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Golf Course Optimism

Suggestions by two members of the City Council recently that the city explore the feasibility of acquiring property at the northwest corner of Sepulveda and Crenshaw for a municipal golf course has received the warm endorsement of many of the community's golf fans and from others who see in the proposal a means of adding to the city's tangible assets.

Among the salient advantages of the proposal which have been put forth by those coming to the side of the golf course include the obvious fact that the land would always be available for a higher use; construction of a golf course would not preclude later development of an industrial or research park, a commercial center, or other high value improvements.

The idea was brought up at the June 30 meeting of the City Council by H. Ted Olson, and was immediately endorsed by Ross A. Sciarrotta Sr., who said he was about to offer the same proposal.

At the present moment, City Manager Edward J. Ferraro is making the feasibility study, and is looking into the methods by which the city might acquire the property once earmarked for the new four-year state college now planned for the Palos Verdes Peninsula.

At first blush, the proposal appears to be a sound one. The city's principal investment would be in three land, and could always be recovered — probably with a substantial profit.

Development and operation of such a course could be through a leasing arrangement giving the city an annual income.

We hope Mr. Ferraro is successful in finding a workable plan for the project.

Informed Voters Needed

The "get out the vote" campaigns are beginning as November approaches. One attractive leaflet is entitled "Just One Vote" and is aimed squarely at the eligible voters who stay away from the polls. And they amount to a disgracefully large number. In 1960, a presidential election year, more than a third of the voters failed to exercise their right of franchise—a right which is at the very heart of representative government and a free society. In the off-year elections of 1962 the showing was worse still, with more than half the eligible voters staying away from the polls.

How important is one vote? It can actually determine the result. In recent elections, a mayor, a city treasurer, a councilman and a state legislator won office by just that margin. And, moving up the ladder, the late President Kennedy's plurality in 1960 was less than one vote per precinct. His margin of victory was less than 120,000 votes out of almost 69 million cast.

So much for facts and figures. Another point needs stressing. The country doesn't need "Just Voters." It needs "Informed Voters" men and women who study the issues and the positions of the candidates, all the way from town and country to Capitol Hill and the White House and know exactly what they are voting for.

So—vote, and vote intelligently for the people and the principals you believe in.

The Disassembly Line

The technological genius of the automotive industry world is enormous and unendingly inventive. Great machines turn scrap steel into shining new cars quicker than a back seat driver can give old dad his driving orders.

Now they've come up with a great machine that turns autos into scrap steel faster than old dad can get his temper under control.

According to the Wall Street Journal, the new machine smashes sixty cars an hour into fist-sized metal pellets claimed to be high quality steel that may well revive the nation's dying scrap industry.

A cynic in our midst, just home from a harrowing holiday spent chiefly on bumper-to-bumper freeways, suggests that the ideal thing would be for Detroit just to hook its assembly lines directly to the new machine and eliminate the slower process of driver-demolition. We prefer, however, to take the more serious view that if this converter of old cars really turns out to be economically successful it may also turn out to be one of the greatest boons conservation has ever had. Can anyone suggest a sight more mournfully desecrating to natural beauty than a field of rusted old autos?

Opinions of Others

The city of Washington now has decided to provide delivery of surplus foods direct to the recipients, so that its relief clients may be fed without having to stir a muscle. The checks, of course, arrive by mail. Indigence becomes more attractive as a way of life all the time, particularly to those whose skills and accomplishments cannot command large wages in the labor market. The battle plans for the war on poverty seem now to lean too heavily on retraining programs for which few are qualified, on handouts which make dependency attractive, and on raising wage levels by law to price even more of those limited capabilities out of the market. Can't the best brains in the Administration come up with something better than a plan for a permanent poor?—Miles City (Mont.) Star.

It Went Thata-Way!



HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

Berlin Is Still World's Foremost Trouble Spot

In the summer of 1946, the writer rode an American military train from Frankfurt to Berlin. The train was delayed an hour at the East German checkpoint while Soviet soldiers contemplated it, though they did not search it.

(Incidentally, this was a two-track line, but from the checkpoint east the Russians had removed one track.)

Berlin at that time was in the declining days of four-power control, and the Russian blockade started two years later. A year ago President Kennedy made his inspired appearance before a West Berlin audience, his "Ich bin ein Berliner" talk. At the time Berlin had for 15 years been the focus of monthly trouble between the Soviet Union and the Western powers, particularly the United States, with endless Soviet threats and obstructions.

Excepting a few days of Cuban crisis, Berlin has re-

mained for 19 years the foremost danger spot on earth. All other East-West confrontations have been, and still are, secondary.

The reason for this protracted tension, waxing and waning over the years, is the German people. They differ from other peoples in some respects, but not in their historical yearning for sovereign unity.

We say West Berlin is an enclave of West Germany. Premier Khrushchev considers it a "third" entity, and wants it "neutralized." He says access to it is subject to East German control. We adamantly deny it.

The access corridors, ground and air, have been subject to countless contentions.

The latest is a Soviet protest because an American commercial jet landed in West Berlin. The Russians say such flights are at our peril. With the British, we are preparing a reply saying the peril is on the Soviet Union, if it interferes.

For a decade, the Russians have been fairly discreet in the air. They have buzzed some military flights, grounded a few, but there have been no serious mishaps.

Over-all, there is a sort of detente between the United States and the Soviet Union. The latter has economic trouble and Red Cina trouble. But Chancellor Erhard of West Germany and his people are watchful that an American-Soviet detente does not incorporate American abandonment of the long-range target of German unification.

Aside from a possible "accident" over Berlin's status, it is the long-range potential which keeps Berlin the central menace to world peace. As the world situation has undergone radical change since 1954, so will it undergo like change by 1974. Ultimately the German people will be unified. The trick, taxing the powers of all thinking men, is to bring it off peacefully.

BOOKS by William Hogan

Apathy of Witnesses in Genovese Case Explored

When, early one morning last March, 28-year-old Catherine Genovese was knifed to death outside her apartment in pleasantly suburban Kew Gardens, New York, a total of 38 people were aware of this ghastly affair. Yet they hid behind their window curtains, and not one of them called the police. The reason, as later analyzed by police and journalists: fear and apathy.

The Genovese story grew less as a report on a violent crime than as a comment on our American times. The New York police commissioner said to a newspaperman what every cop often says, that one of the troubles with New York is that people don't give a damn, want to stay out of trouble, don't want to cooperate, don't want to get involved. As much as a crime story, the Genovese affair mushroomed as a sociological phenomenon.

Out of this sorry business has come an impressive and upsetting report and comment, "Thirty-eight Witnesses." The author is A. M. Rosenthal, city editor of the New York Times, who stayed with the story long after the case had been committed to police files. While his little book—it is only 87 pages—is in a sense a boost for the enterprise of the Times' metropolitan

desk, it is a chilling document in which respectable, middle-class neighborhood apathy becomes the criminal. For Rosenthal asks if the ugliness is in the number, or is it in the act itself, and are 38 sins truly more important than one?

This moving, rather uncomfortable look at ourselves (it reminded me of a similar point in Rolf Hochhuth's "The Deputy"), suggests that the Genovese case can happen again, anywhere, and probably will. Apathy? The word means lack of feeling or emotion; having little interest or concern. Or, as one Kew Gardens neighbor suggested later, "Let's forget the whole thing."

Must every man fear the witness in himself who whispers to close the window? Rosenthal's questions are embarrassingly pointed in this thoughtful analysis of guilt by dis-association. Slip this into your next packet of murder mysteries, and wince.

Short Takes: "Beer in the Snooker Club" (Knopf; \$4.95) is a hard title to ignore. This is a satirical novel with an interesting twist. It is by a young Egyptian writer, Waguih Ghali—and how many modern Egyptian novels have you read lately? The setting is Nasser's Cairo at the time

of the Suez crisis, and one wonders how Ghali's satirical needle (social, political) could escape censorship under the stern, paternal Nasser regime. Well, the young man now resides in West Germany, his publishers tell us.

The satire on wealthy Egyptians is brutal. Ram, a likable young scion of one of these families, spends his days in the local snooker club. Hence the title. But there is much more—from love-making to revolutionary political action—all of it giving us some insight into the milieu of the new Egyptian. Ghali suggests there is some kinship here with the new Italian, as symbolized in films of Marcello Mastroianni. Amusing and critical by turn, the novel is a curiosity piece that proves again that talent is where you find it. I see by the jacket, however, that Ghali was educated in France, England and Sweden.

Notes on the Margin
"Marshal Field III," by Stephen Becker, is a biography of the Midwest patriot, heir to one of America's greatest fortunes, who became a fervent and outspoken supporter of American liberalism. During the Franklin D. Roosevelt Administration, Field launched the ill-fated liberal New York newspaper PM (Simon & Schuster; \$7.50).

AFTER HOURS by John Morley

The Things That Weren't Reported at Convention

San Francisco . . . Looking over my typewriter from the press section of the Cow Palace at the balloting, it is undeniably clear that the "farmer boys" from the West stole the show from the "sophisticates" of Park Avenue and the Boston Commons.

You can cut the bitterness with a knife in the suites and headquarters of the liberals within the Republican party. The TV image of unity is not borne out thus far with the sweeping of the gold dust from the Cow Palace.

Plainly, the five most lonely men in San Francisco as we wrap up our coverage of the proceedings are Scranton, Lodge, Kuchel, Keating and Javits.

General Eisenhower was warmly greeted but created little stir at the convention. He was forgetful and contradicted himself from one public statement to the other, especially on the Republican platform. He was happy and unhappy about it all within four hours of one day.

Ike was unwittingly embarrassed throughout the week by his brother Milton and son John who were bearhugging Governor Scranton all over the place, while the former President was denying a preference.

Prejudicial reporting against Senator Goldwater was evident throughout the convention. For instance, Governor Mark Hatfield of Oregon castigated the John Birch Society in his keynote speech, the delegates applauded and booed at least in the same volume.

Yet, the San Francisco Chronicle reported in a front page story by Denne Petlicler that "the delegates applauded, while one woman in the gallery booed." One woman sure made a heck of a lot of noise.

Often repeated was the statement we heard in making the rounds of the delegations: "We feel comfortable around Goldwater for the first time since Herbert Hoover."

In spite of Governor Scranton's denial of seeing the intensely bitter letter delivered to Senator Goldwater, he was aware of its contents, having written an outline previously for publication in the daily circulated "Convention News" of the Scranton headquarters.

Some nominee headquarters were the best "bugged" in political convention history. At the Mark Hopkins Hotel, the Goldwater and Scranton headquarters were two floors apart. The Goldwater people discovered a number of bugs in air condition blowers, toilet pipes, telephones, drapes. One bellhop admitted receiving \$20 for dropping a bug behind a sofa, while serving drinks in the Goldwater suite.

When we inquired the legality of "bugging" a convention official replied, "Sure it's illegal, but you know what Kinsey used to say — 85 per cent of the people do it anyway."

We were talking to our good friend, Lieutenant Governor John Brown of Ohio, and a delegate . . . when a glamor-gowned Goldwater "public relations" hostess (gathering delegates) asked the delegate where he was from, ignoring the big badge lettered "South Dakota" on his lapel.

"I'm from South Dakota, honey," he said, "and where is Lodge located." "Very cute, sir," she replied, "but it's funny you don't have a southern accent."

The Rockefeller team was assigned the job of originating puns, ridicule, and babooning quips against the Goldwater crowd. Two were "fat - fascists," and the "Nut-see party." Both fell flat on their faces.
General Eisenhower

evoked an unexpected eruption of cheers and standing ovation when he urged Republicans "to scorn divisive forces outside our family, including sensation-seeking columnists and commentators." What the TV screen may not have picked up was that as he said this he kept looking unmistakably at Huntley-Brinkley and Howard K. Smith. Not once did he turn toward Walter Cronkite.

You take a lot of heartache and breaststabbing at a political convention. You need guts to hang on both on the way up or down. A politician finds it hard to change with the times—and the changing times find it also hard to fit yesterday's political hero.

Conventions are full of has-beens, trying to recoup

their failures. There is nothing worse than to be a forgotten hero of 1948 or 1956. There is irony in passing a former political giant and saying "Hi" instead of GOVERNOR Stassen.

And the political arena is void of memory except a left-handed tribute. A man once called the "greatest figure of our time" suddenly is side-tracked from the head table by a bubbling boy whose father may be the next President of the United States.

Such were some of the doings at the Cow Palace, so named because a disgruntled San Francisco citizen objected to its construction. "While people are hungry and being evicted from their homes," he wrote the mayor, "a palace is being built to house cows." And the name stuck.

Our Man Hoppe

The Hard Sell Is Coming Up

By Arthur Hoppe

Gold Water is sweeping the country. I'm speaking, of course, of that grand new brand of soda pop.

It comes in a handy 12-ounce can labeled: "THE RIGHT DRINK FOR THE CONSERVATIVE TASTE artificial color and 1/10 of 1 per cent benzoate of soda." It's officially endorsed by the Goldwater for President Committee. And its swept through the GOP Convention like . . . Well, like Goldwater.

"A bunch of us fellows down in Columbus, Georgia, thought up the idea," explained Mr. Walter Nichter, a friendly Southerner who is vice president of The Gold Water Distributing Co. "Then Barry came down here in May and there was a picture of him on tee-vee taking a swig out of a can. Right off, we had orders from 27 States. And—wow!—think how it's going to go now at rallies and things."

What's it taste like? "It isn't," said Mr. Nichter, looking serious and dedicated, "like anything I ever tasted before. It's kind of a combination of lime and orange and it's real gold in color. Barry says his wife puts a little vodka in it and you know what she calls it?"

A Bloody Barry? "No," said Mr. Nichter, "a Gold Rush. Here, have a brochure."

The brochure bears the new famous picture of Mr. Goldwater slugging down the new soda pop, a price list (\$3 per case), plus several stimulating slogans, such as: "A container that packs a political punch! The cause that refreshes! The tonic the nation needs!"

Grand. But obviously what this new product needs is a ringing testimonial. One follows:

"I used to be a wishy-washy moral weakling. At parties, Liberals would contemptuously scatter dust in my eyes. I was too fuzzy-minded to fight back. Red-blooded American girls would laugh in my face. Everybody pushed me around. Foreigners took my money. The world sneered at me. I was miserable. Then a friend introduced me to Gold Water.

"I liked the looks of the container — clean, simple, strong. With trembling fingers, I tried to open it. But it was a hard-top can and I'd gone soft on Liberalism. With a hearty laugh, my friend bit a hole in the top and handed it to me. 'Have a swig,' he said.

"Hesitantly, I took a teeny sip. Three hairs sprouted on my chest. Nervously, I took a swallow. My jaw jutted forth two inches! Confidently, I took a gulp. My heart expanded to seven times its normal size and my blood turned red. Greedily I drained the can. My vision cleared and I was suddenly able to see through phoney Liberals everywhere.

"Today, thanks to Gold Water, I am a new man—hairy-chested, jut-jawed, steely-eyed, and all heart. People respect me. Liberals fear me. Nobody pushes me around. Oh, what a wonderful country this would be if only all true Americans would swallow Gold Water."

Yes sir, a testimonial like that properly sets the Tone for the upcoming campaign to sell Gold Water to the American people. It's a great product, attractively packaged, simply labeled and easy to swallow. And, believe me, after watching its effects last week on those who are hooked on it, we're in for the biggest hard sell you ever saw.

Morning Report:

No doubt that President Johnson is clearing his decks for political action. At least that's how I interpret the recent sale of a house of ill fame by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp.

That Federal agency took over the place when a bank in Marlin, Texas, went under. Obviously, to keep the house would have exposed Mr. Johnson to the charge of creeping socialism—running something that free enterprise should be running.

This clears the Democrats as far as it goes. But Senator Goldwater has called for private ownership of TVA in Tennessee. It remains to be seen if the President will also sell that.

Abe Mellinkoff

Quote

"Home is the place where Dad is free to do anything he pleases, because no one will pay the slightest attention to him anyway."—Robert E. Lee, Woodward (Okla.) County Journal.