

A Time to Decide

For all practical purposes, California's laws on capital punishment have been repealed.

The legislators haven't voted to strike them from the books, nor have the people voted them out.

Instead, technicalities in law and a frenetic zeal to thwart the intent of the law on the part of highly placed judicial authorities have been substituted for what should be the determination of the people.

Within the past few days, a killer who had been hours away from the gas chamber—his sentence for conviction of a hideous crime—received a stay of execution to let the courts delve into side issues. Whether he was guilty of the crime is no longer at issue.

In one case, a stay was granted because the jury which determined the sentence was informed that the prisoner would be eligible for parole if sent to prison for life. It was held that his rights had been violated. That the rights of the people to be protected from a vicious criminal was being violated was not an issue.

The people have the right to know that there is no such sentence as life imprisonment without parole. Governor Brown proved that in a series of lame-duck commutations and reprieves.

We believe it is time the people of California asserted their will in the field of punishment. If a majority of Californians feel that capital punishment is wrong—let's get rid of the law.

If—as we believe—a majority feel it is a good law and a proper deterrent to major crimes, then enforce it.

The issue is emotionally charged and not easy for members of the legislature to face.

It wouldn't be easy for the people of California to face, either, but it must be done.

We recommend strongly that capital punishment be placed before the voters of the state at the earliest opportunity. It is long past the hour to settle the matter.

The Growing Debt

When visionaries insist upon federal spending beyond our tax productive capacity to pay—at some point Mr. and Mrs. America will be pressed to call a halt to the accelerated federal spending, which places our children and their children's children in hock.

Rep. H. R. Gross (R-Iowa), in commenting on the annual Economic Report to the Nation, said that the net public and private debt of this country as of January 1, 1967, was one trillion, 368 billion, 300 million dollars. That's an increase of 98 billion dollars in the twelve months since January 1, 1966, and an increase of 420 billion, 600 million dollars since January, 1961—making us the worst debt-ridden nation in the world. The federal debt alone exceeds that of all other governments in the world combined.

Isn't it about time that our legislators, federal, state, county and local, started to flyspeck—and to make sure that for every dollar spent we can be assured of value received?

A Letter To My Son

By Tom Rische

High School Teacher and Youth Worker

Dear Bruce,

We had a fight today because you wanted to run around the house with a bell handle in your mouth, and I objected. You started screaming and threw the bell at me. I, however, remained firm and you pouted, puckering your lower lip at me.

Although your mother and I get plenty of advice on the proper care and training of a 17-month-old, we play it by ear pretty much. Despite some of the advice I read and hear, I think you're going to be frustrated part of the time. In my high school classes, I see too many students who have never been "frustrated," raised, I suppose, by parents who "didn't want to damage their child's psyche" or else plain just didn't give a damn.

Parents who fail to say "no" to their children at the right times do neither their offspring nor society any favor. These deluded souls are misreading psychology if that's what they claim to be following.

When Johnny doesn't do his homework, they make excuses for him. When he cuts class, they cover up for him. When he gets poor grades, they accuse the teacher of picking on him. When he can't hold a job, they deplore the quality of the schools. What many—most—of these people ought to do to find out what went wrong is to look in their own mirrors.

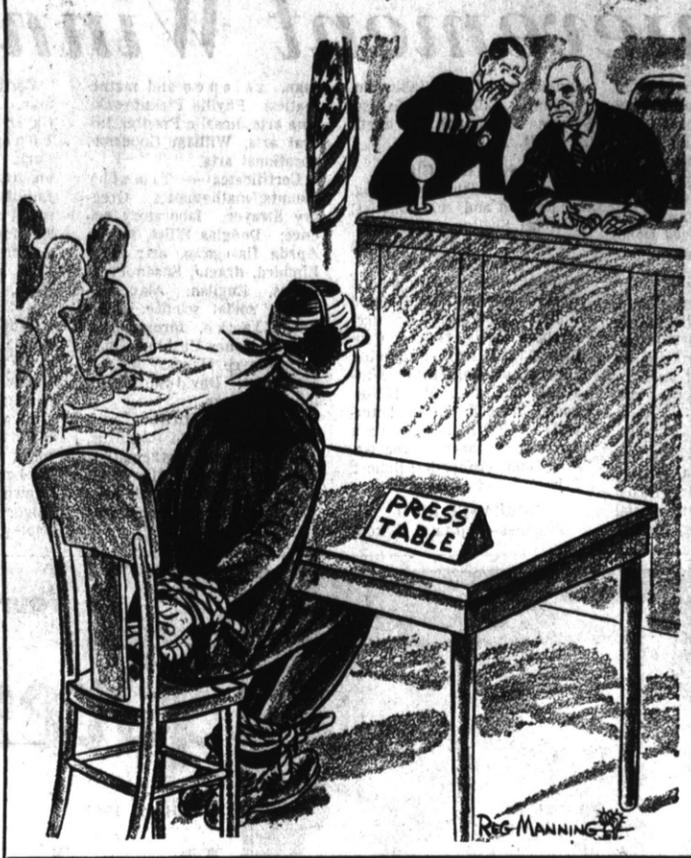
Too many parents fail to say "no" because they're afraid their children will not like them. I'm willing to take the chance that you'll dislike me temporarily, Bruce, because I think that in the long run, you'll like and respect me more if I do what I think is right. Who loves a doormat, especially when the doormat is his mom or dad?

I remember some kids from my own high school days—all from so-called "good" homes—whose parents bought them out of scrape after scrape. One day they got drunk, and the resulting behavior was so serious that neither Mama's tears or Papa's money could get them away from this jam and the outrage of a town.

Bruce, I think you're going to learn to face restrictions on your activities and learn to fail now and then. That way, it won't come as such a surprise in the "real world." If I think you need it, I'll spank or scold you, and if this warps your psyche or frustrates you a bit, I think that's good.

May all your frustrations be small,
Your dad

He Can Still Smell, Your Honor



HERB CAEN SAYS:

He's in the Swiss Alps On Non-Skiing Vacation

GSTAAD, SWITZERLAND—Here I am, in the Pearl of the Bernese Alps, and I can't even pronounce the name of the place. The "g" is more or less silent, as in "gnu," or even "nu?" It's a one syllable word with the accent on the second syllable: you tie yourself into a knot and spit it out, so—"gSHTAAD." However, you call it, it's one of the premier ski resorts of the world, and, in my creaky condition, I wouldn't ride a pair of skis if they had training wheels. This being the case, you might think I feel as out of place as an astronaut on a cable car, but here you are wrong. There is more to Gstaad than idiots sliding down slopes on sticks. It is also a people-watcher's paradise, a name-droppers' Nirvana, and a well-beaten capital of the well-beaten jet set.

Among those surprised to find me in Gstaad are my charming host and hostess, Lisa and Stanley Weiss, who divide their time between Mexico City, San Francisco, New York, and their big, beautiful chalet here. Stanley is in manganese, which I gather is a good thing to be in. Although I've known him for years, I've never discussed the subject with him because I'm not sure what manganese is. An Italian pasta, maybe? (Waiter, an order of manganese alla Toscana.) All I'm sure of is that I've never bought so much as an ounce of the stuff, and that makes me feel a little guilty as I sit here sipping up his vodka. If you eat a lot of manganese, or whatever you do with it, please use Stanley's. I'm sure it's the best.

Anyway, Lisa and Stanley spent last New Year's Eve in S.F., and shortly after midnight, apparently taken in wine, they said "Come over to Gstaad and spend a

couple of weeks with us." To my amazement and their consternation, I heard myself saying "It's a date!" A long silence ensued, broken by occasional phone calls from Stanley, asking hopefully: "I guess it's going to be a little hard for you to get away, eh?" "Yes," I replied, "but a date's a date." The fat being in the fire, I let the word get around that I was off soon for Switzerland.

San Francisco

land, anticipating a modest subsidy from the CIA Travel Agency (after all, Switzerland is a neutral and therefore highly suspicious country). That ruse failed, however, so I marched down to Swissair, laid some of the hard-earned on the line, and took off in a cloud of apres-ski booties and instead-of-ski sweaters which, judging by the price, were knitted from the wool of unborn virgins. The non-ski bum was on his way.

This is an incredibly picturesque village of about 3,000 people, some 3,000 feet above sea level. "It's the lowest place in the world for really first-rate skiing," an expert on the subject told me. He was referring to the altitude, not the morals. The morals are no lower than those in any other favored playground of those favored few called the Jet Set—and there truly is such a group (or Le Group, as they refer to themselves). At lunch one day I found myself seated next to a ravishing blonde who is the girl friend of an Italian Prince. She was looking dejected. "Why so sad?" I asked. She sighed a golden, perfumed sigh. "I was going to Acapulco this morning," she said, "but I overslept."

Flickety-flack: L.A. Art Dealer Harry Kay, who bought that original Winston Churchill oil from Howard

Willoughby, the Sutter St. dealer, for \$25,000, is going into competition with Willoughby—right across the street. On Oct. 3, he's opening a gallery in Decorator Michael Taylor's fancy layout, where the Churchill will be on permanent display. . . . Stanford University Prof. Bruce Franklin, who has strong feelings on the subject, has figured out how to stop a napalm truck, Stanford style. On the Bayshore F'way the other day, he passed such a truck, hollered at the driver, "Hey, one of your boxes is falling off!" and was rewarded by the sight (in his rear view mirror) of the truck screeching to a halt. Oh hell, the truck stopped. I'm tired of 'em screeching to a halt too.

Marijuana era: Karl Ehrlich, glancing at the "Keep Off the Grass" sign outside Berkeley High, sighed "Remember when that merely meant don't walk across the lawn?"

A sense of give-and-take that once distinguished the San Franciscan is disappearing as fast as the beautiful Victorian houses. The not so beautiful Victorian mind remains, growing musty among the trunks in the attic.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Holmes Details the End Of the Beat Generation

The generations seem to pass more quickly than they used to. What writing came out of the Beat Generation of the 1950s is already a footnote to literary history. John Clellon Holmes, a literary symbol (with Jack Kerouac) very much a part of that period ("Go," "The Horn," "Get Home Free"), sums up the generation in a collection of essays, "Nothing More to Declare." It is a document to place in a time capsule for future anthropologists to consider.

At 40, Holmes is less shrill in his pronouncements, observations, and advertisements for himself than, say, Norman Mailer. Yet he is an informed and able cultural critic who looks back with some nostalgia to the conversation with Kerouac in New York in the late '40s.

In attempting to explain the new social attitudes, Kerouac said: "I guess you might say we're a beat generation." This may have been as important a label-making statement as that by

AFFAIRS OF STATE

Rumford Act Repeal Hits Some New Political Snags

By HENRY C. MacARTHUR
Capitol News Service

SACRAMENTO—No doubt it will be some time before action is taken by the legislature on repeal or modification of the Rumford Act, which forces property owners by government edict to sell, rent or lease their property to individuals not of their own choice.

This was to be expected as the senate committee on governmental efficiency, headed by Senator Eugene McAteer, D-San Francisco, withheld action on a bill by Senator John G. Schmitz, R-Orange county which called for outright repeal of the act.

Some belief was expressed earlier in the session that repeal of the Rumford Act would not be difficult, in view of the tremendous majority given Proposition 14 last year. This proposition, as will be remembered, had the effect of repealing the Rumford Act, and writing in the constitution the provision that private property owners could continue their right under the constitution to pursue their own choice in handling their own property.

Although the Schmitz bill did not reach a vote in the committee, it generally was understood that it could have come out of the com-

mittee with a do pass recommendation, had it not been for the fact that bills before the assembly, proposing a modification in the act, still are pending.

The general attitude of the committee was to the effect that the subject should be treated in its entirety, and some consideration given proponents of the Rumford Act, even though

Sacramento

the vast majority of the people of the state are anxious to see it written off the books, and a modicum of freedom of choice restored to the public.

Also is the fact, not mentioned of course, that Senator McAteer is a candidate for mayor of San Francisco. It is known that San Francisco has a large bloc of minority voters, which might be influenced by any action on this ticklish subject a senate committee might take, particularly when the chairman is a candidate for office.

This situation may or may not have validity as far as assumptions go, but it is a fact that the situation exists and cannot be overlooked in speculations concerning the rights and privileges of the entire population.

Fundamentally, if the state legislature listened to the voice of the people of the state, it would repeal the Rumford Act without any hesitation whatever, and the issue, if it can be called an issue, would have been disposed of by this time.

The forces of the California Real Estate Association, which handled the campaign for passage of Proposition 14, and now represent the will of the people as expressed in the passage of that measure, are solidly behind the Rumford Act repeal as proposed by Senator Schmitz. But the association can do little when confronted with political machinations involving a municipal election in a single city of California.

Although the delay involved may not make any difference in the final outcome, it is sufficient to permit the proponents of forced housing to marshal their forces and figure out what additional indignities they can attempt to foist on a long-suffering public.

It appears to be long past the time when the people of California start making their own decisions, rather than having the government, which is supposed to be the servant rather than the master of the people, making decisions for them.

ROYCE BRIER

The Congressional Club Shows Its Clannishness

In the recent television show called "Mark Twain tonight!" the author, surely one of the great Americans, took several saucy side-swipes at the Congress.

The audience, which was live, laughed heartily, and you wonder why. Was it because they enjoyed seeing their representatives pined? Or was it because Twain was such an incomparable master of social criticism?

The lecture was dated around the turn of the century, when Twain was 70, but unless you are a Twain authority you wouldn't know when the several sallies were originally made.

In any case, Senators and Representatives (almost everybody was a viewer) must have winced to learn their institution was subjected to ridicule long ago. For they consider themselves self-sacrificing public servants, and certainly the Founding Fathers did not intend they should collectively be the butt of ridicule.

And indeed the Congress is not funny, but one of the most effective instruments for self-government ever devised by men. Yet it has its faults. A prevailing one is that it has permitted itself to become a club of the politically elite. Many individual congressmen are men of virtue and sense, but as a body their clannishness shows.

World Affairs

This may seem an extravagant prelude to what is after all a petty economic matter, petty against the background of a gargantuan government economy. But the Associated Press has dug up, or collated, an extraordinary story of the soaring cost of congressional aides.

An example: the House postmaster, who handles less than 100 million pieces of mail a year, gets \$24,500, but the Chicago postmaster gets \$23,950 for handling 6.6 billion pieces a year.

What does the head door-

man of the House do? For one thing he collects \$28,500 annually and the manager of the House bank collects \$20,800, about twice the salary of the average branch bank manager.

In six years over-all payroll costs have increased 84 per cent in the House, 53 per cent in the Senate, and 494 per cent in congressional aides (not \$20,000 or better).

Many of these aides are on committee staffs, and you can't get good lawyers or even investigators for peanuts, but \$22,000 is pretty good for shorthand reporters. Chaplains who say a brief prayer at each session of both houses get over \$15,000. The personal staffs of congressmen get pay more in line with outside work, but the aides of the whole Congress received annual raises in recent year and their number is increasing.

Washington is doubtless an expensive place to live, and tens of thousands of clerks in the great departments will testify to it, but they will hardly be pleased to be reminded of the comparative affluence of a thousand or so colleagues on Capitol Hill. They might write their congressmen about it.

Quote

You have to understand the lives of people and their problems—and if I have had any success, that's the answer.—Judge Lenore Underwood at retirement dinner.

If a silent telephone number confers status, think of how classy it would be to have an unlisted Zip Code.—Bill Vaughn, syndicated columnist.

The Administration should push for savings in non-defense spending rather than impose additional taxes on Americans who are already too heavily burdened with costs of government—local, state, and federal.—Arizona Senator Paul Fannin.

The present status of the American Indian, in fact, is eloquent testimony to the monumental failure of a paternalistic welfare state superimposed on the structure of American society over a century of time at a cost of billions.—Don Holm, authority on Western Americana, writing in Northwest Magazine.

Abe Mellinkoff