

# Press-Herald

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## A Golden Tax Source

It is frequently pointed out—because it is frequently necessary in order to keep the record straight—that advocates of public power deliberately ignore the tax contributions of private utilities whenever they claim that tax-free public utility rates offer a yardstick for the power industry.

The value of those tax contributions is clearly demonstrated in the State Board of Equalization's report on assessment values for country property tax purposes of California's 150 utilities—a total of \$4,243,600,000. This is almost a 2 per cent increase from 1964.

Topping the private power utilities is Pacific Gas and Electric Company with a \$14 million hike to \$1,214,000,000. Southern California Edison is up \$10 million to a \$732 million figure; the Pacific Lighting Group also is up \$10 million to \$318 million.

What holds true for the power industry is equally applicable to other private utilities, of course. Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company tops the field with a \$1,326,000,000 assessment value, up \$27 million from 1964. The Southern Pacific Railroad's figure increased \$2 million to \$167 million.

When it is realized that taxes levied in California on utility assessments last year produced an estimated \$355 million for local jurisdictions, the value of private industry in the public service field becomes quite clear. It is a golden tax source the state and the nation need if our economic growth is to be maintained.

## A Time to Rebuild

June being Recreation Month brings to mind the sad fact that in this busy, high strung age too many of us put the wrong interpretation on that word. It should be recreation; recreating our strength, our sanity, our good nature, our health. But too often we make it read WRECKreation.

We burst out of our workaday bonds and head purposefully and grimly out to have a good time or burst. And bust we too often do, physically and financially. Envy those who know to re-lax. Envy, and emulate them.

## Some Answers Needed

The testimony of J. Edgar Hoover and Charles E. Moore, before two committees of Congress, that hard core communism played a key role in the University of California student uprisings at Berkeley, should come as no particular surprise. Nor should it divert the worried citizen from the central problem involved at the University.

Both Mr. Hoover and Mr. Moore, an executive of the International Association of Chiefs of Police who personally investigated the Berkeley demonstrations, testified that typical communists were used to guide and incite the comparatively small hard core of student malcontents. According to the FBI chief, "Communist party leaders feel that, based on what happened on the (UC) campus . . . they can exploit similar student demonstrations to their own benefit in the future."

"Exploit" is the key word. It is as inaccurate to say that communists started the whole thing as it is to say there was no significant communist participation. A situation does exist, at UC and on many large campuses, that needs sincere study. It is a situation of unrest, dissatisfaction; and it may stem partly from the general world unease, or from conditions inherent in large school life.

The answers must be found, and will be, by citizens of good will and an earnest dedication to high academic standards for our young people.

## Mailbox

Dear Sir: On your most recent degradation of American womanhood (Count Marco, May 26), I should like to express this opinion: The American men "ain't what they used to be, either."

I admit to the terrible fault of sending my children to public school in a mere \$50 apiece of raggedy unkempt blue, black, and green jeans, and easy press shirts or dresses. The lazy, good-for-very-little mother permits them to get away with such lazy habits because she is working 8 hours a day for someone else plus 8 hours a day on meals, housework, washing, ironing, and sewing plus a few more hours a day on fairy tales, lawn clipping, bike fixing, treasure hunting, hair combing, sock matching, and dog feeding.

One of the primary problems of lower grade education in the public schools, as I see you are unaware of this, is the fact that other things have been included to the exclusion of reading, writing, and arithmetic.

It is only during the past two generations that the American mal. has needed a mother in preference to a

wife and has discovered the American woman is most happy to oblige him.

After all, it's a man's world and if the men can't handle their women, whose fault is that?

You should thank God, or goodness, or whomever you are thanking, that this country has been lucky to have women capable of picking up the pieces of the messes made by men and undauntingly putting them back together again.

I can see in you a very selfish spirit when you cannot fathom the child beneath the dirt but only the machined, imperfect neatness of man.

J. DONNELLY  
Torrance

## My Neighbors



"We've six kids, you know..."



ROYCE BRIER

## Moon Not Talking About Surface: Dust or Rock?

Whenever the Russians pull a boo-boo in the space department, we are tempted to a diffused sense of contentment. This is a touch immature of us (and perhaps a touch of sour grapes), because the space problem is largely technological, and technology has no nationality.

Yet there is also enough of political content in the space problem to account for our contentment.

In any event, the Russians in their space experiments exhibit the authoritarian man. That man is so conditioned that he can't afford to lose, or seem to lose, in whatever he undertakes. This dread of losing face, of course, is not exclusive with authoritarians.

When the Russians launched Lunik 5 to the moon they let it be known it was equipped for a soft landing, that is, with retro-rockets designed to reduce the fall from 6,000 m.p.h. This is the only way to soft-land on the moon because there is no atmosphere to allow a parachute device.

But apparently the retro-rockets didn't fire on com-

mand, and wham! Six thousand miles an hour will shatter or splay any man-made metallic object. Hence the Russians said officially that the landing provided "information needed for further development of a soft-landing system."

So back to the drawing board and the systems laboratories. Not that this is any world disgrace. The space trade isn't easy and is subjected to countless miscalculations. But men, whether Russians or Americans, will succeed in their calculations one day, and achieve a soft lunar landing. The Americans may try it this fall or next year, but the Russians may be first. They are somewhat ahead of us in some phases of space technique, and are busting to stay ahead.

If and when a soft landing is accomplished, the problem is what the vehicle will find if it isn't choked up, and how much can be transmitted back to earth. Our most eminent scientists are in a classic controversy over the nature of the lunar crust. Some insist it is deep dust which will swal-

low a vehicle and some that it is hard rock.

So if the crust isn't dust, or hopelessly porous, the plan is to have the vehicle land on legs, like Wells' Martians on tripods, and reach out arms to explore the terrain for soil analysis and radioactivity. This is complicated enough, but it would be even more sophisticated to snap pictures of the moon's face from a stationary vehicle.

Even with a soft landing, will the vehicle transmit, or will it just sit there in the Sea of Clouds, or wherever? Years ago a bush pilot named Angel set his plane down on a plateau above Angel Falls, Venezuela, highest in the world, but couldn't get off and had to mosh out. You can see the plane sitting there today. Our Ranger picture technique might some day pick up a Russian vehicle, just sitting there. We could present the picture to whatever Russian premier was in office, and he could hang it in the Kremlin, if he wouldn't deem it an imperialist insult.

## WILLIAM HOGAN

## Author of Latin 'Pooh' And Flights from Wars

Remember "Winnie Ille Pu," the Latin version of A. A. Milne's "Winnie-the-Pooh," that was such a success when it appeared a few seasons ago? It was translated by a Dr. Alexander Lenard, about whom very little was heard as old Pooh bear launched a new career in the classic tongue.

E. P. Dutton & Co. thinks it has quite a book in Dr. Lenard's own story, "The Valley of the Latin Bear." Stirred by Dutton's promotional drums, I am in the midst of Dr. Lenard's autobiography now and agree that it may be one of the season's surprises.

Alexander Lenard is a Budapest-born, Vienna-educated physician who has been fleeing wars most of his adult life. He fled Nazi Austria for Rome, where he became active in the Italian resistance. A resistance leader once asked Dr. Lenard to teach him English. The only English book available was "Winnie-the-Pooh," which did the job nicely. In Rome, Dr. Lenard, a natural linguist, studied Humanist Latin—the Latin of the medieval scientists. Eventually wars and rumors of new wars exhausted him. He abandoned Europe to settle in a remote village in Southern Brazil—"the end of the world," as he calls it.

There he became a pharmacist and medical adviser to the strange mixed population that was dominated

by old settlers of Italian and German stock. The former Germans, or Katharinensers, as they call themselves, have forgotten most of the old language and now speak a German-Portuguese patois.

In Brazil the doctor's avocation was playing Bach on the local church organ and translating "Winnie" into Latin. He submitted the manuscript to publishers, who thought he must be mad. "Maybe you have too much spare time," one publisher wrote, "but we have not." Dutton, which publishes the original Milne stories in this country, took a chance on the Latin version and promptly sold 100,000 copies. It is still moving briskly.

This anecdotal book is less about "Willie Ille Pu" than it is about Dr. Lenard's comfortable life in a remote and exotic place which may or not be a place beyond the wars of the world. It is a civilized and original document, nonetheless, and I suggest you keep your eye out for it.

Notes on the Margin . . . A fine new version of "Hakluyt's Voyages," selected and edited by Itwin R. Blacker, is published by Viking (\$8.50). Both history and literature, these are "the principal navigations, voyages, traffiques & discoveries of the English Nation made by Sea or overland to the remote and farthest distant quarters of

the Earth at any time within the compass of these 1600 years, by Richard Hakluyt, Preacher, and sometime Student of Christ Church in Oxford."

Now a Modern Library Giant: Oswald Spengler's "The Decline of the West," abridged by Helmut Werner (\$3.95). The condensation now makes this somber prognostication accessible to those who have shied away from reading the full work.

During the last 20 years over one million immigrants have arrived in Britain—West Indians, Pakistanis, Indians, Nigerians, Poles, Italians, Irish. For the first time, the tolerant English find that they are faced with a "race" problem, and Elspeth Huxley investigates it in "Back Street New Worlds" (Morrow). Among other things, Mrs. Huxley finds that many groups do not want integration; most immigrants are accepted by the English as co-workers, but problems occur in housing and schooling. Clashes have nothing to do with color or race, but chiefly with cultural differences. She writes: "In the last analysis, immigrants are coming because we need their labor . . . Immigrants, if you come to think of it, haven't really brought new problems with them . . . they've highlighted and sharpened the problems we had already, and still have."

## STAN DELAPLANE

## Back Roads Offer Better Look at Native Customs

ROME—"We are planning a drive through Italy into Switzerland and then to Paris as part of our European trip. Any advice we'd appreciate . . ."

Pick up the Michelin guides—red hard cover for hotels and restaurants; green soft cover for history and sightseeing. (Red guides are only available for Spain, France and Italy.) You buy them on any tourist newsstand. The big ones across the street from the Hotel Excelsior in Rome has them. Get the English version.

Italy is covered with autostradas—superhighways. They bypass all the towns. But I find the old highways (which follow the old Roman consular roads) more interesting. There are small fees at toll stations. Roads are excellently marked.

Gas is expensive. You can get gas coupons at a reduced rate for tourists. But ONLY if the car has foreign plates. So if you rent a car with Italian plates, no coupons. Also you must stop at gas stations that have the sign "Coupons."

I've been paying 18 per cent service charge plus 3 1/2 per cent tax on hotel bills. It seems you are expected to tip chambermaids and porters a little on top of this. But make it very little. A good measure: 100 lire (16 cents U.S.) is a fair tip for doormen, bellboys, and the elderly lady who hands you the towel in the "his and hers" rest rooms. The separation is vague.

If there is a separation, try to remember this: Signora is a gentleman and Signora is a lady. But in Italian you do NOT make plurals by adding "s". So gentlemen become "Signori." And the ladies' room is marked "Signore." It's confusing.

If you can persuade the gas station man to wash your windshield and check your tires—(not customary in any part of Europe)—tip him 100 lire. Or the odd small change from the gas bill.

The word for gasoline is benzina. ESSO stations have the best maps. Your money exchanges at a better rate at banks or money changers marked "cambio." Hotels take a bigger bite.

You mentioned a restaurant in Paris—Closierie des Lilas—but I cannot find it in any guide books on Paris."

It's an open air, garden sort of restaurant on Boulevard Montparnasse—number one hundred and something. (I don't have a guide book handy either.) All taxi drivers seem to know it.

"Where are there colonies of Americans living in Mexico?"

I think the greater number of Americans are living around Lake Chapala and Guadalajara, an area of 25 miles or so. The other well-known places are Cuernavaca and San Miguel de Allende.

"Can you advise us how to tip on shipboard?"

I rode the Italian luxury liner on her maiden voyage. Eight days from Genoa to New York. Cost for two, first-class, about \$1,400. There were a number of big city travel writers. I found three of them advised tipping 10 per cent of the bill or \$140.

I think this is wrong—it means you tip on the cost of the trip as well as the service. I tipped: \$2 per day or \$16 to take care of two room stewards and a stewardess; \$2.25 a day or \$18 for two table stewards; \$5 for the wine steward; about \$5 in occasional tips for bar stewards; \$3 for the deck steward. Total: \$52.

And here was the score for a man I talked to—he and his wife have made 40 ship crossings: He gave the room stewards \$20; the table stewards \$20; captain, wine steward, deck steward each \$5. Bar tips I don't know.

"Where can I get infor-

mation on the Fiji Islands?" Write Fiji Visitors Bureau, Suva, Fiji. If you're planning trips in other islands, look up Hunt's Travel Agency in Suva when you get there. Nice islands, poor beaches.

"Do you have trouble get-

ting soap in European hotels?"

No. But it's sometimes a pretty small helping. If you like a big bar, carry a plastic soap container—any dime store in the U.S. Then buy a bar when you need it in European drugstores.

## HERB CAEN SAYS:

## Queen's Credit Should Be OK

QUEEN FREDERIKA of Greece saw an ad in Harper's Bazaar for a Lilli-Ann coat (mfd. in S. F.), flipped for it, wrote to the local headquarters, and asked for a Size 12 to be shipped to the Palace in Athens. It's on its way via TWA, with a COD bill for \$60. Hopeful quote from Adolph Schuman, Pres. of Lilli-Ann: "I believe her credit is good" . . . The immortal Henri Matisse's grandson, Peter (Pierre) Matisse, an art dealer in L.A., had a busy time on Nob Hill. He tried to check into the Huntington, but was turned away. No baggage. The Fairmont, however, was glad to qualify him, bagless or no, for a suite in the Tower . . . Big John Alessio, one of the Democrats' heaviest contributors (he owns Agua Caliente racetrack, recently sold his Hotel del Coronado for \$7 million), vows he'll switch to the Republicans if his efforts to take over the Del Mar track are blocked by the State Racing Commission . . . How times have changed dept.: Howard Young, leaving through a 1928 magazine, found a Lucky Strike ad ("Reach for a Lucky Instead of a Sweet") endorsed by 20,761 doctors. All of whom must have been dentists.

YOU WANT TO be an impresario? Nah. John Kornfeld, who's presenting Sviatoslav Richter, the great Soviet pianist, here on June 6 and 8, rec'd the following instruction from Richter's manager: "He lunches promptly at 2 p.m. daily on Varlaiken." That would be a Russian fruit dumpling. John: "I hope he'll settle for a blintz . . . I don't know much about Jim Harvey, a newly-appointed San Francisco official, but I know a smidge about his wife, Helen. When Willie Mays moved into their neighborhood, a newspaper asked her: "How do you feel about having Willie Mays as your across-the-street neighbor?" Helen: "Who's Willie Mays?" . . . Whaaat, Phyllis Diller as the foldout nude in Playboy? Troo—in a couple of months when the magazine will attempt a parody of itself. "However," adds Phyllis stiffly, "I won't be lying down. I'll be standing up—soliciting."

LA TRIVIATA: This guy walked up to the gift counter in the Cabana, pounded on the glass top and snapped at a girl bending down behind it: "How about a pack of cigarettes, girly?" "What brand, sir?" beamed Doris Day, straightening up. (You see, she owns the Cabana, went to the gift shop for a lipstick, and—you see?) . . . Roger Miller, whose hit record, "King of the Road," has shoved him to the top of the heap, will get \$3,500 a week at Paul Catalana's Safari Room—but that's nothing (no?); from there he goes to Las Vegas for \$14,000 a week. (Item to put in the deep-freeze until May, 1966: "Whatever happened to Roger Miller?" "Who?") . . . Phyllis Diller, chattering away: "I tried to get a job as a topless waitress, but the owner turned me down. Said I was the first dame he ever saw with two backs. How do you like my new six-color hair-do? I call it a hair-don't. My skin is so dry I've been declared a fire hazard. Yeah, I've got five kids. When they were little, the playpen looked like a bus stop for midgets. And wet? There was a rainbow over it all the time."

ANGRY FATHER, griping about the niggardly \$600 tax deduction for a child: "Hell, my daughter spent that last year on clothes alone—for her Barbie doll" . . . A word from our friendly neighborhood philosopher: "What is liberal today will be conservative tomorrow, and what is conservative today will be ridiculous tomorrow" . . . Passive resistance: When the talk gets around to civil rights, I always recall the time Singer Paul Robeson walked into the bar of a North Beach restaurant (just before WW II) and ordered a Scotch and soda. "That'll be ten bucks, mister," snapped the bartender. Robeson laid a \$10 bill on the bar. "Have a drink with me," he smiled. ("You win," said the bartender, charging the usual) . . . Goodhevins, a Marine private in the Presidential Suite at the Mark? Yup: Jim Nabors, TV's "Gomer Pyle," who's showing S.F. to his two sisters from Alabama. "Fabulous," unquote.

## Morning Report:

In the olden days, I am told, foreign affairs were conducted quietly at diplomatic teas or at secret meetings by middle-aged gentlemen in darkly paneled conference rooms. We've come a long way. Boy, have we!

It's now done at mass meetings. Spats have given way to sandals or even bare feet in extreme cases. Viet Nam experts, who never blossomed, bloom happily. And a psychiatrist with a microphone is transmuted into a specialist in Caribbean politics. For those who tire of world affairs, there are interludes on the guitar.

I think Mr. Johnson will have to fight fire with fire. Make his next TV appearance shoeless and break up his speech with selections on the banjo.

Abe Mollinoff