

# Press-Herald

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## Time for Immunization

It is characteristic of most of us that we must sometimes be prodded, even shocked into taking action, no matter how important or far-reaching the consequences.

Our excuses for apathy or failure to tackle a serious problem are often valid. But there are no excuses for the failure to eliminate four potentially-fatal diseases in our community.

In 1964 in Los Angeles County, there were nearly 600 reported cases of polio, diphtheria, whooping cough and tetanus. Of these, over 300 cases involved babies and children 5 years of age and under. Last year, five deaths, three of them young children, resulted from diphtheria.

Vaccines to eliminate the threat of these dangerous diseases are now available, at low cost or even at no cost. Yet many people have failed to avail themselves of this protection.

Right now, a constant threat of epidemic looms over the community, and it's especially dangerous to children of pre-school age. To cope with this threat, more children must be immunized against polio, diphtheria, whooping cough and tetanus.

In Los Angeles County, 50 per cent of children under 5 years of age and 80 per cent of adults are not protected . . . have not received the full protection offered by these vaccines. In addition, 35 per cent of children under 5 are not completely immunized against polio.

Obtaining immunization is especially easy now. The Los Angeles County Health Department, in conjunction with the U.S. Public Health Service and the California State Department of Health, has launched an all-out drive to lick these diseases. To accomplish this and to reach as many people as possible, especially pre-school youngsters, an intensive vaccination program is under way.

Immunization is available to everyone, either through one's own doctor, or at any one of the County's 23 District Health Centers. For the convenience of working parents, the centers will remain open each Thursday evening through June, from 6 to 8 p.m. Also, all District Centers hold immunization clinics from 8 to 10 a.m. Monday through Friday.

Neither the exigencies of time, nor the problem of budget can excuse failure to protect your family against these four diseases. See your own doctor or the Health Center nearest you right away. You'll be glad you did.

## Opinions of Others

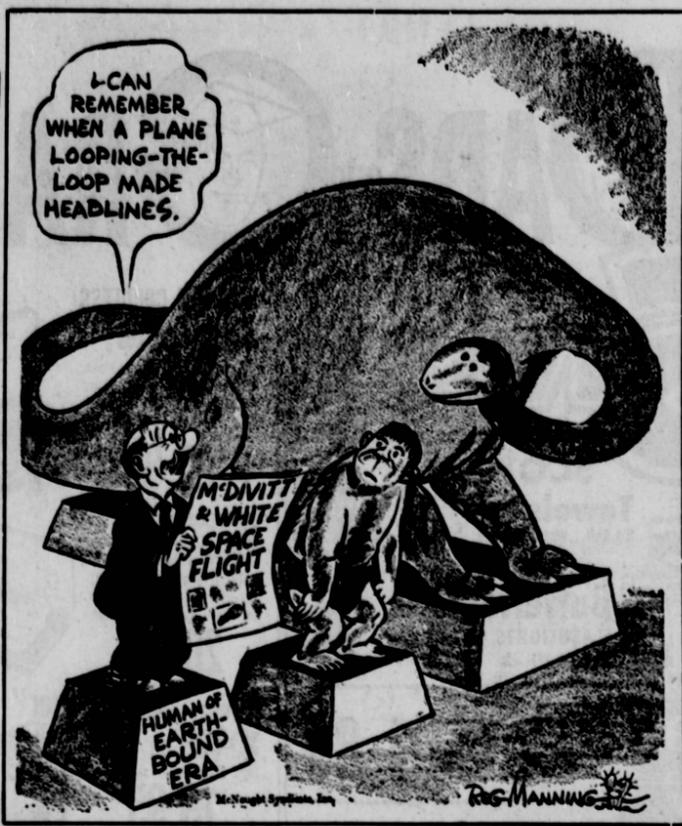
" . . . in Britain where it's socialized, medicine was figured at under 200 million pounds a year. The cost for the first year alone was more than twice as much, and the French social security system, according to government announcement, is tottering on the brink of disaster. Why? Because, like Medicare, too many people recognize it as a 'good thing' who ordinarily can afford to take care of their own hospital obligations. The Eldercare program limits benefits to only those who cannot afford to pay for costly health care and therefore is a much sounder financial bill than Medicare. It is our hope the administration wakes up and smells the coffee."—Havana (Ill.) Democrat.

"The myth that the federal government's urban renewal program has been responsible for improvement in cities has been explored by an expert in the rehabilitation of heavily populated areas. Dr. Martin Anderson of the Graduate School of Business, Columbia University, in a recent speech, declared that it was private enterprise that has succeeded in renewing our cities while the high-cost urban renewal program has been a failure. . . . Congress should take a good look at the federal urban renewal program to determine if it is deserving of being continued."—Scottsville (Ky.) News.

## A Tragedy of Errors by Jerry Marcus



"My wife bagged him on route seven"



## ROYCE BRIER

# Pilot of Enola Gay on a Long Road from Hiroshima

Roger Bacon, an English monk and alchemist, about 1250 offered the first Western formula for gun-powder. The stuff has done considerable damage since, but Friar Bacon had no guilt sense about it, indeed he was a little foggy about what it would do.

Many nuclear physicists, however, have felt guilty since Alamogordo. Yet they weren't sure what would happen, and few foresaw the development of nuclear weapons.

Everybody was pretty innocent in that summer of 1945. Certainly the pilot and crew of the bomber, Enola Gay, which dropped the bomb on Hiroshima, had no knowledge of the power they were packing. It was hours before they had a report, and two or three days before the world knew the bomb had destroyed a large city and thousands of lives.

The pilot of the Enola Gay was a minor air force officer named Paul W. Tibbets Jr.

Tibbets is now a brigadier

general and deputy chief of the American Military Supply Mission in India.

Some weeks ago a communist newspaper in New Delhi identified him, and has been blasting him: "Hiroshima Killer — Go Back." One article said "Had he any elements of humanity or qualms of conscience, his face did not betray it as he coldbloodedly, brutally released the bomb."

This is a pretty good trick by the writer, seeing he wasn't on the flight deck at the time. But Tibbets has become used to having his past overtake him. In a milder way he met it when he was stationed in Europe. He doesn't like it, but there's nothing he can do about it.

It is obvious Tibbets bears no guilt for Hiroshima. He could not understand the device had it been explained to him. He was under orders to carry out a bombing mission, and had no choice as to course or procedure. His only choice related to weather over the target.

But these are trifles in the great nuclear emotional ex-

plosion, and can be overlooked entirely in the propaganda function. The only reality in such a situation is the symbol, and General Tibbets is a ready and manifest symbol of an evil force.

Hence there is some doubt as to the wisdom of assigning him to an Asiatic post (he would hardly be assigned to a Japanese station). So the attack on him could have been foreseen, even though we incline to look on it as childish and unfair. But let us reverse the situation and see where we come out. Several hundred Japanese fliers took part in the "day of infamy" at Pearl Harbor, and many must have survived the war. But we wouldn't care for it if one of them, aged 50, turned up in some official Japanese mission to the United States.

The moral issue of Hiroshima is an immense cloud which will not dissipate for years. It has countless facets, and nobody has all the answers to them. This is good reason to be prudent, and analytical of viewpoint, whenever we encounter it.

## WILLIAM HOGAN

# Analysis of 'Cab Fare' Girls Wins High Praise

Rona Jaffe is a brisk, intelligent New York young lady who is serious about learning the craft of fiction. She has been since, as a 19-year-old at Radcliffe, she sold her first short story to a woman's magazine. Yet she almost gave up writing a few years ago because people sneered at the success of her bubbly first novel, "The Best of Everything." As a writer, she has improved vastly since that saga of career girls in New York.

Early reviews of a new short novel, "Mr. Right Is Dead" (Simon & Schuster; \$4.50), have been warm and enthusiastic, and Miss Jaffe could not be more jubilant.

"Life is one big writing course," she observed during a visit here the other day. She is older, wiser and more sure of herself than she was in her precocious "Best of Everything" days. "Mr. Right" is about girls in New York, too, but not career girls. These are looking for love but find that men don't want "relationships." So they begin to think that way themselves. The elusive Mr. Right just doesn't exist. They become party girls. Not call girls, not hookers, you know, but what you'd call "cab fare" girls. Are they Gold Diggers? Well, they are products of the 1960s, and are for real.

Miss Jaffe had never read Anita Loos' "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" so did not know if her brassy little Melba Toast, who had touched show business as the skinniest stripper in America, was related to the Lorelei Lee of 1925. Melba is a sadder, tougher girl than Lorelei was. Actually, Miss Jaffe's novel is a sociological analysis of this "cab fare" girl, a perceptive, wise bit of work that is not another "Breakfast at Tiffany's," as one review suggested, but something quite wonderfully her own.

About her observation that life is one big writing course? If you're serious, you learn. The writer filters the outside world through him, and to have it come out right the writer must be pure which means honest. Most of the publicized writers today are not "pure." They are neurotic, or hostile. What filters through them comes out something weird, like "Last Exit to Brooklyn," or "Another Country" or "Garbage." To have it come out well, a writer must ask: "Is this the truth?"

Would Miss Jaffe name writers who have not improved with age, who have neglected to filter purely? One: Norman Mailer writes a lot but certainly hasn't improved with age. Would she agree with

some reviews that "Mr. Right" is a comedy? It's funny; it's outrageous, and the truth. But she would not call it a comedy. They're talking of making a film of "Mr. Right," and Miss Jaffe hopes she can write the script so some of the poignancy and frustrations of this "party girl" life will show up in the picture. It can't be one of those Jack Lemmon things, played for laughs.

Who would play Melba? That's like casting a member of your own family. Jean Harlow, maybe. No Marilyn would have been too soft.

I saw that this was not another Anita Loos. This is another Rona Jaffe, a serious intelligent, accomplished young writer who seems to be getting along just fine.

## Quote

The inherent vice of capitalism is the unequal sharing of blessings; the inherent virtue of socialism is the equal sharing of miseries.—Sir Winston Churchill.

"Every time you find someone getting something for nothing, you never have to look far to find others getting nothing for something." —Stary Gange agriculturist, Tulare County.

## SACRAMENTO REPORT

# You're No Longer Shot, But Deadlines Do Count

By CHARLES E. CHAPEL

Assemblyman, 46th District Many years ago a deadline was a line drawn on the ground inside the exercise yards of prisons. If a convict crossed the deadline he could be shot by one of the guards. Today, a deadline is a date or time before which something must be accomplished. Newspaper men and women must complete their work before a deadline date or time unless they want an interview with the boss. The members of the California State Legislature also have deadlines.

April 23, 1965, was the last day for the unrestricted introduction of bills in the Assembly and the Senate. June 3, 1965, was the last day that Senate bills could be passed by the Senate. June 8, 1965, is the last day that Assembly bills can be passed by the Assembly. These three deadlines are based on Joint Rule No. 23 which is a rule established by the joint action of the Assembly and the Senate.

The California State Constitution also provides some deadlines for the Legislature. June 18, 1965, is the last day of the current regular session, unless an earlier adjournment is determined by a concurrent resolution, according to Article IV of the State Constitution. A concurrent resolution is one passed by both the Assembly and the Senate but there will be no such resolution during this regular session.

The current regular session ends at midnight June 18. Many good citizens have asked if we can stop the clock shortly before midnight or turn back the hands of the clock in order to keep working past midnight. The answer is that this has happened in the past but I doubt that anyone will tamper with either the clock in the Assembly Chambers, or the clock in the Senate Chambers, this year. The reason is that any action taken after midnight on the eighteenth of June would be a violation of our State Constitution.

Another deadline is July 23, 1965. This is the last day on which the Governor of California can sign bills, according to Article IV of the California State Constitution. The bill-signing day ends at midnight.

Article IV of our State Constitution also states that September 16, 1965, is the last day for filing a referendum. This means that if the people of California do not like any of the laws enacted as a result of the current regular session of the Legislature they can throw out such laws. However, the procedure for doing this is neither easy nor quick.

Article IV of our Constitution furthermore provides that all laws enacted as a result of the general session become effective on Sept. 17, 1965, unless otherwise specified. The phrase "unless otherwise specified" refers to other portions of the State Constitution. For example, unless a bill contains an urgency clause it goes into effect on the 91st day after the Legislature adjourns.

On Feb. 24, 1965, I introduced my Assembly Bill No. 1385, at the request of Mr. William L. Emerson, district librarian, Palos Verdes Library District. The bill provides for two additional library trustees in certain types of library districts. However, Assemblyman William E. Dannemeyer introduced his Assembly Bill No. 696 on Feb. 1, 1965, and it was exactly like mine. We were both so busy at the time we introduced our bills that we did not realize that we were presenting identical bills. Since Dannemeyer introduced his bill first, I asked that my bill be held up so that I could support his bill all the way to the Governor's desk.

Governor Brown signed the Dannemeyer bill on May 5, 1965. It contained no urgency clause, hence it goes into effect on the 91st day after the adjournment

of the current regular session on June 18, hence it will become a law on Sept. 17, 1965. If it had contained an urgency clause, it would have become a law on the day that the bill was signed by the Governor and filed with the Secretary of State, Frank M. Jordan. The precise days of the months in the discussion of deadline dates above are not spelled out in the State Constitution because such days of the months are counted from the first Monday in January, 1965. Obviously, the first Monday in January does not have the same numerical designation each year. If all the above is not perfectly clear to you, please do not give up hope. It sometimes confuses lawyers and other members of the learned profession, I am sorry to report.

## HERB CAEN SAYS:

# Lawyer Talks - - And Then Some

FIRE WHEN READY: Atty. Mel Belli taped a four-hour interview which appears in the new issue of Playboy—"but," he adds, "not the whole interview, of course. After I finished, three editors worked it over and tightened it up to make it more spontaneous." Oh, I see . . . Another close one: Just as I was about to say that "Where Have All the Flowers Gone" is one of the most haunting American melodies in years, I find out it's a Ukrainian folk song . . . Les Crane has divorced his Eve, all right, but now says he was "only kidding" about getting married to Actress Tina Louise (and what kinda joke is that?). Besides, he's opening a N.Y. night spot-discodrag called "Our Place" . . . Clifton Duffy, ex-warden of San Quentin, has Doubleday'd a new book with a title that should sell a few copies: "Sex and Crime." He strove mightily to work religion, medicine and a dog into it, but failed ("How Dr. Sex and his Crime Dog Found God?").

WHAT THIS COLM needs is more Big Names, right? August Heckscher. There's one. Cultural Adviser to the late President Kennedy, now head of the Twentieth Century Fund. The other day he was down at Big Sur, visiting Architect Nat Owings, who is a big name, too. If we call him Nathaniel Owings, it's even bigger. Anyway, Augie, to reduce his name a bit, was driving along when he spied a beautiful spit of land below the highway. Parking he walked down to it, to gaze across the vast Pacific. Then, because it was a lovely day, he took off his suit jacket and draped it over his arm. A mistake. Along came a gust of wind—another big name, Augusta Wind—that tore the coat out of his clutch and sailed it far out into the ocean. The coat, never to be recovered, contained Augie's airline tickets, money, passport, identification cards and car keys. Mr. Heckscher now knows why that spit of land is called Hurricane Point.

BUSINESS AS USUAL: Tarita, the Tahitian beauty who was Marlon Brando's co-star in "Mutiny at the Boxoffice," arrives next week to headline at the Bora Bora, the South Seas night club which opens next month . . . The proof that John Le Carre's "The Spy Who Came In" wasn't a lucky accident: his "The Looking-Glass War," is as taut and tingling . . . Enrico Banducci is leasing out his beloved Coffee House for five years—to raise enough cash to keep Uncle Sam from putting the tax-grab on everything he owns.

CAENFETTI: After the Chicago Symphony finished its dazzling concert here, the musicians were standing in front of the Huntington Hotel, waiting for their buses, when down from a window fluttered a pair of ladies' panties. Mused a violinist picking them up: "I thought this was a TOPLESS town!" . . . Alistair Cooke, noted U.S. correspondent of the Manchester Guardian: "I travel three months around the world, and HERE I have to get sick!" He's hospitalized with diverticulitis, one of the "in" ailments . . . A dance called the John Birch is catching on fast at Whisky a Go Go. It's easy: first you turn to the right, then you turn to the right, then you turn to the right . . .

HOLED UP hereabouts for a few days: "Minnesota Fats" (short, 265-lb. Rudolph Wanderone), the most famous pool hustler in the land—and inspiration for the character portrayed so tellingly by Jackie Gleason in "The Hustler." But he's not from Minnesota: "I was born and raised in Noo Yawk. When I play in Philly, I'm 'Philly Fats,' in Miami I'm 'Miami Fats'—and her I'm 'Frisco Fats.' But the movie people liked 'Minnesota Fats.' I'm franchising a string of 'Minnesota Fats' pool rooms all over the country. Sure, there'll be one here, too!"

## Morning Report:

I am being forced to forego a new car this year even though the children insist we need one. My trouble is not money. It's just that I don't qualify for the advertisements.

That's because I'm neither a tiger nor a wildcat at the wheel. Also I don't park at isolated spots and play the guitar. Neither do I run a car off the road into romantic sand because I can't stand the smell of burning rubber when I try to get out. What I mean is I like a car to stop at red lights and only modestly violate freeway speed limits.

As for the more sedate models in the ads, I'm cut out of those as well—too much black hair on my head. Maybe next year will be mine.

Abe Mellinsoff