

Press-Herald

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Buffer Zone Threatened

Hearings are now under way before the City Planning Commission on proposals to rezone much of the remaining portions of Tract 2200 west of Crenshaw Boulevard and north of Lomita Boulevard to permit residential development on land zoned for industry.

The Press-Herald believes the proposals should be denied.

When the balance of the tract adjacent to the land now being considered was rezoned for development, the light industrial zoning was placed along the south side of the project as a buffer zone.

Many of those who opposed any rezoning in the area reluctantly agreed to the buffered development.

The two prominent builders who are seeking the zone change have done much to service the residential needs of the community. We do believe they would be doing a disservice to the city, however, were they to succeed in their current proposals.

The overall good of the city will be served best, we believe, by adhering to what the Planning Commission, City Council, and, we presume, the public decided was right when the zoning was fixed earlier.

Last 'Small' Budget

You would think the Federal government should be able to rock along for a year on a mere \$100 billion of spending money.

However, budget-wise old Washington hands advise it will take more effort than turning out superfluous lights in the White House.

In fact, they are expecting it will take all the leg- erdmain and disappearing acts the experts know.

Actions of the scrambling backstage technicians will include shifting spending from the new budget to the old, or to reviving trust funds; underestimating costs especially on programs Congress wants, applying unused balances instead of asking new money.

And, while the proposed budget is just under \$100 billion, it has been tagged as the last budget of less than \$100 billion that any President will ever submit.

Just eight years from now, it's estimated, spending is likely to be in the \$150 billion range.

Prudent economists note that if such spending can be borne without further inflation and further degradation of the dollar, the Federal government will have to take more money from all of us in taxes.

Where do you think the Federal government gets its money?

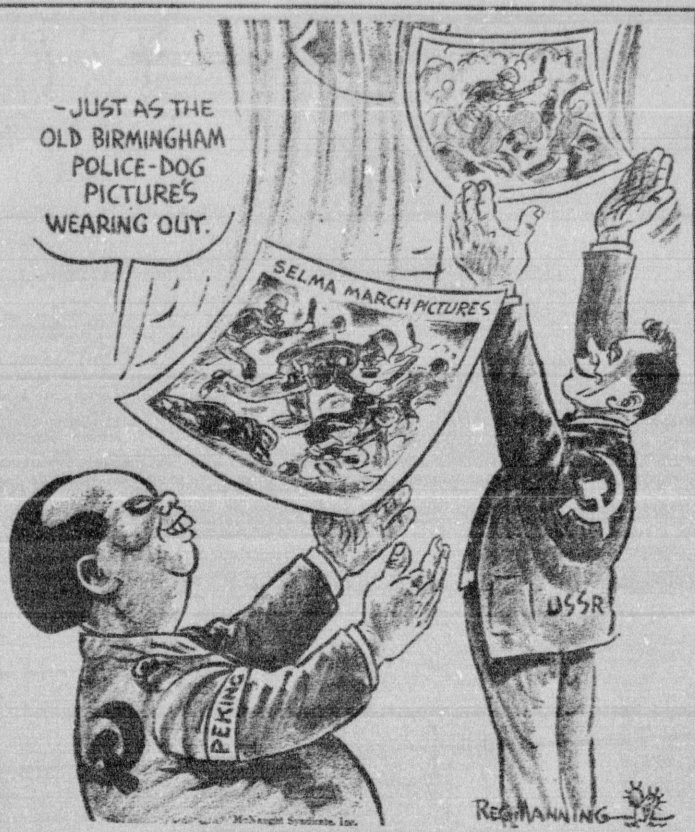
Opinions of Others

"The final figures are in and it's now clear that after three years and an expenditure of \$2.5 billion, the Department of Agriculture's feed grain program, intended to cut production and reduce surplus, has backfired. The 1963 corn crop was the largest in history . . . The government managers of the farm economy used every conceivable interventionist scheme to cut production: higher price supports, increased subsidies, direct income payments, food stamps, multiple price certificates, and severe penalties for over-planting. So, what did the farmer do. He utilized all the improved techniques and new fertilizers that industry could supply him, and made his permitted acreage produce more."—Lennox (S.D.) Independent.

"Have you noticed how little recreational reading you get done lately? All news, books, magazines, discuss problems and more problems—family, government, business—you just can't find anything light and relaxing to read—to forget it all for a few hours."—Fairfax (Minn.) Standard.

"By a slim 4 votes the Labor Party has once again gained majority control of the English Houses of Parliament . . . We must be prepared to witness some fresh erosion of free enterprise in a nation which has had all too many ups and downs. We must witness it as intelligent by-standers and remember it will for our own sake. England has gone this route before and tasted the bitterness of disappointment and frustration. She has chosen to try it again. Where she has forgotten—we must remember."—Alma (Mich.) Record.

WASTEFUL OVERLAP!



ROYCE BRIER

We're Barely Started in Race to Put Man on Moon

We don't have to wait until 1970 to put a man on the moon. We can do it this week with a fair likelihood of success.

The weight of Banger 8, the television vehicle, was around 800 pounds. There would be no difficulty in adding a few hundred pounds to make cramped space for a human being.

The trouble is Ranger 8 hit the moon's surface at around 5,000 miles an hour, a velocity we don't have here on earth, excepting an occasional meteorite.

From the ranks of those who jump from bridges and buildings, you could easily recruit a volunteer for a moon trip. The greatest attention-getter of all time. But of course the jumpers are deranged, and we must have sane lunatics so that's out.

You would need retro-rockets in your moon vehicle for a soft landing, and this would add poundage

and complications. Couldn't be arranged this week.

With retro-rockets, though, our moonman could look from the window and yell into the mike: "Hi, Mom, I made it!" But he might experience difficulty leaving the ship to examine what he'd made, because after 11,000 pictures from two Rangers, the scientists are still in dispute about the environment—deep dust or shallow, porous rock or dense.

Now we come to the hard part—how will we get our man off? Clearly an enormous increase of the vehicular complex is necessary to contain rockets of the thrust that propelled him from the earth—even though the moon's gravity pull is but one-eightieth that of earth.

For obviously a man surviving only long enough to address his Mom by radio, would be little improvement over hitting the moon at 5,000 mph.

So here is the problem we face, and the moon zealots

have dozens of ways on paper to solve it—space waystations, things like that. But none of these offer any guarantee of returning the man to his Mom's embrace on the White House lawn.

It was Mr. Kennedy, 1961, who announced the 1970 target date. But four years of experiment and preliminaries have made this date unrealistic. Trying to meet it because it is there, a nice round figure, is now seen by most sober experts to be a handicap instead of a goal.

After 7,000 new pictures, the scientists are in no more accord about the true nature of the lunar crust than they were with 4,000 pictures. They must therefore dispatch a soft-landing probe, but this is far more intricate and formidable than the picture technique.

So altogether it's a bare beginning, and each little triumph, however remarkable, makes the whole undertaking seem to verge closer on the impossible so far as concerns any man now living.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Wright Morris Wins New Triumph in Latest Work

Wright Morris is hardly a popular writer, in the commercial sense. In "Field of Vision," "What a Way to Go," and a dozen other novels he has shown himself to be one of the most thoughtful practitioners of the art. He is a writer's writer, who is talked about more in the academy than in the market place. I suspect this will be the case again with his new work, titled "One Day."

This is an aesthetic triumph that will be hailed by Morris' dedicated readers and already he has stirred words of praise from his peers (Eudora Welty, for one). I wish I could be equally enthusiastic. But while "One Day" shimmers with technique, it carries less of life's real juices than it might. Except for a funny novel called "Life Among the Cannibals" (1957), this has usually been the case with Morris' intellectual fiction.

Here, Morris comes closest to applying a "gimmick" to his story than in any previous novel. The setting is a San Francisco suburb in the redwoods that Morris calls Escodido (but might be Mill Valley, where the "One Day" by Wright Morris. Attention: 428 pp., \$5.95).

assassination hangs over the small lives and tragedies that bedevil the diverse company assembled. The American suburb becomes a microcosm of the Nation in crisis. While an "Our Town" cast of characters acts out its routine, Morris has several things to say—on the national moral climate, the racial situation, even the undertaking profession.

The day starts at the town square when the dogcatcher finds a baby abandoned at the emergency entrance to the pound. We observe merchants, citizens, a palmer, a teen-aged girl who, because of her interest in civil rights, is branded a "do-gooder" by her boy friend.

"Our Town," "Ship of Fools," "The Bridge of San

Luis Rey" all come to mind as these little dramas unfold. Yet Wright Morris has written his own comment on the human condition in his careful, thoughtful way. One must admire his well-honed, English department craftsmanship and admire, too, the fact that he produced this well-stitched tapestry within a relatively short time from that day of infamy. (Katherine Anne Porter is said to have invested some 20 years in "Ship of Fools.") "One Day" is gloomy, Gothic textbook prose which a discriminating, literary elite audience will discover and enjoy; it remains one of the most interesting performances in a generally dismal fictional season.

Strength for These Days (From The Bible)

Your joy no one taketh away from you. —(John 16:22)

Being happy is one proof of our trust in God. If we really believe in Him then no matter what is wrong, no matter what problems confront us, no matter what the outlook we will not brood over them; we will be happy in the knowledge that God will guard us and help us through trying times.

My Neighbors



SACRAMENTO REPORT

Unmarked Cars for CHP Permitted in New Bill

By CHARLES E. CHAPEL, Assemblyman, 46th District

A bill was introduced during this session of the Legislature which would allow the California Highway Patrol to use unmarked cars in traffic enforcement, with the number of such unmarked cars limited to 15 per cent of the cars in active use.

Almost identical bills have been introduced at various sessions during the more than 14 years that I have been in the Legislature. Since I have been a member of the Assembly Committee on Transportation and Commerce continuously since I first took the oath of office in January 1951, I have heard many hours of debate for and against bills of this type, in the committee and on the floor of the Assembly.

One of the vital points of controversy is the meaning of the word "unmarked." Any law-enforcement agency using automobiles for investigating crimes, sometimes called "undercover work" or "detective work," needs automobiles which look like those used by the average citizen. Such automobiles should not have government license plates or any outward indication that the cars belong to any governmental agency, bureau, department, or division. Otherwise, the officers conducting an investigation are handicapped the minute they step into a car with "tell tale" license plates or other markings.

Cars of this type can be referred to as "entirely unmarked" and only a comparatively small number of such cars are needed by any law-enforcement agency, especially the California Highway Patrol.

California Highway Patrol cars can be partially unmarked. For example, they can be painted on both sides with large replicas of the badge worn by California Highway Patrolmen and large words which clearly indicate that the car belongs to the California Highway Patrol. Then, when an officer passes other drivers or stops them for questioning, there is little doubt about who is on the job.

Part of the theory of traffic enforcement, or any other kind of law enforcement, is the effect that a completely marked police car has on citizens. This applies whether the car is driven by a sheriff, a city policeman, or a California Highway Patrolman. A completely marked police car is one having insignia and sometimes equipment on the front, back, sides and even on top of the car. This kind of car "deters," that is, slows up people who are violating a law or plan to commit at least a misdemeanor.

The idea that California Highway Patrolmen gain anything by stopping people for questioning, handing out traffic tickets, or taking people to jail is entirely wrong. Neither their income nor their promotion is based on such activity. Since the use of completely marked cars reduces time and energy for motorists, traffic officers, judges, clerks, and others, the California Highway Patrol would be the first to oppose having more than 15 per cent of their cars either completely or partially unmarked.

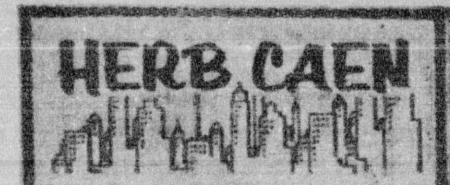
The mere fact that a bill has been introduced in either the Assembly or the Senate of the California State Legislature does not necessarily mean that it will ever become a law, regardless of its merits or demerits. This is especially true during the current session because of the federal mandate to re-apportion the State Senate.

The state law giving veterans partial exemption from the payment of taxes on their property should not be repealed by the Legislature if it is properly enforced. For example, many county tax assessors in California, including Philip E. Watson, County Assessor of Los Angeles County, require

all those seeking the partial exemption to first prove that they are veterans within the meaning of the state law. Then, they must submit an inventory of all their real and personal property, under oath. A qualified veteran may not own even a vacant lot, but if he has money in a bank or savings-and-loan association, owns

stocks or bonds, or has a life insurance policy with a high cash-surrender value, he may not receive the partial exemption.

The result is that normally only bona-fide veterans in financial distress receive the partial exemption from taxes. This was the clear intent of the law when it was enacted.



IN ONE EAR: The Kingston Trio has bought a long-vacant grocery store on the Sausalito waterfront and is even now concocting wild plans for an over-the-water restaurant. . . . Eugene Burdick is gloomy.

His newest novel, "Nina's Book," was belted heavily in recent issues of Time and Newsweek. ("I must be getting older," he says. "It didn't used to hurt so much") . . . James Garner's new film, "36 Hours," is set in Germany, but if that big U. S. Army Hospital looks like the Wawona Lodge in Yosemite—well, that's what it is. . . . The Giants struck out on the winter trade deal they wanted most: the return of Outfielder Jackie Brandt from the Baltimore Orioles. . . . Yes, m, Frank Sinatra is still very hot. The mere ninth-hand rumor that he'd be in town for the sneek preview of his "Von Ryan's Express" at a local theater was enough to jam the streets so thoroughly that The Law had to be called. (Nope, he didn't make it.)

ITEMS WEST: Craig Morton, Cal's All-American quarterback who just signed a \$200,000 deal with the Dallas Cowboys, is working these nights as a plain ol' waiter at The Rathskeller in Berkeley. For all of a buck and a half per hour! . . . Living proof that all pro football players don't strike it rich: 49er Leon Donahue standing in line to collect his unemployment insurance in San Jose. . . . One secty, to another: "And when I asked him if he wanted the carbon copy double-spaced too, he REALLY blew his top!" . . . You might like to know that there's a Texas Skull Co. in Johnson City, Tex. If you send 'em 10 bucks, they'll ship you a "Sun-Bleached Skull from LBJ Country!" Whose, they don't say. . . . Bob Hope dropped into Barra's of Italy at the Palace Hotel and bought three sets of cuff links, although he usually wears short-sleeved shirts. ("I pierce my wrists," he explained.)

LA TRIVIATA: Barnaby Conrad is painting portraits of Bing Crosby's family in the proper order—first Bing, then Kathy, followed by the three children and finally the Crosby Labrador retriever, Remus. If the Crosbys keep producing, as is their wont, Barnaby might NEVER get to Remus. . . . And over in Oakland they're still gabbing about Actress Yvette Mimieux's appearance with the OakSymphony in Stravinsky's "Persephone." Mlle. Mimieux, wearing a low-cut gown, was seated directly below Maestro Gerhard Samuel's podium—and, at one point he happened to glance down. After which he looked to the heavens for help, blinked, shook his head, grinned and tried to regain the beat.

DEFINITE SIGNS of Spring in the air. Pink blossoms in front yards, sprigs of daphne on mink collars. Girls giggling here and there, sometimes in both places at once. Ships from far and romantic ports dozing along the Embarcadero, casting reflections on still waters. Tourists from Los Angeles browsing on the hills, casting aspersions on our culture. North Beachniks hanging out in Laundromats, playing chess, beating bongoes. How come Beachniks are so dirty when they spend so much time in Laundromats?

A SALUTARY MORNING downtown, cops tagging the unwary parkers, pigeons tagging the unwary parkers. The noises of the Springtime city: fire engines honking and screaming their way up Market, stinkpot buses going beep-beep in their miserable way, motorists cursing at the wheels of \$7000 cars capable of 120 miles an hour—and crawling past at a snappy 10.

LATE AFTERNOON, smog heavy on the hills. A bum walked past, wearing a wide-brimmed fedora and two-tone sportshoes that might have been cast off by Scott Fitzgerald. I was so fascinated by his shoes I responded hastily when he asked for four-bits. "Will two-bits do?" I asked. "Certainly, sir," he said, pocketing it. "Four-bits is just my asking price."

Morning Report:

We've all been on Russian TV for a year but we didn't know it. "Aviation Week"—a little late—now reports that all during 1964, Moscow had had photo satellites scanning us night and day.

Oh, the secrets they have amassed! Hidden fishing holes and obscure picnic sites are now revealed in all their lurid detail to the Kremlin. Now they know as much about us as we know about them from our photo satellites. Which is plenty.

Of course it's hard to see why the Russians went to all this expense. A couple of subscriptions to picture magazines would have given them close-ups of all the military installations they photographed from 150 miles up.

Abe Mellinkoff