people don't realize that the police don't arrest the drunks on Skid Row just to be mean." Maybe he learned something in the crazy Best World he knew so well. Maybe we all did.

## MOMENT OF TRUTH



## AFFAIRS OF STATE

# Tax Shuffling Doesn't Help The Guy Who Pays

By HENRY C. MACARTHUR  
Capital News Service

SACRAMENTO — Eventually, the public will be forced to make a great discovery with regard to the many plans, suggestions and panaceas being presented these days concerning the matter of "tax-sharing" between different levels of government.

Several bills have been presented to the California legislature to effect what law-makers term property tax relief, to be achieved by the process of cutting down property taxes at the local level, and increasing state taxes to make up the difference.

Now a somewhat similar proposal at the federal level is offered by Governor George Romney, of Michigan, who apparently hopes to be the next president of the United States.

Romney suggests an amendment to the U.S. constitution which would allot a percentage of federal income tax revenues for the use of state and local governments.

Governor Ronald Reagan of California advocated during his campaign for the office that property taxes in

California be decreased, and the difference made up by state allocation to local governments.

Two things are fairly obvious at both levels. Should the federal constitution provide for allocation of a part of income tax revenue to state and local governments, the money for the rebate has to come from some tax source. The obvious question is where? Would federal income taxes be increased to

## Sacramento

provide funds for the rebates, and if so, would state and local taxes be decreased to prevent additional burdens on the taxpayer?

The second thing is that proposals already have been made anticipating increases in state taxes to provide reductions in local taxes. The claim is made that this process will partially relieve the taxpayer who pays on property, but fundamentally no less revenue will be collected on an over-all basis, and perhaps even more.

All of which brings out the discovery that tax shuffling brings no lasting relief. Rather, it adds to the overall burden through the creation of more bureaucracy

to handle the people's money.

In addition, it points to nothing except more meddling in local affairs by the state government, and more federal fingers in the state pie from Washington.

Unfortunately for the taxpayers, leaders in the various levels of government do not appear to have come to the realization that tax reform, which presupposes some reduction in taxation, is achieved primarily by two methods. The first is economy in government, which includes the application of business principles to administration. The second is elimination of non-essential government services, or reductions in such services based on their actual need.

Continued imposition of tax levies on the public to maintain government in potentate style when the public can afford only a middle class outgo, eventually can result only in deflating the economy of the state and nation itself. While no one objects to reasonable taxes to defray necessary government costs, there is objection to confiscatory levels which rapidly are being approached.

## ROYCE BRIER

# Bobby Charts Collision Course Over Asia Policy

That he didn't appear too brilliant in the Jacqueline Kennedy book squabble, doesn't mean Senator Robert Kennedy has lost his logical faculty in larger matters.

He recently journeyed to Europe, where he was received with respect, and was subjected to the ubiquitous Vietnam peace rumor, which he denied when he returned.

Manifestly the Senator is not impressed with President Johnson's Asian policy, but he has been cagey in staying out of the Fulbright camp, where he belongs by the nature of things.

This he revealed in an address to a University of Chicago seminar on China last week. He wants the United States to develop an Asian policy "based on the reality and diversity of today's Asia, and on discriminating evaluation of our own interests, capacities and limitations."

Let the Johnson-Rusk people read this as they will — it is a doubt of their rationale for the Vietnam war.

For their rationale is that there is no "diversity" in today's Asia — it consists of a mammoth aggressor conspiring to gobble up lesser Asians. Red China's late and growing impotence is not a factor in this monumental theory, nor does it enter Administration expositions and exhortations to the people.

## World Affairs

"We have striven to isolate China from the world and treated it with unremitting hostility. That, however, is not a policy. It is an attitude founded on fear and passion and wishful hopes."

It is true Red China is an unremittingly hostile to the United States, but this does not impair the Senator's implication that the "You're another!" simplification of the schoolyard is hardly a policy seemly to a great nation.

Mr. Kennedy said that in Korea, Formosa Strait and India we responded to dan-

ger involving the present rather than the future. But our present intervention is "virtually without conscious definitions of our aim — we demands cessation of North Vietnam's intervention in South Vietnam as a condition for negotiation. But neither he nor the President has made clear what we "seek" beyond that (our aim), nor the "price" we are willing to pay for a settlement. Indeed, they don't seem to know.

Senator Kennedy wants no "sudden revelation" on China policy, but realistic planning based on events, in short, flexibility. This is the plainest demand at the Administration's position the Senator has yet voiced. One is dubious of prophecy, but it looks like a collision course.

## WILLIAM HOGAN

# Story of Hell's Angels Bristles With 'Hipness'

The Hell's Angels are the elite among "outlaw" motorcycle gangs in California. Other outfits — the Gypsy Jokers, Road Rats, Nightriders, Satan's Slaves, Question Marks and others — have no status in this curious California subculture.

A relatively young organization of malcontents, losers and dropouts, the Angels had nothing to do with the famous Hollister "riot" of 1947, which gave rise to the Marlon Brando film "The Wild One" (the bike-rider's answer to "The Sun Also Rises"). It was the Boozie Fighters, great-granddaddy of the Angels, who kicked off the Hollister caper in a year when the average Angel of today was only ten years old.

The motorcycle "outlaw" is as uniquely American as jazz. Hunter S. Thompson tells us in a vivid, rough-talking work of pop sociology, "Hell's Angels," subtitled "The Strange and Terrible Saga of the Outlaw Motorcycle Gangs."

Thompson is a 29-year-old free-lance writer who was

permitted to hang around the Angels for a while a couple of years ago and observe their rites and worshipful mobility. He spills a great deal of "inside stuff" in his book, from their sexual orgies to the Angels' physical atmosphere, "the crusty Levis, heavy black boots, no

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underwear and a red sweat-shirt smelling of old wine and human grease."

Thompson's material appears to be totally authentic, and he sets it down with a grubby, uneven poetic quality that bristles with — well, "hipness," a word he might use to describe it. Thompson submits that the Angels really are the creation of the press and television which have salvaged their egos by presenting these formerly "bush-league hoods" into a ballooning social phenomenon. The Angels discovered the press conference, and the news media took them seriously; at one press conference, in an Oakland ball bond office, Thompson counted 42 reporters, 13 microphones and five TV cameras. Thompson insists the

Angels do not have to "rape" anybody, as sex, in this society is almost absurdly available. Yet after the Monterey "rape" stories broke, the long-dormant Angels "got eighteen years worth of exposure in six months, and it naturally went to their heads."

There is a jarring account of a hoodlum circus at Bass Lake in the Sierra and other documentary reportage on members of the organization who are intensely aware of belonging, of being able to depend on one another.

One of the hilarious touches to this interesting, if distressing document is how post Allen Ginsberg tried to reason with Angel leadership during the famous peace march on the Oakland Army Terminal. Ginsberg chanted the text of the Prajnaparamita Sutra, the Buddhist "perfect wisdom sermon." The Angels never really understood what Ginsberg meant, but his unnerving frankness, and the fact Ken Kesey liked him, gave them second thoughts about attacking a march he obviously considered a Right Thing.