

Unruh Memo Seeks to Enforce Gigantic News Gag

By HENRY C. MACARTHUR
SACRAMENTO — (CNS) — A strange and almost unbelievable memorandum was sent to all members of the assembly Democratic caucus, their secretaries and staff recently by Jess Unruh, assembly Democratic leader, and George Zenovich, assembly Democratic caucus chairman.

The memo had to do with the Associated Press strike, which caused a picket line to be formed on the second floor of the Capitol, where the AP offices are located. It followed action of the Democratic caucus in voting to support the strike.

"Please inform your secretaries and staff members not to cross that picket line for any purpose whatsoever," the memo read, "nor should press releases be sent to the Associated Press."

"Members should not conduct news interviews with persons representing the Associated Press until the strike has been settled."

It is difficult to believe that nearly half of the representatives of the people of the state of California, numbering some 20 million, should take an action which in effect, denies the people of the "right to know."

In other words, the only source of information a good many newspapers and radio stations through the state have from the Capitol is the Associated Press. Thus, to deny these media public information from duly elected representatives of the people constitutes an act which is tantamount to the fostering of secrecy in government, and discrimination against the many newspapers, radio, and television stations served by AP.

The issues involved in the strike are issues between the striking employees and the management of the Associated Press, and are no concern of legislators elected by the people to represent the people, and keep their constituents advised of what they are doing in Sacramento to further the welfare of the people.

And it would appear that because of differences within that worldwide organization, that portion of the public in California which depends on its information from the seat of government is to be bluntly denied this information from a Democratic faction which places its responsibility to the people beneath a desire to assist in consummating the demands of a small group.

Your Right to Know
is the Key to All Your Liberties

Comment and Opinion

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Cloudy Waters

It is setting a dangerous precedent when public officials assume the prerogative of seeking to control by criticism or innuendo what a citizen or an editor should write or print.

We see this method used in the U.S. quite frequently, but so far it has not passed the stage of dirty politics used by candidates for office, or public officials seeking notoriety. It reminds one of the practice of the devilfish that can squirt out black liquid in order to cloud the water and hide his own ulterior motives.

Unopposed, this official desire to censor or control free speech and press grows, because freedom of expression is the one thing that political opportunists fear most. Without freedom of expression there is no freedom for the individual.

Nearly 11,000 country weekly and smaller daily papers scattered throughout the 50 states of this nation are one of the greatest guarantees of freedom U.S. citizens enjoy. Most of these newspapers are locally-owned, and they are edited by individuals dedicated to fair and accurate news reporting and the expression of ideas in which they believe. They are not susceptible to being told what to do. They make their own decisions.

Whenever an editor sees political attempts to impugn his motives, he can be almost sure that the critics seeks to control expression. That is why U.S. public officials must not be allowed to forget they are all public servants, not the public's masters. When they try to muzzle an editor, they have something to hide.

Vanishing Bumpers

A letter writer in a downstate (New York) newspaper asks a timely question — especially timely in terms of the current congressional inquiries into the auto repair business and the high cost of automobile insurance. Why is it, he wants to know, that no evident consideration is being given the disappearance of car bumpers as protectors?

"There was a time," he writes, "when a car could make light contact with another car or with the side of a garage without any damage. This was because the car bumpers projected fore and aft and around to the side and bore the brunt of such contact. Now the bumper has degenerated so that it serves the same function as the buttons on a man's coat sleeve. If a modern car touches anything else, it results in broken headlights, broken taillights, torn-off door handles, and crumpled tin."

While emphasis upon souped-up horse power undoubtedly is still the main factor in accident damage, there is just enough truth in the point about vanishing bumpers—and the relationship of this design change to the soaring repair bills and insurance rates — to offer a tip to those Detroit styling geniuses. — *Buffalo Evening News.*

Other Opinions

If money could talk, it would ask, "What Happened?"—James H. Russell in the *Belton (Tex.) Journal.*

Corvallis, Ore., *Gazette-Times*: "A decade or so ago, a strike by teachers would have been almost inconceivable. It was something that just wasn't done. Dedication to their profession and a deep sense of the importance of their task kept teachers on the job. They were neither resigned nor unprotesting, but sought the support of school administration, school board and taxpaying citizens in efforts to upgrade education and make teaching an attractive lifetime career."

When government planners in Washington consider the quandary in which they find themselves after spending programs fail to accomplish the desired ends, they ask for more of the same. There's never a thought expressed among the bureaucrats that perhaps a mistake was made and it might be well to reconsider whether there is any value in the program.—*Odessa (Tex.) American.*

Don't Think of This As 'Dropping'



ROYCE BRIER

Today's Militants Urged To Heed Lessons of Past

Early in the 1850s, several hundred Southerners were talking secession. They included Congressmen, governors, eloquent politicians and wealthy, slaveholding planters.

Each had a following, but altogether they could not at the time muster a large segment of the Southern people. They were violent, angry and intelligent, and Uncle Tom's Cabin, just published, gave them ammunition. They were convinced of a creeping Northern tyranny, for which there was only one answer.

These men did not conceive of armed rebellion, but a physically peaceable, if snarling, separation. They were contemptuous of the Northern commercial civilization, and doubted the North would fight when the chips were down.

This nucleus of secessionists grew to an immense revolutionary movement before the decade was out. Infuriated by Northern intransigence, it swept up virtually all the social, cultural, religious and political leaders south of Mason and Dixon. It still believed the North would not fight to retain the departing states, but if it did, it would be ignominiously whipped.

This judgment was founded on factors obvious to the secession leaders.

The North was more populous and richer, but it lacked Southern cohesion, and above all, fire. The North's cause was unjust, a manifestly evil oppression.

Niceness never won a football game. You're damned unfair when you're nice to people. I can't get sold on nice people. On fair people, yes, but not nice people.—Ohio coach Woody Hayes.

Europe would perceive this, and intervene for Southern independence.

There were a million young men to defend Southern homes. Southerners lived on self-sufficient farms. The hard work of war would be done by slaves, freeing the soldiers. So the war came, as Mr. Lincoln said, and it didn't work out.

Opinions on Affairs of the World

that way. Even truncated, the United States was too strong and resolute. Already, a century ago, it was the most stable and enduring governed community ever devised by men.

So take the case of Stokely Carmichael, perhaps the foremost Negro revolutionary of our day. In every American city he has a score of counterparts, and all have the same story, the same sentences.

In Atlanta, Mr. Carmichael said, "We are for revolution and violence. Yes, I mean kill."

Whatever it takes to get our liberation. You get power with guns. When you gain power you redistribute the wealth. If a white sympathizer fights with you, you share the spoils."

Let us mention Mr. Carmichael with Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee. Mr. Davis was a man of great stature. He had commanded the fealty of his whole people. General Lee had the guns, such guns as Mr. Carmichael will never see.

Scores of Confederates had the stature of Davis, a few the military prowess of Lee. Six hundred thousand Americans died in the struggle with these gifted and dedicated men.

Against this background, the howling absurdity of Mr. Carmichael's threats are plain. Not a twentieth of his own race believes in his solution. One day there will be a solution, because it is obligatory on us black and white. But it won't be by the phantom guns of Stokely Carmichael and his faithful.

Morning Report

By all odds, the biggest issue dividing the country these days is not race, black against white, not wealth, rich against poor, not politics, Democrats against Republicans, but rather hair — long against short.

The issue was put very clearly by Dr. Thomas Paine, short sideburns and light trim on the sides, please, and the big brain at the head of the Space Agency. He viewed the voyage to the moon as a "triumph . . . of the guys with crew cuts and slide rules."

Of slide rules, I know very little. But the cut of what grows outside the head seems no matter. Thus, I must admit, that Albert Einstein, with his wild hair around his ears and over his collar, did more to end World War II with his formula for an A-Bomb than even I did, neat as a pin and hair as short as a fox terrier.

Abe Mellinkoff

HERB CAEN SAYS:

George Babbitt's Rotary Speech Given a New Life

Lewis Lives: Prof. Mark Schorer of UC Berkeley, the official biographer of Sinclair Lewis, has a friend — an instructor at San Diego State — who wrote a long letter to a right-wing paper in the area (are there any other kind?) complaining about "long-haired professors and irresponsible teachers" creating havoc on State college campuses. The paper ran the letter under the headline, "Irresponsible Professors Constitute Menace," never tumbling to the fact that it was a verbatim excerpt from the speech made by George F. Babbitt to the Zenith Real Estate Board in Sinclair Lewis' novel "Babbitt," written in 1922. The instructor, who signed the letter "Lewis Sinclair," with his home address, received several letters from San Diegans applauding his fearless stand — and an invitation to join the John Birch Society.

Quarulous Journey: United's 6:15 p.m. flight from L.A. to S.F. the other evening was delightfully piquant, reports Atty. Jim Robertson, who was aboard. No sooner had the jetliner taxied out to the runway than the pilot came storming out to say to a male passenger: "If you want to fly United, you'd better be NICE to our stewardesses." The plane thereupon returned to the terminal where the offending passenger — protesting "I didn't do nuttin'" — was hustled off the plane (say, what DID he do?) . . . When they were finally aloft, Robertson felt something creepy-crawly around his ankles. Looking down, he spied — yiii! a brown-and-white snake, about three feet long. As he was about to yell for the stewardess, the woman across the aisle leaned over, snatched up the snake, said to it "Now you get back where you belong, you naughty thing" — and stuffed it into her cleavage. . . . I knew United would get in trouble with that "Take Me Along" campaign of theirs.

The Shadow Knows: Marla Bringham and Margaret Kendrick of Berkeley were at S.F. Zoo the other day and saw the whole scene. A keeper, carrying two bananas, walked into the gibbons' cage. He broke one banana in half and handed

Report from Our Man in San Francisco

the pieces to the two gibbons. Then, seating himself in a corner of the cage, he peeled the other banana and began munching pensively away.

La Triviata: Pvt. Eye Alain Gilstein points out that a current magazine's list of "the most eligible bachelors in the U.S." is a boot to those in the know, since so many of them would be (and are happier with each other than with an eligible female. Is that catty?)

Confusion and Change: That's all there is of permanence these days in what was formerly Baghdad-by-the-Bay. You look around the skyline and see buildings you'd swear weren't there the day before. The great, strange-looking Cathedral is growing on Geary Parkway — Parkway? — surrounded by concrete cylinders, stalagmites and filling cabinets for numberless numbered people.

The Roving Eye: Where once stood the old Hall of Justice, a building that looked as indestructible as Alcatraz, there now gapes a mighty hole, mirroring the gaping mouths of the sidewalk superintendents, the busiest unbusy people in The New San Francisco. So much destruction to contemplate! On that site for sore memories, a hotel will soon rise, sprouting a bridge across Kearny Street to Portsmouth Square, once a soft, green park that is now the roof of a garage, hard and "modern." Robert Louis Stevenson used to sit there, but if he were alive today, he'd be dead from the

carbon monoxide; he did have a lung problem.

A standing ovation for Dr. Jonas Salk, medicine's forgotten man. In 1954, the worst year, California had 2,029 cases of paralytic polio, 116 of them fatal. THIS year, five cases, no deaths! Did you ever think the time would come when we'd have more leprosy (37 cases) than polio in a given year? . . . Name change of the season: Dr. Richard Alpert, the former Harvard psychologist and Stanford author, is now Baba Ram Dass of the Universalist Church, and on a lecture tour. Baba Ram Dass. Well, it's catchy . . . Hey, all you grippers, how about a cheer for the Post Office guys who did such a fantastic job during the holiday season? And that goes for the hippie GIRL postmen, too. What a darlin' one on Pacific Ave., trudging barefoot in the rain, her hair streaming out from beneath her gray postman's cap. Smack-smack . . .

Class all the way: Gower Champion, the noted Broadway y-H'wood director who came here to direct "Flea in Her Ear" for ACT, accepted a miniscule (for him) salary of \$2,500 for his two months' work. Shortly after he left town, a \$2,500 contribution to ACT arrived from L.A. with a note reading "From an anonymous donor" — but you'll need only one guess . . . And how did he like his stay in San Francisco? Gower: "Well, all I saw of the city was the two blocks between the Gaylord Hotel and the Geary Theater — but it was great. This is the only place I've been in the last five years where nobody stops me and says 'May I have your autograph, Mr. Culp?' . . . Along with returning his fee, the Champion gave the company a Christmas present: He bought full-page ads in the New York Times and two trade papers, announcing ACT's complete season.

WILLIAM HOGAN

'Instant Printing' Tried In New Suspense Thriller

Harper & Row has just published a suspense novel by Andrew Garve, "The Long Short Cut," which was set and composed by the new RCA Cathode-ray tube Videocomp and computer. This is an unusual first in modern publishing, and Albert Sperisen tells us about it in the Quarterly News-Letter of The Book Club of California.

"The book was produced by The Haddon Craftsmen of Scranton, Pa. This RCA wonder was primarily developed for setting lists, such as telephone directories, and this present use was its first in book production. The typeface is 10-point Videocomp Janson, and it took less than ten seconds from the time the first punched tape was fed into the computer until the first page was produced. Continuous pages were produced in less than ten-second intervals. The machine is capable of speeds up to 600 characters a second. (The fastest book type composition by any earlier method is about ten characters a second.)

Foreign correspondent Nino LoBello is the author of "The Vatican Empire," a graphic investigation of high Vatican finances which Trident Press will publish this week. Apparently the Vatican's international financial structure, a power stronger than many governments, owns about one-third of Rome and is involved in almost every type of enterprise from real estate, hotels, credit institutions, plastics to airlines and chemicals.

production. Since this was a purely experimental project, comparative costs have yet to be established."

But if you think this is something, Sperisen escorts us even further into the brave new world: R. R. Donnelly & Sons of Chicago announce that their

Browsing Through the World of Books

Cathodetube computer will "set 1,000 to 4,000 characters a second," and that will wear out the world's book reviewers in about a week and a half.

Whatever happened to Joey Adams? He has been compiling a thick, corny "Encyclopedia of Humor" (Bobbs-Merrill: \$7.95) of which this entry seems typical: "The Chinese settle all their debts on New Year's Day! 'Yeah, but they don't have a Christmas the week before.'"

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