

Press-Herald

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The War on Accidents

Some of today's automobile accidents actually started to happen months or years ago. The mishaps could very well have had their inception in the inadequacies of catch-as-catch-can driver-instruction given to those behind the wheels of the cars involved.

It is gratifying to note, therefore, that the availability of accredited driver-education courses in high schools across the nation is escalating; that some states have made it compulsory.

The school training goes far beyond the mere mechanics of the driving operation. Students are made safety-conscious by thorough classroom drilling in careful driving rules and regulations. Included are text book theory, written projects and films on proper driving attitudes and behavior. A standard minimum course consists of 30 hours of classroom work and six hours of practice driving.

The whole idea is to instill a deep sense of responsibility in the trainee for the life, limb and property of the car-riding public and pedestrians.

These courses are expensive to operate. The amount spent annually in the schools in 31 states providing driver education has reached \$75 million. A large share of the cost, according to the Automotive Safety Foundation, is borne by automobile manufacturers and dealers, as a public service. For instance, out of the 15,284 cars used by schools for practice driving, 9,779 are loaned by local dealers.

It seems to us that the automobile industry merits commendation for this and its many other vital aids to the achievement of greater safety on the country's thoroughfares.

Happy Birthday Week

This has been birthday week for California, and it was a double celebration for many Southlanders.

All week long, the City of Los Angeles has been celebrating its 184th anniversary, and on Thursday the State of California celebrated its 115th anniversary.

In each case, tremendous changes have been recorded during the more than a century of existence.

California, the 31st state of the union, is ranked first today . . . first in many categories: agriculture, glamour, lumber, recreation, residents, automobiles, space-age technology.

We can only hope that California's present standing can be considered a building block, not the finished product, and that the state can truly continue to be No. 1 in all comparisons.

The hub of California's tremendous growth, the 184-year-old city of Los Angeles, has grown from a sleepy pueblo, stuck on the Pacific shores, away from the sophisticated cities of the nation.

That has all changed and today Los Angeles is one of the great cities of the world. There are more people in Los Angeles today than in a large number of the states.

Los Angeles and its satellite cities comprise one of the greatest pools of technical and professional skills now existing in the world. The heart and brains of the aerospace industry is here, the heart and brains of television and motion picture industries are here, and the nation's giants of finance, publishing, and other fields are shifting their operations in this direction.

So today we pass along a "Happy Birthday" to California and to its principal city, Los Angeles. May they have many, man more.

Opinions of Others

The fact that more than a million youngsters annually commit acts beyond misdemeanors and are arrested and often sentenced is more than enough reason for universal concern. Add to that another fact, that millions of other boys and girls flirt with dangerous threats to their moral, spiritual, and physical safety, and the problem comes to rest in almost every home in America.—*Atchison (Kans.) Globe.*

THAT BIG-GOVERNMENT HEADACHE



ROYCE BRIER

Nuclear Treaty Hasn't A Chance at Conference

President Johnson recently disclosed a draft treaty for preventing the spread of nuclear weapons. The American proposal was offered to the 17-nation disarmament conference sitting in Geneva.

In revealing the text, the President said, "The time is now. The hour is late. The fate of generations yet unborn is in our hands."

The pronouncement is true enough, and dramatic enough, but it is hard to see why it was made, unless it was designed as a piece of American propaganda. Because the treaty offered hasn't a ghost of a chance of acceptance by the Soviet Union, and it is even viewed rather dimly by Britain, Canada and Italy, conference members.

To the unpracticed eye, or on casual reading, the treaty looks just dandy. But the practiced eye had only to read it once to perceive a fatal flaw so far as concerns prevention of nuclear proliferation. The Russian delegation at Geneva said it wasn't even worth discussion.

Specifically, Chief Dele-

gate Tsarapkin said the proposal did not bar West Germany from acquiring nuclear weapons, and that the Soviet Union would not sign any such convention.

To the casual glance, the treaty would forbid present nuclear-armed states "to transfer any nuclear weapons into the national control of any non-nuclear state," or to "assist any non-nuclear state in the manufacture of nuclear weapons."

Then, non-nuclear signatories would pledge not to manufacture or acquire nuclear weapons.

The fatal flaw is that while the proposal deals with individual signatories, it does not mention, hence does not forbid, creation of an international nuclear force. This so conspicuously runs counter to the Soviet position of years, that you wonder the State Department functionaries bothered to draw up the treaty, or the President seriously to offer it to the world.

Nothing in this treaty prevents the NATO powers mounting a nuclear force, and the United States has been pushing a mixed crew

fleet as one form of this force. The American scheme foundered on French intransigence, but it was also stalled by a differing British scheme. Under it, nuclear weapons would be available to NATO, but use would be subject to American or British veto.

It takes a real flight of fancy to see the Soviet Union mouse-trapped by a deal like this, even though (under the treaty) the Warsaw pact nations could also set up a nuclear force.

The key of course is that in a NATO nuclear force, West Germany could "indirectly" acquire nuclear weapons. The Germans hunger for nuclear weapons, all right, but the Russians don't intend they get any, without more trouble than anybody cares to contemplate today.

So, though one is reluctant to say so, this proposed treaty is so much hot air. Whether in offering it the United States blunderingly impaired true disarmament, or true prevention of nuclear proliferation, is a question only time can answer.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Weird Family Story Is Irritating, Delightful

A strange family novel called "The Travelers," by Andrew Fetler, who was born in Latvia and now teaches English at the University of Massachusetts, suggests Tolstoy, junior grade. This book falls into no category. It might be autobiography, but the author denies it—rather too emphatically, it seems to me. It is simultaneously irritating and delightful as it observes an itinerant Russian Protestant evangelist and his family.

Based in Hitler's Germany of the late 1930s, Vanya Solovyov, his wife and several children travel through Central Europe and Scandinavia hawking a revival-tent brand of militant Christianity. Vanya, a modern pilgrim and something of a poignant, absurd tinnor saint, wa. exiled from his native Russia before the Revolution for haranguing against all the Russian Orthodox saints. He was infuriated to find that the new government decided to drive God out of Russia altogether.

Spiritually tormented, the old gentleman now specializes in addressing Protestants who spoil for a fight with the Communists. He is

not a Nazi, but seems to be perfectly at home in the Nazi milieu. Vanya is a brother under the skin to the old-fashioned, God-fearing American fundamentalist preacher. So fired is he with his soul-saving mission that he seeks, in Finland, to convert Russians by sending Bibles into their country by balloon. Again, he joins a German anti-Communist Crusade as an evangelical side-show.

This is a compelling, totally unusual family story. Could the author have been one of Vonya's sons? "This is a work of fiction, not history or biography," he insists. "The book's characters are imagined, not factual, the product of imagination, not of recollection." Yet Vanya and company seems too real to be manufactured; their travels too magnificently absurd to have been the product of an American teacher's creative story-telling.

The story, in any event, is another part of the German and European forest of the late 1930s than we are used to. The scenes and characters are rich, infuriating, haunting, ridiculous. The novel is a first-rate job of reconstructing a time that our Latvian-born author obvious-

ly knew as a child, and characters he might have lived with. It is a weird one, all right, a novel I admire and dislike at the same time.

A book of more immediate reality is "Manchild in the Promised Land," by Claude Brown (Macmillan; \$5.95). Most readers might turn their heads the other way rather than read this rough, chilling account of growing up in Harlem: violence, knifings, death, dope traffic, hopelessness. The author is a 28-year-old Negro whose notes from this American hell help to explain that appalling war cry, "Burn, baby, burn!"

"Courage wears its whitest linen in walking the gauntlet between the knives of discouragement. It is here that the faith in a human heart dares to advance a dream against the dismal deterrents of the skeptics."—Douglas Meador, Matador (Tex.) Tribune.

I don't blame folks for writing angry letters, when they have been offended—the wrong is in mailing

Sacramento Report

State's Anti-Smog Law Increases Cost of Autos

By CHARLES CHAPEL
Assemblyman, 46th District
Some of the most important laws enacted during the regular session of the Legislature in 1965 were those pertaining to motor vehicles, especially in the field of "smog control." The phrase "smog control" is very misleading for several reasons.

In the first place, the word "smog" was the invention of a newspaper editor who needed a decent four-letter word for a headline over his story about air pollution. He combined the words "smoke" and "fog" and came up with "smog."

This is not a criticism of that editor who coined the word because he told me, long ago, that he could not pass the examination for the Boy Scout merit badge in chemistry. He also said that he did not have the slightest idea about what caused air pollution although he guessed that it existed when there was neither smoke nor fog present in the air. Chemists tell me that the editor was correct on that part of the problem. They added that if they knew exactly what caused air pollution and how to either prevent it or reduce it materially, they could get rich fast and have a big, black Cadillac limousine with a white chauffeur, just like funeral directors (undertakers).

One of the very good laws enacted in 1965 was Assembly Bill No. 610, by Thomas Carrell, a Chevrolet dealer who is chairman of the Assembly Committee on Transportation and Commerce. I have been a member of this committee for slightly more than 15½ years.

Assembly Bill No. 610 repealed the penalty provisions on an existing law pertaining to smog-control devices on automobiles. It was enacted as an emergency measure, hence it went into effect several months ago. Naturally, I supported it.

Senate Bill No. 317, by Senator Ralph Collier, of Yreka, (NOT Eureka), was an extremely complicated "smog" bill. It was amended several times in the Senate before it came to our Assembly Committee on Transportation and Commerce. Our committee devoted many hours to hearing this bill, extending over several weeks. It is a matter of record that no bill heard by our committee, for at least 16 years, has received such an extensive hearing, or provoked so many violent reactions, pro and con.

Senator Collier, himself, amended his own bill, at least three times while it was being heard by our committee. Amendments by various members of our committee were accepted by Senator Collier, including an amendment which I wrote with the help of the Legislative Counsel and several constituents. I voted "NO" on the bill but it passed out of our committee to the floor of the Assembly. There it was amended so much by members of the Assembly, both Republicans and Democrats, that I voted "NO" on it again, simply because in the final amended form it was even worse than it was when I left our committee. The bill went to the Senate where it started, and from there to the Governor, who signed it into law.

In its present form as a law, the Collier "anti-smog" bill sets compulsory standards for crankcase control

devices on all 1963 and later models; and for exhaust control devices for all 1966 and later model automobiles, but there requirements are not state-wide. Several members of the Assembly told Senator Collier that unless all or major portions of their Assembly Districts were taken out of the bill by means of their Assembly amendments, they would not vote for the bill.

One Assemblyman took his whole Northern California county, not merely his Assembly District, out of the bill. I wanted to take all of the 46th Assembly District out, but since the bill was aimed primarily at Los Angeles County, and because the bill had a great deal of financial support, everyone who owns an automobile in

Los Angeles County is now hamstrung by a bad law. The same Randolph Collier law applies to all commercial vehicles (trucks, etc), beginning with the 1967 models. It would have hit existing trucks except for the fact that owners of trucks and other commercial vehicles made Collier take them out.

The Randolph Collier law means that automobiles will cost more; there will be heavy repair bills for damaged engines; and automobile registration fees (taxes) will be increased. We have not heard the last word about this bad law. You can obtain a free copy by writing to the Legislative Bill Room, 215 State Capitol, Sacramento 14, California. A large stamped envelope addressed to yourself will expedite matters because it is a big, bad bill.

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Jury Probes Wild Pitches

CAENFETTI: It's no longer possible to make a fast buck on the Giants: Nevada's gamblers, seeing the light at last, will now give no better than even money on Our Townies to win the pennant . . . Further Nevada notes: The Storey County (Virginia City) Grand Jury, investigating prostitution at the moment, is fired up over the VERY commercial commercials delivered during the recent camel races. Via the public address system, paid pitches were made for "the girls down Six Mile Canyon" (a red light trailer camp) and for a full-time permanent nonfloating sextabishment. VERY Nevada . . . Joe DiMaggio, who generally golfs in the 90s, shot a 73 and exults that it was "the greatest thrill of my life," which I don't believe, either . . . What with one problem and another, Comedian Woody Allen and Pianist Erroll Garner have scrubbed their date at the Circle Star . . . Giant Mgr. Herman Franks is ready to support any Senator who'll vote for 10 players on every baseball team; about the only way he can fit Orlando Cepeda into the lineup.

TALK OF THE elegant set: Screenstar Maureen O'Hara's weird speech at the S. F. Film Festival's kickoff banquet in Trader Vic's. It wasn't so much that she apparently thought she was in Chicago (There is so much tradition here—like When Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over the lantern) but her detailed explanation of why she had to hurry back to H'wood (a certain homely service she had to perform for her aged father next morning). The silence was stunning . . . The Birch Society has relegated the impeachment of Earl Warren to second place on its "Must Do" list (recruiting new members is No. 1), whereas "Saving the Panama Canal" (from what?) has slipped to No. 11. Incidental footnote in the Wall St. Journal: "The Washington, D.C. phone book omits a listing for the U.S. Supreme Court, apparently through an oversight. No oversight. Earl just got tired of taking all those crank calls.

YOU HAVE BEEN warned, friend: If Cartoonist "Peanuts" Schulz invites you for a weekend at his Sebastopol ranch, bring your own booze, cigarettes, and ashtrays as HE won't supply 'em. (He calls his place "Coffee Grounds" so I guess you can expect that, anyway) . . . A visitor, back from N.Y., reports that the water shortage there is so bad that a blimp now floats daily over Manhattan, bearing a huge sign reading "Do Not Flush Unless Absolutely Necessary" . . . Diversification note: Ben Alexander (Jack Webb's "Dragnet" buddy all these TV years) has bought a Chicago brewery, Meisterbrau, to go along with his mortuary, leasing company, Ford dealerships, gas stations, apt. house and estate at Maui, Hawaii, and doesn't that make you feel positively slugabeddish? . . . A prominent S.F. lawyer, attending a party in New York, ran into Ted and Bobby Kennedy, Stewart Udall, Willard Wirtz and Arthur Schlesinger Jr., and asked loudly: "What is this—the Government in exile?"

Morning Report:

Representative Ford, the GOP leader in the House, is accusing President Johnson of destroying the Republican party. Actually, he's not so much destroying it as absorbing it.

That Man in the White House is everywhere. The Job Corps to give work to the young is just getting rolling. And the other day, he's out with a plan to put some money in the pockets of their grandfathers and grandmothers. They will take care of neglected children and bedridden adults. In one program, he thus swoops up three more groups of voters or relatives of voters.

I think Mr. Ford has a right to be worried. The GOP had better get busy and grab off some groups before there are none left to grab. This Mr. Johnson has a wide grasp — of politics and voters.

Abe Mellinkoff

We Quote . . .

Someone suggests that economy is just a way of spending money without getting any fun out of it. Could be.—N. D. Wilcox, The Elysian (Minn.) Enterprise.

The vote only makes fundamental social change possible; it does not guarantee it.—Allard K. Lowenstein, former Stanford dean.