

**Easter -- A Happy Day**

Easter Sunday is regarded by untold millions around the earth as the world's most important religious holiday. One of the most joyous days of the year, it symbolizing the reawakening of life that is universally associated with springtime.

The present-day parades that mark the day had their beginning in the original Easter walk of Europe, when devout men and women congregated and walked in an orderly manner through town and into the open country, stopping along the way to recite prayers and sing Easter hymns.

Today in many American communities, elaborate Easter parades find women and children in their new finery—the husbands and fathers going along for the walk. And one of the most charming of all customs is the Easter egg hunt for the children—renewing the custom far older than Christianity.

Easter combines a rich mixture of laughter and solemnity. Both are good—both are needed by the soul of man.

Yes, Easter Sunday is one of the great days of the year, a day of joy for you and your family.



**HERB CAEN SAYS:**

**In Which He Continues Non-Skiing Alpine Visit**

Gstaad: The millionaires drive Volkswagens and the taxis are Mercedes-Benzes. Each VW has two sets of skis strapped on the back (are they built in the factory—or when you buy a pair of skis, do they throw in a VW?). On the road one day, we saw a Volkswagen with a single ski on the left and a pair on the right. "Look," whooped Stanley Weiss, "Trader Vic and his wife must be here." There are so many rich Greeks on hand—skiing wildly, gambling madly—that Le Group calls this Gstaadopolis. And there are more celebrities per square foot than any place this side of Gstaad's bitter rival, St. Moritz. It was a bad day for the Gstaadings when that well-known celebrity, the Karim Aga Khan, transferred his affections to St. Moritz because he was not allowed to land his plane here among the dangerous peaks that encircle Gstaad.

at 4 a.m. and find a crowd dancing and drinking—and you still think San Francisco swings? \*

The Eagle Club is a gray stone aerie atop a 3,000-foot peak, reachable only by a two-stage lift. This is where the celebrities gather for lunch and to celebrate their well-knowness. The food and the view are of equal

**San Francisco**

magnificence, and those who have been turned down for membership have been known to dash themselves to death on the rocks below, with no one to mourn their passing.

Come, peasants, let us look at the beautiful people! There is the Chief Eagle, the Earl of Warwick, a man with fierce eyebrows and a Churchillian manner; he is glowering at me and saying silently "How did HE get in?" In that secluded corner sit Prince Rainier and Princess Grace, she looking a bit long in the tooth, he a bit thick in the middle. Here is David Niven, all smiling charm. There is William Buckley and it is reassuring to find that he looks as though he had just scolded something bad even when seated alone.

blonde Brazilian butterball, entirely fetching. His ex-wife, Fiona, is there, too, with her man of the moment, life in Gstaad being momentous in that fashion. Porfirio Rubirosa's widow, Odile (known as "Big-deal" to the irreverent Americans) is holding hands with Count Poniatowski of Paris, another big deal. For the moment, The pleasant man who looks like John Kenneth Galbraith is indeed J.K.G. The tall blonde man who looks vaguely German is actually Italian: Prince Victor Emmanuel, son of King Umberto, and the Americans call him "Old Vic." He is with his sister, Princess Maria Gabriella de Savoie, and how is out-of-season royalty faring these days? \*

One by one, the beautiful people put on their skis and zoom down the almost vertical slope toward tea at the Palace Hotel. "I don't feel like skiing," laments Fiona Thyssen, "but I need the fresh air"—with which she plunges over the frightening precipice. In the background, like the conscience of eternity, rises the 12,000-ft. glacier of Le Diableret, silent, white and pure.

The folksiest hangout for Le Group is an old hotel on the main street, appropriately called the Olden, where a lady named Molly makes the best Bull Shots in the world: real soup stock, Polish vodka, juice of half a lemon, celery salt and tabasco, hand-shaken with three ("only three!") cubes of ice, and served with a float of 110-proof Russian vodka. Another headquarters is the Palace Hotel, a glorious neo-Camelot of turrets and banners, lordling it over the village from a hill-top. Here there are waiters in batwing collars, tea in the vast lobby (while a smiling pianist plays Viennese waltzes) and, in the various corners, those crazy Greeks gambling thousands on gin rummy and backgammon. You can wander into the Palace Grill as late or early

The man with the cruel face is Herr Thyssen, probably the richest man in Germany now that the Krupps are getting their come-Kruppance. He is with a

**The Old Timer**

The new math may prove to be more problems than it solves.

**Morning Report:**

If it works for ailing corporations, why not the same remedy for ailing countries? Merger! The rich countries take over the poor ones and presto—no more impoverished nations. A professor at the California Institute of Technology suggested the idea in sorrow but I think we could carry it off.

Sick corporations are rapidly going out of style. So for starters, the United States might buy up for a song a couple of busted countries in Asia, several Africans, and perhaps one European—just to keep our portfolio balanced.

Of course the deposed premiers might kick up a fuss at losing their jobs. But that can be remedied. Make each one a second vice-president of the United States—nice pay and little work. They would soon learn to enjoy it—just as our regular vice-presidents have.

**Abe Mellin'off**

**AFFAIRS OF STATE**

**State Government Review Moves Short Step Nearer**

By HENRY C. MACARTHUR  
 Capital News Service  
 SACRAMENTO — For a good many years, this column has advocated and urged a thorough and comprehensive study of state government by an independent organization well versed in the principles of business administration, to be conducted with a view toward reducing the overload of unnecessary and inefficient operation which causes costs to mount to unreasonable heights.

Although some studies along this line have been made, there never has been an all-encompassing study which would come up with recommendations placing government administration on a par with the administration of private business.

The economies so far are just economies we've been able to grab at and see in these few months we've been in office, but we're going to proceed with this whole, over-all study."

Such a study does not appear to be imminent in the immediate future, although some moves along this line are being made by the administration at the present time.

Governor Ronald Reagan is requesting citizen task forces to move into the various areas of government.

"They're going to move into every area," he said, "and report back the findings of just what business practices could be used to increase efficiency and update procedures."

Some of the road-blocks include an entrenched and established civil service empire, which can't be overhauled without a vote of the people, and which cannot be touched without the threat of lengthy legal proceedings. And the history of such proceedings is that the administrator really anxious to do a creditable

job of running a department loses in final action.

Another is the fact that laws enacted by the state legislature govern a good part of departmental operation, and when these laws conflict with sound administration, the laws have to take precedence. All of which brings up the fact that any task force looking over administration eventually will have to come up with some recommendations on law changes.

The fact that state government, partially at least, is run by tradition, is another factor involved. It is much harder to get government out of a rut than it is to change operations in private business. These and many more hinderances, not the least of which are the complaints and criticisms heaped up when changes and cut-backs are proposed, all contribute to the difficulty of obtaining real efficiency.

However, it is generally accepted fact that moves must be made to reduce government itself, and reduce operation of government to conform to the ability of the public to meet the costs, else like private business, bankruptcy is inevitable.

**ROYCE BRIER**

**Bonn Government Rushes To Rescue Krupp Firm**

A little way out of Essen in the Ruhr, stands the Krupp Mansion, really a castle about the size of a large high school.

You move up a mile-long driveway with water pipes beneath to melt the snow. The main mass was four stories of yellow stone, and there were big wings.

There was a Great Hall with marble pilasters three stories high, and off it the various drawing rooms, dining rooms, music rooms and libraries. Shortly after the war the vast Krupp family portraits were still on the walls, somewhat hidden by plywood partitions. The mansion was occupied by a British mission administering the ruined steel and coal empire.

The elevators weren't working and the British lieutenants and cockney secretaries from London were skipping up and down marble staircases, when they

weren't at tea-breaks. On this motley of 400 Britons, the Krupp patriarchs and matriarchs glowered down, not amused.

Alfred Krupp, then in his 40s, was in the bucket with many of his associates for war crimes. His father, husband of the celebrated ma-

plants and square miles of coking coal beds. The main plant was at Essen, but others were scattered across the Rhineand.

In 1946 the Essen plant was flat as a pancake. The allies beholding this vast iron tangle which had so long supplied German militarism, were passionately devoted to keeping it flat.

Alfred Krupp was sentenced to 12 years in prison, but he was paroled in three years on his promise not to rebuild the trust. But he was a steel man, one of the best in the world, and how will you prevent a steel man making steel?

So the Krupp empire was somewhat restored. There was no armament market in Germany, but all the new construction made a lucrative steel market, and the Krupp family firm became a million dollar operation.

The other day there was a news story that a business recession had left the Krupps \$75 million in debt, with creditors pressing. So the Bonn government would bail it out, but the Krupp firm would have to become an ordinary corporation, with a board of directors.

It's a good bet this will not injure the Krupp name, or producing and marketing power. The Krupps have always had two talents—making steel and survival. Why not, if you know more about steel than most steel men?

**WILLIAM HOGAN**

**Study of 'Culture' of Poverty Wins Top Prize**

Oscar Lewis, the University of Illinois Professor of Anthropology, recently won a National Book Award for his illuminating and moving insight into the "culture" of poverty, "La Vida."

This is a collection of first-person biographies of a Puerto Rican mother and her grown children under conditions of poverty in San Juan and New York. The names are invented (the "Rios" family), but the people, who talk out their lives on a tape recorder, are very real.

Lewis thinks of himself as an anthropologist, not as a writer. If his work has literary merit, it is because he had discovered "a great deal of passion and poetry in the language of the poor and because their lives are not dull." Indeed, he added, in spite of suffering and de-

and problems of the poor." Much the same reaction was expressed in Mexico following Lewis' earlier "The Children of Sanchez," a detailed observation of poverty in Mexico. That book created something of a scandal south of the border when Lewis was accused of being anti-Mexican and even subversive.

**Books**

"I dare to say they are less lonely and alienated than some of our middle-class modern men."

Lewis tried to give a voice to the people who are rarely heard, to provide an inside view of a style of life which is common in many deprived and marginal groups in our society, but which is largely unknown, ignored or inaccessible to most middle-class readers.

The author emphasized that "La Vida" has been labeled a dangerous book, violently assailed by some Puerto Rican politicians who "seem more concerned about the Puerto Rican image than about a deeper understanding of the lives

pravity

Lewis has been a field representative in Latin America for the U. S. National Indian Institute; consulting anthropologist for the Ford Foundation in India and the recipient of two Guggenheim Foundation Fellowships, one of which supported his research on "La Vida."

He mentioned he had advised the "Rios" family of the book's prize and recognition in the North American publishing industry, and that they are "delighted."

"They are not here in person," he added, "only because of the need to protect them and maintain their anonymity." (Random House \$10.)

**Quote**

In the 30s I figured it was better to be buying apples on Market Street than selling them.—Post Office controller James F. Lynch, retiring in San Francisco after 47 years.

It would be wonderful to move forward by moving back to No. 2.—Finance Director Gordon P. Smith noting the state ranked No. 1 in per capita taxes.

Real tax relief does not consist of taking money out of one pocket instead of another; it requires significant cuts in government spending. Senator John G. Schmitz (R-Tustin).

**A Letter... To My Son**

By Tom Rische  
 High School Teacher and Youth Worker

Dear Bruce,

As I write, you've fallen asleep on the couch after a busy day of banging pans, bouncing your ball, climbing here and there, and generally making us nervous. As your dad, I wonder what the world will be like in 1986, when you're 21.

I keep reading about something magazines like to call a "generation gap." That means they think today's teenagers and the people of the over-30 generation (that's me and your mom) can't understand each other any more because of the changing times. Styles, fads, and music are different. I read, and today's generation is marching to the music of a different drummer than mine.

But when your dad goes to high school to teach, he finds his students, most of them anyhow, don't wear long hair or mod clothes, and don't spend their spare time rioting on the Sunset Strip. I wonder where magazine writers find these way-out teenagers they like to call "typical."

Your dad has been involved in journalism long enough to know that many writers pick out the weirdos to hail as the "wave of the future." Maybe, if these writers write about the "generation gap" enough, they'll create one. Some kids wonder now if they're not "out of it" because they aren't doing the things that some middle-aged, story-seeking writer says is the latest teenage fad.

I suppose it's normal for teenagers to rebel, and even a bit healthy. I suppose that in a few years, you too will rebel, but I hope that your home life—provided by your mother and me—will be happy enough to keep you from being a rebel without a cause.

Looking forward to the future—I think,  
 Your dad