

**Compaigning for Office  
Now a Rich Man's Game**

**High Rise Supported**

One of the city's more notable pieces of real estate, often in the news during the past score of years, is the center of a new debate which promises to reach a climax sometime in the next few weeks.

The property is the beachfront area occupied for years by the ill-fated Hollywood Riviera Clubhouse, now proposed as the site of a \$6 million high rise condominium providing 140 luxury apartments topped by a 16th floor glass fronted restaurant served by a glass-enclosed elevator rising on the exterior of the slender building.

The proposers, officials of the Sovereign Development Co., make the proposal sound very desirable—and the Press-Herald believes it is.

Multi-story development of the Esplanade in Redondo Beach and along the Torrance coastline can be predicted as certain as next year's taxes. The current Sovereign Development proposal offers Torrance one of the most desirable precedent structures for the area. Under the plans drawn for the Riviera development, the 16-story building will be a slender structure occupying 17 per cent of the property. The balance is designed for landscaping, pool, fountain, and parking. A subterranean garage would serve tenants.

Any proposal which offers a slender building using less than one-fifth of the available property deserves serious sober consideration. The Press-Herald is convinced that the development here proposed is sound and offers hope of proper development of the city's valuable beach front.

**A Lady Bites a Tiger**

Hooray, we say, for Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce who took pen in hand and set down for a prominent corner of last Sunday's Los Angeles Times her views on the "great many angry men" who are now in San Francisco to nominate a Republican presidential candidate.

Without seeming presumptions, may we speak out on behalf of many, many people we know and thank Mrs. Luce for doing a queen-size job of setting the record straight.

As an example, in the event you did not catch her bold remarks in the Times' Opinion section Sunday, Mrs. Luce castigated the nation's news media for subjecting Barry Goldwater to what she called "reportorial horsewhipping, hiding, bludgeoning, axing, exaggeration, insult, falsification, contempt and caricaturing . . ."

That's pretty strong language for a lady, but her words should be tacked up in every newspaper editorial office of the nation to serve as a guidepost for the newspapers' reporters.

Mrs. Luce went on to describe the many angry men in San Francisco this week, saying they are furious because, as Goldwater backers, they have been portrayed as "kooks, extremists, know-nothings, dopes, John Birchers, lunatics, and Neanderthal types."

Mrs. Luce's indictment of the news media may have been inspired particularly by her contacts with radio, television, news services, and newspapers with national impact, but her words can be no less meaningful to the community editors in the nation's small towns.

We hope that those in the ivory towers now pontificating the bigger affairs of the world take a few moments to glance through the charges set forth by Mrs. Luce.

**BOOKS by William Hogan**

**Canadian Author Makes  
Three-in-a-Day Splash**

The distinguished publisher Alfred A. Knopf remains one of my favorite people in a profession that has become altogether too modern. One reason for this is that in his house organ, The Borzoi Quarterly, Knopf will tell you on occasion that a book on his list is not the greatest of the season, just as he will complain bitterly when a title he believes in is ignored by critics and/or the book-buying public.

When Knopf writes to the trade and the press he almost always has something interesting to say. Let's hear from him today:

"We have done something, I think, unheard of in American publishing—brought out a novel, a book of short stories, and a travel volume all by the same writer and one who has not heretofore been published in the United States.

"These books are by a Canadian, Margaret Laurence. . . My old friend Jack McClelland—his firm represented ours in Canada for

very many years prior to our merger with Random House—is one of the most knowledgeable publishers I know. His enthusiasm for Mrs. Laurence convinced me that we should take her on. We are faced, however, with three books, each, as you see, in a different category, and since she is actively at work on another, I decided that if we were to bring out all three on the same day, not only would she make a real splash but we would have caught up with her. Well, we will see what happens.

"In 'The Stone Angel,' her novel, Mrs. Laurence explores an aspect of life seldom touched on in fiction; the world of the very old. Hagar Shipley, at 90, is querulous, short-tempered, and armored with tough humor. Her mind is sometimes confused. . . But her sense of the past is still strong and her memories and reflections are a search for the meaning of her life. . .

When Margaret Laurence's husband, a civil engineer, was engaged to create a chain of artificial lakes



**HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier**

**Skull and Crossbones  
On Smokes; Too Outre**

One of the things lathering the Washington people no end is the state of your health as you wander somewhat distractedly through your daily affairs.

Forty years ago it was beverage alcohol, which some doctors and all prohibitionists said gave you cirrhosis of the liver. So they abolished beverage alcohol and doubtless cirrhosis, until someone got tired of not having cirrhosis.

Now it's cigarettes. Some doctors say they will get you, and some say nonsense, but in Washington they always take the melancholic, or denial, side because little boys and girls don't know what's good for them until their Washington elders determine what's good for them.

So awhile back they issued what they call the Surgeon General's Report, saying cigarettes are bad for you, and there's been a hell of a flap about it ever since.

One deleterious effect has been that they are cutting down on the gorgeous babes in cigarette commercials, and showing you a little

pick sorting out the granules of charcoal in a filter. The erotic appeal of a heap of charcoal granules is, you will allow, no more than a trace.

Anyway, the Washington folk these nights are slaying in rooms blue with cigarette smoke, devising evangelical schemes for getting you off cigarettes. The prescribed procedure is Law.

A skull and crossbones on a cigarette pack will be outre, even in Washington, so Department of Health, etc., had to settle for less. They went before a House committee plugging a law requiring labels on packs warning that the contents are hazardous to health.

We will leave it to the lawyers to say if this law would be unconstitutional, and just suggest it is a crummy idea.

First it assumes the little boys and girls don't read newspapers, nor even listen to friends who sanctimoniously announce they have

quit cigarettes. Second, if you label cigarettes, why not liquor? Everybody knows a fifth of bourbon will kill you, and five snorts before dinner for 30 years, and you're flakey.

Indeed, any number of commodities can be labeled if the Washington folk will cast about them—like automobiles. These monsters knock off 40 thousand people yearly and injure a million, and when sold should be labeled "Hazardous when Driven." The only harmless automobile is standing in your garage, but tool it into the street and you are straightaway in trouble.

The doctors did a noble job with yellow fever and the Anopheles mosquito, but just how far should one go in encouraging the Washington folk to keep your health for you? They never cease their quest for Law, you know. The writer is quite objective in this inquiry, as to him cigarettes taste blah after a cigar.

**NEWS SPARKS by James Dorais**

**Are Sinister Forces  
Threatening the PTA?**

Is the PTA being infiltrated by "extremists," plotting to dominate school systems and to dictate what shall be taught and who will teach?

According to Mrs. Jennelle Moorehead, president of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers yes.

Addressing the National Education Association convention in Seattle last week, Mrs. Moorehead charged:

"You can be sure that when the PTA is under attack the next victim will be the school. Extremist groups know that the national policy of the PTA is to respect and defend the rightful responsibilities of school boards and professional

staffs. . . . "If PTA is battered down, its school loses an important line of defense. The school is more easily invaded by those who would investigate and harass its teachers, screen its textbooks, determine its courses."

To aging parents, who have been exposed to PTA and school board meetings through many years of dutifully following their children's progress through the public schools, the news that PTA is in danger of being "battered down" by dissident members will be received with mixed emotions.

The first reaction will almost surely be one of curiosity as to where this is happening, because the programs at most PTA unit meetings are still devoted to such exciting and controversial subjects as mouth to mouth breathing and getting out the vote at the next bond election.

The PTA president's outraged reference to people who want to screen textbooks and determine school courses will evoke a certain nostalgia, too. Ten years ago, people who criticized textbooks as dull, who thought phonics ought to be restored to school reading programs, who believed for-

SAN FRANCISCO—It is becoming crystal clear to those of us who cover the "inner-play" of politics, like the 1964 Republican National Convention, that campaigning has become the exclusive priority of the man with cash to burn, or who has access to those with financial facility.

It was during another political convention in 1960 in Los Angeles, where we heard Lyndon B. Johnson attribute his defeat to John Kennedy to the "wealth of the Kennedys." It was like a million dollars talking up to ten million.

Political campaigns these days consume real hard cash. Higher and higher price tags on TV and confetti have reached astronomical figures. The renting of a large stuffed elephant, propped up at the headquarters of a candidate, set him back \$450 alone. A 30-minute TV network exposure can easily run to \$150,000.

The primary campaign in California between Senator Goldwater and Rockefeller officially passed the \$3 million mark, with probably another million that did not get into the record.

Such exorbitant campaign costs today freeze out many competent men and women from ever considering public office, for they simply cannot afford it. Nor do some want their friends and supporters to put up this kind of money.

This imposes an unfair price tag on seeking public office. The rich have a stranglehold on an advantage that is creating an exclusive political inner circle which shuts the door to many and stifles the democratic process.

There is a solution, if apathy can give way to correction. The nation can break up this present exclusive money-hold on politics by making it illegal for any candidate to use his own funds for political campaigning on any level . . . or accept contributions from any source . . . private, management, labor union, etc.

No political contributions would be permitted, except from the public treasury . . . national, state, local . . . which would otherwise underwrite all the costs of campaigns, primaries, conventions, etc. It would finance all political activity on a system of "qualification," as pertaining to the

Republican, Democratic, and "fringe" parties on a ratio based on annual party numerical strength, or on some other equitable basis in support of the democratic tradition.

The elimination of private political contributions would reduce pressure-group influence and coercion, bring under control the present unfair advantage of the rich, reduce the abuse of patronage for ambassadorships and other important appointments which are influenced in large measure by contributions, reduce legislative favoritism that results from political financial support.

This proposal is no cure-all. Abuses are bound to creep in, such as rich rela-

tives campaigning on their own time and money in the candidate's behalf.

News media can discriminate with free exposure under the guise of news. Magazines can exploit a favorite candidate with cover pictures and editorial comment subtly intended to publicize the image. Billboards can display an incumbent's photograph running for re-election on the questionable format of warning about forest fires and buying savings bonds, coincidentally with a political campaign.

But these and other abuses would be marginal and limited in view of today's rich man's flagrant imposition on the democratic process.

**OUR MAN by Arthur Hoppe**

**An All-Purpose  
Group Picket**

Demonstrators, demonstrators. What's a convention these days without demonstrators? It seems every time two or more delegates gather, a line of placard wavers pops up to march militantly around them in high hopes of altering the appalling course of human events.

We've got demonstrators for Mr. Scranton, vegetarianism, Mr. Goldwater, racial equality. The Holy Bible, world peace, impeaching Mr. Warren, and abstinence from alcohol. Not to mention a gaggle of teenagers demanding the nomination of a beetle (cq) named Mr. Ringo, who apparently sings.

As usual these days, this outflowing of democracy has caused considerable local comment. Like: "Quit blocking the sidewalk!" And: "Why don't you nuts go back where you came from?"

To restore civic harmony, knock off fist fights and clear the sidewalks, I feel there is but one solution: We must appoint a single All-Purpose Picket. Who will carry a single All-Purpose Placard. Which will, of course, merely say "SHAME!"

This simple basic message should satisfy 98.2 per cent of all demonstrators, no matter what their cause. Free the Captive Nations? Withdraw from Vietnam? Feed Homeless Ocelots? This pithy message strikes home. And once the All-Purpose Picket is on duty, the others will be content, I'm sure, go to write letters to their Congressmen, secure in the knowledge their crusade was in good hands.

Moreover, I can think of no place the All-purpose Picket would be more effective than at a political convention. Particularly if we select him with a care. I'd suggest a young man with soulful eyes and a mild case of chronic dyspepsia.

Imagine the impact he'd have on you, if you were a delegate. There you are, waiting for a taxi. And kind of debating whether to give up your life-long dedication to vegetarianism. In return for the sordid promise of an appointment as a Federal meat inspector in the new Administration. Just then up marches this young man who gives you a deep, pained look and silently holds aloft his placard: "SHAME!"

"Good heavens," you'd cry. "He knows!" And, yes sir, you'd stick to your principles.

Or maybe you don't like Mr. Goldwater, but he looks like a winner and you want to be aboard his bandwagon because . . . "SHAME!" Or perhaps you're thinking the civil rights plank might be weakened just a teensy bit in order to carry the South and . . . "SHAME!" Or you have it on good authority that the postmastership of Muncie Ind., is up for grabs and if you play your cards right . . . "SHAME!"

In no time, every single delegate would be standing firmly on his principles, turning his back on the squalid realities of practical politics. And as this is unprecedented in the history of conventions, who knows what might happen? We could wind up with a beetle (cq) in the White House.

Ah, well, until that utopian day arrives, we'll just have to settle for the mobs of pickets we've got now. I know they're a nuisance, I know they get in your way, I know they make you uneasy. But so does your conscience.

**Morning Report:**

No doubt about it. If you want your son to make good in a bad way, teach him bookkeeping. Also keep him away from guns of all kinds.

I'm thinking about Earle Belle, a 32-year-old financial wizard from Pittsburgh. The law finally caught up with him after he made off with \$975,000 by juggling the records. So he is sentenced to 30 months, which figures out to be about \$7,000 a week. Some people make more but it's still pretty good pay.

But if young Earle had lifted a tenth of that at gun point, he'd be middle-aged before he had a second chance. I suppose it's our frontier heritage when gunmen were dangerous and all the bookkeepers were safe in New England.

Abe Mellinkoff