

Press-Herald

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New Safeguards Needed

The UC Board of Regents won a condemnation suit Thursday which may open new channels for the use of eminent domain.

In this case, the Regents sued to condemn a 318-unit apartment complex and acquire it to house married students attending UCLA. The building is located several miles from the campus and will have no direct university relation except for housing.

Opposition to the action of the Board of Regents in using its power to take these units from private owners was widespread. Among those voicing objections were Los Angeles city officials, county supervisors, state legislators, area residents, merchants, and homeowners groups.

Opponents reported that the Board of Regents plans to acquire a total of 400-500 units by the end of 1965. The ultimate plan is to acquire 1200-1400 units, it has been claimed.

Unfortunately, the California Constitution gives to the Regents the power to take any real or personal property "without restriction . . . for the benefit of the university or incidentally for its conduct. . . ."

There must be some restrictions on the rights of government agencies to seize private property. If the Regents can take over apartment houses several miles from campus to house students, can they go a few more miles and take over some nice Beverly Hills homes for members of the faculty?

For the 300-plus families now living in the units to be taken over by the University, it means finding new homes. For the owners of the property, it means — by their figures — a substantial loss.

For the taxpayers, it means that a large parcel of private property is going off the tax rolls and that others will have to pick up the tax load.

We do not believe the powers of condemnation were intended to be so broadly applied, and pray that some measure of protection can be offered the private citizen against seizure of his property for any purpose that can not meet the test of providing the greater good for the greater number of people.

Opinions of Others

"One of the basic goals of education . . . is to teach students to be independent thinkers. Our whole education system is—or should be—basically dedicated to teaching people to think for themselves, to weigh objectively, to read critically. Only in this way can the future citizens now in our schools learn the moral integrity they need if our freedom is to be preserved." —Oakland (Calif.) California Voice.

"Freedom of the press, if it is to live, will serve the interests of the people." —Lake Wales (Fla.) News.

"A big city newspaper recently carried a story where a maniac was accused of rape and murder and released on \$500 bail. A day later we read an article about a group of men who were arrested for playing cards and were released on bail of \$1,000 each. It made us wonder whether it was cheaper to murder than to get caught playing cards. It doesn't add up!" —Shick-shinny (Pa.) Mountain Echo.

"If there is one thing on which Americans are generally agreed . . . it is that making a lot of money is no easy task. . . . Yet every now and again there is a story about someone who found that task as easy as—well, as rolling off a log. Consider the case of the late Henry R. Grochau, who died last year at the age of 90 after having worked as a freight clerk for the Chicago and North Western Railway for more than half a century. An inventory of his estate disclosed that he had left a fortune of close to two million dollars. And how did he do this on a freight clerk's pay? He bought a few hundred dollars' worth of stock in new companies back in the early 1900s. Some of the firms went under, but one of them—Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing—skyrocketed. His 396 shares of 3M turned into 27,246 shares over the years, thanks to stock splits." —Kennett (Mo.) Democrat.

"There is more money invested in newspaper advertising than in all other advertising media combined. If a merchant spent every minute of his life counting out one dollar bills, he could never reach the amount all advertisers invest in newspapers in one year . . . something over four billion dollars." —Cooper (Texas) Review.

"One viewpoint holds that prosperity can be bought by tax cuts financed by borrowed money. . . . The conflicting viewpoint holds that the government ought to remain solvent, and that it is a breach of trust to constantly downgrade the value of the dollar. This is the viewpoint that encourages individual initiative and supports the private enterprise system and wants to reverse the trends towards a giant, overpowering government that would direct every phase of our private lives and the nation's business." —Mcker (Okla.) Herald.

"America was founded by people seeking freedom, seeking a right to have a voice in the government. Each year along comes some crackpot who would take that privilege away from you and me. . . . The populated areas now have all the advantages, but they are not satisfied, they want to be hole hog. We sincerely hope that the smaller counties and communities unite for a common cause and our representatives be representatives of the people back home, regardless of what the party bigwigs think or want." —St. Marys (Pa.) Press.



ARTHUR HOPPE

Hang Those Curtains on The Super Highway, Ma!

The War on Poverty has at long last officially begun. The President has signed a measure unleashing the ultimate weapon against this age-old scourge—money.

The first appropriation bill of the War, as you know, provides \$1.1 billion to help the poor people of Appalachia lead better lives. And of this total, no less than \$840 million (or better than three-fourths) will go to build better highways throughout this depressed area.

To record the jubilation of the front-line troops at this historic moment, I have a late communique from Mr. Jud Joad of Appalachia corners, who has been fighting poverty for 16 Administrations.

"A billion dollars!" I says to my wife, Maude. "Why I reckon there could rightly be more than a million of us poor folks here in Appalachia. So's we stand to collect . . . Now let's see here, Maude! It comes out \$1,000 for you and \$1,000 for me. Why, that's enough to tide us over the rest of our days. And even leave something to be buried decent!"

"Oh, Jud," she cries, putting her arms about me. "I never in my life figured to be rich. Do you think I could maybe get those curtains for the lichen window, too?"

"Soon as the money comes," says I, for she's been banking these 20 years for them. And for the next couple of days she does nothing but skitter round the place, a-giggling and humming and trying to decide between blue ones or yellow ones.

"Sure enough finally a Government car comes driving up our dirt road. 'I'm going to get pink ones,' says Maude, happy as a puppy dog.

"You bring our money?" says I. "First you got to sign here," he says. And when we do, he hands us a check for \$42.93. "What's that for?" says I. "Your shanty," says he. "It's been condemned and we're going to tear it down."

"Well, it ain't much," I have to admit. "But are you going to put something for us in its place?"

"You bet," says he, rubbing his hands. "On this

very spot we are building you a modernly-engineered cloverleaf to provide you with ingress and egress to the new eight-lane See-Appalachia-First Freeway which is going through your kitchen."

"A freeway" says I. "Right," he says. "You are a lucky man, Mr. Joad. For this modern freeway will open up your backward land to recreation and development and will provide you with efficient, modern transportation to get your goods to market."

"But where," says Maude sadly, "will I hang my curtains?"

Well, after the Government man left, I cheered Maude up by pointing out how wonderful the Government was to build us a fine new cloverleaf. "And look how handy it will be to have an eight-lane freeway right to our door," I says. "If'n we can afford a car."

"I guess you're right, Jud," she says with a sigh. "But, to tell the truth, if a had my druthers, I'd druther they built us a sidewalk instead."

WILLIAM HOGAN

Looking at the Far Side Of Author Ross McDonald

Reading for pleasure: While riding into San Francisco the other morning I attempted to finish the last pages of a dreary, over-publicized new novel. It was one of those crisp, pre-spring days when, from Golden Gate Bridge, sunlight brought the Farallon Islands into sharp focus and all seemed right with the world beyond the headlands.

Suddenly I wondered why, for God's sake, was I mixed up in the cluttered nonsense world of the intolerable characters in the book at hand. What bitter, pretentious, totally second-rate merchandise most of this new fiction is!

In compensation—because I am never disappointed in the entertainments of Ross Macdonald—I turned to the new Detective Lew Archer suspense novel, "The Far Side of the Dollar" (Knopf; \$3.95). Sure enough, the characterization, believability, the precise toughness of the Southern California milieu were all there, as before.

It has become a critical cliché to say that Ross Macdonald ("The Chill," "The Zebra-Striped Hearse," et al.) performs in the great Raymond Chandler tradition. The time is long since past to agree that Macdon-

ald writes in his own tradition—with perception, bounce and style, but also with a deep understanding of his characters and the mixed-up contemporary Los Angeles scene they help to create.

I think that Ross Macdonald is an important American novelist. For under the surface sheen and excitement of his books there remains a sociological emphasis and awareness that few novelists are able to project in their undercooked, or grossly exaggerated parodies of Kraft-Ebing's "Psychopathia Sexualis."

"The Other Side of the Dollar," first of all, is sheer entertainment in the private eye tradition. But the craftsmanship here endorses a point that the critic Anthony Boucher makes time and again. This is that the detective-suspense genre exhibits some of the more superior writing that is being produced today, but is too often ghettoized, or not taken seriously, because of its basic purpose, which is to entertain. "The Other Side of the Dollar" is a classic presentation of Boucher's case.

Rather than attempt to describe this exhilarating book, I suggest its central point simply by quoting

this: "People are trying too hard to live through their children. And the children keep trying too hard to live up to their parents, or live them down. Everybody's living through or for or against somebody else. It doesn't make too much sense, and it isn't working too well."

Beyond that, this, like all of Ross Macdonald's work, is something one would finish, and appreciate, even though he were riding across the Golden Gate on a morning in the supreme heart of spring.

Morning Report:

Everything is fair in love and war including sex. And in our little cold war with General de Gaulle, one of his courts on the Riviera has attacked in a two-pronged offensive.

The judge ruled that it is legal for a well-stacked gal to play ping pong on a public beach in a monokini, which is the lower half of a bikini. First, this is a blow at our cotton growers. And second, it will cut into our balance of trade payments by luring millions of American ping pong fans to France. While President Johnson wants them to spend their dollars at home.

It's a very neat attack, too. Because if we legalize the monokini to hold our tourists, the French can switch to the no-kin and ruin our farmers.

ROYCE BRIER

Wars Come Step by Step Past Point of No Return

Secretary of Defense McNamara offered us a mortality table of 150 million if the Russians bombed American urban centers. He said American retaliation would match this mortality in the Soviet Union (President Kennedy offered the same estimate two years ago).

As comparable losses might occur in middle and western Europe, we could expect 400-500 million dead in a few days. This could end Western civilization which might, or might not, recover in a century or two.

It is this missile-nuclear potential which is depended upon by many to avert major warfare for the whole future. But some doubt it.

The flaw in ready acceptance is the historical reality about how warfare has risen and spread among men, peoples, races and governments. The past reality is abundantly manifest.

Primitive men may have deliberately said, "We will destroy or take over those other people," and this deliberation extended in known cases into the early civilization, and even into medieval time.

But peaceable men who looked to law for human solutions became increasingly influential as long as 400 years ago. This, however, did not prevent massive warfare of the Thirty Years' type, nor yet the 1914 and 1939 type. How, then, did such wars occur? Why, they sneaked up on us.

Richelieu, the Kaiser, even Hitler did not want a "world" war. But fear and hate combined with lying distortion of reality, and presently these infected their opponents as well.

Every day we see this emotionalism which defies reason. In its smallest scope it brings on a barroom brawl in a somewhat larger, a college campus tussle or those boys breaking glass in Brooklyn.

It goes step by step. To the antagonists each step seems justified by the previous one. At each step one or the other, or both antagonists, abandon a part of reason, until all reason is whittled away, and the only human value left is survival.

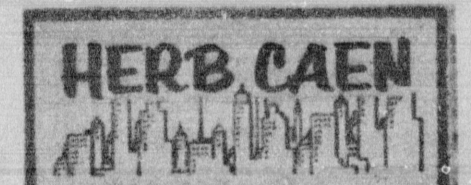
It is also described as a leap-frog process, and this was grimly notable in the French Revolution to Robespierre in 1794. It was the exact process in the summers of 1914 and 1939.

So nobody wants personally to be killed, or wants everything he has, includ-

ing his civilization, forever lost. But he thinks the next step, the next blow, will save him, and after a few steps his reasoning faculty is negligible.

Better watch out in Viet-

nam! These Chinese have a few old Russian submarines, and might try to hole a carrier. Better watch out everywhere these days, when the penalty for total unreason is total extinction.



NOVELIST ERNEST K. "High and Mighty" Gann is back home in Sausalito after working a spell as a DC-3 pilot for Polynesian Airlines, out of Western Samoa; he was looking for an idea for a novel—"The Low and the Weak?"—but confesses he drew a blank. His new passion: gliding in the nearby hills. . . . Baseball season is upon us, all right. Scattered around Doro's the other noon were the spikey likes of Jimmy Davenport, Stu Miller, Mike McCormick and Chub Feeney; all of 'em laughing over Bill Rigney's crack about Bo Belinsky, traded by the Angels to Philadelphia. Said Rigney: "Who ever heard of making a Phillie out of a stud?" . . . Atty. Melvin Belli is getting so alarmingly fat—popping the seams of his \$300 suits—that he's taking his troubles to a specialist (and what a doctor who treats Melvin needs is another lawyer, standing by 24 hours a day) . . . Cary Grant, who has been inspecting vineyards around here (with an eye to acquiring one?), was asked if he'd be interested in buying the late J. D. Zellerbach's in Sonoma. "No," he replied. "That's a rich man's toy." Well? . . . Family note: While the incomparable Tempest Storm is taking 'em off these nights, Hubby Herb Jeffries stays home, putting 'em on their baby daughter, Patricia Ann. And taking 'em off. And putting 'em on. . . .

MORNING LINE: You never know what's going to break people up. A new film, "The Satan Bug," was previewed here the other night—a thriller about a nut who steals a vial of lethal germs and hides out in Chavez Ravine. The movie's highest dramatic pitch is reached when the star says: "We've got to find him before he wipes out Los Angeles!"—at which the whole audience screamed with laughter and applauded madly. However, they'll shudder in Anaheim. I guess . . . Danny Kaye flew in from Hong Kong to tell his buddy, Johnny Kan: "I'll never go there again during Chinese New Year's. Every restaurant was closed except the ones serving snake and snake gail, which is supposed to make you sexv. Hasn't worked yet" . . . On a counter in S. F. Airport's main Bldg—between the West Coast and Philippines counters—stands a big pot featuring a flower and a plaque reading: "DAHLIA—The Official Flower of San Francisco." The flower is plastic.

NEWS ITEM: "Southern California's gasoline exhausts have been blamed for the high lead content found in virgin snow at Lassen National Park, some 560 miles to the north." Do you sometimes get the feeling you've lived too long?

I STILL SAY this city has everything. For one thing, you don't have to go all the way to Mexico to get Montezuma's Revenge. You can get it right here at several places . . . Sudden thought: You know you're getting old when the barber spends more time trimming your ears than he does your head . . . Add things culinary that bug me: so-called "good" restaurants that serve frozen crab even during crab season . . . Procrastination has its advantages. If you wait long enough you discover that those letters piled on your desk don't have to be answered after all . . . Being an ardent feminist, my heart goes out to that militant young lady who insisted on riding on the outside of a cable car (and caused a near-riot before she was pried off). However, to achieve equality in this particular department, I fear our women have a long time to wait. As a gripman once said to a like-minded lady: "You need three hands to stand out there—one to hold your hat on, one to hold your skirt down and one to hang on with."

ITEMS WEST: "The Wanderer" is wandering again. Which is to say, the Sterling Haydens have sold their Belvedere house—and Sterling is en route to Europe via freighter to scout for a new place to call home. Could be England, France, Spain, or even Tangiers . . . Goodie Knight must be serious about making another run for the Governor's job. The word's about that he's contemplating a face-lift operation . . . The people in charge of the Hanna Boys Center in Sonoma have a sad souvenir in their possession—an hour's worth of radio promotion tapes that they won't be able to use. The tapes, asking for donations to the Center, were made late last November by Nat King Cole—his last effort before he sank into his fatal illness. Also the Circle Star Theater where Nat played his final engagement, is being pestered by Cole fans who want—as souvenirs—copies of his last programs . . . Bishop James Pike, whose newest book, "A Time for Christian Candor," was published only last November, confided at the Blue Fox the other night that he has finished yet another book. "I hope this question isn't out of line," sighed Novelist Niven Busch, "but do you by any chance have a holy ghost writer?"

We Quote . . .

The only way you can succeed at something that has thrown you is climb right back on. —Stephen Williams, Sacramento civic leader.

Vocational education has far too long been regarded as the sub-basement or dumping ground by educators themselves. —Francis Keppel, U. S. Commissioner of Education.

Our policies should reflect approaches that involved doing with other, rather doing for others.—UC Professor Nathan E. Cohen on poverty war.

Abe Mellinkoff