

A Time to Do Nothing

Controversy over development of more than 100 acres of vacant property west of Crenshaw Boulevard at 235th Street is still haunting members of the City Council four years after the matter supposedly was settled.

During the four-year interim the property (now zoned for industry) has been proposed for single family housing, a golf course, a cemetery, combinations of each, and as a regional park.

Before the Council now is a compromise proposal which would permit development of a cemetery on the west 50-plus acres of the site and residential development on the eastern half.

There apparently is a lemming like compulsion to do something with the property. No one is seriously promoting the idea that the land should be left as it is—zoned for industrial development.

Throughout the discussions in 1962 on the development of the property lying north of the disputed land, this newspaper, the Chamber of Commerce, and others expressed concern about residential property encroaching on the industrial areas along Lomita Boulevard, the city's airport, and the already present oil storage tanks at Crenshaw and Lomita boulevards.

The Press-Herald has no specific aversion to the establishment of a cemetery in that area, even if it's true as charged that a number of wheeler-dealer types might be on hand to cut up the lucrative pie which would result in such development. Land development programs are expected to enhance the fortunes of the developer and his backers.

We don't think the welfare of the land developers is at stake. The welfare of the community could be at stake, however. In this case, we believe the addition of new housing in the area at this time would not be in the community's interest.

The Lomita Boulevard area is the current hot spot for industrial activity, and several major developments are now being started in that area, and firms already there are expanding. The Douglas Aircraft operation at the former Ryan plant is certain to grow with the increasing commercial business being awarded to the company. Hi-Shear this week is announcing a plant expansion. Announcements in recent weeks have told of several new plants which will be constructed in the area.

The hope for industrial development of the land is not dead. We believe the City Council would be performing a high service to the community if they did nothing.

A Loss for All

The death over the weekend of Police Chief William H. Parker will have an impact over an area much wider than the city of Los Angeles for which he was charged with the responsibilities of chief law enforcement officer.

For many people in California and elsewhere, Chief Parker was an articulate spokesman for a way of life—a way in which law and order and the rights of society were paramount to the rights of a mob.

Los Angeles Mayor Samuel W. Yorty said law enforcement had lost its "staunchest defender."

Chief Parker stood his ground in the face of demands for his ouster by self-proclaimed messiahs. He was recognized internationally as a dedicated policeman and the Los Angeles Police Department is recognized as one of the finest metropolitan police forces in the world.

Eulogies came from high offices of the world on the news of Chief Parker's death. The tributes were many and genuine, although some with political ambitions grasped the chance to pick up some of the Parker esteem through a belated association.

Chief Parker held the unhappy view that civilization as we know it was busy destroying itself as others have before us.

Strong men like Parker, battling for a lawful society, are delaying the day of reckoning measurably. Let us hope his successor can fill most of the gap that his passing has left.

Opinions of Others

Development of several birth control pills, including the newest one that can be taken "the morning after," gives promise of being the salvation of the world and the standard of living every human should have the right to expect . . . Every human life brought into this world has the right to expect being born to loving parents who want him, to be decently clad and fed, and to have a reasonable opportunity to secure an education for the betterment of himself and the world in which he lives.—Bisbee (Ariz.) Gazette.

In some 20 years of observing local government, we have noticed a disturbing trend—and that is a tendency for the governing bodies to take the side of the professionals they hire instead of the people they represent. This is not to say that the professional is necessarily wrong and the public is right. But we do say that it is still the public's responsibility to determine the amount of government and what kind of government programs it wants.—Manteca (Calif.) Bulletin.

Morning Report:

Abe Mellinkoff is on vacation. His "Morning Report" will be resumed on his return.

Abe Mellinkoff

Why So Shocked, Dad?



STAN DELAPLANE

Londoners' Motto: Soak Whenever the Sun Shines

LONDON—Londoners must soak up the sun when it makes brief appearances. When the sun shines, the "locals"—the neighborhood pubs—put tables on the sidewalk. You get your half pint of bitter and drink it slowly in the warm afternoon.

Visitors to London who want to spend a little time at this should go at noon—Sunday's not bad. Though the pubs shut at 2 p.m. on Sunday, it's the after church get together.

The Grenadier in Wilton Place has a number of mews house types. Sweatered and a little long in the hair. But washed. Excellent pub with much charm. Food's good.

"What advice can you give a couple looking forward to a first trip abroad to consist of two weeks in Great Britain?"

You mustn't miss a full round of London. And you mustn't miss the English countryside. I'd give the first days to London. Couple of shows with dinner afterward—there's runs earlier than ours in London. Couple of pub luncheons. Sightseeing—try that Thames river bus for one.

Then I'd go out of London. The seven-day Pub Tour takes you to old coaching inns in small villages each night. About 150 miles of driving a day. Your own self-drive car. About \$13 apiece for car, hotels, two meals a day. (For folder write-Pub Tours of England, 53 Victoria street, London, S.W. 1.)

Then back to London for a two-day farewell. Leave most of your clothing at the hotel when you go on the country tour.

"You have mentioned a

favorite hotel in Mexico City . . ."

For a long time I've stayed at the Hotel de Cortes, once an ancient monastery. The rooms are off the square flagstone courtyard open to the sky. The street in front was the Aztec causeway where Cortez retreated on The Sad Night.

It was a pleasure to sit beside the fountain, taking coffee and having your

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shoes shined on a warm Mexico morning. But recently they cut a new super boulevard alongside. I have an idea it may be noisy. If you try this—and it has great charm—ask for a room at the back. On the upper balcony on the side away from the boulevard.

Another place I stay is the Monte Cassino. A not expensive, modern hotel in the very good embassy area. Get a room on the side away from the night club. The drummer really works at his job.

"Should I buy a silver service in England or wait until we go to Mexico?"

I don't know comparative prices in Mexico. Jewelry silver has been going up—enough that I don't think it's the good buy it used to be. Italian silver work used to be cheaper than England's—you should price it there, too. British sterling is 920/1000 silver. Italian is 800/1000. But I can't tell the difference. And the greater alloy should make it less likely to dent.

"When we leave England for France when should we change our English money?"

Many people do this at the London airport bank. But I think it's better to hang onto your English pounds

until you get to France. Change them at the airport bank at Orly.

Here's why: You need the English money to pay your taxi to London airport. There's an airport exit tax—you need English money. Now, you get upstairs, through immigration and you're in a waiting room. You want coffee. Magazines. You can buy duty-free liquor there. And—French banks charge about the same percentage for changing money anyway. Hang onto local money while you're in the country. Your plane may be delayed.

Also for last minutes: Carry ten \$1 bills with you. They cash easily for small things without having to cash in a traveler's check. If you run out of U. S. \$1 bills, Swiss, West German, or British bills seem the easiest to cash anywhere. When you leave a European hotel, look under the pillow. While you were out, the maid did the room. Under the pillow is where she hid your pajamas. I was the Foreign Aid pajama man for Europe until I learned this.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Muggeridge Ire Captured In Collection of Works

Malcolm Muggeridge, the aging satirist and iconoclast, has reported and commented on the contemporary scene, chiefly British, for some 40 years. As a correspondent, he has observed American, Russian, and Indian scenes as well—all of which he finds rather dreary, and more so as the years roll on.

Muggeridge edited the British humor magazine Punch for a while, a chore he detested with passion. For the big hand in an English music hall, he tells us, was always for the joke everyone knew, and it was the same with Punch whose readers are deeply and passionately conservative.

In a collection of some 45 examples of his rage, erudition, and waspish journalism, "The Most of Malcolm Muggeridge," he records his great relief when he walked out of the Punch offices for the last time: "A sense of almost mystical exhilaration seized me at the thought I should never cross that threshold, never again enter the twilight world within, or find myself under the professional necessity of trying to be funny . . ."

Yet Muggeridge can't help

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Swishing Martinis Help This Aging Tennis Buff

Now then, you may well wonder what I was doing in a Celebrity Tennis Tournament at Del Monte Lodge. The truth is that the tennis pro, Don Cleary, had been forced to scrape under the bottom of the barrel. Tony Curtis had canceled at the last minute with some feeble excuse about his wife having a baby, Efram Zimbalist Jr. had dropped his FBI badge on his big toe, and Dean Martin, having awakened without a hangover, felt awful.

That left Y. A. Tittle, Frankie Albert, and an excellent, fun-loving contingent of TV stars—Jim Brown, Peter Brown, Jack Ging, Jim Franciscus, MacDonald Carey, Reed Hadley, and Phil Reed—most of whom are being seen in "Son of Re-run," you non-viewers may never have heard of them, but the way the kids crowded around for autographs, you knew they were bona fide celebrities. (Clearly described Franciscus as "the late star of the Mr. Novak" series, "inspiring one girl to inquire 'Is that why I can see through him?'")

It grieves me to report that Mr. Tittle, who plays tennis with the terrible intensity of an elephant chasing a butterfly, won a big silver bowl, as did his partner, Mr. Albert. Architect Sandy Walker won the men's singles. Since I had selected him to play with me in the doubles, I was awarded a small silver cup inscribed

"For Picking Best Partner." In all it was a beautifully run tournament, the rapt silence broken only by the crackle of arteries hardening, brave old hearts pounding like the faroff surf, and martinis swishing back and forth inside each player as he lunged at the ball. Truly, cocktail's finest hour.

As I've noted before, ten—
San Francisco

nis players are the salt of the earth, holding their liquor and their wives well and getting along with warm camaraderie. As we all sat in stoned array at the Beach Club, gazing glassy-eyed at the classy view, a Pebble Beach lady announced: "What a difference between golfers and tennis players. The tennis crowd is so NICE. They're all gentlemen, and their wives are wonderful. The golfers get drunk, tell dirty jokes, pinch bottoms, and their wives are so CORNY." She made an ugly face, which was hard for her since she was quite beautiful. "May I quote you?" I asked, rousing myself slightly. "Good God, No!" she gasped. "After all, this is the golf capital of the world." Everybody nodded soberly. "Put a man in an alpaca sweater with baggy sleeves," observed Sandy Walker, "and you've got an orangutan on your hands." "May I quote you?" I asked. "Good God, No," he said. So I'm not ethical.

Add infinities: A reader checks in with the first sighting of a "Batman is Rabad" bumper sticker, or have you known that all along? . . . In L. A., the hot new hangout around Westwood is called Le Drogue, a takeoff on Le Drugstore in Paris, which in turn is a takeoff on an American drugstore and where will THIS end? . . . Harold Lloyd walked into Ernie's to be greeted by the owner: "You haven't changed a bit in all these years." Lloyd, wryly: "Except now these are real lenses in my glasses" . . .

The reason the actors in "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" don't sing those words to the tune of "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" is that the three owners of the song wanted \$12,000 for the screen rights and Producer Ernie Lehman said the hell with it. . . . Racking up a score: Singer Tommy Leonetti at the hungry I doing so well he's being held over for another few weeks. . . . A celebrated Southern California debutante—she bowed in Beverly Hills AND in Washington, D. C., belongs to the Opera Guild and L. A. Symphony Assoc., etc., etc.—worked in S. F. during 1964 at Big Al's on Columbus. As a topless dancer, Hiya, Pammy baby! . . . Sen. Bobby Kennedy will definitely come to Calif.—"Maybe more than once"—to ring them bells for Pat Brown. And so will LBJ, but about THAT, a Brown aide asides sourly: "Is that good or bad?"

ROYCE BRIER

Colored Races Find Feet Of Clay Under White Man

A hundred years ago, even fifty, the white peoples of the world could mingle with the colored peoples—yellow, brown and black—and not outwardly arouse hostility growing from color alone.

There might be limited clashes, as in the Boxer Rebellion or trouble in the Sudan, but this was due to an unbalanced politico—social situation. Indeed, in the last century the white peoples, mostly Europeans, were engaged in exploiting the colored people in varying degrees ranging from mild to ruthless.

The colored peoples increasingly resented this, but it was mostly a suppressed

resentment. Over several centuries the colored peoples had accepted a white pretension to superiority. In the matter of material power, this superiority was not a pretension, but a reality. Moreover, the whites seemed integrated, and in the main they stuck together in a monolithic expression of authority.

This had the makings of

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a badly ordered mankind, but very few whites perceived it, even those of good will with long experience among colored peoples. As an example, it was a rare

white who questioned the workings of extraterritoriality as it was practiced in Shanghai as late as the 1920s.

The break in this monumental dominion was signaled in the summer of 1914, when the European powers fell out and began demolishing one another. Not many contemporary historians saw what had happened; they continued to think in the terms of earlier dynastic wars in Europe.

But all the colored peoples everywhere saw it immediately, saw that the looming white monument had clay feet. This was easily confirmed in the ensuing 31 years, when all the white peoples, excepting the Americans, were prostrated by their civil war, so to speak, and the Americans were pretty winded, too.

The colored peoples of the world would be fools if they failed to take advantage of this break.

Do you want a trifling sign of what has happened? The Beatles went to the Philippines to meet, not adulation, but exorcism; for some slight, real or fancied, to the Filipinos. Trifling as it is, it is part of the great pattern which is blanketing the earth.

There is nothing trifling about the pattern, or about many manifestations of it. We drop bombs on some yellow people in Indochina, and half the white peoples, including our own, dishonor our mumbling defense of it. Our Secretary of State is spirited out a back road from Osaka Airport. Throughout black Africa, across all Asia, the Americans have become a symbol of falling white dominion. We say we are trying to help the colored peoples, but no matter; animosity—when it isn't hatred—burns around the world.

Those in the seats of power in Washington—and in London and Paris and Moscow, too—are puzzled and hurt by it all. Possibly their sense of history is dim and wavering. Possibly they haven't been thinking of 1914 hard enough, being blindly devoted for 52 years to keeping a world lost, as surely as the Roman world is forever lost.



"Luke ain't been much help since he found that"