

Press-Herald

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An Unedifying Revolt

It was not surprising that the AFL-CIO convention in San Diego should go on record as demanding repeal of the Winton Act, which provides procedures for employer-employee negotiations in local school districts. The union claims the Act prevents teachers from bargaining collectively, in spite of the plain language of the law.

It is less than edifying, however, to see a handful of unionized teachers defying that law, as they did recently while picketing a South San Francisco Unified School District board meeting. Some 25 members of the American Federation of Teachers were involved in the demonstration. In contrast, as a representative of the California Teachers Association pointed out, 85 per cent of the teachers in the district approve the way the Winton Act has been implemented there.

The Act requires school boards to establish negotiating councils whenever there are two or more employe organizations within a school district. The AFT has refused its seat on the South San Francisco council and refuses to negotiate under the provisions of the law.

The whole area of strikes by public employes is a difficult one and growing more so as more and more groups choose to defy laws affecting their employment. Fortunately the vast majority of teachers are dedicated to their profession and their responsibilities, and prefer to deal with their own vital personal interest within the framework of the public welfare.

Others Say:

John Lennon Was Right

One need not have teenagers underfoot to be aware of the Beatles. They show up on Ed Sullivan, shout from open doorways of hamburger joints and look cow-eyed at you from the newspapers.

One of their number, John Lennon, who one learns is them some radio station managers, who announced they his own ideas which had nothing to do with rock 'n roll. This put the Beatles in a new perspective. He said that the Beatles were more popular than Jesus.

This threw any number of people into a tizzy, among them some radio station managers, who announced they would never play another Beatle record. Radio station managers aren't in the forefront of people who swim against the tide of public opinion, so their reaction hardly counts. Other opinions were heard, but from people of similar positions of prominence. Here again the adverse reaction was doubted. Those who get worked up over pornography are often secretly attracted to the vulgar and make all that noise to hid what they really feel from themselves. So it could be with individuals who came forward to thrust at Lennon. Perhaps they are not very Christian, but don't wish to admit and leap to the defense of what they imagine is Christianity.

John Lennon is right, of course, one muscd, waiting for word on his statement from the clergy. The Beatles are more popular than Jesus.

Of, if Christ was to appear in Soldier Field the same night the Beatles were to perform at McCormick Place and both events had the same amount of prior publicity and providing neither was to be on TV, Christ would, I am quite sure, draw the largest crowd. But we are asked to accept Christ and His teachings on faith and conduct ourselves accordingly. He is not going to appear in Soldier Field or Yankee Stadium or at the Los Angeles Coliseum. He showed up her 2,000 years ago and we crucified Him.

They are trying to say Lennon is nodding with the "God is Dead" faction, but I didn't read that he said so. He said the Beatles were more popular. Both Christ and the Beatles are widely known, Jesus for the longer time, but He is not better known. There are people who think often about the Beatles who hardly think of Jesus at all.

Maybe you are older and don't dig rock 'n roll. When is the last time you thought about Jesus Christ, I mean really thought about Him? Civil Rights marchers parade through a neighborhood and the residents curse them, insult them and try to injure them. Is Christ in their lives?

A woman says, "If they want a nice place to live why don't they clean up the slums?" Or empty the beach of sand, one grain at a time. Another says, "We have a right to be here. It's people like us who made this country great." The forefathers of the marchers started arriving in this country 300 years ago. Another said, "I have daughters, you know." Yes, and they probably have a collection of Beatle records and will grow up and marry one of those hate-filled kids whose pictures were in the papers and be just like their mother and think they are Christians.

John Lennon, who it turns out is the one with the guitar, spoiled everything. He apologized when the Beatles did come to Chicago. He didn't wait for the clergy, he knuckled under to the pressure of agents and others connected with his money and said he was sorry.

In London the British Roman Catholic weekly newspaper, the Catholic Herald said, "Even harder to swallow is the fact that if a worldwide opinion poll could be taken, we should probably find that John Lennon was speaking the bare truth. Christians on the whole simply are not as interested in Christ or their neighbors as they are in crazes like Beatlemania. It may well be that John Lennon has given Christians a well-placed kick where it was most needed." Precisely, that is, if Christians or those who imagine they are Christians will long remember what he said.

Man says God is dead, but worse modern man becomes indifferent to God, unaware of him. God is not dead, but He has become a stranger. Man is out of touch with God. Man goes to church, but attendance is a formality, a Sunday morning Rotary club. He goes as an example for the kids. Man has it too good, that is why the line of communication is broken. God is not dead, why is all around us, just as He always was and always will be, but man does not need God as constantly as he once did. Flood and famine are Biblical stories. Crop failures, pestilence, are these problems of the city man?

The city man finds a prayer when his child lays sick, but modern medicine, the gift of God, cures, makes short work of what was once a long, serious illness. Science protects us and we ask not for the protection of God. Prayer is stored away for an emergency.

Man prefers to ignore the proximity of cancer, heart disease and the fact that every time he steps into an auto he may be off on a ride to eternity. That is to say nothing of the awfulness that we are all, every minute of our lives, sitting on a hydrogen bomb which some fool of a politician has in his grasp to detonate simply because he is a fool and neither a statesman nor a humanist. Man prefers Beatle records. He prefers to march to a throbbing guitar after goods and the pleasures he regards as his due. — John S. Meyers, Star Publications, Chicago Heights, Ill

Pd Swear I Heard a Donkey



STAN DELAPLANE

Tunbridge Wells Close To Norman Battle Field

BATTLE, ENGLAND — This is the anniversary year of the Norman conquest. Take the road south from London to Tunbridge Wells — several good hotels here. It's a short drive to Battle. The altar in the great Abbey marks where King Harold was killed by the Norman arrow.

There's a cozy, low-beamed tea room across the street. A good buy is the hand-hammered ironwork. Fireplace irons and such. Caesar put the Britons to work here making armor, and some local people carry ironwork on as a hobby.

"Will you please advise us on tipping in England?"

In America we figure 15 to 20 per cent on a dinner check. The English do 10 to 12. We use the quarter tip — hat checking etc. — the English use a shilling (14 cents U.S.) A few London hotels are now adding 15 per cent service charge to the bill in the Continental fashion. But this doesn't seem to knock out the regular tipping schedule, sad to say. You pay the 15 per cent tip as usual.

"I am driving to Italy and want to know how to find places to stay, eat and what roads to travel."

The red, hard-cover Michelin Guide for Italy has the places to eat and stay.

Quote

What has happened to the concept of pride in one's serving the opportunity to serve his own country — either by one's own choice or by federal request? — Milton Dorsey, Van Nuys, on draft controversy.

Loneliness is the biggest problem in our society. — The Rev. Donald Stuart, "Night Minister" of San Francisco tenderloin.

Morning Report:

Whatever shortages there may be in manpower in Viet Nam, one thing I know we have plenty of: spokesmen. As I read the news stories out of Saigon, I figure we have at least one over-strength division.

In just one New York Times story the other day, I heard from "high officials," "American sources," "officials," "military officials," "knowledgeable officials," and "intelligence officials."

Of course, it's also possible that we use all these terms just to confuse the enemy and me as to our spokesman strength in the field. It could be that all we have is one weary top sergeant, who said: "This is how it is, pal but don't quote me by name or Secretary McNamara will bust me to PFC."

Abe Mellinkoff

HERB CAEN SAYS:

It's a Nice Day for a Walk Through the City

For a summer day in San Francisco, you couldn't knock it, unless you happened to be a tourist feeling like a sheer sucker in a seersucker. Out there by the Golden Gate, the horns were fighting a losing battle with the fog. A crazy wind raced through the streets of the concrete jungle, playfully snatching men's hats and causing women to stand out in bas relief. Fire engine and police sirens wailed at regular intervals, ambulances careened round corners, cars collided at various intersections, street-walkers were calling out from darkened doorways, marijuana was being peddled in nearby alleys, the Black Maria was busy harvesting drunks — in short, a nice quiet day for a walk.

Turning into Powell Street, I leaped aboard an outgoing cable car that seemed in danger of being torn to bits by a clutching mob of tourists (what a beating those gallant little cars take during the Season). Tourist to gripman: "Does this car stop at every corner?" Gripman: "Sometimes even oftener." Laughter. Little Old Lady to gripman: "Does this car stop Top of the Mark?" Gripman: "Can't afford it, lady." Chuckles. The gripman looked at me, rolled his eyes and said softly, as he had so many times in the past: "Boy, do I get sick of being quaint and colorful!"

At 150 Powell I took an elevator to the third floor to visit the American Opinion Library, run by the John

Birch Society. Very clean, neat and proper, with a fine American Flag in the window. A clean, neat and proper man called me "Sir" and invited me to browse. Two Little Old Ladies were chatting softly. The angry, baleful books, telling of impending doom from the Communist menace (unless, unless), contrasted oddly with this peaceful scene.

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heyday, pictured in his prime on a cover. The old right-wing hacks, like Ralph de Toledano, were heavily represented, as was the Rev. Billy James Hargis, attacking "The Communist Lee Harvey Oswald." Lots of Goldwater, and the record wisdom of Ronald Reagan. "Thank you, sir, call again," said the nice man with I left the quiet room with its violent wallpaper of print.

I walked out through the lobby, which contains a big, colorful newsstand filled with newspapers and magazines from around the world. Some were serious, some scurrilous, some silly, some trashy, some slightly pornographic, but all seemed healthier than the neurotic notions being peddled upstairs under the American Flag.

A TV station is putting on a gun-ho camera crew to prowls San Francisco's streets late at night for (hopefully) pictures of mur-

ders, suicides, holdups and so forth. Because, deadpans a station exec, "we're hoping to get more housewives to watch our news show." Oh . . . The defeat of Carmen (Dragon Lady) Warschaw for California State Democratic Chairman is described by a top aide of Governor Brown as "a mitigated disaster" . . . A new psychosis among social-climbing members of the New Left is reported. Those who WEREN'T summoned by the House Un-American Activities Committee are suffering from subpoena envy.

Robert Starr writing in the Summer issue of Horizon: "During the Depression, the Government financed a study of historical buildings — the Historical American Buildings Survey. San Francisco has 145 on the list. Of these, 95 have been demolished, 27 are still standing but are so changed that they are ruined architecturally, and 23 are recognizable." A terrible record. Let's start knocking down those 23, men!

Commander Whitehead of Schweppes, quoting John Ruskin: "There is hardly anything in the world that some man cannot make a little worse and sell a little cheaper, and the people who consider price only are this man's lawful prey." If you think he's telling us to pay more so he can live better, you're an awful cynic and may all your bubbles go flat.

ROYCE BRIER

Oil-Rich Indians Run Own Show—At a Profit

White Americans believe two things about the American Red Men: that over the centuries they are badly treated by whites and that they are taciturn.

The first is the work of conscious-stricken historians. The second is the work of movies. But it is also true that if you meet a group of modern Red Men, they don't have much to say.

This straightaway deludes us they are dumb, because if you aren't a brilliant conversationalist, you aren't considered bright, as the Carson show proves every night.

In Alaska, off Cook Inlet west of Anchorage, there is an Indian village called Tynok. It is peopled by about 300 Moquawkie Indians, a

branch of the big Athabascan family. Forty-odd years ago the Moquawkie fathers persuaded President Wilson to set aside 24,000 acres as

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a reservation. It was mostly swampland, but was good hunting.

A few years ago the Great White Riggers descended on the swampland, and whammy, oil!

The Moquawkie were immediately beset by Great White investment brokers, salesmen or just plain swindlers, but instead of putting their X's to contracts, they hired a smart young Anchorage lawyer, who toiled in Washington for his

clients, and successfully.

So today about 55 Moquawkie families, and 100 who live off the reservation, have collectively received \$12.5 million from oil lease sales, and have a family-held income of \$5,000. They will soon be getting 16 per cent in royalties.

Now from the movies you would think these Red Men would all get drunk, and stay drunk, at least until they died in overturned Cadillac on the dirt roads.

Just the opposite happened. Alcoholism declined radically and health improved rapidly from good food. The wise men of the tribe got together and laid out a plan. They hired a University of Minnesota sociologist and sent a committee with him to visit the Southwest, where other Indians had come into oil money.

The programs weren't working well. They returned convinced they must handle their own money, and not let the Indian Affairs Bureau run up an overhead.

So all the tribal families have new homes, \$16,000 have new homes, \$16,000 they can have clothing, appliances, furniture, pickup trucks, and outdoor motors. But if they want Continentals, color television or wall-to-wall carpeting, no dice. And no dice for a minority scheme to split the whole windfall per capita.

They added \$140,000 to a \$750,000 federal grant for a new school to replace a shack, and put \$300,000 into a scholarship fund (most of the kids had little previous schooling). They set up a trust, investing in Anchorage real estate, and they have half a million in a utilities firm. They have a sense of humor, too. When the New York Stock Exchange threatened to move, Tynok offered a home. This brought a new rash of salesmen, and the Indians closed their airstrip to all but invited guests.

If the white man had not butted into the Red Man's affairs in the last century, the Red Man might be enormous controversy this fall.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Warren Report Subject Of 'Rush to Judgement'

Skepticism: Does the Kennedy assassination remain the century's most gigantic mystery story? Critics of the official version of the tragedy, and of the Warren Commission Report, are very vocal this season, and cannot be ignored. When Edward Jay Epstein's scholarly "Inquest" was published in July, Richard H. Popkin, the philosopher and author of "The History of Skepticism," put forth a chillingly convincing argument in a long essay in the New York Review of Books that there were really two assassins in Dallas, one of whom is still at large.

Holt has now introduced an even more critical and no doubt more controversial analysis of the assassination and especially of the Warren Report. This is "Rush to Judgment," by Mark Lane. It is the result of two years' investigation by this veteran defense counsel in criminal cases who has toured this country and Europe lecturing on what he feels are deficiencies in the Warren Report. (A third critical study, Lee

Saubage's post-mortem, "The Oswald Affair," will be out shortly.)

With logic and in astonishingly thorough fashion, Lane analyzes all available evidence dealing with the Kennedy tragedy. He has interviewed hundreds of people. He comes up with no

Books

"theory," but does suggest that the Warren Report does not provide an adequate basis for judgment on the case.

"Rush to Judgment" carries the subtitle "A Critique of the Warren Commission's Inquiry into the Murders of President John K. Kennedy, Officer J. D. Tippitt and Lee Harvey Oswald." It carries a scholarly introduction by Hugh Trevor-Roper. It presents a strong argument that the Warren Commission Report is not an impartial finding, but in effect a "prosecution" brief establishing Oswald's guilt. Lane asks scores of questions, cites omissions and contradictions in the Report—the function of which, he feels,

was "to protect the national interest by dispelling rumors."

As one reviewer noted on Epstein's "Inquest": "If the Commission had made it clear that the very substantial evidence indicated the presence of a second assassin, it would have opened a Pandora's box of doubts and suspicions. In establishing its version of the truth, the Warren Commission acted to reassure the nation and to protect the national interest."

In his introduction to the Lane book, Professor Trevor-Roper observes: "We are shown that, in the report, a whole series of conclusions are based on carelessly selected evidence and that the full body of evidence, to say the least, does not point necessarily to those conclusions . . ."

These critics must be taken seriously. They strongly suggest that the assassination is still an unsolved mystery. The Lane book especially may stir enormous controversy this fall.