

# Press-Herald

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## The Noblest of Charities

The best charity of all may be the one that seeks to eradicate the need for it.

An excellent example of the application of this principle are the orthopedic and burns hospitals supported by Shriners — philanthropic cases they call "Temples of Mercy."

One of these is the Los Angeles Unit, Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children, which is holding Open House this weekend in observance of National Shrine Hospital Day.

Arthur Burgan, Potentate of Al Malaikah Temple, invites you to visit this "Temple of Mercy" from 2 to 4 p.m. today to see for yourself how crippled children of all races and creeds receive orthopedic aid that changes their lives for the better.

More than 151,000 crippled children have been ministered to since the first of the Shrine's 19 orthopedic hospitals was opened 45 years ago.

Thousands of adults, who might otherwise be tax roll or family burdens, are today self-supporting because of the care they received as children in a Shrine hospital.

In addition to Al Malaikah, the Los Angeles hospital also is supported by Shrine temples in Long Beach and San Diego, and in Arizona, Nevada, and New Mexico.

The Shrine, without tax dollars or public solicitation, supports its hospitals completely. In just one 36-month period ending this year, the order will have spent more than \$87.5 millions to aid physically disadvantaged children.

We regard the Shrine's endeavors as the most sensible of all charities, and we salute those who wear the red fez on this occasion, National Shrine Hospital Day.

### OTHERS SAY

#### Noble Newspaper Dies

We note with sadness — a heavy heart and a sick feeling in the pit of the stomach — the passing of the old New York World Journal Tribune.

It was 134 years old. It had a glorious history.

When we were boys, it was the dream of every aspiring newspaper man to go to work on the old New York World. With the stress of changing times, the paper changed hands — merged, amalgamated — made desperate efforts to survive. Eight months ago it became the World Journal Tribune.

It was worn out, weary, and already its defeat was in the cards. It was the victim, said its owners, of a union philosophy of "pay or shut down." At the time of its death, it was negotiating with 10 newspaper unions. It had suffered what its president called 55 "harrassing disputes with labor unions in the first six months of operation" — 18 of them resulting in work stoppages. It began operation in September 1966 after suffering a 141 day strike.

In the past five years, New York's seven daily newspapers have been reduced to three.

This is a DISASTER.

And now the World Journal Tribune is no more. We wore the flags at half mast in our hearts all day Friday, the day they announced the demise of the great, tough old newspaper. It was the third largest newspaper in the U. S. in its circulation figures.

Yes, it was great, and it was tough. But not great nor tough enough to withstand the ceaseless and ever-growing economic drain made on it by the craft unions with their unrealistic financial demands.

These demands have at last forced the World Journal Tribune over the hill past the point of no return.

And so the great old newspapers go. And we wonder — are we to become a newspaper-less society?

What is to become of the printed word? Is it no longer to be available in newspaper?

One veteran reporter in the sixth-floor city room (one of 2600 persons now unemployed) said: "It takes real genius to bring about something like this."

A free press is the first bulwark of a free society. The free press is threatened.

—Gardena Valley News

The union has come a long way since its inception as a means to make employers recognize their workers as human beings and not as animals who could be used however they wished for the price of a loaf of bread. In those days the employer had all the marbles. The union organizer lived as best they could, fighting for their lives. There were idealists and no one can take away from them the good that they did. Our standard of living our vast middle class — is traceable in large part to the work done by these early union leaders. But today, the unions have all the marbles. They make demands and the whole nation quakes.

—Broomfield (Colo.) Star-Builder.

## Morning Report:

It looks as if the wonderful Greeks, spectacular innovators in their Golden Age, still have the touch. Within 48 hours of the takeover, the new Government tossed out the old constitution and outlawed mini-skirts.

Now, a revolution is a domestic matter and outsiders don't like to butt in, but surely any outfit that sounds a harsh fashion note right after its military bugle is immediately suspect. True, I can't name names — principally because Greek names are so hard to pronounce. But I'll give odds right now that at least one of the Army officers in charge is missing not a few of his marbles.

I don't mean to defend mini-skirts, not at all. But nobody can trust a government that keeps its eye riveted on the nation's hem line.

Abe Mellinkoff

## Wonder Why Citizens Hate To Give Up Guns?



HERB CAEN SAYS:

## Bus Trips Planned for The Hippies, Tourists

I really can't explain why I feel this way, but I think Gray Lines' daily sightseeing tour of the Haight-Ashbury is a creepy-crawly thing, reeking of fast-buckism. Jack Cohen, Pres. of Gray Lines, doesn't make it any better with his tongue-in-cheek quote (at least, I assume that's where his tongue is) that "these tours will allow the Hippies to see what the outside world is like." The outside world is a bunch of tourists with their noses pressed to the windows, staring out at the hippies staring at them? The question that comes to mind is: Who's in the cage?"

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Let's hear it for S.F. State Graduate Students Bob Willson and Tom Gerike, who are planning to run bus tours from the Haight-Ashbury to Montgomery St., so the hippies can stare at the strange denizens of the Straight-Cashbury District. It's a sight, all right.

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Lt. John Curran of Park Station, chatting about the hippies: "What we have here is nothing more than a bunch of kids celebrating Halloween every day. I've heard some of 'em get lice but are too tender-hearted to kill 'em. Another thing — whenever you have young girls staying with a bunch of older men you have sex rearing its ugly head. I mean, down at Sixth and Market, if a guy makes a pass at a girl he's a dirty old man. Here all he has to do is spout some poetry and put on a serape or crazy hat and it's okay." . . . I hate to disagree with the Lieutenant, but I've been out there

every night, wearing a Giants' cap and an alpaca sweater and reciting Joyce Kilmer's "Trees" and I haven't got to first base. I still say that's a mighty purty poem. Especially that line about wearing a nest of robins in her hair.

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Utterly mad: To promote Nero's Nook (that's the bar), the management of the Cabana Hotel in Palo Alto has

### San Francisco

hired a four-horsed chariot with driver and two noble ladies in flowing gowns to rattle around the countryside. If you've digested that, we can tell you that Marty Melcher, Doris Day's husband and an owner of the hotel, dropped in the other day, heard about the gimmick and said: "Hey, I'd like to see that!" So a secty named Maggie Mallen piled into her car, drove up the road and paused at a service station to ask: "Say, did you see a chariot and four horses go by?" When the attendant looked properly bemused, she said impatiently: "Well, I'd better call the office — got a dime?" "You sure you don't want a denarius?" replied the attendant, proving again that Stanford graduates get the best jobs.

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Language barriers: On Tues. night, Decorator Tony Hail called the Huntington Hotel, asked for "L'Etoile, please," and immediately found himself talking to a bewildered lady in Room 812. Same day, Judson Coaling of Time magazine went to the Golden Gate Theater (where both "Sand Pebbles"

and "Grand Prix" are showing) and asked in his best University of Paris French: "Two tickets for 'Grawh Pree.'" The cashier looked blank, so, drawing a deep breath, he repeated it in straight phonetic American. He got the tickets from the still-blank cashier.

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Whee, the people: Maurice Rosen, valiantly trying to make conversation at a dumb cocktail party, said to a girl: "Did you go to Rudolf Friml's recital the other day?" Girl: "Who?" Maurice: "You never heard of Rudolf Friml? That's almost like saying you never heard of Beethoven." Girl: "Who?" Back to the bar . . . As for Charlie Pierce, he went to a wedding where the bride was pregnant so he threw puffed rice . . . On KCBS, Ken Ackerman doing a commercial for American Airlines, "the airline for professional travelers — but on American, we really can't tell the pros from the non-pros." Not even by their oversized handbags? . . . Girl on the phone to Pietro Pinotti at Pietro's 311: "Can I come for dinner wearing pants?" Pietro: "Only if you're a lamb chop" . . . Or, as Glenn Dorenbush's button reads: "I Don't Know. I Don't Care. And It Doesn't Make Any Difference."

### WILLIAM HOGAN

## Genus American Exposed In an Iberian Setting

Catching up: A couple of months ago Richard Scowcroft, assistant director of Stanford's Creative Writing Center, published a novel, his fourth, titled "Wherever She Goes." For some inexplicable reason I missed it at the time of publication. In a season where even reasonably interesting fiction is in short supply, I find this better than reasonably interesting. Actually, it is a wonderfully goofy charade by a talented observer of whatever scene he happens to be on — in this case Madrid and Lisbon.

Scowcroft spent a sabbatical leave in these regions a few seasons ago. Because writers seem always to be working, wherever they are, Scowcroft observed Spaniards, Portuguese, American tourists, perhaps even himself under the Iberian sun. He kneaded and molded much of what he observed into this crazy-quilt of a tragic-comedy. While it is more of literary exercise than a major novel, it does

## AFFAIRS OF STATE

# A Sword of Damoclese Hangs Over Taxpayers

By HENRY C. MACARTHUR  
Capitol News Service

SACRAMENTO — The complicated financing of California state government rapidly is approaching a Ponzi-type operation which in its ultimate consummation can do nothing but inure to the ultimate disadvantage of the taxpayer.

Apparently, the days when taxpayers paid their taxes, and the state paid its bills when it received the tax money, departed with the demise of the dodo bird.

Sustituted for this simple procedure in this era of five billion dollar budgets annually is a bewildering scheme of money transfers from special funds, borrowing from idle funds, and raising money on potential bonds, all to balance income and outgo from year to year.

And along with his hard to understand system is the cold, hard fact that the financial finagling does little to relieve the taxpayer. Rather, the prospect of new or increased taxes hangs over his head like the sword of Damocles 24 hours a day for 365 days a year, not to mention Leap year.

In one way or another, the slender thread holding

the sword breaks with the advent of each year's new legislature, and in one way or another, the boom is lowered on the taxpayers' heads.

The maneuvering of the Reagan administration to avoid imposition of the disliked and uneconomic withholding tax, which is cited as the only way out in some quarters to enable the state

### Sacramento

to pay its bills next winter when cash is short in the general fund, is a prime example of the extremes to which the state's financiers are going to make money grow where the water's run out to feed the money bush.

A. Alan Post, legislative analyst, is one who deals in hard facts, whether or not they be complicated. In an extensive supplemental report on the general fund cash flow problem, he says of the administration's plan to solve the anticipated cash deficit in December, 1967:

"The proposed administrative changes do not touch the basic problem which is the uneven flow of state revenues during the first half of the budget year.

It calls only for a series of one-time postponements of expenditures. It's adjustments only attempt to patch a cash-flow structure which needs a drastic overhaul.

"The department of finance has left itself very little leeway to handle unforeseen contingencies, such as an increase in the budget, a drop in revenues, or any other combination of events which would add to the December cash flow problem."

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Post admits in his discussion that the Reagan budget is sufficient along with the increased tax proposals, to meet the annual expenditure, but there still remains the problem of getting enough funds to meet the mid-winter bills.

It's conceded in most quarters that not only the matter of cash flow needs drastic overhaul, but so does the entire matter of state financing, along lines which will benefit rather than disintegrate the taxpayer. All of which could be accomplished through substitution of sound financing for politics. This might happen with the advent of the millennium, but event then, it's doubtful.

### ROYCE BRIER

## Enemy's View Does Not Impair Right to Debate

As General Westmoreland, commanding American forces in Vietnam, was addressing a meeting in New York, 100 anti-war pickets paced outside. When they tried to burn an effigy of the General, police dispersed them.

This is a good example of how not to exercise "the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances," as the First Amendment phrases it.

First, effigy-burning is not peaceable assembly, and second, the demonstrators were not petitioning the government, but expressing obloquy for an officer of the government who is under orders of his superior in government.

Moreover, furious contempt of this character is not the most persuasive way to right a wrong in all cases. In a certain share of these demonstrations with a cause, the more radical demonstrators injure the cause instead of furthering it. This is plain, not only in the anti-Vietnam cause, but in all causes at all times. That is, plain to all but the radical demonstrators.

But if burning a military commander in effigy is misdirected stupidity, the commander himself is not above analysis when he assays political philosophy.

This General Westmoreland did, but what is written here is not derogation of his military character or intelligent leadership in his sphere.

In his speech he expressed

### World Affairs

dismay at "recent unpatriotic acts here at home." This was a general pronouncement, possibly and properly alluding to draftcard and flag burning, but then he narrowed his reference by implication. He said: "Regrettably, I see signs of enemy success in that world arena which he cannot match on the battlefield. He (the enemy) does not understand that American democracy is founded on debate, and he sees every protest as evidence of crumbling morale and diminishing resolve." He said this will "inevitably" cost American lives.

This is possibly true, though perhaps not "inevitably" true, and the matter

lies in so tenuous a field as to defy concrete judgment.

In any case the General has, in reverse, hit upon a question which has always been with us, involving the rational exercise of our rights as free men.

When we exercise the right to protest an act of government we believe wrong or unwise, must we gauge the exercise by the beliefs of an enemy or his sympathizers? Or more directly, must we refrain from the exercise because an enemy may misinterpret it, or is presumed to be encouraged by it?

No doubt the matter is one of degree. Overt aid to an enemy is treason. Physical obstruction of our government engaged with an enemy may be treason, but in some circumstances is much less. But verbal or written disapprobation of an act or course of government is a right. It is also, in the General's own word, debate.

The enemy's view of our debate does not impair the right. To remain silent, when disapproving, is to abdicate the right, Americans have never done that, and their government, except in sporadic instances, has never had the hardihood to demand it of them.

## I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE!



## Quote

Labor unions should be subject to the antitrust laws. A special court could be established to resolve labor-management issues. The public is entitled to protection against jungle-type actions by power-drunk labor leaders.—Rep. O. C. Fisher (D-Tex.)

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If they (local governments) choose not to act, metropolitan problems, by default, become largely federal problems.—William G. Colman, executive director of the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations.

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In plowing new ground, we hope to find not just one or two new products; we are searching for whole new families of products. We look not only for one hole in the market, but for wholly new markets where we will have basic proprietary positions, in fields broad enough to permit expanding profits from continuing development work.—Dr. Robert L. Hershey, Du Pont vice president.

### Books

Andrew (Sonny) Hawkins is a youngish California widower adrift in Spain, a small-town boy at loose ends in a suddenly painful world. Sonny is ripe for a predatory female's plucking. The female is Judith (Jed), an American young lady whose husband, Ralph, is a non-writing student of creative writing who invests his limited energies in chasing American college girls in and out of Spanish museums.

The Sonny-Jed affair is loveless and temporary, and just before a reader begins to worry that things will get

out of hand in this game of sexual musical chairs, Scowcroft introduces a vastly engaging character. She is Sonny's wealthy, blonde, overweight, positive-thinking, loving and altogether appalling Auntie Mame-type of sister, called Mary Faye. Arriving in Madrid on a Grand Tour, Mary Faye dominates the rest of the tale.

With her eight bags of luggage (to Andrew's perfunctory, powdered, camera-laden Mary Faye masterminds her brother's escape from his emotional trap. She skirts him off to Lisbon. I dare say only that Mary Faye comes to Sonny's rescue in style.

But what remains with a reader is Scowcroft's savage comments on the genus American who strays beyond his native environment, and the author's equally telling comment on Spaniards and Portuguese at home. Scowcroft used his sabbatical well.