

New Gun Act Has Wide Ranging Implications

By HENRY C. MacARTHUR
Capitol News Service

Although the major gun bill of the 1968 legislative session was lost, and a move to submit a plebiscite to the people this fall on the question of state-wide licensing and registration of all guns was frustrated, the proponents of anti-gun legislation had some success. This will mount up to a lot of success if Governor Ronald Reagan signs SB 1223, by Senator George Moscone, D-San Francisco.

Moscone's measure slipped through the legislature without much fanfare, but in effect, it is a measure carrying wide implications in denying the right of the citizen to even carry a gun legally should the citizen have such a desire.

The measure would require that permits to carry a concealed weapon could be obtained only from the police department of the city and or county in which the citizen resides.

Some police departments and sheriff's offices have

adopted an arbitrary attitude toward issuing such permits, and in fact have denied permits to persons who are qualified by law to obtain such a permit. The laws, however, give the police authorities extraordinary powers in denials with the result that the citizen merely has gone to the next county and secured a permit from a less arbitrary police authority.

The Moscone bill would call a halt to this freedom of choice on the part of the citizen. Thus, should he need to

carry a gun for self-protection or for the protection of property of his own or others, a police chief or sheriff could deny him this right, or force him to seek redress in the courts, which is a lengthy and time-consuming process, with no assurance that even were he qualified under the law, he would eventually get the permit.

Thus, under the Moscone bill, the citizen will be at the mercy of his local police to carry a weapon for self-

defense, even where the need is obvious as in the case of a storekeeper who must transport large amounts of cash, or a woman who has to drive to work through a high crime area.

And, if the measure should become law, the private citizen will have no recourse of much meaning.

At one time, an individual could keep a hand-gun in his car for self defense without a permit, so long as it was out in the open. But under the Mulford gun law of last

year, even an un concealed weapon in a car may not be loaded unless the owner has a permit to carry a concealed weapon.

Thus, the effect of SB 1223, if signed into law, would be to restrict all loaded guns to one's home premises in every city where the policy of issuing no concealed weapon permits to private citizens is in effect.

The Moscone measure is interpreted as one more long step toward denial of the right to keep and bear arms,

and toward the total ban on private gun ownership, which the anti-gun proponents are working with their continued efforts to have legislation passed to harass the citizen.

These anti-gun proponents go to somewhat ridiculous lengths in their attempts to reduce the rights of the citizen. Such granting of dictatorial power on sheriffs and police chiefs would pave the way for abuses, favoritism and the like, which bode no good for the people.

Your Right to Know Is the Key to All Your Liberties

-Comment and Opinion-

TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA, SUNDAY, AUGUST 18, 1968

Those Busy Legislators

Little things are sometimes impressive. For example, the accomplishments of our state legislators, at best, might never be truly appreciated even by the burdened taxpayer wondering why he must pay so much to be governed.

Not to overlook the contributions of our 120 state assemblymen and senators, the record already shows that the governor has signed into law 839 pieces of legislation introduced by these representatives of the people—almost seven laws per legislator and there are more to come.

Scores of new laws provide for cost-of-living increases for retirees, increase salaries in some counties, create new state agencies, to cite a few that are sure to make government costly.

Meanwhile Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh was quoted as saying, "The

public cares nothing about conflicts between the legislative house or with the governor. What the people want and deserve are imaginative attacks on the problems confronting us. With the cooperation of the governor, we will see to it that is what they get."

Imaginative attacks certainly are needed and an impressive move would be for some sprags on the run-away tax spiral. It seems unfortunate that none of the 839 new laws so far attempt to limit taxing and government spending.

As a leader of the assembly, Speaker Unruh is expected to give taxpayers imaginative proposals along such lines.

The governor after all is not the only elected official whose salary is being paid by the people.

It's the little things that matter—839 new laws and not one real tax break—that's impressive.

Area College Needed

Assemblyman Alan Sieroty has renewed a year-old proposal for the construction of a state college campus in the southwest Los Angeles County area.

Sieroty's request came August 6 before the coordinating council for higher education committee, which is expected to make a report in December.

Mrs. Yvonne Brathwaite, 63rd District assemblywoman, first asked for such a study in June of last year through an assembly resolution. The studies were undertaken—with no results available.

State studies could be simplified by checking the construction records of the local school district.

There apparently are enough college-age youths living in the southwest to warrant two new junior college facilities now under construction.

The need was apparently so great for these facilities that they were the

first in local history to be considered on an interim basis. Southwest Los Angeles College opened last September in portable buildings and students are in the classrooms while the permanent structures are being planned.

West Los Angeles College will open in February on a similar basis.

But these are only two-year colleges and students who wish to pursue their education at a state college must then commute to east Los Angeles, San Fernando Valley, the Dominguez Hills area or to Long Beach.

And with rapid transit leaving something to be desired in the county, most have to drive, which means added expenses—which some, and perhaps many, cannot meet.

A year should have been sufficient time for the State Board of Education or the coordinating council for higher education to determine if such a need exists in the southwest.

It's almost like not seeing the forest because of all the trees.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Dana's Classic Is Still Exciting to This Reader

"The mission of Dolores, near the anchorage, has no trade at all; but those of San Jose, Santa Clara, and others situated on the large cheeks which run into the bay, and distant between 15 and 30 miles from the anchorage, do a greater business in hides than any in California . . ."

I have been engaged in research concerning maritime matters, which naturally brought me again to Richard Henry Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" (the elegant Heritage Press edition, by the way, with color engravings by Hans Mueller and introduction by William McFee).

Apart from its maritime interest, Dana's book was among the first, and for a long time the only book about pre-America California. It still makes marvelous reading.

Since its first publication, this minor masterpiece has been out of print. Dana never wrote anything else of comparable worth, although his "The Seaman's Friend," designed to show common sailors their legal rights, is still a standard of maritime law.

"Two Years Before the Mast" won immediate popularity and created imitators

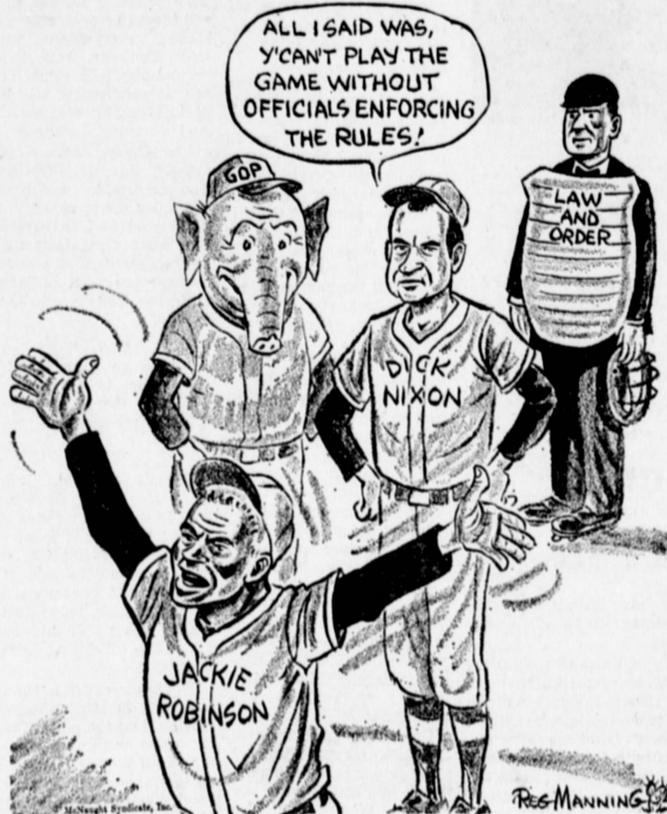
Browsing Through the World of Books

of its brisk, realistic style. Ironically, Dana might have continued his career as a writer if his publisher had given him a better break. On the advice of an old friend of his father's, William Cullen Bryant, then editor of the New York Evening Post, Dana took the manuscript to Harper's

which offered him \$250 outright for the rights. Bryant suggested \$500, but Harper's remained adamant and the initial offer was accepted. So for one of the most successful books of the 19th Century, the author received two dozen free copies and \$250.

At the age of 67, Dana was advised to take a long relief from my exciting public work" as a lawyer. He went abroad, hoping to write a book of his own on international law, and perhaps some other things. In Rome in January 1882, after brief illness, Dana died of pleurisy and pneumonia—a long way from Cambridge the Horn and the Spanish Mission San Jose. He was buried in the Protestant Cemetery, near Shelley and Keats.

I Quit! Nixon Favors Umpires!



ROYCE BRIER

Moscow Newspaper Hints Nasser Has Brain Tumor

Recently there was an oblique news story out of London in effect that President Nasser, United Arab Republic, sojourning in Moscow, faces surgery for a malignant brain tumor.

The story is printed in a Moscow newspaper called "The People," and serviced from London by United Press International.

We cannot be sure the story is valid, but it is not news likely to be invented. If it is true, it is of world importance, because it is medically agreed the prognosis for this surgery is most unfavorable.

Nasser was in Moscow earlier this month, ostensibly to discuss the Mideast situation with Soviet leaders. After a fanfare he dropped from the news, which engaged the curiosity of the correspondents. He returned to Cairo but appeared in Moscow a few days ago.

Nasser is the foremost figure of the Arab world, and should be removed from it, it would mark a profound change in the Mideast situation, which culminated a year ago in his disastrous defeat by the Israelis. Few

leaders in history have survived such a debacle.

Nasser has been a strange and explosive Egyptian. Personally charming and honest in a society which has been officially corrupt since the days of the Mamelukes, he

Opinions on Affairs of the World

has nonetheless been a bitter and formidable foe of Jews and the Israeli state.

After his successful 1952 revolution, which dethroned the unspeakable King Farouk, Nasser endeavored to build an Arab federation, but the Arab princes and other Arab leaders rejected his effort at domination, though he remained the most articulate spokesman of the Arab cause.

When the Western powers resisted his crusade against Israel, he turned against them. A diplomatic blunder by the late John Foster Dulles, touching the Aswan dam, triggered a sharp anti-Americanism in Nasser, though a general anti-Western attitude has prevailed in the Arab world for decades.

The Russians jumped into the Aswan vacuum, and are now building the dam. They began arming Egypt and other Mideast states as a counter to former Western influence.

Nasser walked a tightrope in his relations with the Soviet Union. He is not a Marxist, and he has never been a puppet in the sense that Fidel Castro was, but the Russians were his only big-power friends. They did him no favor, however, when they gave him armor. His people were not adept with sophisticated weapons, resulting in the gross miscalculation of 1967.

Nasser since has talked of resuming the war, but concedes the Arabs are not prepared for one. Aside from material, the command structure of Nasser's army would take several years to build.

It is difficult to see how or when Nasser could be replaced. Certainly no leader of much stature is visible in Egypt, nor in the other Arab states. King Hussein of Jordan is hardly inspiring Syria is wholly disorganized, and Iraq has just suffered a military takeover. The Arab princes are smothered in their oil royalties and hate each other (and Nasser occasionally), and the staff of leadership is not in them.

Nasser has displayed a peculiar safety-valve which prevented him from going overboard in most cases, a rare Arab trait. In view of the problem, he has done as much as could be expected for the Egyptian people, and they still love and respect him.

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Officials Cool To His Scheme

My idea of towing Alcatraz to sea and sinking it has been judged "not feasible" by City Hall, even if the Embarcadero Freeway is placed aboard. . . . Add Cuban notes: A former Batista police captain is now running a little Mexican restaurant in the Deep Mission, not TOO far from Castro St. . . . Bob Pickering and others are amused by those American Airlines radio spots plugging new non-stop flights to Oklahoma City and winding up: "American Airlines will stop at nothing to get you where you want to go." Oklahoma City, the Nothing City? . . . At the Concours d'Elegance in Golden Gate Park, the judges were about to examine Bob Capurro's racing Camaro SS when suddenly a dog owned by a rival used his rear tire for a fireplug. What a way to go from a blue ribbon to an honorable mention. . . . More dogstuff, this being Barbara Tabler's riposte to our item about the poodle riding in an infant's seat next to a Cadillac driver: "That's nothing. My sister, Monica Evans, has a poodle named Brigitte Bardot that not only rides in a baby chair in her red Mustang, it wears a small red fireman's hat, sunglasses and a tiny transistor radio hanging from her collar." Okay, call the SPCA.

Never throw a straight line to George Lemont dept.: George was in Jos. Magnin's lingerie dept., to buy a gift for his wife, and the salesgirl asked: "Do you have your wife's dimensions?" George: "If I did have, I'd be working as a go-go dancer on Broadway." . . . Pretty Jo Anne Worley is having trouble, too. Her lament to Hank Grant: "All the men I know are either married or wanna do my hair."

If you happen to see a nine-yr-old boy struggling down Dolores St., his arms wrapped around a full-sized dressmaker's dummy, we can explain. He's Johnny Tomakin, whose mother, Mary, is cashier at Les Vogel's, and her birthday is coming up. When he went into USE on Mission to buy her a dress, the salesgirl asked: "What's her size?" so Johnny ran home and wrestled the heavy dummy for 18 blocks. Some good kid.

One for our side: All you good people who have cooled your heels and warmed your bottoms in your doctor's outer office, leafing through ancient, fly-specked Literary Digests and wondering from time to time if maybe the doctor had died and nobody bothered to tell you—I mean, all you good people who know why a patient is called just that, and why a waiting room is perfectly named will be thrilled to learn that the score does even up, eventually. At the Blue Fox during the recent AMA convention, here were all those dear doctors clustered at the entrance to the dining room and hollering at Mario Mondin: "Look, my reservation was for 7:30 and I want my table NOW!" and "Look, why can't I sit down, I've been waiting FIFTEEN minutes!" and like that, and there was Mario purring with an evil glint, "Now, gentlemen, if you'll just wait in the reception room —," well, I mean it was beautiful.

And then we ran into Veterans Cabbie Jack Coates, who was saying: "I don't know what's happened to you during the doctors' convention, but some wizekuy psychiatrist got into my cab and hypnotized me into thinking I was a zoo-keeper and I spent the rest of the night at Fleishhacker Zoo trying to talk a baboon into an airport trip." . . . Also in honor of AMA, Chase Webb offers: "About the only one who doesn't have to wait to see the doctor nowadays is a caddy." This is the same Mr. Webb who claims to have learned that Hubert Humphrey is taking a correspondence course in sadness and will shortly come out against barbecues.

Comedian Woody Allen and his movie crew, shooting at S'Quentin, had their hands stamped daily with a fluorescent ID by Lt. Cliff Rodgers, who warned: "Don't wash your hands too well. When it's time to leave, if you don't glow, you don't go!"

Louis Vaudable, owner of Maxim's of Paris, is due here in a few days for another look at Stanford Court on Nob Hill, in a corner of which he will insert a Maxim's of San Francisco — and I hope he doesn't take this project lightly. The standard of French cookery in S. F. is as high as Paris', and our diners are even fussier . . . Certainly Charles de Gaulle has a sensor of humor. At lunch one day, reports Philip Oakes, the General decided his white wine wasn't chilled enough and directed a waiter loudly: "Place my glass next to Couve de Murville for a few minutes!"

Quote

In mini-skirts women no longer worry about standing between you and the sun.—Louis Nelson Bowman in the Tri-County (Missouri) News.

The cowboy from the Clear Fork sez a taxpayer is a person who doesn't have to pass a civil service exam to work for the government.—Clydene Comedy in the Throckmorton (Tex.) Tribune.

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