

Scratch One Ex-Champ

If fighting for his country and for freedom is so repugnant to Cassius Clay, then fighting for mere money must certainly be unspeakable.

This being the case, why is he so sad that the recognized leaders of boxing have stripped his title away and declared the heavyweight championship vacant?

The New York Athletic Commission and the World Boxing Association deserve our thanks for moving so firmly when Clay refused to accept induction into the Army. Now the rest of the sporting world, including California's boxing commission, should make it unanimous.

Clay doesn't want to fight—let's go all the way to help him.

The Car Doesn't Drive

We continue to hear talk of unsafe cars, but not enough talk about unsafe drivers.

Causes of automobile accidents have been put into four categories by one observer on the scene:

1. Discourtesy of the average driver.
2. Ordinary drunks behind the wheel.
3. Disregard of highway speed and warning signs.
4. Speeding drivers, who are sending cars hurtling ahead faster than reasonable.

Think about it when you read of cars going off the roadway at high speed, crashing when one car is trying to pass another, or of cars going the wrong way on one-way streets.

The car doesn't do the driving.

Opinions of Others

Fort Dodge (Iowa) Messenger: "Social Security, like the public debt, is threatening to get entirely out of hand, and for the same reason—the failure of those responsible for policy to practice restraint. In considering President Johnson's request for (an) . . . increase in Social Security benefits, Congress has been brought face to face with a condition about which early advocates of moderation warned—a threatened breakdown of the system because of intolerable payroll exactions."

Harrisonburg (Va.) News-Record: "At last report Singapore wasn't at war with anyone. So it came somewhat as a surprise to learn that the United States was selling Singapore 23,000 automatic rifles of the M-16 type. It wasn't long ago that the Defense Department was busy explaining that the shortage of M-16's in Vietnam was temporary and that replacements soon would reach American troops who were forced to use World War II types."

Mailbox

Editor, Press-Herald
I represent the Los Colinas Garden Club of the Riviera. All the members are home owners and are interested in the club's objective—beautification of the local area. As a club, we have raised money for the planting of trees and shrubs along different streets in the area and in the Los Arboles Park, which is next to the Riviera Elementary School.

Torrance have contributed. We hope to work out something with the city of Torrance and the Edison Co. to have some lighting put in the park.
It is our belief the stealing is done by "sick" adults.
ELLEN HOGAN
Publicity Chairman
Los Colinas Garden Club

Quote

This brings me to the reason for this letter. Recently there has been considerable damage done to this park—trees and shrubs knocked down and trampled, part of which is understandable due to the children playing there.

But, the actual stealing of six pine trees—4 feet tall—(\$6 each) and 32 California holly bushes (\$6 to \$7 each) which were dug out of the ground after planting—real moonlighting!

Also the benches which the city of Torrance placed, and subsequently replaced, were actually ripped out. Although they were bolted to the cement they were also badly mutilated.

Our club is not alone in the planting and beautification of this park. Other organizations and the city of

James W. Halley, chairman, Republican state central committee, on 11th Commandment (speak no ill of another Republican): "The Commandment does not prevent fair and legitimate discussion of issues, facts or of political history. It is directed, however, to name calling, the use of unfair glittering generalities, and to the bash and smash which has so often prevented Republican candidates from winning public office."

Assemblyman Leroy F. Greene, D-Sacramento: "We have well-trained teachers, intelligent students, and the most expensive school programs in the world, yet we place far down in the line of scholastic competition."

Morning Report:

Baseball and politics are made for second guessers. The klutz should have called for a bunt. The appropriation should have been cut in half. The fan, busy with his second hot dog, is a great second-guesser. And the Republicans, as the second most popular party, have the same loud skill.

They are now moving in on the Poverty War after having just about exhausted telling Mr. Johnson how to run the other war over there. Just as baseball fans are not against baseball, so the Republicans are not against the Poverty War. All they want to do is switch managers, move the coaches around, and cut the price of admission.

But the GOP should remember that nobody ever tried to field a team from the bleachers

Abe Mellinkoff

Mixed Marriage



HERB CAEN SAYS:

Man Returns Home, Finds The Blob Has Taken Over

Fun city west: I'm with you, friend. I don't like practical jokes, either—but this one has a certain flair. Happened in the handsome old shingled building on Divisadero St. occupied by Resident Genius Howard Gossage, KRON-TV's Art Finley and Adman Alan Gabriel. While Gabriel was out, Gossage and Finley bought a 21-foot weather balloon at an Army surplus store, shoved it into Gabriel's long, narrow front hallway, and inflated it by means of a reverse-action vacuum cleaner. Worked like a dream: blown up, the balloon filled every inch of the hallway. Late that night, the innocent Gabriel walked into his apartment without turning on the lights, and—ARGGGH! The Blob! It would be an exaggeration to say that his hair turned white on the spot, but only a slight one.

Report from unifink, the computer that rats on computers: The electronic brain in a big store went batty the other day—and out spewed dunning letters to customers whose bills were paid up. Pull the plug, pull the plug! . . . Norman Rockwell's portrait of Bertrand Russell, for the May cover of Ramparts, arrived with this quaint note from the artist. "The picture is a little wet but should be dry by the time it reaches you." Publisher Ed Keating fanned it gently before applying a finger . . . School-teacher Dennis Riggle of Lodi has a four-year-old daughter who announced proudly the other day that

she could now count—and to prove it, she scribbled on a piece of paper: 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10. When Dennis asked where she'd learned THAT, she led him into her room and pointed to the dial on her electric blanket.
As I noted last week, our \$3.4 million-per hour war in Vietnam is running short of soap for the troops, wherefore the University of San Francisco launched a soap drive, its quota being 1000 bars. The drive is already over the top: Jim Hamm, owner of the Villa Roma, donated the entire amount "so that insipid collections need not be held in the future. A country as great and wealthy

A Letter To My Son

By Tom Rische
High School Teacher and Youth Worker

Dear Bruce,
I recently threw out this question to some of my high school students: "What do you think is the most important principle in child rearing that you could give the father of an 18-month-old son?" (That's you, Bruce).

"The biggest thing in being a good parent is being a good example," declared one boy, as the others nodded in agreement. "Too many parents follow the 'do as I say, but not as I do' philosophy."

In thinking about it, I suspect that much of our trouble today comes from child-rearing practices which feature a double standard. Parents tell their children not to smoke or drink, but the parents are swigging and puffing away much of the time. Parents who cheat on their income taxes become furious when they find out that the children are cheating at school. Speeding fathers raise the roof when junior is arrested for a little hot-rodding. And Sunday sleepers are surprised that the kids don't want to go to church alone.

Some friends of ours had a fit when they discovered their little girl was swearing like a trooper among the neighborhood kids. They angrily sought out the culprit who taught her those awful words. Finally, they listened to their own home conversation. The real culprit: Daddy.

I hope your mother and I have good sense enough to practice what we preach. I can see you picking up some of my bad habits and mannerisms, and I notice that many kids are nearly carbon copies of their fathers.

Hoping to be worth copying.
Your dad

AFFAIRS OF STATE

Finch Tie-Breaker Makes Welfare a Public Affair

By HENRY C. MACARTHUR
Capital News Service

SACRAMENTO—Another move in the continuing fight to keep the public records open to the public was made in the state senate when Lieutenant-Governor Robert Finch broke a tie vote, casting an "aye" for a bill which would open records of welfare payments to the public.

It was the first time since the mid-50s that a tie vote occurred in the senate, and although the constitution provides for the lieutenant-governor as presiding officer to vote in the case of a tie, it is not often he has opportunity to exercise this prerogative.

In the assembly, with 80 members, there is no provision for breaking a tie. In the event of an unbreakable 40-40 vote in the lower house, the measure is lost, as 41 votes are needed to pass a bill. This results from the fact the presiding officer of the assembly is an elected member of that body, while the lieutenant-governor is not a senator, but specified in the constitution as its presiding officer with the authority to vote only when a 20-20 vote occurs.

The unusual situation was not as important as the issue

at stake. The bill upon which the tie vote was cast was by Senator John Schmitz, R-Tustin. The question was one of very definite clarity—should the public be allowed to inspect welfare records, or should they continue to be a secret only available to bureaucracy?

Outside of two Democrats,

Sacramento

Senators Hugh M. Burns, D-Fresno, and Lawrence Walsh, D-Los Angeles, all the Democrats voted against allowing the public the right to know. One Republican, Lewis Sherman, R-Oakland, joined with the Democrats in denying the public the right to obtain information concerning a program the public finances through tax money.

There was no equivocation as far as Finch's vote was concerned. It was a forthright declaration on the right of the public to know.

"I voted yes," he said, "because I believe these are public records and should be available to officials. Thirty-one other states have similar laws."

Whether the measure gets through the assembly or not

is a good question at the present time. The lower house has a larger Democratic majority than the senate, and if the Democrats gang up to deny information to the public in that house, the fates of the Schmitz bill is sealed. It will die an ignominious death and another constructive move toward freedom of information will have been defeated.

The obsession the Democrats have for "protecting" the welfare recipient from the public eye is a direct affront to the taxpaying public, which has been financing welfare programs for many years without access to knowledge as to who benefits from the program, and how the welfare funds are being spent.

As a result of this lack of knowledge, there is the opportunity for abuses to run rampant, and under an ultra-liberal administration, there is no question that they do.

Under the Schmitz bill, people legitimately being taken care of with welfare funds need have no fear of recriminations. But those who use public monies for a living when they could be producing members of society at least would be exposed to public view.

ROYCE BRIER

The Pilgrimage to Mecca Is Good Place to Avoid

In the 1930s, if you were a Yankee aboard a P & O liner stopping at Aden for fuel, they would tell you your own Captain Kidd used to hang out there.

Certainly plenty of pirates were around, because early in the last century the British chased them away so they could make Aden a coaling station. This town, at the southern tip of the Arabian peninsula, is as bleak as you'll find on the planet, but a Yankee with a British friend might go ashore to a club and be served fried locusts on toast, provided he wanted to brag about it at home.

Aden is a British protectorate, part of the Federation of South Arabia. This consists of a dozen small sultanates and sheikdoms, and will soon get its independence.

As is usual, when the British concede independence and set a date, the residents revolt. For some weeks

Aden has resounded to the muffled boom of hand grenades and planted bombs, the crack of rifle fire from roofs. The old British army hands think nothing of it, and they are pretty sure the dissidents are not Arabs, but Egyptian agents.

But that may be prejudice, and Aden is only a small

World Affairs

part of a large chaos afflicting the Arabian Peninsula. Just north of the Federation and Aden is Yemen, where a civil war has been going on for some years. The royalists are supported by King Faisal of Saudi Arabia, a very rich man, and the revolutionaries are supported by President Nasser, UAR, a very poor man. Nasser has Egyptian soldiers, numbering some tens of thousands in Yemen, and the land has been riddled with broken truces.

Nasser is thus a declared enemy of Faisal and King Hussein of Jordan. The reason Nasser is comparatively poor is that he has no oil, while Faisal has oceans of it. But several big oil companies have been drilling west of Aden, and there may be a field.

The angle experts say this could account for Nasser's supposed infiltration of agents in the Aden turmoil, but from this distance one wouldn't know. One would only know Arab affairs are not serene at the moment. For instance, this is the season of the hadj, the annual pilgrimage of Moslems to Mecca, a few hundred miles north of Aden. This pilgrimage commemorates the flight of the prophet Mohammed, 622 A.D., and yearly attracts 100,000 from a dozen nations, including Egypt.

Faisal is a sort of guardian of the event, and correspondence to the New York Times says he fears saboteurs will be among the pilgrims this year. But his guardianship gives him no power to check the arriving pilgrims, and he has no security system.

The pilgrimage is thus probably a good place to avoid this year, but don't worry. Non-believers are not admitted to Mecca, or Medina, during the ceremony.

Quote

Senator George Miller Jr., D-Martinez, on one of Governor Ronald Reagan's appointments: "It seems to me if the governor wants to appoint the fox to guard his hen house that is his business."

Governor Ronald Reagan, in vetoing federal grant for anti-poverty program: "There is no reason why the taxpayers should be forced to pay for a program in which people are trained in methods of striking and demonstrating."

Assemblyman Newton R. Russell, R-Tujunga, on bill providing a six-month driver's license suspension for student attacking teacher: "The automobile is such a status symbol that the loss of driving privileges could be a powerful lesson to the student convicted of an assault upon a teacher."

WILLIAM HOGAN

Lord Russell Alien to Victorian Aristocrats

By tradition Bertrand Russell was an aristocrat, but he hated the cruelty, the caste insolence and narrow-mindedness of aristocrats in the Victorian period. As a result he was regarded with suspicion by fellow aristocrats because he was alien.

The controversial mathematician, philosopher, humanitarian and winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature (1950) has, it almost seems, lived forever. He was born in 1872; orphaned at an early age, raised by a marvelously Victorian upper-crust grandmother who had close personal knowledge of politics since 1830. Lord Russell developed an enormous range of interests (and prejudices, too) in the years before the first World War.

This in spite of vast depression and unhappiness which, as a youth, frequently caused him to contemplate suicide: "I did not, however, commit suicide because I wished to know more of mathematics . . ."

"The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell," from Little, Brown (\$7.95) is a remarkable, frank, delight-

ful account of the old gentleman's years to 1914; his emotional frustrations; the intellectual excitement he found at Cambridge and in his philosophy, his first marriage and love affairs after its breakup. Lord Russell wrote many of his memoirs a decade or more ago, and has allowed them to be published now only because all

that prison is a place for punishment."

The Victorian atmosphere abounds in these pages; his religious doubts in that stuffy period, or the suspicion that the history of insanity in his and his prospective bride's families made birth control in their union imperative. "Birth control in those days," he notes wryly, "was viewed with the sort of horror which it inspires only in Roman Catholics."

The letters Lord Russell includes in this book are uneven, sometimes dull—but there they are, to and from Joseph Conrad, G. B. Shaw, Rabindranath Tagore, Santayana, Bernard Berenson, and anecdotes that involve personalities from Robert Browning to T. S. Eliot.

Lord Russell has recreated an age in this book, but even more interesting is the tracing of his intellectual development. He remains one of the great and towering personalities that are still around in this depressing new world. I hope he has put down a record of his years since 1914 as well.

Books

the principals, like Victoria's Empire, have long since passed.

The story is told with style, wit, sophistication and thrown-away humor: On an American tour in 1898, for example, he was impressed by what an innocent country it was: "Numbers of men asked me to explain what it was that Oscar Wilde (then in prison) had done." Again: He reread his friend Lytton Strachey's "Eminent Victorians" ("hilariously funny") in prison where he was housed as a pacifist during the 1914-18 war. "It caused me to laugh so loud that the officer came round to call, saying I must remember