

# Press-Herald

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Wednesday, April 28, 1965

## No Big Brother Needed

During the course of its biennial sessions, the California Legislature receives and supposedly considers hundreds and hundreds of bills. Out of the mish-mash that hits the legislative hopper, however, it is safe to say that many of them approach the ridiculous.

One, A.B. 1177, comes readily to mind. It would make the wearing of a helmet mandatory for motorcycle riders in the state, and would put the state in the business of selecting the helmet each bike rider would be required to wear.

While this most certainly could be considered a germane issue if only the motorcycle riders employed by the state were involved, the bill is all-inclusive.

We think it probably is a good idea for motorcycle riders to wear helmets. But as long as it's their own noggins that are in jeopardy, they should be able to decide on their own whether they want it helmeted and how. It's our observation that most riders do wear helmets.

The dangers here are easily projected from this paternalistic concern for the motorcycle rider: If he can be forced to wear a state approved helmet why not auto drivers, bicycle riders, roller skaters, or passengers on trains, planes, buses and trolleys?

Such legislative proposals open doors to ever increasing restrictions on freedom of action, restrictions which are neither desirable nor necessary.

This and other such bills deserve quick disposal in the Legislature. We are sure our representatives can find better matters to occupy their talents.

## Opinions of Others

"At a time when the federal government is spending some \$13 million to retrain 2000 teen-agers at one Job Corps Center. . . . The first Amigos Anonymous group was sent into the slums of Mexico four years ago. . . . Last summer 175 students went from the west coast into six small, isolated villages of Mexico. They travel south at their own expense, live with the Mexican families, operate without fanfare or fancy budgets. Their mission is simple: Do one thing to improve the lot of the village; provide the young people with new hope for the future. . . . Perhaps the press ought to print more about college-oriented groups like Amigos Anonymous. . . . There are just one heck of a lot of young Americans who place the Sermon on the Mount above that delivered from atop some soap box by a bearded minstrel."—Pleasanton (Calif.) Times.

"Page 28 of the U.S. Treasury's booklet, 'Your Federal Income Tax,' states: 'Embezzled funds are income to the embezzler in the year the funds are misappropriated.' These whom it may concern, take notice. Honesty is the best policy when dealing with the Internal Revenue Service."—Selma (Ala.) Times-Journal.

"A feature of Social Security and pending Medicare that is not explained to the elderly is that the aged person who is required to employ help in the home must pay these Social Security taxes to the person employed and this is true even if the aged person has no income whatsoever. Under Social Security many thousands of persons past 70 years of age and with little or no income are being taxed by the federal government simply because they are physically incapable of doing the housework and must have help."—Sebeka (Minn.) Review.

"Since the formation of the first community, public disinterest has been a problem in society. Where does it begin? It begins with YOU. A society is as apathetic as the individuals in it. But, you say, what can I do? You can do much to change the course of the world. If you don't believe in the power of the individual think of Louis Pasteur, Albert Schweitzer, Aristotle, Martin Luther King and Mahatma Gandhi."—Brighton (Mich.) Argus.

"In 1955, Durland L. Wallace overplanted the 35-acre wheat allotment on his 157-acre farm on the high, wind-swept plains of northern Kansas. Because of his abundant harvest, he was unable to receive a federal loan and further prohibited from selling any of the crop. . . . So, in defiance of U.S. Department of Agriculture regulations, Wallace put his bountiful harvest to use as feed and seed, sold some to neighbors, and traded more locally for corn. Suit was brought against Wallace in the U.S. District Court in Topeka and in March, 1958, he was fined \$795.53. Wallace declined to pay. . . . The years went by and interest on the fine accumulated. . . . Last January . . . Wallace paid the original fine plus some costs and redeemed his farm. . . . Perhaps he finally realized the facts of life in these United States that a farmer may not farm his own land without the government telling him what to do and that, in truth, few people really care."—Denver (Colo.) Record Stockman.

"There is a proposal to levy a tax on advertising. Tax advertising? Well, it couldn't possibly be that simple. . . . All advertising? Of course not. State government and its subdivisions would be exempt because any advertising done by governmental units would be in the nature of conveying information to the public, and therefore exempt. A sacred principle of our republic is the unrestricted freedom of speech, religion and press. In truth, legitimate advertising gives vent to all these freedoms."—Lisbon (N.C.) Gazette.



ROYCE BRIER

## Rights of Accused Grow Through Court Findings

In England, from the Henrys to the abdication of James II, you could be held in the Tower for years without charge, and without knowing who your accusers were.

The charge was often plotting against the Crown, and most of those seized and ultimately executed were guilty, but not all of them were. The English Bill of Rights, 1689, and related statutes did away with most of these tyrannical practices, and by 1750 the American colonial charters contained the bulk of these rights and protections.

So our Bill of Rights, the first ten amendments to the Constitution, also contained them, and they number about 26. They were declared in force in December, 1791. The Fifth and Sixth Amendments deal with the rights of those accused of crime, and they have shaped administration of justice in our courts ever since.

Art. VI enumerates six WILLIAM HOGAN

## New Vonnegut Satire Has Attracted Strong Allies

Sample Vonnegut: "One of the characters asked a death stewardess if he would go to Heaven, and she told him that of course he would. He asked if he would see God, and she said, 'Certainly, honey.' And he said, 'I sure hope so. I want to ask Him something I was never able to find out down here.' 'What's that?' she said, strapping him in. 'What in hell are people FOR?'"

Like Joseph Heller

### Quote

I am devoutly thankful I was not born recently to have to spend my life in such a world as the future seems to be shaping up.—F. Lambert, Los Angeles, on automation.

"After all, boys and girls were meant to grow up together; they're going to spend the rest of their lives together."—Sidney Towle, educator visiting California, on prep co-education.

About 20 years ago people who worked 12 hours a day were called economic slaves. Today some people work 14 hours and are called moonlighters.—Kenneth Hemp, Berkeley artist.

rights: speedy, public trial; impartial jury; counsel; trial in local district; the accused to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted by witnesses against him and to have compulsory process for his own witnesses.

It is natural that public officers are sometimes reluctant to produce all witnesses, and thus expose the structure of their prosecution case. And indeed, all rights at first pertained only to federal law, and have only gradually been imposed on state procedure by the United States Courts.

In a celebrated case two years ago the Supreme Court held a guarantee of right of counsel was obligatory on states, and last year made a similar holding on the Fifth Amendment's celebrated prohibition on self-incrimination.

Now the Supreme Court has extended to the State the obligation to grant the right to confrontation by adverse witnesses, which in previous cases has been

held to include the right to cross-examine such witnesses.

The case developed on appeal from state convictions in two cases, one from Texas involving armed robbery, one from Alabama involving assault with intent to commit murder. In the Texas case, the victim gave testimony at a preliminary hearing but was not produced at trial. Justice Black held the right to cross-examine was lost. Reversed. In Alabama, an alleged accomplice made a purported confession, but a denial of right to cross-examine arose when the accomplice refused to answer questions about his confession on ground of self-incrimination. Reversed.

Superficially, these several rights and protections appear to some to be abstractions, but they hardly are. Modern denial of the right to be confronted by, and to cross-examine, accusers, differ in degree, but not in kind, from the sinister silence which smothered the accused in the old Tower of London.

"Catch - 22", Kurt Vonnegut Jr., is a novelist-critic, one of literature's new comics. He applies a disarmingly light touch to his material, but before you are far into a Vonnegut story you realize that his satire cuts deep, in the tradition of Jonathan Swift. Vonnegut is a former specialist in science-fiction who turned to the whacky novel to make his serious points. His wildly absurd humor has attracted a hard core of fans who, like Lenny Bruce fans, consider him to be one of the sanest advocates of reason in this strange new world.

"Cat's Cradle," perhaps the nuttiest, most beguiling novel of 1963, projected a "Dr. Strangelove" air as it commented on some irresponsibilities of nuclear research as well as formal religion. (That's still available, by the way, as a \$1.65 Delta paperback.) Vonnegut's new effort, "God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater, or Pearls Before Swine," (Holt; 217 pp.; \$4.95.) mixes much the same formula of absurdity and sophistication in appraising vast American wealth and the foundations that sometimes result from it. The target here is economics, which few of us understand, or the morality of economics, which nobody understands.

The central idea is that the administration of the Rosewater Foundation, based on a Hoosier fortune, 14th largest in the United States, gets tired of giving money to what are considered to be worthy causes. It begins to give money to anyone who wants it. It turns up some weak, dumb, interesting characters—people of no use but who should be loved anyway. Vonnegut takes off from there on a highly comic spree.

It is well-controlled satire in the "Cat's Cradle" tradition. This is an elusive Alice-in-Wonderland something that is not "Catch-22," or "Strangelove," or the routines of so-called "sick" comics, but is Vonnegut's very own and very new.

While it may take an adventurous reader to dig this new comedy, there is reason behind Vonnegut's madness, and under the laughter there remains a serious worry over the absurdities that abound in our culture.

Vonnegut is a sharp example of the new literary nose-thumper. His book is disturbing comedy by a hip preacher who may be clarifying a whole new approach to basic Christianity in this brave new world. Like the character says: What in hell are people FOR?"

STAN DELAPLANE

## Working in Europe Has Some Complicated Rules

"We are two college girls who can get fare paid to Europe, but we simply must work there. . . ."

The rules on this have been too complicated for me to learn. I do have a letter on jobs abroad from International Student Travel Center, 39 Cortlandt St., New York City. They say they place people in jobs. And their membership fee is small. But I don't know their operation personally.

"In driving the Pan American highway, how can we find out if the pass is closed between Mexico and Guatemala?"

Everybody tells me that the way to go now is through a new road that crosses at low level Tapachula—toward the West Coast. Few people go through that bottleneck El Tapon pass anymore.

"Is there a new place in Mexico like Puerto Vallarta which I understand is becoming touristy?"

I've heard from people of hotel development at Barra de Navidad. That's a few miles north of Manzanillo on the West Coast—drive down from Guadalajara. Then there are a few places at Manzanillo, too.

Another is Zihuatanejo, North of Acapulco. Reachable by air from Mexico City. I haven't been there, but supposed to be a very good hotel and beach.

"Should we change our money in the U.S. for foreign money? Or change it when we arrive?"

Carry traveler's checks and change over there as you need cash. Except—I change about \$10 here into money of the country of arrival. Get it well broken down. What you want it for is porter tipping and taxicab money.

I usually change at the New York airport bank—there's a branch in each terminal. When I move to a new country, I change a little more for that country.

But maybe you're more organized. Like to get it all done in advance. So, you can buy as much as you want for each country, each in an attractive wallet with a currency conversion chart, from Bank of America. If there's no branch near you, maybe your own bank can send for it.

Something to remember on money overseas: Don't turn in all your local money until you've paid your airport tax, taxi and tipped the porter. Or you'll find suddenly you have to cash another traveler's check.

And coins don't exchange from one country to another. That is, you can take your remaining English pound to Paris and cash them in for francs. (Airport banks are always best for this.) But your coin shillings usually don't exchange.

And don't tip your hotel maid or porter in left-over American coins from your pocket. They can't cash them in for local money.

"Will a travel iron that works on AC or DC work in Europe?"

The DC switch means it will work on a ship. But all Europe is on AC—alternating current. If your iron switches from 110 volts to 220 volts, it will work. But ask the hotel what to switch to. It's not automatic.

"We plan to buy a car and drive in Europe and would like to know the best countries. . . ."

All of Ireland seems to be gray, ruined castles and white sheep. Has a rainy, fairy tale feeling that appeals to me. The back roads of England. Every turn between the hedgerows brings you to villages with lead-windowed pubs. The Black Forest in Germany. All of Switzerland. The north mountains of Spain. The Cantabric coast. The Rhone valley in France—if you stay off the major highways.

There is NO big highway

in Europe that I've found rewarding. As in the U. S., they're built to rush you through too fast to see anything. And all the charm of the country has retreated to the secondary roads.

I got most out of driving in Spain. Fewer cars on the road. And take picnic lunches and a bottle of wine—and a Thermos jug of bottled water). The countryside is still wide open.

HERB CAEN SAYS:

## Reno Snickers At Horace Wink

CAENFETTI: Those ubiquitous Ford commercials—"Horace Wink is a Mustang!"—are providing Reno with its biggest laugh in years; the principal business in Mustang, an industrial area just outside Reno, is a house of prostitution. . . . Tragedy can be profitable (or, They Won't Forget): You may obtain a "Kennedy Memento Dollar," a paper one-dollar bill containing the date and place of the assassination, by sending \$2.95 to a certain address in—Dallas, Tex. . . . But then, the South changes slowly, if at all. A reader notes that in Dec., 1864, an advertisement "requesting and soliciting funds to effect the assassination of Lincoln, Seward and Johnson" appeared in a newspaper in—Selma, Ala. . . . As we go to press: The smartest baseball money was being chunked in last weekend on Cincinnati's Redlegs to win the N.L. pennant. Consenses: "They've got it all—speed, power, pitching, and a good case of the hungries."

CAENDID CAMERA: At Larry Blake's in Berkeley, Senator Ernest Gruening of Alaska ordered Alaskan King Crab followed by baked Alaska—NOT followed by Tums. . . . The Sterling Haydens packed up their bags, books, and kids and said goodbye forever to Belvedere; they're off by train to new digs near Westport, Conn. . . . Bing Crosby's wife, Kathryn, will play the title role in "Peter Pan" in a local production, starting Dec. 21. Meanwhile, Bing's son, Phil the Singer, opens this week at the Backstage Bar. Everybody's working but Bing? . . . Liberace dropped in to town long enough to order a pair of solid gold candelabra cufflinks that light up via tiny batteries, wheee; the jeweler is making 'em—for \$500 plus tax.

JOHNNY RIVERS, who's 22 and makes \$5000 a week is singing at 9000 decibels at Whiskey a GoGo, backed solidly by Drummer Mickey Jones, who now wears his long red hair in a page boy. In the glass booth above, Judy Guyer, up from Hollywood, is dancing those crazy dances. When she came down for air the other night, she put another knock on San Francisco: "The people up here dress better than they do in L.A., but they can't dance. None of 'em." That's us; overdressed, and under-danced.

The bouncer at Whisky a GoGo is Lou Cordileone, who is famous in a way. He's the guy we got when the 49ers traded Y.A. Tittle to the N.Y. Giants. "Don't call me a bouncer," he said. "I'm the floorman." What's the difference? "A bouncer uses rough stuff, a floorman uses judo." Every business has its caste system.

NOW THE mighty Crown-Zellerbach Corp. finds itself embroiled—wily-nilly—in the civil rights battle. The trouble is centered a long way from C-Z's handsome glass headquarters here in S.F. The sore spot is in Bogalusa, La., a mill town of 25,000 with possibly the highest Ku Klux Klan membership, per capita, in the Deep South. Bogalusa's sole industry: three big Zellerbach mills representing an investment of \$100 million and employing about half the town's work force. CORE and other civil rights groups want Zellerbach to do something—exactly what is not specified—about Klan activity and segregation there. Otherwise, they are threatening a boycott of C-Z products. The Crown-Zellerbach Bldg. at No. 1 Bush looks cool, green and serene—but the flickering flames of hatred in the South are already being reflected on its glass walls.

FILE & FORGET: The most expensive carpenter in town was hard at work last wk. in Whisky-a-GoGo. It was Movie Star Steve McQueen, with a mouthful of nails and a hammer, helping out his buddy, Co-Owner Elmer Valentine. . . . Add press releases we never finished (from Building Products Guide): "Return Of Dining Room May Curb Juvenile Delinquency!" (Suuure) . . . And Matty Simmons of the Diners' Club reports he has given up golf for bowling because it's cheaper: "I played four hours the other night and didn't lose a single ball."

## Morning Report:

Let's not be too hard on Gina Lollobrigida, the beautiful Italian movie star. She "felt naked" when California officers nabbed her jewels in Los Angeles for not paying an income tax bill for \$14,000. After all, Italians have a different attitude toward income taxes. We pay ours in sorrow. They pay theirs in anger.

In fact, she was still mad when she got back to Europe and maintained "America was scandalized" by the episode. Never—and especially not during our sad month of April.

Also she didn't leave our shores naked. Got her jewels back when she paid up with money from her bank account in Switzerland—a country with low income taxes.

Abe Mellinoff