

Press-Herald

GLENN W. PFEIL Publisher
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Wednesday, June 15, 1966

A Dangerous Initiative

Opponents to an anti-obscenity initiative proposal, which has numbered among its ranks many prominent Californians, have enlisted the aid of a Fresno minister who termed the proposal dangerous.

The Rev. Robert W. Moon, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Fresno, said provisions of the anti-obscenity initiative were worthy on their surface but "frightening in their possibilities."

What frightened the Rev. Moon are those provisions which backers of the initiative have refused to reconsider.

If the measure goes on the November ballot and is approved by the voters, the ultimate power to decide what the people of a community might read would be vested in the local courts.

One of the net effects of the law would be to make everybody a public censor. Anyone who thought an issue of his community newspaper contained an obscene photo, word, or drawing could halt distribution of the publication until a court had determined the merits of the complaint.

A peace officer refusing to act on such a charge may be subjected to arrest and trial.

We agree with the Fresno minister and others who see in the initiative some dangerous innovations in law. We agree also that a proper administration and judicial enforcement of present laws would serve as a significant protection against open pornography.

A finger of blame can be pointed at the Legislature if those laws are not now adequate. An open discussion of the problems of pornography on the floors of Sacramento is the proper road to anti-smut legislation.

To a Cowardly Lion

One reader's reaction to Press-Herald reporting of last week's school bond election took the form of a letter to the editor. The writer challenged the nerve of the Press-Herald by daring us to print the letter, but didn't have the personal courage to sign it. Like the cowardly lion, the writer wants someone else to fight his battles.

This newspaper welcomes expressions from its readers and will publish all of those that conform to good taste and do not infringe on the legal rights of others through libel or other means.

One prerequisite however is that the writer be identified. The name need not be published, if the writer desires, but the Press-Herald will not publish anonymous letters.

To the cowardly lion who dared us to print his letter, we issue our own dare: sign it!

Opinions of Others

Labor union leadership is again pressuring the Administration for restrictive legislation which could create chaos in the construction industry through the legalization of so-called "common situs" picketing . . . the proposed "common situs" legislation is contrary to the national labor policy enacted by Congress which gives employees the right to refrain from as well as engage in union activities and membership.—*Lake Park (Iowa) News*.

A former eyesore in the suburbs of our nation's capital has now become something of a thorn in the side of some federal bureaucrats. While agents of the Federal Urban Renewal Administration have been traipsing all over the country setting up one project and another, private investors and builders slipped into the community of Rosslyn, a section of Arlington, Va., just across the Potomac River from Washington, and transformed some 37 acres of run-down slums into a multimillion dollar assortment of office buildings, apartments and quality motels . . . Which is a pretty good illustration, we think, of the basic difference between private enterprise and government planning.—*Riverton (N.J.) Era*.

President Johnson and his cohorts in Washington are preparing to increase taxes "to curb inflation." He wants to slow down consumer spending, he says. Mr. Johnson again demonstrates inability to see that it is government spending that has brought on inflation.—*Odessa, (Tex.) American*.

Red China now has 100 million more people to feed than she had before the communists took over the country. In the 20 years they have been in control the communists have tried to control the farmers like Russia does. The result is that the Chinese farmers are now producing less than they did in 1930. That is the reason China is having to buy wheat from Canada.—*Corvallis (Ore.) Herald*.

Morning Report:

Old Representative Wright Patman, who has been smiting financial institutions hip and thigh for his 37 years in Congress, has a new target. He is J. Dewey Daane, member of the Federal Reserve Board, who, garbed in his banker's blue suit, fought a bull in Spain. And won.

Spaniards in the stands loved it but Mr. Patman thinks Mr. Daane would have spent his time better at a nearby bankers' convention.

The trouble is that Congressman Patman, who is 73, doesn't understand the new breed of bankers. They'll do anything to get a new account. Clearly, if Mr. Daane would risk his life with a wild bull, even the shakiest customer has a chance for a loan.

Abe Mellinkoff

Can I Have More Taxes Now?



STAN DELAPLANE

Sidewalk Cafes Add Lure To Pleasant Spanish City

VIGO, SPAIN — About an hour's drive south of this Atlantic port, the coastal road enters Portugal. This is sunny, summer country, away from the furnace heat of Spain's central and southern plains.

Greener and breezier than Mallorca or the Costa Brava —and not that crush of summer visitors. Several modest but nice seaside resorts along this coast. (See the red Michelin guide for Spain. For Portugal resorts, write Casa de Portugal, 447 Madison Avenue, New York City.)

Vigo is a pleasant city of sidewalk cafes and antique forts. British warships once raided a treasure fleet here. The British ship with the looted gold hit a rock in the harbor, and they've been looking for it ever since.

Summer weather about 75 degrees. Little rain. Good beaches. Water a little chill —I'd guess about 60-65. Roads are good. About two or three interesting days drive from Madrid and little traffic. Costs are low.

"I will be going to Pago Pago and the South Seas and would appreciate anything you can tell me about them."

These are warm coconut islands and, unless you're self-contained, you run out of things to do. Great country if you're painting or writing a book or building a boat or doing something. Each island is small and you've discovered it within a week.

Best of Samoa, I think, is the little harbor town of

Apia in Western Samoa, across the channel from Pago Pago. Aggie Grey's is the famous South Seas hotel and boarding house. Australian beer, pigs under the house, and hibiscus flaming all over the place.

Papeete in Tahiti is Paris to all South Sea islanders. A sandy town of 20,000 on a lush, green island. Pretty

Travel

girls in print wraparound pareus riding put-put bikes through Gauguin landscapes.

Tonga Islands. More coconuts and the last Polynesian kingdom. No gay Papeete. Like Samoa, the Tonga islands are quite religious, have strict drinking rules and a quiet way of life.

I hear Raretonga is like Tahiti of 50 years ago. You can get in by air now but I don't know who flies it. Try letters to Fiji Airways, Fiji. Or Polynesian Air Lines at Apia.

"We will be going to Western Ireland this summer and want to know where to write for information on campers. And is this feasible?"

Write Irish Tourist Board, Upper O'Connell St., Dublin. I don't know much about such camping and never saw it in Ireland except for the Irish "traveling people" —a sort of local gypsy folk who go about the roads in colorful wagons.

Now, I get mail from time

You Bet Your Life



The Travelers Safety Service

HERB CAEN SAYS:

A Lallapaloozer Leaves Our Hero Underwhelmed

The other day, a friend insisted that I drive his new Super-Duper Lallapaloozer —"one of America's truly fine cars"—and it was a frightening experience. It burns so much gas it has its on derrick on the roof; you can fit a suburb in the trunk and use the hood for an ice-skating rink. Perspiring considerably, I drove this monster along, feeling like I was guiding the USS Forrestal to a landing. "A lot of car, isn't it?" my friend kept saying, enthusiastically pushing various buttons, one of which makes the monthly payments and computes the interest.

A lot of car it is, and that's what started me doing a little computing on my own. There are 373,107 vehicles in San Francisco, most of them approaching the size of this behemoth. Now if each one of them were one foot shorter, we would have approximately 70 more miles of street space in S.F., and if they were a foot narrower, we'd pick up another 35 miles. Since San Francisco is only about 49 square miles in area, think what this saving would mean.

Not only wouldn't we need more freeways, we might even be able to park in perfectly legal places. That's what I was thinking when I backed my friend's Supersized into a parking place, crushing a motorbike I never saw and bending his fended around a lamp post.

"Sorry about that," I said. "Forget it," he shrugged, pressing a button that and producing his insurance man in a puff of smoke. It's a lot of car, all right.

Novelist William Saroyan still feels the magic of this city in his own peculiar way: "I know San Francisco and I know fun, and San Francisco is fun. When I

San Francisco

say I like it I mean I like all of it" (who else could get four first persons singular into one short sentence?) "I've heard that San Francisco appears to be ugly in spots to some visitors. Well, it's never been ugly to me. The ugliest, the poorest, the loneliest neighborhoods of San Francisco are beautiful to me."

If you're a lover, or even an ex-lover, of San Francisco, you know what he means. The drabest streets have a haunting quality, the bittersweet flavor of yesterday. The back alleys of Chinatown are forever sprouting with children as shiny and beautiful as flowers after the rain. The old bow-windowed houses around Golden Gate Park are so evocative you strain to hear the ghostly clip-clop of horses long gone. And a full moon rising over the Bay remains one of the world's most breathtaking sights.

(On a recent night, from Telegraph Hill, it looked like a great orange balloon, tied to the bridge by an invisible string. It hovered there forever, then suddenly broke away and rose swiftly. In its eventual whiteness, it belonged to everybody. But for a few hushed eternal moments, it was our very own.

And somehow, the city retains its uncanny ability to charm visitors, especially those from Europe. Bernard Levin, who writes a crusty iconoclastic column for the London Daily Mail, was here recently and fell under the spell. He was immediately entranced to find that "down the road a newsstand sells the local Communist paper; it is situated in the local branch of the John Birch Society" —an item I seem to have overlooked—but it was the look and feel of the city that really got him:

"Europeans say they like San Francisco because of all American cities it is the most like Europe. They flatter themselves; San Francisco is, on the contrary, most like America. She is liberal as Jefferson; witty as Benjamin Franklin; vivid as Whitman; sophisticated as Kennedy; rooted as Mark Twain; and, with her hills and her Golden Gate, her two bridges and her cable cars, her bay and her ocean, beautiful as only San Francisco."

ROYCE BRIER

It's So Simple the Way One Writer Explains It

It is seldom profitable for one columnist to question the logic of another, but some days you can't make a dime.

Take the case of Joseph Alsop, a most earnest writer on world affairs. Mr. Alsop puts his faith in President Johnson's policy in southeast Asia, and takes a dim view of Senator Fulbright's opposition.

In support of this thesis the other day he traced the 20-year history of American foreign policy through three former Presidents, apparently to establish that Mr. Johnson's Viet Nam policy

is but a continuum of American response to foreign challenge. For brevity, let us omit Mr. Alsop on Greece-Turkey, the Berlin airlift and preliminary skirmishes with Nikita

Khrushchev, and go on to the Cuban crisis.

You may remember that Comrade Khrushchev thought he had a boy for an antagonist, and began slipping missiles to Fidel Castro. This turned out to be an arrant piece of bad judgment, a miscalculation of the antagonist.

World Affairs

Indeed, it probably put the Comrade on skids, for nothing fails like failure, but that is incidental.

The point is Mr. Alsop is now using the Cuban crisis, obliquely alas, as a prop for President Johnson's Viet Nam crisis. To this end, he invokes Senator Fulbright, who has described the Administration's course in Asia

as suggesting an "arrogance of power."

Now Mr. Kennedy, being a martyred President, is a pretty good emotional basis from which to draw a parallel—if you have one. It looked for a moment as if Mr. Alsop would draw one, and then it raveled out to what almost looks like a misprint. First he allows Senator Fulbright and his admirers did not think President Kennedy succumbed to the "arrogance of power" in the Cuban affair. So where, he asks, is the "arrogance" of President Johnson, doing in Viet Nam "approximately" what President Truman did in Korea?

Note the switch of Presidents—Mr. Alsop didn't just fall off a hay-wagon. He didn't suggest President Johnson is approximating President Kennedy's course in Cuba. He only leaves you with the words "Kennedy"—"Fulbright"—"Cuba" in mind.

So it's a perfect non sequitur: If you didn't object to Kennedy in Cuba, how can you object to Johnson in Viet Nam, if you didn't object to Truman in Korea.

But there is a catch within this catch, because who now knows, without arduous checking, who objected to Mr. Truman in Korea? It must be conceded Mr. Fulbright, not then a powerful Senator, didn't object loudly, if at all. Another part of this catch is that we were a guarantor of South Korea independence (which is not the case in South Viet Nam) and there was a naked invasion by North Korea, and in due time, by Red China. Moreover, the education of the American people in Asian affairs in 1950 was in a primitive state compared with their education just in the past year.

What is education for, if you never learn anything?

The Old Timer



"A woman may read her husband like a book—and still wonder about earlier editions."

WILLIAM HOGAN

Early Obituaries Become Weapons in Angry Battle

Following the Truman Capote-Kenneth Tynan personal clash in the pages of *The London Observer*, a couple of minor but interesting literary squabbles are being aired in London. These involve two late and eminent British authors, Evelyn Waugh and W. Somerset Maugham. They recall the old Roman proverb: "Of the dead, nothing but good."

The first of five "obituaries" of living Britons was published recently in the London Daily Mirror (circulation 5 million). The writer is Auberon Waugh, a fairly unknown novelist ("The Flog-glove Saga") and son of Evelyn Waugh, who is writing these "obits" as an attack against what he feels are ignorant and impudent death notices about his father.

Auberon, 26 years old, began his retaliatory campaign with a scornful "obituary" of critic Malcolm Muggeridge, who had written deflatingly of the elder Waugh, who died on April 10.

The younger Waugh also attacks "literary jackals" in an article in the current *Spectator* magazine. He was especially indignant about an obituary in *Time* magazine describing his father as "a flabby old blimp" in his last years.

At the same time, the *Mirror's* much-quoted columnist Cassandra (pen name of Sir William Connor) joined in with an attack on

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Books

author Beverly Nichols for disclosing unsavory details about Somerset Maugham. In a series in the Sunday Express, Nichols has related Maugham's homosexual affairs, a lapse that was an open but unpublished secret during the author's lifetime.

"There can rarely have been a time when the recent dead of the literary world were being so savagely attacked by their living survivors," Cassandra wrote. He accused Nichols of joining "the chorus of denigration knowing that there will be no reply from the silence of the tomb."

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