

# Added Woes Forecast for Property Tax Relief

By HENRY C. MacARTHUR  
SACRAMENTO — (CNS) — It will be more than surprising if the state legislature and the administration of Governor Ronald Reagan doesn't run into more trouble than it cares to contemplate when the knotty problem of "property tax relief" comes up again this year.

For the property owners of California are slowly beginning to wake up to the fact that the so-called relief they voted in 1968 by amending the constitution of the state consists of

little more than delusion, and might be called chicanery in the attempt to offer relief in a situation where no relief exists at all.

For instance, in Sacramento, almost the entire amount of relief, \$70 for last year, is wiped out by an increase in the tax rate this year, and the property owners have not as yet even started receiving the rebate.

In neighboring Yolo County, the assessor has sent out notices of new assessments, raising cash values of property with

consequent increases in assessed values of new assessments, raising nearly three times the amount on which the taxpayers paid last year.

State Senator John G. Schmitz, R-Tustin, is one legislator who recognizes the ridiculous attempts to convince the people of the state they are going to get some benefits from tax relief.

"Politics and politicians," he says, "are unfortunately well-known for glaring inconsistency. 'Never has there been a more

striking example than the game of political musical chairs now being played in the debate over Governor Reagan's proposed budget and tax cut."

Schmitz says it is true that \$422 million of tax increase dollars has been distributed to counties in the name of "property tax relief," but,

"There is nothing to keep county supervisors from raising local taxes so as to wipe out any saving to the taxpayer.

"Exactly this has happened in

a number of counties already, and may be expected in others."

If Schmitz has predicted that this situation would occur in all other counties, he might not have been far wrong, as avicious county governments without any curbs under the constitution apparently are doing nothing but circumventing the original intent of "tax relief" by the simple process of emptying one pocket while the state partially stuffs the other with a slight amount of consolation money.

All of which boils down through the intricate maze of government financing at all levels to the fact that the people who pay the bill can expect nothing except bigger bills in the future, in the absence of any over-all control of the hundreds of taxing agencies throughout the state, including the state itself, the cities, the counties, the school districts, and all of the special districts which have virtually unlimited authority to tax without end.

As has been stated many times in this column, no meaningful tax reductions can be accomplished without decreases in spending. And with state spending up to more than \$6 billion next year, as well as prospective corresponding increases in local government spending, there is little chance that the taxpayer is going to be able to veer away from the state of bankruptcy to which the multi-ferous taxing agencies are driving him.

Your Right to Know  
Is the Key to All Your Liberties

## Comment and Opinion

C-2 PRESS-HERALD WEDNESDAY, FEB. 26, 1969

### Happy Birthday

The new city of Carson celebrated its first birthday Saturday and by any measurement, it was a bang-up affair.

The celebration marking the first anniversary of Carson, like such events should, reflected the pride of the citizens in their new city, and served to show that the city has a healthy pool of talented citizens who are not afraid to pitch in and work for the community.

To those who sat on the sideline and watched the parade and party, it was a memorable event, one which will rank high in the minds of many who were there.

Those residents of the city who have worked to make Carson's first year a year of progress can be proud of their efforts. Many giant steps have been taken in the direction of knitting the city's areas into single community. The city government is organized and functioning well, and most of us — residents and neighbors — are proud of the accomplishment of the first year.

The Carson First Anniversary Committee which put together Saturday's celebration deserves a round of community applause. The weatherman deserves a hand, too, for being unusually nice to the community on Saturday.

Our hat is off to Carson, the area's newest city. We join in the salute for its first birthday.

### Junior Achievement

Southwest area businessmen are observing, with more than mild interest, the year-long celebration of Junior Achievement's 50th anniversary this year.

In Junior Achievement, young people from public and parochial high schools form and operate their own miniature corporations as a part-time evening activity learning through actual experience the risks and rewards of the competitive business world.

The Junior Achievement Creed speaks for itself: "I do not choose to be a common man. It is my right to be uncommon—if I can. I seek opportunity—not security. I do not wish to be a kept citizen, humbled and dulled by having the state look after me.

"I want to take the calculated risk; to dream and to build, to fail and to succeed. I refuse to barter incentive for a dole. I prefer the challenges of life to the guaranteed existence; the thrill of fulfillment to the stale calm of utopia.

"I will not trade freedom for beneficence nor my dignity for a handout. I will never cower before any master nor bend to any threat. It is my heritage to stand erect, proud and unafraid; to think and act for myself, enjoy the benefit of my creations and to face the world boldly and say, this I have done.

"All this is what it means to be an American." As long as the youth of this nation set such high and commendable goals, the hippies, the yuppies and the raffra that clutter our streets today will not prevail—for they have no goals.

We commend the 4,500 southern California Junior Achievers on their choice.

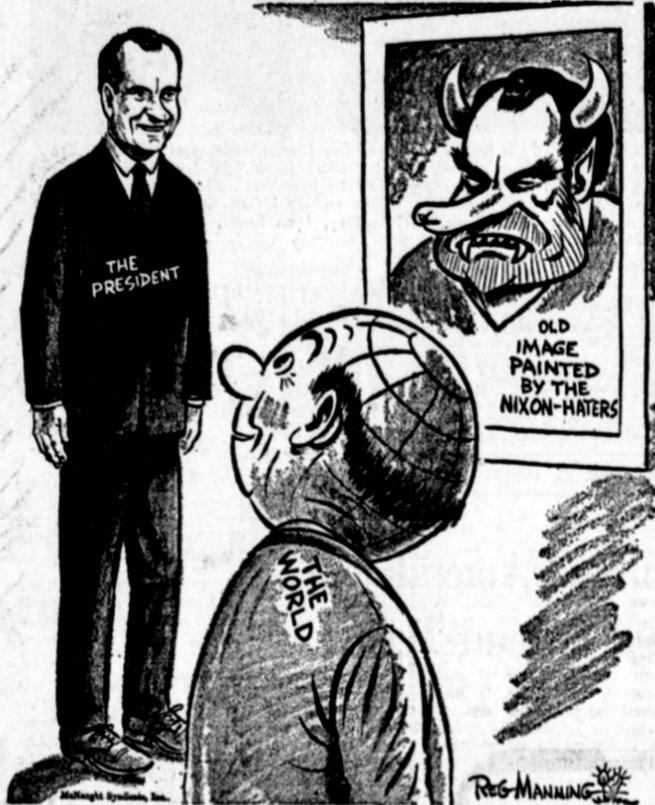
### Who's Sick?

For those of us who have been walking around shaking our heads sadly for the past few years wondering just how to say what we were feeling, an observation by a former Inglewood chief of police, Robert Collins, may ring the bell.

Collins, after hearing a report on the current crime situation by the present chief, William Kennedy, agreed that the crime problem has "not changed much."

"The only difference," Collins said, "in those days it wasn't society that was 'sick,' it was the criminal."

I Like You Better in Real Life



### SACRAMENTO REPORT

## New Bill Would Ban All Cigarette Ads in State

By RALPH C. DILLS  
Senator, 32nd District

If one of my colleagues has his way, cigarette advertising in virtually all its forms would be banned throughout the state of California.

In effect, the newly introduced measure would make it a misdemeanor to advertise cigarettes, cigars, or related tobacco products by any means, specifically including newspapers, television, radio and billboards.

The proposal follows closely on the heels of a furor in the Nation's capitol to ban cigarette advertising on radio and television through an edict of the federal communications commission.

My colleague said he has a legislative counsel's opinion that his proposed measure would be constitutional and

would probably not conflict with federal law.

He noted that the courts view very broadly state laws which are intended to protect the public health. Several recent cases have upheld the states' right to restrict advertising, even on television, if it is shown that the restriction is to protect the public welfare in its various facets.

He went on to stress that the proposal includes no restriction on smoking, and that if a person wants to smoke that is his business. But the author is outspoken in his philosophy for introducing the measure: "The argument for such a bill is clear," he said. "Cigarettes kill people; it is wrong to encourage people to kill themselves; and cigarette smoking should therefore be banned."

The author emphasized his

concern over the impact of cigarette advertising on young people. He noted that state law requires the hazards of cigarette smoking to be taught in our schools, but in his opinion "we are throwing away our school tax money when our children are daily exposed to cigarette propaganda."

The federal trade commission reports that the average youngster watches more hours of cigarette-sponsored television advertising than the average adult. Facts show that 4,000 children start smoking every day, or nearly a million and a half a year.

While the proposal may be acceptable from a constitutional and public health viewpoint, it will certainly raise serious logistical problems if passed by the state legislature.

Its opponents will undoubtedly state that while it may be good and proper to ban all tobacco advertising through the mass media, one must consider the vast majority of our printed and electronic pastimes are originated in other states, where no such ban exists.

The opponents will also, most surely, point to the millions of dollars in revenue lost by broadcasting and publishing firms if the ban is put into effect in California. What would be involved would be the literal "censoring" of specific commercial messages in national publications and on nationally broadcast radio and television in order that the offending message not reach the eyes and ears of the California public.



HERB CAEN SAYS:

## Oppornokity Tunes Only Once, Clyde Tells Herb

Jack Abad, serious student of columns, thinks our PPI (puns-per-item) average is slipping, "and since the PPI is the columnists' ERA please do something" . . . Okay, you heard about Herman Oppornokity, the famous piano tuner? When he was asked to tune a piano the second time, he refused, pointing out that "Oppornokity tunes but once" (don't blame me, blame Clyde Brehm) . . . You heard about the hissing Frenchman who offered Henry Fonda a drink? Henry refused, pleading a weak heart, whereupon the Frenchman lisped: "Absinthe makes the heart grow, Fonda" (John A. C. Bingham is responsible) . . . To a professor who was slow in reaching for the luncheon check at Foothill College, Ruth Durst inquired: "Suffering from a reach impediment?" . . . And there's our friend Jacob, who's in Cowell Hosp. in Berkeley, suffering from mononucleosis. "But it could be worse," he philosophizes. "Suppose I had it in stereo?"

Today's record-straightener is Robert Ornduff of Berkeley, who chides me, as well as certain movie producers, for perpetuating "the unfortunate untruth" that Alice B. Tolkas made pot brownies (this was the gimmick in the film "I Love You, Alice B. Tolkas," and there has been a considerable brownie boom ever since) . . . Ornduff points out, accurately, that the recipe in

Miss Tolkas' famous cookbook was for "haschich (sic) fudge," which, she added, "anyone could whip up on a rainy day." However, I would question whether it's fudge at all, the ingredients being peppercorns, nutmeg, cinnamon, coriander, stoned dates — was

Report from Our Man  
in San Francisco

Miss Tolkas baking a joke here? — figs, almonds, peanuts, sugar, butter "and pulverized Cannabis sativa." Warned Miss Tolkas: "Should be eaten with care. Two pieces are quite sufficient!" . . . Anyway, whatever they are, I guess they're not brownies, so wipe that great big Brownie smile off your face.

There's no reason you should remember Herb Wilson, but he was fairly memorable as criminals go, and as criminals go, he went all the way. An ordained preacher in the 1920's, he one day turned in his Bible on a gun and went on a great spree of bullet-spraying banditry — ending up in San Quentin for a long stretch, part of it on Death Row . . . When he was released, he moved to Canada, where he wrote two books — "I Stole \$16 Million Dollars" and "Rogues, All of Us" — and was busily writing a third when he died a short time back. Last month, Dr. Leo Stanley of Fairfax, San Quentin's famed "Prison doc" for

decades, rec'd a letter from Wilson's widow, reading in part: "You and San Quentin were very close to his heart. He told me long before he died that he wanted his ashes scattered in the front flower garden at San Quentin. Is this possible?" . . . Doc Stanley wrote back "Sorry, it's against the law." Too bad. Herb Wilson would have enjoyed disappearing the way he lived: illegally.

Or, more things and types we can do without:

Pedestrians who stand off the curb as though daring motorists to hit them (don't push me too far!)

Bassoon concertos. This familiar quote in "celebrity" interviews: "I don't need artificial stimulants. No alcohol, no narcotics. I am sufficiently stimulated by LIFE." (Breccccech.)

People who say "Have a nice weekend" as early as Wednesday. People who say it on any day.

"Colorful" little restaurants whose restrooms can only be reached via the kitchen. "Smart" little restaurants whose music is provided by a radio tuned to a very straight AM station, commercials and all.

"These demands are non-negotiable." (Yeah? Then accept the consequences for your bull-headedness.)

Police who call you "Sir" with the kind of inflection that turns it into an insult.

### THE MONEY TREE

## The Dry Martini Powers Sizzling Gin Blast-Off

By MILTON MOSKOWITZ

What's the most popular cocktail in the United States? You guessed it—the martini.

One of the most potent brews ever concocted by man, the martini has a legend all of its own, and part of that legend is that no two people ever agree on how it's made.

Some take it with an olive; others with a twist of lemon. Pearl onions make it a Gibson. Bartenders usually shake it, causing pain to martini esthetes who claim it should be only stirred gently. Temperature is important—the colder the better; there are those who store it in the refrigerator for hours in advance of serving.

The point many martini lovers insist on vehemently is that it be "dry." What does this mean? Simply that the proportion of gin to vermouth be very high.

This proportion has been going up steadily since World War II days, a trend not altogether displeasing to gin distillers. Previously, three parts gin to one part vermouth made an acceptable martini. Today, anything goes. The martini cocktails marketed by Heublein are bottled now in the lethal proportion of 11-to-1. There are vermouth atomizers for martini zealots. And the sock-it-to-me martini is advertised by one of the English imported gins, Bombay, as follows:

"For a superb martini, take four parts Bombay gin. And one part Bombay vermouth. For a perfect martini, omit step two."

Gin, which is basically distilled alcohol flavored with juniper berries, was invented in Holland in the 17th century, and the martini was invented in San Francisco in the latter part of the last century. In between, there was the development of what's called "London gin," which tasted drier — really less sweet — than the Dutch original because of redistillation.

To this day, the term, "London dry gin," has a cachet in this market, and that's why it appears on so many bottles, even on those originating in the U.S. The fact is that a London dry gin doesn't have to be made in England. Notwithstanding this fact, that's what a lot of the shouting is about these days in the martini business.

The largest selling brand of gin in the American market is Gordon's—it accounts for about one out of every five bottles sold—and it has a pure English lineage, belonging to the giant Distillers Company of Britain. Gordon's advertising always harks back to its British ancestry. But the gin is distilled (and redistilled) in Linden, New Jersey.

There's more need today than ever before to stand on this English platform because gins imported from the mother country are now pouring into the country. Despite the premium price they carry, imported English gins have gone from sales of 45,000 cases in 1950 to more than one million cases last year. They now take down 10 per cent of the U.S. gin market, and their sales are expected to grow because

tariffs on imported gin are being sharply reduced.

More than 25 imported brands are being sold here now — Tanqueray, Bengal and Boodles are some of the exotic names—but the leader by a sensational margin is Beefeater, marketed by Kobrand Ltd. Selling for \$1.50 more than Gordon's and other brands, Beefeater has become such a rage among martini drinkers that it sold 900,000 cases last year, making it the No. 5 brand in the country behind Gordon's, Gilbey's, Fleischmann and Seagram.

Beefeater modestly calls itself the "first name for the martini," and its current advertising makes the most of its British origin. The magazine ads claim there's quite a difference between a gin distilled in London and the ones that "come from Cincinnati, Peoria or even Linden, New Jersey." Gordon's, as we mentioned earlier, is distilled in Linden; Gilbey's comes from Cincinnati; and Hiram Walker's gin comes from Peoria.

What the gin sellers are battling over is a rising market, powered by the martini. In 1950, we downed 5.7 million cases of gin; last year we emptied 12.3 million cases.

This gain was made in the face of the increasing popularity of vodka, which came out of nowhere 15 years ago and which, last year for the first time, outsold gin. It's just that we're drinking more of the stuff. Particularly martinis. Especially extra-dry martinis. Made with London dry gin.

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